

Cambria Will Not Yield
Volume 6: December 24, 2010 – July 5, 2008

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Old Christmas - DECEMBER 24, 2010.....	3
The Little Town of Europe - DECEMBER 18, 2010	4
Sacred Ground - DECEMBER 10, 2010	6
The Beginning and the Ending - DECEMBER 04, 2010.....	7
The Light of Europe - NOVEMBER 27, 2010	9
Until Liberaldom Is Ashes - NOVEMBER 20, 2010	11
Faith and Hearth - NOVEMBER 13, 2010	13
Modernity: The White Man's Albatross - NOVEMBER 06, 2010	15
Bloodlines - OCTOBER 30, 2010	17
Between Heaven and Earth - OCTOBER 22, 2010	19
In Defiance of Ruin and Death - OCTOBER 16, 2010.....	23
Liberal Theocracy - OCTOBER 09, 2010	25
Resisting Institutionalized Negro-Worship - OCTOBER 02, 2010.....	26
Europe's Eventide - SEPTEMBER 25, 2010	28
Satan's Liberal Reign - SEPTEMBER 18, 2010	30
Love and Hate - SEPTEMBER 11, 2010	31
In Defense of Bleeding Europe - SEPTEMBER 04, 2010	33
The Return to Europe - AUGUST 25, 2010	35
Till the End of Time - AUGUST 21, 2010.....	37
Reflections on Sir Walter Scott's Birthday, August 15 th - AUGUST 14, 2010	38
The Land of Evening Lingerings - AUGUST 07, 2010	40
The Lost Faith - JULY 31, 2010	42
Still Our Ancient Foe - JULY 24, 2010	43
Guarding the Past - JULY 17, 2010	45
Resisting Caliban - JULY 10, 2010	47
The Night Riders of Europe - JULY 03, 2010	49
The End Result of Negro Worship - JUNE 26, 2010	51
The God of Europe - JUNE 19, 2010.....	52
After the Hangover - JUNE 12, 2010	54
Against the Flood - JUNE 05, 2010	56
The Day of Battle - MAY 29, 2010.....	57
The Modern Fairy Tale - MAY 22, 2010	59
The Fearful Dark Night of Europe - MAY 15, 2010	61
Where the Battle is Raging - MAY 08, 2010.....	63
The Lifeblood of the European - MAY 01, 2010	64
The Will to Survive - APRIL 24, 2010.....	66
Beyond Tears - APRIL 17, 2010.....	68
European Soil - APRIL 10, 2010	69
The Empty Tomb and the Risen Lord - APRIL 03, 2010.....	71
Bound by Faith and Honor - MARCH 26, 2010	72
Not Quite Alone - MARCH 20, 2010.....	74
Unsex Me Here - MARCH 13, 2010	76
The Failed Utopia - MARCH 07, 2010.....	77
The Lay of the European Minstrel - FEBRUARY 26, 2010	79
Cultural Atheists - FEBRUARY 20, 2010	81
One Oath - FEBRUARY 13, 2010	83
A Dwelling Place - FEBRUARY 06, 2010	85
Against the Gates of Hell - JANUARY 31, 2010	86
Through the Blood - JANUARY 23, 2010.....	88
Till We Have Built Jerusalem - JANUARY 17, 2010	89
Let Be - JANUARY 08, 2010	91
The Silent Harp - DECEMBER 31, 2009	93
The King of Europe - DECEMBER 24, 2009.....	95
A Christmas Reflection on Post-Christian Europe - DECEMBER 19, 2009.....	96

The Heroism of White Men - DECEMBER 12, 2009 here.....	97
Interview with the Young Drummer - DECEMBER 05, 2009	99
Prisoners of the Dialectic - NOVEMBER 28, 2009.....	102
Vision - NOVEMBER 21, 2009.....	103
What Men Fight For - NOVEMBER 14, 2009	105
Against the World - NOVEMBER 07, 2009	107
"When I was a child, I spake as a child..." - OCTOBER 31, 2009	109
God's Fairy Land - OCTOBER 25, 2009	110
The Battle Lines Are Drawn - OCTOBER 17, 2009.....	112
A Christian Hero - OCTOBER 11, 2009	115
Reclaiming Our Home - OCTOBER 04, 2009.....	116
The Worship of Darkness - SEPTEMBER 26, 2009	118
One Cure for Racial Anemia - SEPTEMBER 19, 2009	120
The Man on the White Horse - SEPTEMBER 11, 2009	122
The Outlawed European and the Practical Conservative - SEPTEMBER 05, 2009	124
The God of Children - AUGUST 29, 2009	126
The End of Liberalism - AUGUST 21, 2009.....	128
The Young Drummer Returns - SATURDAY, AUGUST 15, 2009.....	130
Facing the enemy - AUGUST 09, 2009	137
Democratic Bloodbaths - AUGUST 02, 2009.....	139
The Ancient Faith - JULY 25, 2009	141
One Vision, One Faith, One Europe - JULY 18, 2009	143
March or Die - JULY 11, 2009	144
Full of Sound and Fury, Signifying Nothing - JULY 03, 2009	146
Pietas - JUNE 28, 2009	147
Against the Jackals - JUNE 20, 2009	149
So Long as the Blood Endures - JUNE 13, 2009	151
The Mutual Flame - JUNE 07, 2009.....	153
The European Stands Alone - MAY 31, 2009	156
To Whom Shall We Bend the Knee? - MAY 22, 2009.....	158
In Spite of Doom - MAY 15, 2009	160
The Darkness of Liberalism - MAY 09, 2009.....	162
Abide with Me - MAY 02, 2009.....	164
The Last Great Fight of All - APRIL 25, 2009	167
White Hearts - APRIL 19, 2009	168
Easter - APRIL 11, 2009.....	170
Beyond the Cruel Thorns - APRIL 04, 2009	171
So Ancient and So New - MARCH 29, 2009	173
At the Last Trump - MARCH 21, 2009	175
The Fiery Furnace - MARCH 14, 2009	178
Thy Life's a Miracle - MARCH 07, 2009.....	180
Breaking the Chains of Superficiality - FEBRUARY 27, 2009	183
Winning Friends and Influencing People - FEBRUARY 20, 2009	186
Love Talks with Better Knowledge - FEBRUARY 15, 2009.....	190
Sir Walter Scott Again - FEBRUARY 15, 2009.....	193
P. C. Wren Again - FEBRUARY 15, 2009	195
The European Woods - FEBRUARY 07, 2009	195
Of Decadence and Decay - JANUARY 31, 2009.....	198
Serious Play - JANUARY 24, 2009	201
Once Upon A Time - JANUARY 16, 2009	205
Above the Sceptred Sway - JANUARY 09, 2009.....	207
Polytheistic Hell - JANUARY 03, 2009	214
The White Cross - DECEMBER 26, 2008	216
One Man's Sentiments - DECEMBER 19, 2008.....	217
The City of David is the City of Europe - DECEMBER 14, 2008.....	218
Casey - DECEMBER 14, 2008.....	220
An Unreasonable Proposal - DECEMBER 06, 2008	221
The Face of Jesus Christ - NOVEMBER 29, 2008	223
Wanda Gág's Works - NOVEMBER 29, 2008	224
An Integrated Sewer - NOVEMBER 22, 2008	225
The Eyes of Faith - NOVEMBER 14, 2008	227

The Mau Mau Who Would Be King - NOVEMBER 07, 2008	229
Scott's Europe - NOVEMBER 01, 2008.....	231
In the Land of the Stranger - OCTOBER 25, 2008	233
A Different World - OCTOBER 18, 2008.....	234
The Faith and the Race Are One - OCTOBER 10, 2008	236
Monsters of the Deep - OCTOBER 04, 2008	238
Guarding the Bridge - SEPTEMBER 27, 2008.....	240
Love's Labour's Lost - SEPTEMBER 21, 2008.....	242
Balzac – On New York - SEPTEMBER 21, 2008.....	243
Sage Advice from Don Quixote to Sancho Panza - SEPTEMBER 21, 2008.....	243
Excerpt from <i>Chronicles of the Crusades</i> - SEPTEMBER 21, 2008	243
On Being Progressive - SEPTEMBER 21, 2008	244
Melville on Reason's Capacity to Comfort a Soul in Distress - SEPTEMBER 21, 2008	244
The Return of the Whiteman - SEPTEMBER 13, 2008	244
The Whiteman at Bay - SEPTEMBER 05, 2008	246
Satan's Minions - AUGUST 30, 2008	248
Guns - AUGUST 30, 2008	249
Misunderstood Predators - AUGUST 30, 2008	249
Corporate Times - AUGUST 30, 2008.....	249
Gay Marriage - AUGUST 30, 2008	250
More on Paul Hill and the Abortion Wars - AUGUST 30, 2008	250
Women in Combat - AUGUST 30, 2008	250
European Babylon - AUGUST 21, 2008	251
Unto Death - AUGUST 16, 2008	252
Alexander Solzhenitsyn, R. I. P. - AUGUST 09, 2008	255
The European Soul - AUGUST 09, 2008.....	255
"Behold, I show you a mystery" - AUGUST 09, 2008.....	256
If Ye Break Faith - AUGUST 01, 2008	257
The Deserted Village - JULY 26, 2008	260
Swift and Sure - JULY 26, 2008.....	261
Whatever happened to the European? - JULY 19, 2008	262
Counter-Revolution - JULY 19, 2008	263
Suppose there was a war and only one side was fighting? - JULY 19, 2008	264
Good Blood - JULY 12, 2008.....	265
Eternal Europe - JULY 05, 2008	266
Jesse Helms, R. I. P. - JULY 05, 2008	269

Old Christmas - DECEMBER 24, 2010

A man might then behold
 At Christmas, in each hall
 Good fires to curb the cold,
 And meat for great and small.
 The neighbours were friendly bidden,
 And all had welcome true,
 The poor from the gates were not chidden,
 When this old cap was new.

--Old Song

In Washington Irving's book *Old Christmas*, he gives us a beautiful description of Christmas at an old English manor house, where he was a guest. The lord of the manor is an advocate of all the "old rural games and holiday observances." And the parson shares the squire's passion for the "good old Christmas customs."

"The parson gave us a most erudite sermon on the rites and ceremonies of Christmas, and the propriety of observing it not merely as a day of thanksgiving, but of rejoicing; supporting the correctness of his opinions by the earliest usages of the Church, and enforcing them by the authorities of Theophilus of Cesarea, St. Cyprian, St. Chrysostom, St. Augustine, and a cloud more of Saints and Fathers, from whom he made copious quotations. I was a little at a loss to perceive the necessity of such a mighty array of forces to maintain a point

which no one present seemed inclined to dispute; but I soon found that the good man had a legion of ideal adversaries to contend with; having, in the course of his researches on the subject of Christmas, got completely embroiled in the sectarian controversies of the Revolution, when the Puritans made such a fierce assault upon the ceremonies of the Church, and poor old Christmas was driven out of the land by proclamation of Parliament. The worthy parson lived but with times past, and knew but a little of the present.”

Particularly moving was Irving’s description of family prayers on Christmas day. The squire was moved to tears as he sang the following stanza from a church hymn:

”’Tis thou that crown’st my glittering hearth
With guiltlesse mirth,
And giv’st me wassaile bowles to drink,
Spiced to the brink:
Lord, ’tis Thy plenty-dropping hand,
That soiles my land;
And giv’st me for my bushell sowne,
Twice ten for one.”

The squire’s Christianity is bred-in-the-bone, surely the kind of Christianity our Lord meant us to have.

Today we are told by the liberals that Christianity is false and the Europeans who practiced it were evil. And the halfway-house Christians tell us Christianity is true but the antique Europeans who practiced it were unenlightened bigots incapable of comprehending the true Christianity. The liberal and the halfway-house Christian are deceivers and liars. There is one Lord, one Holy Child born in a manger in Bethlehem. And His pure and holy image comes to us through a European window to the Divine. There is no need to create a new Christianity; the ancient Christianity, the type of Christianity found in the old English squire’s house at Christmas time is the true Christianity.+

Dark and dull night, flie hence away,
And give the honour to this day
That Sees December turn’d to May.

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

—HERRICK

The Little Town of Europe - DECEMBER 18, 2010

O Holy Child of Bethlehem,
Descend to us, we pray...

A good many years ago during the Christmas season, I remarked to a friend that Christmas was one part joyful to me and three parts depressing; depressing because the European people no longer celebrated Christmas with the fervent belief in the Holy Child of Bethlehem with which their European ancestors once celebrated Christmas. My friend replied that he was not going to let a bunch of secular liberals spoil his Christmas; he would celebrate Christmas as his ancestors had. I felt quite chastened and guilty for having allowed, in contrast to my friend, the liberalism of my fellow Europeans to depress me. But “no man,” as Donne so wisely tells us, “is an island,” and about four years later my friend was in a mental institution suffering from a nervous breakdown.

It’s no good lying to ourselves; of course being surrounded by the darkness of Liberalism and Heathendom affects us. For many of us the darkness has seeped into our immediate family. Christmas is often a very combative time of year for many families, because of a deep divide over what Christmas is supposed to mean to a European.

Let’s make it clear. The European people and only the European people made the meaning of Christmas -- the belief that the hopes and fears of all the years were met in Him on the sacred night -- the cornerstone of their culture. Every village, every home where European people dwelt, bore witness to their faith in the birth, death, and resurrection of the incarnate Lord born in a stable in Bethlehem.

Europe became a spiritual Bethlehem because the belief in the Christ Child was nurtured and protected there. It is during the Christmas season that all the theological wrangling over free will and grace becomes nonsense. The Child in the manger freely gives “to human hearts” the charge and care of His Sacred Person. It is my contention that the European people prior to the 20th century fulfilled their sacred trust, even though every good Christian during the Christian European era would say they had failed the Child born in Bethlehem. And from a divine standard they would be right; they all failed. But Christ judges us as human beings not as divinities. And by that humane standard the European everyman of antique Europe has left behind an irreplaceable legacy of fidelity and loyalty to Jesus Christ. At Easter we think of the Triumphant Lord, who conquered death, but at Christmas we think of the Child and the Friend. Yeats once wrote:

Think where man's glory most begins and ends,
and say my glory was I had such friends.

The European's glory was that he befriended and championed the Christ Child.

Every Christmas my family and I sing our way through a book of traditional Christmas carols. The songs speak to the heart; they tell of the silent night, the holy night, on which the Savior was born. They speak of the child in the manger, so helpless and yet the hope of the world. Sung collectively the old Christmas carols place a man in Christian Europe. Everything is clear in that world. The dark night was destroyed by the dangerous and heroic leap that Christ made onto the stage of human history. As the song says, “The hopes and fears of all the years, Are met in thee tonight.”

The great Civil War which Lincoln said the American Europeans were engaged in to determine whether a nation conceived in utopian liberalism could long endure was just one manifestation of the ongoing attempt of Satan to make Christendom into Babylon. In Babylon all is not clear, bright, and holy. All is dark, dim, and unholy. The Babylonian world is the world the modern European has chosen over the Europe that revered the little town of Bethlehem.

It is good to talk of peace at Christmas time when all Europeans share a belief in the Christ Child, but when Liberalism replaces Christendom and the savage rites of black barbarism and the techno-barbarity of the liberals replace the star of Bethlehem, we need must seek the peace that comes from fighting against principalities and powers. Christ is our Savior, but He also is our friend. And we have left our friend at the mercy of the liberals and the barbarians. It is not improper or against the Christmas spirit to renew our vow of fidelity to our Lord and gird up our loins for the battle against the Babylonian minions of Satan, who are legion.

If I wanted to write a book on the works of Walter Scott, there would be a vast body of work I could write about. And so it is with our European ancestors. They have left behind a great body of work that we can look at and make judgments concerning the quality of their work. The liberals condemn the antique Europeans with all their hearts, without allowing for any mitigating circumstances. We know the litany: “they were racist, they were sexist, they were fascists, they had bad breath...” The list of their sins is endless. The halfway-house Christians also condemn the antique Europeans. Their condemnations are often softened with, “They were a product of their unenlightened times,” but in the end the halfway-house Christian joins the liberal in condemning ‘The Little Town of Bethlehem’ culture of the antique Europeans. But both the liberal and the halfway-house Christian feed on the older European culture like leeches. Where is the life-sustaining grace in Babylon? When the liberal needs mercy he will always, most often without acknowledging the source, look for some hidden remnant of European light on the periphery of Babylon. And likewise the halfway-house Christian, when looking for Christian comfort and mercy, will turn to the European past to relieve his present misery. There are very few pockets of European light left in Babylon, so the liberal and his halfway-house Christian cousin will soon have to embrace the soulless, dark night of Babylon in which there is no mercy because there is no Christ Child, the source of all mercy.

Just as the antique Europeans left behind a body of work, so now have the liberals built up a body of work to which we can point. They have established abortuaries in every major city of what was once Christendom. In keeping with their faith in the ‘natural savage’, they have opened up Christian Europe to the barbarian hordes of color and joined with the barbarians in their desecration of Christian Europe. These are the people with whom the halfway-house Christians want to merge? These are the people we are not supposed to drive from our land? “Everyone is beautiful” to the halfway-house Christian except the European Christian; he must progress and leave his racism and sexism behind before he can become part of Liberalism, which somehow is supposed to be good, despite the fact that Liberalism sanctifies the destruction of everything sacred to the antique Europeans.

In the Christmas carol “O Little Town of Bethlehem” by Phillips Brooks, we can hear the voice of Christian Europe. Surely the Europeans of the pre-modern era got it right: “God imparts to human hearts, The blessings of His heav’n.” The Europeans of the Christian era found God in the little human things that the modern Europeans scorn. But He did not scorn the little human things, being born of the Virgin Mary in the Little Town of Bethlehem. I have read and heard many sermons about the unbearable agony Christ suffered on the cross, and I have no doubt that the agony was unbearable, and yet He bore it. But I have never read about the agony that the Son of God endured in the womb of His mother. His divine

humanity had to have been conscious even then that he was totally dependent on the care of His Father who was in heaven and the man and woman to whom His Father entrusted Him. All this He endured to show us that we were linked to Him through our common humanity. This the European of the past age knew, and this the modern European no longer knows. To become more human is to become closer to Him. To become less human, which the modern does when he denounces all ties of blood and faith to his European ancestors, is to become a man without a soul. The little town of Bethlehem is old Europe, and the hopes and fears of all the years are indeed met in Europe. +

Sacred Ground - DECEMBER 10, 2010

“You are one who knows what our Father has promised to the friend of the widow and the fatherless. May He deal with you as you have dealt with me and mine.” – *Tom Brown’s School Days*

In Thomas Molnar’s book, *The Counter-Revolution*, he pointed out that revolutions succeed first in the hearts and minds of the rulers. When the powers that be begin to doubt their right to rule, they don’t take the necessary steps to maintain their rule. The French Revolution was a textbook case. Louis XVI didn’t lose his head because he was a bad king like his father; he lost his head because he had come to believe some of the ‘rights of man’ rhetoric of the revolutionary pamphleteers. And when the palace was stormed he didn’t let his troops fire because there were women and children in the crowds. But were not the lives of women and children at stake in the battle for the French monarchy? Shouldn’t a Christian king have been able to read the signs of the times? If they talk like amoral atheists and act like amoral atheists, shouldn’t you conclude that you must protect and defend your royal authority, which is the only thing standing between your people and the reign of Satan’s minions?

I can guess what might have been going on in Louis XVI’s soul. Have you ever seen the palace of Versailles, built for Louis XVI’s grandfather, Louis XIV? It is a sickening sight. It was built on a grander scale than a cathedral, but it wasn’t built to glorify God, it was built to glorify the Sun King, Louis XIV. It is Asian in its opulent decadence, completely out of sync with the spirit of Christian Europe. Such excess, and further excesses by his father, Louis (“After me the deluge”) XV, must have caused Louis XVI to question his own right to wear the crown. And when you couple that sense of guilt with the incessant droning of the ‘rights of man’ ideologues you get a vacillating, uncertain King who is afraid to do what is necessary to protect his kingdom.

In a variety of forms, but from the same cause -- doubt of their legitimacy -- all the older Christian regimes, republican and monarchical, fell to the forces of the revolution. And I say ‘revolution’ rather than ‘revolutions’ because there is only one revolution, whether it is French, American, Russian, Haitian, Chinese, Mexican, etc. The driving force behind them all is Satan. And the goal of every satanically inspired revolutionary was to destroy Christian Europe. Now that Satan’s minions have accomplished that mission, the destruction of Christian Europe, their goal is to aggressively defend their satanic nations by killing the Christian, European remnant.

It is not correct to say, “If we don’t do such and such, Europe will disappear”; Europe has already disappeared. The remaining whites in Europe the continent and in the countries settled by Europeans are no longer Christian in any meaningful way. They have abandoned their European identity by abandoning their God and trying to blend with the barbarian races in an effort to bury their Christian past. They seem much like Adam and Eve after the fall. They have sinned against their God, and they want to hide from Him. Is there any better place to hide from God than in the tents of the barbarians? That is the last place you would expect to find a European.

Patrick Buchanan recently published a column called “Tribalism Returns to Europe.” In the column he cites the usual statistics about Europe’s declining birthrate and then concludes with these words: “Old Europe is dying, and the populist and nationalist parties, in the poet’s phrase, are simply raging ‘against the dying of the light.’” First, Patrick Buchanan’s statistical predictions are not holy writ. I remember a McLaughlin Group show he was on during the ’08 Democratic primaries. He insisted that Obama couldn’t beat Hilary Clinton for the Presidential nomination because his polls said it was impossible.

Secondly, ‘Old Europe’ is not dying; it is dead. That is why we shouldn’t talk about saving Old Europe; we should talk about restoring it. When there is nothing left to conserve, the conservative must become a counter-revolutionary.

Thirdly, Buchanan’s statistics are projections, not facts. He should couch his predictions in the language of the Ghost of the Christmas Future in Dickens’ Christmas Carol: “If these shadows are not altered...” Europeans no longer reproduce themselves because they don’t believe in Jesus Christ, the King of Europe. Nothing is written; if faith returns to the European then Europe will return despite Buchanan’s statistics.

Fourth, Buchanan misreads Dylan Thomas's poem. To "rage against the dying of the light" is not an act of futility as Buchanan suggests with his use of the word "simply." It is an impassioned cry from the depths of the human heart to the Creator of the light. Such prayers are always answered, not in ways immediately apparent, but they are answered. There is nothing more practical, more useful, and more necessary to the welfare of the European people than their heartfelt "rage against the dying of the light."

And last, it makes no difference whether Buchanan's projections are true or false. Our task is the same: to stay true to our race, our faith, and our traditions. If we are destined to fight a Thermopylae-type of last stand, or if we are destined to drive the heathens from our land, the battle is always for Christian Europe, which is something eternal, not subject to the mind-forged statistics of this world only.

Buchanan is just one isolated pundit, but he speaks the same language as the entire post-Christian, post-European establishment. The establishment consists of the 'love in a golden bowl and wisdom in a silver rod' type of men. They can only love that which is successful and golden, so armed with their silver rod they look into the future in order to determine what and who they should love in the 'golden bowl' present. And they have determined that the colored are the wave of the future. "Let us seek them out, elevate them to exalted heights, and worship them." In the rhetoric of the liberal and the conservative, who is now working for Liberalism because he wants only to conserve liberalism not to restore Europe, we hear, ad nauseum, a hymn of praise to the non-European future and a sneering condemnation of the European past. We are enjoined to sing and sneer with the multitudinous horde in order to have a place in the brave, new world. Of course we must leave our souls behind to enter the new world. Didn't Someone once caution us about gaining the world and losing our soul?

The notion that numbers determine the outcome of battlefield wars or cultural wars is the product of a materialist mindset. The Southern states continued to fight the Civil War after the North won a temporary victory in 1864. They still fought, and fought successfully, to maintain their culture until the 1950's. Then, when they finally believed the enemy was right, they succumbed. But they did not succumb to numbers; they committed suicide because they ceased to believe in their civilization.

All successful revolutions take place first in the hearts of men. Revolutionaries always try to present the revolution as inevitable, as part of the inexorable laws of nature, and a revolution might seem inevitable after it succeeds, but revolutions are not inevitable. They succeed because men have forsaken the Son of God for Satan. A successful counter-revolution can only be mounted by men who are unapologetically European and unapologetically Christian. A fusionist race and a fusionist faith will never overthrow, or even bother, the rulers of Liberalism.

As Moses approached the burning bush, God told him to take off his shoes because "Whereon thou standest is holy ground." If the modern European could see the extent to which Jesus Christ permeated the older European culture, he would feel that he too was on sacred ground, but the modern European sees nothing because he has hardened his heart against Christ's Europe and turned to the Babylonian night of the colored races.

Conservative pundits and halfway-house clerics either try to minimize the need for a European counter-revolution, or else they rejoice in the demise of European culture, citing its demise as proof of the continuing advance of the human race toward one world, one faith. The reality, however, is quite different from the utopian fantasies of the pundits and the clerics. The Christian European has not converted the barbarians by mixing with them, quite the contrary, the European has become a heathen because he has mixed with the colored races. A perfect example of the new European faith can be seen in the spectacle of a largely European U. S. Congress approving of Obama's plan to award billions of dollars in reparations to American Indians and blacks. The European no longer comprehends the religion of mercy, so he gives to the gods that require sacrifice. But to whom will the widow and orphan appeal when there is no mercy on earth? And to whom will the spiritually bereft appeal in the dark night of the soul if the God of mercy has become a subordinate God in a pantheon of heathen deities who require sacrifice, not mercy? The European has not sought the counter-revolution; it has been thrust upon him. We must all prepare to meet with Caliban. +

The Beginning and the Ending - DECEMBER 04, 2010

But that which ye have already hold fast till I come. Rev. 2: 25

I've always avoided the Book of the Revelation to John because I've known so many people who have gone off the deep end because of an obsession with the hidden – or so they say – prophecies in the book. In recent years, however, I've been reading the Book of the Revelation with my children. I wish I hadn't neglected it for so many years, because it is a comforting book. What, after all, does it say? The Book of the Revelation tells us that Christ will ultimately triumph over

the evil forces that we feel are about to overwhelm us. No doubt much of the book that is hard for us to understand was more understandable to the Christians of St. John's time, but the central message -- that Christ and Christ alone is the answer to the riddle of existence -- is made perfectly clear, which makes it all the more troubling that the modern halfway-house Christians have chosen to ignore the warnings contained in Revelation, about fusing Christianity with other religions. The divinely inspired St. John tells us that Jerusalem, which is Judaism, will give way to the New Jerusalem, which is Christianity, and then Babylon, which is Rome, depicted as a marine monster, will be destroyed only to resurface in another form. There is also (merely my opinion) a warning that Judaism will blend with other faiths and continue to be a destructive, anti-Christian force. Am I reading too much into the Book of the Revelation when I say that we are being warned not to blend Christianity with paganism, Judaism, or any other religion? If Christ is truly the beginning and the ending, all religious blending should be avoided, should it not?

At the university I attended, one of my religious studies teachers, a lapsed priest of German extraction, was fond of calling Christianity the most syncretistic of all religions. There was nothing unique about it, he claimed, "except for the part about the God who entered historical time and rose from the dead; everything else was borrowed from other religions." Nothing unique? Only an academic, the modern equivalent of the Pharisee, could be so blind.

Christianity has been virtually blended to death. Until recent times, the Roman Catholic Church preferred to blend Christianity with paganism, but now, as witnessed at Assisi I, II, and onward, "heaven knows, anything goes." The liberal Protestants have followed the Roman Catholics and blended paganism with Christianity, while the more conservative, halfway-house Protestants prefer to blend Christianity and Judaism. The Roman Catholics are currently more ecumenically minded toward Islam, which is a blend of Judaism and paganism, then the halfway-house Protestants, who are hell-bent on pushing the Judeo-Christian mix to the ultimate extreme: the crucifixion of Christ.

Despite the assertion of St. Augustine, and the clerical theorists who followed in his train, that there could never be a Christian culture, we must maintain, based on reality, that there was a Christian culture and it was called Europe. I can't help thinking of the scene from *Miracle on 34th Street* in which the then-unbelieving Mrs. Walker denies the existence of Santa Claus when she is looking right at him: "Not only is there a Santa Claus, but here I am to prove it." Or if you want a less frivolous analogy, I refer you to Pontius Pilate, who asked Christ, "What is truth?" as he looked at The Truth standing before him.

The point is that the blending of the European with other peoples is not a Christian attempt to spread the Gospel, it is a satanic attempt to kill Christianity by destroying the good soil, the European people, where Christianity grew and flourished. All the clerics of the past who screamed about the necessity of racial integration were destroying the distinctly Christian people who believed in the distinctiveness of the Christian God. When the Aztec blended with the Spaniard, was it a Christian faith that emerged? And when the white blended with the black, was the image of Christ enhanced or erased? Christ is now a lesser god in a pantheon of gods, which includes Martin Luther King, Jr., Gandhi, and Nelson Mandela.

Christian Europe is no more because Europeans no longer believe in the distinctiveness of their God. Led by clergymen who neglect Christ's injunction to preach the Gospel to all nations, which implies that the races are to remain distinct, they choose (contra Christianity) to evangelize by mongrelizing. The first generation of the mongrelizing evangelists, the Francis Schaeffer types, do so with the best of intentions, but the second generation, the Franky Schaeffer types, do so with the worst of intentions. They take a maniacal glee in mocking "cultural Christians" and lauding secular, liberal causes. "Some are yet ungotten and unborn -- That shall have cause to curse the Dauphin's scorn."

If we can picture for a moment the fairest garden in the world, which is the European garden, then let us suppose that we take the flowers from that garden to another land and leave the roots behind in the European soil. What happens to those flowers without their European roots? Correct -- they wither and die. Far better to show the people of the barren lands the European garden in all its glory and by doing so, encourage them to develop the soil that can sustain a garden rather than a barren waste.

The halfway-house Christian views things differently. He wants the European to share a barren wasteland with the people of the thorny soil. There will be no Christianity in the wastelands, but there will be universal equality. All will have an equal share of nothing, with the usual caveat that comes with all utopias: "Some are more equal than others." The Europeans will of necessity have to self-destruct so that the barbarians of the wasteland can have their more equal share of nothing.

It was less than 100 years ago when the bulk of white Christians did not believe that a faith in Christ crucified, Christ-risen meant they had to support the extinction, through mongrelization, of the white race. What has happened in the last 100 years to make mongrelization and Christianity synonymous? Many white politicians caved in to political expediency, and many white pundits caved in to the fear of losing prestigious jobs. But that still leaves the majority of white Christians unaccounted for; the men and women who supported extinction by mongrelization despite the fact that they didn't face

the loss of a political office or a prestigious job. We must conclude that the vast majority of white Christians supported mongrelization because they thought it was the Christian thing to do.

Why did the European people abandon the faith of their fathers, who believed in a personal God that spoke to them through those intimate attachments formed with kith and kin, and adopt a universal faith in generic mankind in which attachments to kith and kin were denigrated? The simple answer is that the European laity apostatized from European Christianity because the clergy told them to. But then we are still left with two questions. Why did the clergy apostatize and why did the laity feel compelled to go over the cliff with the clergy? Intellectual pride is the answer to both questions. The clerics made Christianity into an intellectual system where they could confine God to whatever role they wanted Him to play. And in their system there was no room for the poetic of Christianity. In poetry, two seemingly opposing principles can be personal and particular, and general and universal, and still be united, but in an intellectual system that is not possible. In poetical Christianity for instance, the mystical union of all people in Christ can only be achieved if all people are loyal to their own breed and brood. In intellectual, apostate Christianity, there is only the mathematical logic of the impersonal syllogism. "If God calls all people to salvation, then all people must be one people." It's logical, as logical as death.

The laity followed their clergy because nobody wanted to admit they were stupid and racist (the "Emperor's New Clothes" syndrome) by saying they preferred to remain with the old-fashioned "racist" Christianity instead of the new, intellectual, universal, non-racist Christianity. Can we blame them? Yes, we can. There should have been enough passion inside the hearts of the lapsed Europeans to help them prevail over the intellectual bullying of the clergymen. They should have girded up their loins and spoken from the heart: "Not while we live, or where we live, shall we permit the faith of our fathers to dissolve into a blended, universalist dew." Shame, shame, and eternal shame to the men who accept halfway-house Christianity in place of the blood faith of the ancient Europeans. We won't blend our race or our faith, because to blend either is to lose both. +

God gave all men all earth to love,
But since our hearts are small,
Ordained for each one spot should prove
Belovèd over all.

--Rudyard Kipling

The Light of Europe - NOVEMBER 27, 2010

"It's my world, and I don't want any other." – Ratty in *The Wind in the Willows*

Reading the literature of two halfway-house Christian churches, which both present themselves as "the" Christian church, I saw that one church damned "white supremacists," consigning them to the deepest pit of hell, and the other church urged the European remnant of their church to embrace their fellow black Christians in Africa.

Let's take on the anti-white supremacist church first. What is the halfway-house Christians' definition of a 'white supremacist'? They don't really give us a definition, but if it is such a serious sin shouldn't we be told in very explicit terms what the sin of white supremacy is? In lieu of a definition we'll have to infer one from the totality of the halfway-house Christians' ravings about the sin of white supremacy.

The first thing we notice is that only a belief in white supremacy is a mortal sin. Belief in black supremacy is not a sin; it is a virtue, whether the belief is held by a black or a white. The second thing we notice is that a white man is considered a "white supremacist" if he believes his race should be separate from the colored races because it is superior to the colored races; and he is also viewed as a white supremacist if he makes no value judgment whatsoever about the races, but simply prefers to cling to his own people and forsake the stranger. There are no distinctions. If a white man wants to segregate the races for any reason whatsoever; he is a white supremacist and therefore damned. One doesn't need a doctorate -- although you do need a Christian conscience -- to see the un-Christian nature of the anti-segregationist Christians. In the case of the white man who believes his race is superior to the colored races, we witness a man who respects humanity enough to make distinctions of value between peoples and cultures. What could be more Christian? And in the case of the white man who prefers his own because they are his own, we have a man who knows that the love of God is closely allied to the love of hearth. Again, what could be more Christian?

The second halfway-house theologian, who urged that all white Christians should embrace their African brothers, tells us what is more Christian than segregation: it is the universal brotherhood of all Christians. We are constantly being urged to replenish the ranks of believing Christians by turning to the African church which has the numbers that the European

churches lack. And did not Our Lord enjoin us to spread the Gospel of Christ throughout the world? Yes, He did tell us to spread the Gospel. But can the Gospel be spread by Babylonians? If Europeans do not remain distinctly white and distinctly Christian, how can they spread the Gospel? Where is the beacon light if the European light is extinguished? The blacks who actually became Christians did so because they saw white people acting as Christians within a distinctly white, segregated culture. The pre-Civil War Southern whites evangelized by keeping their churches separate from the black churches. They knew that the black churches would never be without a barbaric African taint, and without a counterbalance in the white churches the African influence would completely eradicate the Christian influence. Is it Christian, is it charitable, to paganize Christianity in order to buttress up the numbers of your flagging denomination? Christ was concerned with winning souls, not numbers. If we just count numbers, the Christian churches are doing great in Africa. But is that really the case? Does spreading the Gospel mean you should betray your own people? It seems to me that Judas Iscariot would approve of the new missionary efforts of the modern halfway-house Christians. Didn't he betray his own under the guise of an abstract love for humanity?

Missing from the halfway-house Christians' agenda is a respect for the faith of their fathers. They believe they have a computerized printout from God that can be used like a magic wand to change heathens into Christians. Why didn't our ancestors see how easy it was? For centuries they tried to convert the African, to no avail, but now the modern halfway-house Christian has done it. He has converted the heathen. Wonderful!

Something more than an adherence to outward forms is necessary to make a Christian. The halfway-house Christian who condemns past and present Europeans as white supremacists, and the halfway-house Christian who thinks a little ecumenical pixie dust makes a Christian would be better advised to find out what Christ meant when he said he required mercy and not sacrifice. Salvation comes to us through the blood; it would indeed be suicidal to forsake our blood simply to avoid being called 'white supremacists.' Rather penny-wise, pound foolish, don't you think?

The halfway-house Christian polygamist needs to preach a new colored Christianity for two reasons. He wants numbers because they increase the power of his denomination and his own power (let's face it, we are always talking about a clergyman) within the denomination. It is more prestigious to rule over a congregation of millions than to be a pastor for a remnant band.

The second reason is much more sinister than the first. The halfway-house Christian wants to be in step with the secular world, and in the secular world decent white people worship Negroes and despise all non-liberal Europeans, living and dead. To be completely in step with the new Christianity the halfway-house Christian must hate the recalcitrant "racist" European. The neo-pagan has correctly identified the greatest enemy of the European people – the Christian clergy – but the neo-pagan errs when he blames Christ for the crimes of the apostate clergymen. Christ is our source of strength in the struggle against the white-hating Babylonians. It is supposed to be bad to hate, but that is just liberal and halfway-house Christian doublespeak. When the halfway-house Christians say the 'old school' Europeans are great 'haters' they mean to say that white Europeans love their own people. And when they say they love their black brothers, they mean that they hate whites with all their heart and soul and love the false image of the black man they have created in their own minds. But it is only an image that halfway-house Christians love; they are incapable of loving one particular people, one particular individual human being, and one particular God. Behind the ecumenical doublespeak of the halfway-house Christians is a lifeless skeleton.

The war against the white Christian Europeans has reached a new phase. Neither the liberal nor the halfway-house Christian debate with the antique European. They simply anathematize: "You are a white supremacist -- I damn you." While differing on a wide variety of topics pertaining to sexual mores, the halfway-house Christian and the liberal are a united front in the ongoing war against white, Christian Europeans. Pope John XXIII spoke for all halfway-house Christians when he forgave the torture murder, by blacks, of his own people, and he implicitly, by his "loving forgiveness," encouraged blacks to continue their outrages and whites to remain passive in the face of black barbarism. The good darkies in the Thomas Nelson Page novels are good because whites punish them when they do evil. That is true Christian charity. Isn't this new found concern for the darky among "Christians" simply a shirking of the white man's burden? In a marvelous short story called "The Old Planters," Thomas Nelson Page depicts an old Southern colonel who goes unarmed against a crazed Negro with a revolver. He feels it is his responsibility to do so because the crazed black is the son of one of his servants. The halfway-house Christian can call such parentalism 'white supremacy' from now till doomsday, but I'll always call it by its true name: Christian.

Christmas in Liberaldom is a very different affair than Christmas in old Europe. There is no truce between warring factions in Liberaldom as there once was in Christendom. Liberals do not see the need to be charitable to men who are sinners like themselves because they do not see themselves as sinners. There is only one sin in the liberal's catechism and that sin is racism, of which he, the liberal, is free. Since he is sinless, the liberal can hurl stones at the sinful white supremacist. And when I read the literature of halfway-house Christians who call white supremacy a "damnable sin," I am

confirmed in my belief that the halfway-house Christian is only one hairs'-breadth from embracing the entire liberal agenda.

In 1980 the Royal Shakespeare Company staged a nine-hour adaptation of Charles Dickens' novel *Nicholas Nickleby*. The play featured 42 actors playing 250 roles. The play, which was made available on tape a few years after its opening in London, never deviates from the text of the book. We get to see flesh and blood descendants of the 19th century British acting out the thoughts and feelings of the 19th century British. I have no doubt that the actors are as far removed spiritually from their 19th century countrymen as Hamlet's uncle was removed from Hamlet's father, but because they were trained in the Shakespearean theater and because they were of the same blood as the 19th century British, the actors and actresses were able to recreate, on stage, a world where Christianity mattered. Every time I view the play, I feel transported to a different plane of existence, a world where the light shineth in darkness.

I feel like the stammering Billy Budd whenever I attempt to write, but never more so then when I attempt to write about His Europe. The Nickleby production is just one small piece of the Europeans' witness to the light. To suggest that the textbook wisdom of academics and clerics can be put in a silver rod, exported to the colored races, and then serve as a replacement for the blood faith of the antique Europeans, is a blasphemy of tidal wave proportions.

Europe is our home, it provides all the warmth and light we will ever need in this world and the world to come. If other people want to use the warmth that comes from our hearth and the light that emanates from our home to heat and light their hearths and homes, they are welcome. But we will not put out our hearth fires and extinguish the European light in order to worship in the dark by a hearth that provides no warmth. Let it never be said that Europe cannot produce at least a remnant band of men who comprehend that the light of Europe is the Light of the World. +

Until Liberalism Is Ashes - NOVEMBER 20, 2010

"And the LORD was angry with Solomon, because his heart was turned from the LORD God of Israel, which had appeared unto him twice, And had commanded him concerning this thing, that he should not go after other gods: but he kept not that which the LORD commanded." – I Kings 11: 9-10

Recently while doing my monthly check of the news, I saw a panel of experts discussing the economy. All agreed that the national debt had reached crisis proportions and all agreed that no one in the Republican or Democratic parties was really addressing the problem of the national debt. The experts went on to explain that if really intelligent people (like themselves) were consulted, and if peripheral issues such as illegal immigration and abortion were not allowed to distract the nation from the one big economic issue, all might yet be well.

Let's give the panel members the benefit of the doubt and assume that when they said intelligence was needed they really meant what was needed was wisdom, which is greater than mere intelligence. Is wisdom enough? Solomon was the wisest of all the kings of Israel, yet he destroyed Israel by marrying heathen princesses and placing images of Ba-al, Ashtoreth, Chemosh and Molech in full view of the Temple of the Lord. All this the wise Solomon did to please his wives. And in order to maintain his wives and himself in luxury he taxed his people beyond their ability to pay. So it seems that even if the wise panelists could be put in charge, we would not reduce our national debt by one dollar. Something besides mere wisdom is needed to rule a country.

Let's go back to Solomon. What was that wise man's fatal flaw? He did not love God as his father David did. David's sins were scarlet, but he never ceased loving the Lord and trying to do His will. If we permit legalized murder in the form of abortion, and if we permit national genocide in the form of legal and illegal colored immigration, are we doing the will of God? And if we are not doing the will of God, how can we expect to "turn the economy around"? Solomon was left one tribe out of the twelve for "the sake of your father David." Will the Europeans even be allowed to rule their own tribe? Do they even want to?

It's insane to talk about reducing the national debt in our modern Babylonian state. Concern about leaving one's children with enormous debts is a Christian concern. The post-Christian debauchee views existence much like Louis XV of France: "After me, the deluge."

The deluge has come, and we would be fools indeed to look to the people who caused it to rescue us from the deluge. Conservative and liberal alike have bid us view issues of sound economics and knowing the will of God as distinct and separate issues. But they are one issue. And in saying that, I do not mean to imply, as some preachers do, that we can get stock tips from the Bible or that faith breeds wealth. What I do maintain is that the right type of economy comes from a people who are concerned with knowing and doing the will of God. Life is a vale of tears no matter what the economic

system, but human suffering can be eased by the proper, the Christian, ordering of society. Goldsmith makes this point in his poem "The Deserted Village":

In all my wanderings through this world of care,
In all my griefs -- and God has given my share --
I still had hopes, my latest hours to crown,
Amidst these humble bowers to lay me down;
To husband out life's taper at the close,
And keep the flame from wasting, by repose:
I still had hopes, for pride attends us still,
Amidst the swains to show my book-learn'd skill,
Around my fire an evening group to draw,
And tell of all I felt, and all I saw;
And, as a hare, whom hounds and horns pursue,
Pants to the place from whence at first she flew,
I still had hopes, my long vexations past,
Here to return -- and die at home at last.

O blest retirement, friend to life's decline,
Retreats from care, that never must be mine,
How blest is he who crowns, in shades like these,
A youth of labour with an age of ease;
Who quits a world where strong temptations try,
And, since 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly!
For him no wretches, born to work and weep,
Explore the mine, or tempt the dangerous deep;
No surly porter stands, in guilty state,
To spurn imploring famine from the gate;
But on he moves to meet his latter end,
Angels around befriending virtue's friend;
Sinks to the grave with unperceived decay,
While resignation gently slopes the way;
And, all his prospects brightening to the last,
His heaven commences ere the world be past!

Let's suppose a European such as myself got to sit on that panel of experts. And let's further suppose I tell the panel of experts that, "We can never wipe out our national debt so long as we ban the master of the revels, Jesus Christ, from the body politic."

What would be the panelists' reaction? The reactions would vary from condescending smirks to indignant scowls, but none of the panelists would say, "By George, you're right! We have left out the Son of God -- what an oversight!"

I know that the case will be made that religious faith must be kept separate from economics because men fight over religion. Yes, men do fight over religion, but then they fight over economics as well. A man is dead without a poetic vision of life that stems from his faith. How can he make good decisions about anything important if he deliberately narrows his vision in order to exclude the silken, poetic thread of life, faith.

In the one great religious poem of the 20th century, C. S. Lewis's *Chronicles of Narnia*, Lewis emphasizes that Aslan, the Christ figure, is not a tame Lion. The religious impulse is pure fire and desire; it can lead a man to heaven or, if diverted from its true source, to hell. Rev. Dimmesdale in Hawthorne's *Scarlet Letter* allows his passion for God to become a passion for another man's wife, but ultimately his passion finds its true home, at the foot of the Cross.

The poetic impulse, our passionate desire for something more than nature, for the transcendent, has always been considered dangerous by the managerial philosophers and theologians. Plato wanted to ban the poets from his Republic, Martha wanted Mary to stop her dreaming and help with the dishes, Aquinas wanted to keep God within the confines of his syllogisms, the born-againers want to confine religious passion to their single-room apartment, and on it goes; religious formalism has always been at war with religious faith. There were and are good reasons for leaving Christ out of the pictures; He is, after all, not a tame lion, and men who follow Him tend to be rather unpredictable and hard to handle. But what is the alternative? The alternative is the soul-dead ant heap of humanity called 'modern Europeans'.

The Europeans died when, like Solomon, they separated religious passion from wisdom. Solomon was the wisest of the wise, but he became a fool because his passion was for heathen women and heathen gods. The Europeans' love for the Negro and the gods of the colored people made Christendom into Satandom, and no economic policy can succeed that does not confront this blasphemy.

The Christian Platos who so thoroughly banished passion from their Christian republics did not know what they were spawning. Man needs to be passionate about his faith. If he can't be passionate about Christianity because the Christian Platos forbid it, then he will become passionate about some other god, or many other gods. The modern Christians bring blacks into their churches because they can't be passionate about the Son of God, but they can be passionate about the black man. We should not seek to end Negro worship by abandoning Christ, as the neo-pagans so aggressively demand; we should abandon the abstract, passionless Christianity of the dried-up religious experts of the Western world.

In my freshman year at college, my assigned roommate was a chess enthusiast. He subscribed to several chess magazines and belonged to the college chess club. I had never played chess before in my life, yet when I played the chess enthusiast in a game, I won. I didn't win because I was a natural-born chess genius, I won because my unorthodox play confused my very logical roommate who was used to a more traditional, logical game. My victory, quite understandably, irritated my roommate. I hadn't technically violated any of the rules, but I didn't, in his judgment, "play the game correctly." I think the managerial-type theologians have, over the Christian centuries, been irritated with Christ. "You're not playing the game correctly," they tell Him, but then they had no reason to expect Him to be a tame Lion. And they have no right to demand that His followers be tame lions either.

Dostoyevsky wrote so eloquently in "The Grand Inquisitor" chapter of *The Brothers Karamazov* about the conflict between the clerical formalists who can't abide what, in their eyes, is the whimsical and irresponsible behavior of Christ who plays the part of the passionate Pied Piper, imploring His people to respond in kind to His passionate love song:

"So that, in truth, Thou didst Thyself lay the foundation for the destruction of Thy kingdom, and no one is more to blame for it. Yet what was offered Thee? There are three powers, three powers alone, able to conquer and to hold captive for ever the conscience of these impotent rebels for their happiness--those forces are miracle, mystery and authority. Thou hast rejected all three and hast set the example for doing so. When the wise and dread spirit set Thee on the pinnacle of the temple and said to Thee, 'If Thou wouldst know whether Thou art the Son of God then cast Thyself down, for it is written: the angels shall hold him up lest he fall and bruise himself, and Thou shalt know then whether Thou art the Son of God and shalt prove then how great is Thy faith in Thy Father.' But Thou didst refuse and wouldst not cast Thyself down. Oh, of course, Thou didst proudly and well, like God; but the weak, unruly race of men, are they gods? Oh, Thou didst know then that in taking one step, in making one movement to cast Thyself down, Thou wouldst be tempting God and have lost all Thy faith in Him, and wouldst have been dashed to pieces against that earth which Thou didst come to save. And the wise spirit that tempted Thee would have rejoiced. But I ask again, are there many like Thee? And couldst Thou believe for one moment that men, too, could face such a temptation? Is the nature of men such, that they can reject miracle, and at the great moments of their life, the moments of their deepest, most agonising spiritual difficulties, cling only to the free verdict of the heart?"

Yes, "the free verdict of the heart" is what is missing from modern Christianity. When the European of the old stock, the European with a heart that still loves, returns from exile, the liberal world will hear the sound of the same hosannas that made Satan tremble and gave life to the European people. It is useless to proscribe passion; it will out. In the counter-revolution, we will oppose the liberals' passion for their heathen gods of color with our passion for the Son of God. The passionate European, the European who loves and hates with all his heart, is the Trojan horse within the walls of Liberalism, and he will not sheath his sword until Liberalism is ashes. +

Faith and Hearth - NOVEMBER 13, 2010

"I told you I should retake my fireside. It's done."
-*The Kentuckian* by John Fox Jr.

In Marlis Steinert's biography of Hitler he lists all of Hitler's hates and then poses the question, "What did he love?" Steinert concludes that Hitler loved the folk, the German Everyman. I disagree. Does a man who procures an abortion for the woman he professes to love truly love her? I say no, the man in question is seeking to destroy that which makes the female uniquely female, her God-given power to bring forth new life.

And so it was with Hitler. He tried to extract from the German people, for his own sinister purposes, that which made them a folk and not a herd of cattle, their Christian faith. What image does the word 'folk' conjure up? Do we think of jackbooted storm troopers saluting their Führer? I certainly don't. I think of Hansel and Gretel, the Elves and the Shoemaker, Sleeping Beauty, and all the folk tales that came from the heart of the Germanic, Christian people. Hitler, like Nietzsche, hated the traditional faith of the European people; he envisioned a future that was a negation of everything European.

Of course Hitler's Christ-less vision of the future was not unique. The 20th century was a century overloaded with utopian visions of a future devoid of Christianity. And in every instance – Communism, Nazism, Americanism – the utopians all cite "the people," as their authority for steering their nation, or the nations, away from the Christian faith and toward a

glorious, Christ-free future. But in reality the people were not consulted when the utopians launched their assaults on the traditional faith of the Europeans. There were no Russian peasants clamoring for a new, Godless state. There were no American farmers or workers that demanded a Jeffersonian democracy in which the Christian God was reduced to a meaningless irrelevancy. Nor did the German folk yearn to goose-step into Hitler's dark night rather than sing Hosannas to the risen Lord. In every revolution in Christendom it is always the people who are most definitely not consulted.

The National Socialists, the Communists, and the Americanists were only following the tactics that the churchmen had been using for years. Can you name one major heresy that has ever come from the ranks of the people? There seems to be a direct correlation between the desire to systematize God, (often with the stated reason that systematizing makes it easier for "the people" to understand) and heresy. All the Christian clergyman through the centuries have claimed to respect tradition, which always turns out to mean the traditional documents of their own denomination, but they have never respected the traditional faith of the Christian folk. The assault of the philosophers and the intellectual something-or-others, over the Christian centuries, has been relentless. It was always the Christian, European people who resisted the intellectuals. The folk stood with Athanasius against Liberius and with Christ against Mohamet. It was only in the 20th century when the folk became intellectualized that all resistance to satanic, godless universalism ceased.

Nathaniel Hawthorne once wrote that he only became fully alive when he married. Likewise, the Europeans only became fully alive when they became wedded to Christ. Everything else in their history was only significant because it prepared them for their union with Christ. The European people and Christ combined their "hearts in one" and their realms in one.

We must cast aside St. Augustine's characterization of the City of God (the Church) and the City of Man (the folk) as two opposing forces, the Church representing the good and the people representing evil, because we know that the marriage between Christ and the European people was genuine. We see the evidence in the history of the European people. What we need to know is the reason for the divorce. What came between the European and his God?

The obvious answer and the correct answer to the question is that Satan came between the European and God. But what was his methodology? He used the same method to come between God and the European as he used to come between God and Adam and Eve; he pointed to a systematic scheme of the universe that was greater than God. Adam and Eve had only to heed Satan, who claimed he knew the system better than God -- "Ye shall not surely die" -- in order to obtain equality with God. For the European it was always the Roman system that Satan dangled before his eyes. And only the church men who felt themselves to be connected, even though they were clergymen, to the lifeblood of their people, were able to resist Roman universalism. When St. Augustine (not the 'City of God' Augustine, but the other one) in 597 demanded that the British bishops conform to the Roman system, they resisted, saying:

"Be it known unto you beyond a doubt, that we are all and each one of us obedient and subject to the Church of God, and the Pope of Rome, and to every other true and pious Christian to the extent of loving each of them in word and deed, as the sons of God; but other obedience than this I do not know to be justly claimed and proved to be due to him whom you call the 'Father of Fathers,' and this obedience we are willing to give and perform to him and to every other Christian continually. But for anything further, we are under the jurisdiction of the Bishop of Caerleon upon the Uske, who is, under God, to take the oversight of us and make us pursue a spiritual life."

And what was the rift between the British Catholics and the Roman Catholics all about? It was about the fight for the heroic Christ instead of a satanic system, in which God's will is subordinate to man's satanic desire to prove himself the equal of God. The system makers don't deny God, they simply make Him a servant of the system. In that respect, the American experiment in democracy is the most seductive and demonic system of them all.

The British revolt against Roman universalism was not the last of its kind. Luther revolted against it only to witness his own people create their own Roman systems in which Christ was a subsidiary of the systems. Communism, Nazism, and Americanism are all religiously based systems that stem from the initial conflict between Satan and God.

In the first half of the 20th century, there was a clash of the satanic systems. And by the end of the 20th century, the warring systems merged into one unholy democratic system. The American Republic and the Roman Catholic Church of Assisi I and II, etc., represented the triumph of Satanism. The deification of the Negro and the sainted status of the unrepentant Jew are manifestations of the absence of any link between the European and the Christian God. In the absence of a connection to Christ the Europeans have become a people without honor, without love, and without charity.

The system makers always put up a wall between God and man. It has always been the task of the hero, who comes from the folk, to destroy the wall and restore the link between his people and God. It seems as though this time no heroes of the blood have come forth. But the hero knows not seems, and in God's time, not ours, he will emerge. And it will always be His Sacred Heart that sustains him against the foe.

When the hero emerges who refuses to be part of the system he will turn everyone's eyes toward the source of his strength, the Son of Man. The hero's vision will be Pauline because he will be focused on the humanity of God, and it will be Shakespearean because he will be focused on the divinity within man. Like the good thief, the hero will see that the love of Christ trumps all systems and their makers. Divine Charity is not a system, it is a person whose name is Jesus.

I once infuriated a Roman Catholic Traditionalist priest by stating that I would much rather see a student truly understand Shakespeare's plays than learn his catechism. From the priest's standpoint, I was a blasphemer because I was placing Shakespeare above God. And of course the priest was right if, as he asserted, the catechism was an accurate portrait of God. But to me the catechism represented the system of one particular branch of Roman universalism that had no connection whatsoever with the living god. Whereas Shakespeare's plays laid bare the heart of man which pointed the way to His Sacred Heart.

The good news for the European who feels helpless and hopeless in the face of the cold, heartless rule of the system makers is that he doesn't need to find or invent a system of his own before his soul can be reclaimed. The European clan, the folk, and the heroes of the folk have shown us the way. They heard and believed, rejecting all systems and relying on the divine charity of Christ, the Son of God.

I'm certainly aware that there is virtually nothing left of the European people who once believed in the true Fairy Tale of the Son of Man. But the modern man's unbelief in the communion of saints does not change the reality of the communion of saints. Our people once believed in the Midsummer's Night's dream called the Christian Faith. When the church men abandoned the hearth fire, when they saw the faith as something to be found only on church scrolls, they lost the folk, who need to see the faith as part of their home. It is never too late to reclaim our home; we need only listen to our blood. +

Modernity: The White Man's Albatross - NOVEMBER 06, 2010

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

-- Coleridge

Halloween has come and gone. And I'm not talking about the Halloween where little kiddies dress up as goblins and witches and ask for candy. I'm talking about something a lot scarier. I'm referring to the macabre spectacle called 'elections,' in which infantile adults dress up in costumes and tell a lot of lies about themselves and their opponents. Of course not every politician involved in Tuesday's elections was an outright liar. But at the very least, the ones who were not blatant liars were participating in the great lie, the great lie of American Gnosticism: "Government for the people, by the people, and of the people."

There is no 'we, the people,' in the United States nor in the European nations. White people deny that their skin color makes them a 'people.' It makes no difference whether the pundit is Buchanan, Kristol, or Clinton; the refrain is the same: "We are a nation founded on an idea." If we probe further we might be treated to a dissertation about the idea upon which our nation was founded. The answer will vary from pundit to pundit, but in the main it will boil down to the triune principles of the French Revolution: liberty, equality, and fraternity.

The United States did not completely crumble at its inception because it took time for the white people of the United States to actually put their abstracted principles to the test. Our un-Civil War was a battle between non-utopian Europeans and abstracted, utopian Europeans, who wanted, quite in keeping with our marvelous Constitution, to extend the ideals of liberty, equality, and fraternity to the black race. The utopians won a partial victory in the War, but the white men, as oft this stage we have shown, fought a successful rearguard action until their surrender in the 1950's.

When a people who do not believe they are a people attempt to apply the abstract principles of liberty, equality and fraternity to a savage race of people who do see themselves as a 'people,' the extermination of the utopian people is the inevitable consequence. The Europeans are currently suffering through the extermination process.

Of course the racial identity of a people is only half of the equation. There is also the religious component. Race and faith merge to produce a people. Without a racial identity, a people are without a local habitation and a name; they are airy nothings. And without a religious faith, they are an aggregate herd without the animating, transcendent, spiritual life that comes from a connection to the living God. The colored tribes are races without faith, and the whites are non-entities without a racial or a religious aspect to their lives.

I saw nothing in any platform of the white candidates that indicated they were seeking to represent white Christians as a distinct people, separate from the multitudinous, aggregate herds of the colored tribes. Indeed, you would be immediately ushered into a mental asylum or a prison if you treated white people as a people apart from the colored people, and if you spoke favorably of white people or Christianity. Let's do a little practical test. Observe what happens when a white television commentator even suggests that black people are not godlike creatures deserving all honor and praise. The white commentator immediately becomes a former white commentator. But when the reverse happens, when a black commentator derides the white race as the source of all evil in the world, what happens? The black commentator is petted and adored by whites and blacks. And what happens when Islam or any other non-Christian religion is attacked? The outraged liberals and the colored tribes strike back. When Christianity is attacked? The chorus for toleration and moderation reaches a sickening crescendo.

Behind the white man's flight from his race is a flight from the living God. Christ came to us through the blood; He became part of us, body and soul. A European can only deny God by forsaking his blood. This is the reason Christianity only survives as an intellectual system, not an incarnational faith. You can pick or choose when you are dealing with a mind-forged system, agreeing with some tenets and disagreeing with others. But a blood faith is different. It is all or nothing. You must either trust your instincts and plunge headfirst into the raging river, trusting that the current will take you to a safe harbor, or you must stay on the dry land and create abstract theories about rivers and currents and cabbages and kings.

I do not like the mind-forged utopia of the liberals and the neo-pagans. It is a world devoid of the stuff that dreams are made on, the affections and sentiments that come from the human heart. The Europeans longed for the coming of the hero. Who was Thor, who was Odin, if not the European's waking dream of a hero that would come and save his people from the forces of the underground world of evil, sin and death? Christ was Thor, He was Odin, He was Siegfried, He was all the gods and all the heroes, and He was more than the gods: He was blood brother, Savior, and King.

I've often wondered why it is the white, halfway-house Christian conservatives who are the most vehemently opposed to any suggestion that faith comes through the blood, not the head. Possibly it is because such an admission would mean that the clergy, who are the intellectuals, would not be the final arbiters of divine revelation. And there is also the ecumenical problem. It seems very anti-democratic and unecumenical to claim that your ancestors were something special because they, and they alone, made the living God part of the fabric of their culture. Our modern academics reject such antiquated notions. Aztec poetry and voodoo charm bracelets are rated higher as works of art than Michelangelo's *Pieta* or Shakespeare's *King Lear*.

Satan never attacks head on. He comes at a person through "zigs and zags." He didn't tell the European to give up the Christian faith, he told him to give up the silly notion that the faith could be passed on through the blood. He claimed, and the intellectuals believed him, that the incarnation of our Lord was a metaphor and not an historical fact. The faithful heart will always reject the bloodless Christianity of Satan. William Blake's poem, in which he makes reference to Christ's trip to Glastonbury, England when He was a child, is an example of how seriously the Europeans took the incarnational aspects of their culture: (1)

And did those feet, in ancient time,
Walk upon England's mountains green?
And was the holy Lamb of God,
On England's pleasant pastures seen?
And did the countenance divine,
Shine forth upon our clouded hills?
And was Jerusalem builded here,
Among those dark satanic mills?

Bring me my bow of burning gold!
Bring me my arrows of desire!
Bring me my spear! O clouds unfold!
Bring me my chariot of fire!
I will not cease from mental fight,
Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand,
Till we have built Jerusalem
In England's green and pleasant land.

The overriding tendency of the moderns, a tendency that the resurgence of Europeans of blood will countermand, is to sever all ties of blood between the European and his God. A conservative Gnostic, recently deceased, used to prattle on about the absurd notion that a common, middle-class Englishman named William Shakespeare could have written Shakespeare's plays. He claimed, as his Gnostic progenitors claimed, that only an intellectual, an academic, could have

written Shakespeare's plays. But that is precisely what could never happen. Shakespeare's plays show us the intimate connection between man and God; could such a connection be felt and depicted by an academic? Fitzhugh didn't think so:

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

Anthony Jacob also saw through the Western intellectuals' attempt to destroy the European's heritage by attacking the heroes and poets who are the pride of his race:

"Of course it may be objected that slavery, however beneficent, was scarcely a suitable medium for improvement. Or it may be protested that until recently the Negro lived in circumstances of neglect and illiteracy making advancement impossible. But if we were to accept these popular objections as valid, we would be at a complete loss to explain why similar adversities never for a moment succeeded in suppressing the energy and genius of our own kind. We would be at a complete loss to explain why such circumstances failed to hold back the inventions of the English weavers, the illiterate founders of the industrial revolution. Certainly the egalitarians would hardly care to ascribe their inventiveness to the fact that they were uneducated work-slaves living on an island and entirely cut off from intercourse with other peoples and ideas. Unlike the vast majority of other nations, when it comes to reckoning our Anglo-Saxon geniuses and men of great talent we do not know where to begin or end, there have been so many. Yet many among them were only part-educated or self-educated – aside from those who were totally uneducated – and as boys had to struggle to acquire their book-learning while slaving away at work-benches. Men such as these still surprise even ourselves; so that many cannot believe that Shakespeare was Shakespeare, and have discovered that he was somebody else."

It's all connected. The attack on the heroes of our blood and on The Hero of our blood, in the name of a higher, more intellectual Christianity, is meant to destroy the Christian faith and the European people who championed the Faith. (2) My reason says it's the end for the European, but my blood tells me something quite different. "So long as the blood endures" is a fitting war cry for the European.+

(1) The pious legend is that Christ visited Glastonbury when He was a child, in the company of Joseph of Arimathea, a relative of Christ who was involved in the tin trade. I don't know if the story is true, but I tend to think it is because the old legends are usually more reliable than the modern histories.

What difference does it make? Well, our faith in Christ certainly does not depend on whether or not He walked upon England's mountains green, but I think the fact that the English wanted to believe that Christ had set foot on their soil speaks volumes about their desire to weave love of country and love of Christ into one seamless garment. And the fact that the modern anti-European whites want to separate Christ from their nations and their blood speaks volumes about them.

(2) The pernicious, arrogant assumption that the Europeans of the good, old times were all liars about their own history should never go unchallenged. It's not just Shakespeare who is supposed to have been the beneficiary of a massive cover-up, there is also Davey Crockett: "He didn't really fight to the death at the Alamo; he surrendered and begged for his life"! Wyatt Earp? The modern movies change his courageous and victorious bare-knuckles fight against two vicious outlaws into an ignominious defeat. The list is endless. Conservatives and liberals alike play the 'Debunk the European Heroes' game. "To hell with Europe and to hell with Europe's heroes" is their war cry. "To the knife" is the European's response to the liberals and their conservative lackeys.

Bloodlines - OCTOBER 30, 2010

"Keep thy heart..."

Clarel by Herman Melville

In the 1980's the Coca-Cola Company saw that Pepsi was gaining on them, so they decided to make a Coca-Cola that was just like Pepsi. As it turned out the Coke that was just like Pepsi was not acceptable to Coke drinkers, so Coca-Cola once again became Coca-Cola. Happy day if you were a Coke drinker.

At the turn of the 20th century the Christian churches – Anglican, Roman Catholic, and Protestant – thought that they were losing ground to liberalism, so rather than fight liberalism they decided to become liberals. And unfortunately the churches did not return to their 'classic' beliefs when their new liberal Christianity still continued to lose ground to secular liberalism. By the 21st century, there was no difference between the Christianity preached in the mainstream churches and the liberalism preached in the pulpits of liberal academia. The churches, with the exception of some splinter groups in every denomination, have all been leased out to the liberals.

What is so amazing to me about the splinter groups is that they still insist on using the same apologetics for their sects that were used prior to the collapse of the mainstream wings of their churches. The traditionalist Roman Catholics still insist on the doctrine of papal infallibility while maintaining the right to disregard everything the liberal popes say. They still

insist that Latin and Aquinas can save, and they still insist that the apostolic succession exists only in the Roman Catholic Church.

The Orthodox Anglicans, or Biblical Catholics, combine the sacramental elements that the Protestants lack and the Biblical element that the Roman Catholics lack. The Bible, the Church Fathers, and the two creeds, the Apostle's Creed and the Nicene Creed, are their touchstones of reality. The Orthodox Anglicans also claim a divine mandate for their teaching authority based on the apostolic succession of their ministers. (1)

The Protestant fundamentalists generally do not claim apostolic succession; in fact, they deny the necessity of apostolic succession. The Protestant's divine mandate to preach the Gospel comes from an inward call of the Holy Spirit. Both the traditionalist Roman Catholic and the Orthodox Anglican have pointed out the subjectivity of the fundamentalists' mandate, but neither the traditionalist Roman Catholic nor the Orthodox Anglican see that their preaching mandate does not rest on as firm a foundation as they maintain, because they do not confront the apostasy of the mainstream branches of their respective churches. Why should I believe in the divine mandate of the Roman Catholic Church when their pope is a blasphemer? And why should I believe in the divine mandate of the Anglican Church when they ordain women and homosexuals? It seems to me that the Traditionalist Roman Catholics and the Orthodox Anglicans are in the same boat with the fundamentalists; they have not come to terms with the apologetics disaster caused by the liberalism of their church.

Back in the days when I used to debate with liberals, they would always label my belief in the divinity of Christ as 'wish fulfillment.' "You merely want to recapture the dream of your childhood, the dream of an all-loving Savior who saved you and your loved ones from death." There is no absolute rejoinder to that accusation. One can only insist, as Thomas Hughes insists in his debate with the Biblical exegetes, "[T]hey must pardon us if even at the cost of being thought and called fools for our pains, we deliberately elect to live our lives to the contrary assumption. It is useless to tell us that we know nothing of these things, that we can know nothing until their critical examination is over; we can only say, 'Examine away; but we do know something of this matter, whatever you may assert to the contrary, and mean to live on that knowledge.'"

The churches went wrong when they attempted to defend themselves from the attacks of the rationalist, scientific forces of modernity by trying to make their churches more rational and more scientific. They ended up outside their own traditions, looking in at the faith they used to have. The splinter groups are fighting losing battles because they hold on to the apologetics that brought them down. The fundamentalists keep quoting Scripture independent of any tradition, the traditionalist Roman Catholics keep trying to ram the Tridentine Mass and the modernist theology of Thomas Aquinas down your throat, and the Orthodox Anglicans try to prove that they, despite the apostasy of the Anglican hierarchy, are the true heirs of the first apostles. But we can't simply wish something to be true, as the liberals accused me of doing with the divinity of Christ, because we want it to be true. I would like to believe that the Anglican Church, for instance, is the true Catholic Church, because I love the 19th century authors such as Jane Austen and Sheridan Le Fanu, who came from the Anglican tradition. And I idolize the Rev. Frances Lyte, but how can I honestly say that the Anglican Church is the rock which Christ spoke of when I look at the feminists and homosexual clergy prancing around the Anglican altars?

It seems to me that all the splinter groups have tried to run before they were ready to walk. The religion of the heart, so denigrated by the religious apologists, must come before the clerical apostolic succession genealogy charts. (2) Why would I pick up a book on Anglicanism if I wasn't first moved to do so because I had fallen in love with the Christ I saw embodied in the culture of the 19th century English Anglicans? And why would I reject traditionalist Catholicism despite its present pomp and past splendor if I hadn't seen, through the eyes of my heart, that it was a whited sepulchre of a church that had not charity? And lastly, why would I be both attracted and repelled by fundamentalist Protestantism if my heart was not drawn to their insistence on an adherence to the Word of God -- and subsequently sickened when they treat the word of God as a self-help popular mechanics handbook that can be quoted selectively for sectarian motives?

The heart is the great sifting ground. There the battle for the faith must be waged. No Christian denomination is without Christians, but no denomination has proven it is the rock to which we can cling in times of adversity. What would be wrong with viewing Faith as the rock and judging every church by how faithful, in the eyes of our heart, they are to Him?

The liberals are forever looking for the missing link that will prove Darwin's theory of evolution. Christian Europeans need to find the missing link in their apologetics. The missing link is the bloodlines of the European people. Consulting the Bible, the creeds, and the experts about Christ without looking at the inner life of the Europeans is like consulting the local library to learn about your grandfather, while you ignore the testimonies of your father and your grandfather's blood relations. The creeds came from the marriage of Christ and the European people. The way we interpret the Bible stems from the first Europeans' vision of Christ. We cannot divorce ourselves from the European past and still hold on to the blood faith of the Europeans of the past.

“The fool in his heart says there is no God.” And hasn’t the European clergyman, by denying the existence of the heartfelt faith of the European people, said there is no God? A God of parchment, devoid of a heart, is not a God. The fundamentalist’s Bible mentions the heart more times than can be counted. The litanies of the Roman and Anglican Catholics refer time and again to His Sacred Heart. Is the heart of man then such an irrelevancy that it can be ignored? The heart is the spiritual organ of sight. One only reads the Bible or studies the creeds when one sees a vision of the Man of Sorrows. In calmer moments, when the white heat of vision has cooled, we write creeds and underline passages of the Bible, but we can’t sever ourselves from our bloodlines without killing the vision which our faith is based upon. We perish today because we have lost our vision.

The mystic mariner, Herman Melville, had something to say about the ultimate source of divine revelation:

Then keep thy heart, though yet but ill-resigned—
Clarel, thy heart, the issues there but mind;
That like the crocus budding through the snow--
That like a swimmer rising from the deep--
That like a burning secret which doth go
Even from the bosom that would hoard and keep;
Emerge thou mayst from the last whelming sea,
And prove that death but routs life into victory. +

(1) I don’t understand how a sect that professes to be “Biblical” can ignore the incident in the Bible where the apostles come to Christ and tell him other men, besides their small group of apostles, are casting out devils in Christ’s name:

And John answered him, saying, Master, we saw one casting out devils in thy name, and he followeth not us: and we forbid him, because he followeth not us. But Jesus said, Forbid him not: for there is no man which shall do a miracle in my name, that can lightly speak evil of me. For he that is not against us is on our part. For whosoever shall give you a cup of water to drink in my name, because ye belong to Christ, verily I say unto you, he shall not lose his reward.
– Mark 9: 38-41

(2) The entire religious crisis of the 20th and now the 21st century was succinctly articulated by Richard Weaver in his book *Visions of Order*:

This brings us to the necessity of concluding that the upholders of mere dialectic, whether they appear in this modern form or in another, are among the most subversive enemies of society and culture. They are attacking an ultimate source of cohesion in the interest of a doctrine which can issue only in nullity. It is no service to man to impugn his feeling about the world qua feeling. Feeling is the source of that healthful tension between man and what is -- both objectively and subjectively. If man could be brought to believe that all feeling about the world is wrong, there would be nothing for him but collapse.

Between Heaven and Earth - OCTOBER 22, 2010

“This is I, Hamlet, the Dane!”

It’s happened to me more times than I can recount. I’m in the presence of a professed Christian, and I happen to mention, with no intent to shock, that our society is demonic. “Whatever do you mean?” is always the shocked reply.

Apparently there is nothing in the eyes of modern, halfway house, conservative Christians that cannot be blended with Christianity. You can be a feminist and a Christian (“St. Paul be damned”), you can believe that the Jews (not the followers of Christ) are God’s people, you can believe that the colored races are free from original sin, and you can believe that all women are exempt from original sin. All this is covered under the blanket of conservative Christianity. Are there any beliefs outside the ken of Christianity? Yes, there are. The belief that Christianity is a patriarchal religion, the belief that the colored races need to be controlled lest the world become a jungle, and the belief that any group of people who openly avow their hatred of Christ, such as liberals and Jews, must not be trusted. Any of the latter views would shock the conservative Christian, but the former views about the immaculate conception of women and the colored races and the synthesis of Judaism and Christianity, would not shock the conservative Christian. What’s going on? There has been a perverse, dare we say, Satanic change (yes, we dare). What the Europeans of Walter Scott’s Europe held to be satanic – feminism, the worship of the natural savage, and the deification of the unbelieving Jew – we now hold to be Christian precepts. And what the Europeans of Walter Scott’s Europe held to be Christian – the patriarchal family, a hierarchically structured society in which the lesser races without the law were held in check, and a healthy mistrust of the recalcitrant Jew – are all seen as evil (they would call it satanic, but they no longer believe in Satan) by the modern, conservative, halfway-house Christians.

The halfway-house Christian has been bred by the liberal world, and he is fed by the modern liberal world. It is only natural that he should love the modern world, is it not? No, it is not. It is 'natural' if we use the word 'natural' as we would use it to describe cattle feeding or sheep grazing. It is animalistic. But it is unnatural, as unnatural as Lady Macbeth's tryst with Satan, if we are speaking of the natural substance of man, spirit. Any man with a soul that has not been covered over with mountains of satanic ash would react to the modern world as a man reacts when he places his hand on a hot stove: he recoils from it.

Halfway-house Christians do not recoil from Satanism because the nerve endings in their souls are dead. Having cut themselves off from the European past, they have become dead to the ideals and the faith of the past. It doesn't take brains to see that feminism, Negro worship, and Christian Judaism are from the devil. It takes a heart that has not been hardened from years of trying to blend Christianity and liberalism.

1) Negro worship – It should be obvious to anyone with even a tiny remnant of a soul that making the Negro into a demigod is like trying to make a house pet of a rattlesnake. From Haiti to the American South to the Negro-infested cities of the United States and Europe, there is only one conclusion to be drawn about the Negro: his propensities for murder and rape and his hatred for the white man's civilization must be fought, not countenanced.

LUCIUS: O barbarous, beastly villains like thyself!

AARON (A MOOR): Indeed, I was their tutor to instruct them.

That coddling spirit had they from their mother,
As sure a card as ever won the set;
That bloody mind, I think, they learn'd of me,
As true a dog as ever fought at head.
Well, let my deeds be witness of my worth.
I train'd thy brethren to that guileful hole
Where the dead corpse of Bassianus lay;
I wrote the letter that thy father found,
And hid the gold within that letter mention'd,
Confederate with the Queen and her two sons;
And what not done, that thou hast cause to rue,
Wherein I had no stroke of mischief in it?
I play'd the cheater for thy father's hand,
And, when I had it, drew myself apart
And almost broke my heart with extreme laughter.
I pried me through the crevice of a wall,
When, for his hand, he had his two sons' heads;
Beheld his tears, and laugh'd so heartily
That both mine eyes were rainy like to his;
And when I told the Empress of this sport,
She swooned almost at my pleasing tale,
And for my tidings gave me twenty kisses.

GOTH. What, canst thou say all this and never blush?

AARON. Ay, like a black dog, as the saying is.

LUCIUS. Art thou not sorry for these heinous deeds?

AARON. Ay, that I had not done a thousand more.
Even now I curse the day- and yet, I think,
Few come within the compass of my curse-
Wherein I did not some notorious ill;
As kill a man, or else devise his death;
Ravish a maid, or plot the way to do it;
Accuse some innocent, and forswear myself;
Set deadly enmity between two friends;
Make poor men's cattle break their necks;
Set fire on barns and hay-stacks in the night,
And bid the owners quench them with their tears.
Oft have I digg'd up dead men from their graves,
And set them upright at their dear friends' door
Even when their sorrows almost was forgot,
And on their skins, as on the bark of trees,
Have with my knife carved in Roman letters

'Let not your sorrow die, though I am dead.'
Tut, I have done a thousand dreadful things
As willingly as one would kill a fly;
And nothing grieves me heartily indeed
But that I cannot do ten thousand more.

LUCIUS. Bring down the devil, for he must not die
So sweet a death as hanging presently.

AARON. If there be devils, would I were a devil,
To live and burn in everlasting fire,
So I might have your company in hell
But to torment you with my bitter tongue!

LUCIUS. Sirs, stop his mouth, and let him speak no more.

Are murder rape and rapine the exclusive acts of the black and Mexican tribes? No, of course not. White civilization is an endless catalog of murder, rape, and rapine. But here is the difference. Murder, rape, and rapine did not form the basis of Christian Europe; the Europeans viewed such barbaric activities as crimes. In the tribal lives of the Negro and the Aztec barbaric murder and rape is a tribal rite. Holy communion for the Aztec is a slice from a still palpitating heart, and the holiest act for a black man is to plunge a knife into the heart of a white woman whom he has just raped. Exposure to Western civilization has not changed the colored tribes. That is evident when we see, now that liberals have removed the restraints formerly placed on them, the violent predatory behavior of the unrestrained Mexican and the black. The barbarism of the colored tribes combined with the permissiveness of the techno-barbarian white is a deadly coupling. Life on earth is a vale of tears, but when white Christians rule there are white moments, times when a man feels that his Redeemer liveth and will raise him up on the last day.

2) Jewish-Christianity – It is not my contention that a Jew, or any man is not a candidate for God's grace, but you cannot force God's grace. If an individual or a group of individuals is adamantly opposed to Christ, we cannot declare him or them to be Christian simply because we want it to be so. The halfway-house Protestant and the Roman Catholic ecumenist do not distinguish between belief in God and a belief in Jesus Christ as the one true God. And in the case of the evangelicals, they deify a people who do not even believe in the God of the Jews. The halfway-house Christian no longer sees any difference between Christianity and Judaism because he has lived so long in the tents of the liberal that he is morally blind. His heart has become just as hardened to the light as the liberal and the recalcitrant Jew. The halfway-house Christian, the liberal, and the Jew, are now united in their hatred of the white Christian: all three want their pound of flesh:

SHYLOCK: I have possess'd your grace of what I purpose;
And by our holy Sabbath have I sworn,
To have the due and forfeit of my bond:
If you deny it, let the danger light
Upon your charter, and your city's freedom.
You'll ask me, why I rather choose to have
A weight of carrion flesh, than to receive
Three thousand ducats: I'll not answer that:
But, say, it is my humour. is it answer'd?
What, if my house be troubled with a rat
And I be pleas'd to give ten thousand ducats
To have it ban'd? What, are you answer'd yet?
Some men there are love not a gaping pig;
Some, that are mad if they behold a cat;
And others, when the bagpipe sings i' the nose,
Cannot contain their urine: for affection,
Master of passion, sways it to the mood
Of what it likes, or loathes. Now, for your answer.
As there is no firm reason to be render'd,
Why he, cannot abide a gaping pig;
Why he, a harmless necessary cat;
Why he, a woollen bagpipe,—but of force
Must yield to such inevitable shame,
As to offend himself, being offended;
So can I give no reason, nor I will not,
More than a lodged hate, and a certain loathing,
I bear Antonio, that I follow thus
A losing suit against him. Are you answer'd?

BASSANIO: This is no answer, thou unfeeling man,
To excuse the current of thy cruelty.

SHYLOCK: I am not bound to please thee with my answers.

BASSANIO: Do all men kill the things they do not love?

SHYLOCK: Hates any man the thing he would not kill?

BASSANIO: Every offence is not a hate at first.

SHYLOCK: What, wouldst thou have a serpent sting thee twice?

ANTONIO: I pray you, think you question with the Jew,
You may as well go stand upon the beach,
And bid the main flood bate his usual height;
You may as well use question with the wolf,
Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb;
You may as well forbid the mountain pines
To wag their high tops, and to make no noise
When they are fretten with the gusts of heaven;
You may as well do anything most hard,
As seek to soften that (than which what's harder?)
His Jewish heart.—therefore, I do beseech you,
Make no more offers, use no farther means,
But, with all brief and plain conveniency,
Let me have judgment and the Jew his will.
For Antonio there was a saving grace because he lived in Christian Europe:
[W]e do pray for mercy;
And that same prayer, doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy.

Where is the saving grace now that we have abandoned the God of mercy?

3) Feminism – I have been remiss in not writing often enough about the scourge of feminism (see “The Underground Men”), but quite frankly I cannot bare to look at the Gorgon’s head too often. There is nothing so terrible as the spiritually unsexed woman. And now that “we have our grace forgot,” we have institutionalized the value system of Lady Macbeth.

LADY MACBETH: Give him tending;
He brings great news.
[Exit Messenger]
The raven himself is hoarse
That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
Under my battlements. Come, you spirits
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here,
And fill me from the crown to the toe top-full
Of direst cruelty! make thick my blood;
Stop up the access and passage to remorse,
That no compunctious visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between
The effect and it! Come to my woman's breasts,
And take my milk for gall, you murd'ring ministers,
Wherever in your sightless substances
You wait on nature's mischief! Come, thick night,
And pall thee in the dunest smoke of hell,
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes,
Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,
To cry "Hold, hold!"

And the horror of 21st century feminism is that the modern feminist lacks the conscience of Lady Macbeth! The feminist does not desire the perfumes of Arabia to wash the blood off her hands; she desires more victims in order to plunge the whole world into a feminist blood bath. “All is cheerless, dark and deadly,” when feminists rule.

When Tea Party whites gather together to protest one small item on a vast liberal agenda they also come with a pathetic declaration of their innocence of crimes against Liberalism. “We are not racist, we are not sexist, and we are not anti-

Semitic.” When the white man is ready to declare that, “Yes, I am opposed to the barbarism of the sons of Ham; yes, I am opposed to sexless, bloodthirsty hag queens from hell; and yes, I am opposed to the reign of the unrepentant, pound-of-flesh Jew; then and only then will the white man be able to call his soul his own. +

In Defiance of Ruin and Death - OCTOBER 16, 2010

“We are in God’s hand, brother, not in theirs.”

I begin with a quote from John Sharp Williams (whose speech from 1904 was posted on *Spirit Water Blood* in 2007):

But there was something else, and even a greater cause than local self-government, for which we fought. Local self-government temporarily destroyed may be recovered and ultimately retained. The other thing for which we fought is so complex in its composition, so delicate in its breath, so incomparable in its symmetry, that, being once destroyed, it is forever destroyed. This other thing for which we fought was the supremacy of the white man’s civilization in the country which he proudly claimed his own; ‘in the land which the Lord his God had given him;’ founded upon the white man’s code of ethics, in sympathy with the white man’s traditions and ideals.

Mr. Williams maintains that the white man’s civilization once destroyed is forever destroyed. What would he say today? Let us not delude ourselves and say that white civilization has not been destroyed; it has. And every white man with a heart that still “indignant breaks” is trying to come to terms with the fact of the destruction of white civilization. Is it really, now that it has been destroyed, gone forever? That is more than we can know or should seek to know. Mr. Williams, who was a white man back when white males were men, would be the last man, when viewing the ruins of Western civilization, to advise us to remain content with its destruction.

The European civilization was “complex in its composition.” And that complexity makes it impossible to rebuild it as if it were a cathedral or a statue, but I wonder if the reason for the complexity of European civilization might be the smoking ember that could rekindle a fire? The white man’s civilization was complex because it was the only fully human civilization. Certainly there have been fully developed human beings in non-white civilizations, but those individuals became fully human because they adhered to the ethics and values of the white man’s civilization. Kipling’s “Gunga Din” is an example:

An’ for all ‘is dirty ‘ide,
'E was white, clear white, inside

The keystone of the distinctively human civilization was the faith of the European people, as a people, in Jesus Christ. Their link to Him, as evidenced by their culture, was sacramental; the incarnate Lord was all around them, in their churches, in their architecture, in their stories and in their traditions. It is indeed tragic that the Protestants who were once committed to a strict adherence to the Bible have rejected the notion that God became incarnate through His people. And it is doubly tragic that Roman Catholics who were once committed, prior to the revolt of the scholastics, to a sacramental view of the holy Eucharist should have joined the Protestants in their denial of the incarnational aspects of the faith. The unspoken, implicit creed of both the modern Protestant and Roman Catholic is that Christ’s thoughts became incarnate of the Holy Ghost through the virgin Mary and were made manifest to a select few who were capable of understanding great thought. Modern Christianity is Socratic, not Christian.

In order to fill the void in their souls that cannot be filled by Socrates, Plato, or Aristotle, the modern European Christian has gone a-whoring after new Gods who can fulfill his need for an incarnational faith. The evangelical’s blasphemous attempt to make non-believing Jews into the people of God is one manifestation of the European’s need to see his faith embodied in a people. But what type of faith is it that can only be held by rejecting the central role of Christ as the one and only mediator between God and Man? And what type of faith is represented by the ecumenical conferences at Assisi where every faith and every people are glorified except the antique European and the Christ of the antique European? The end result, fast approaching, of the modern Europeans’ desire to replace their lost faith in a European people connected to the Living God, is to elevate the Negro to the status of God’s people. They are the true evidence, to the modern white man, of God’s grace. Look around you. Is that smug, conceited look on the faces of whites with black children and black grandchildren merely the after-effects of a good bowel movement? No, the white European is all aglow because he or she has become connected to the people of God. It is a terrible thing to lack a living embodiment of God’s grace. The New Age Catholic and Protestant think they have found that embodiment in the black man.

Things spiritual cannot be proven by the dialectical. That is why Philip does not respond to Nathaniel’s question, “Can anything good come out of Nazareth?” with a Socratic dialogue. He says, “Come and see.”

If a man truly has eyes to see and ears to hear can he fail to see the difference between old Europe and modern Europe? The incarnate Christ is present in the former, and Satan is incarnate in the latter. The children of antique Europe danced and mourned to the Divine Piper's tune, and they became fully human as a result. The children of modernity have not danced or mourned to the Piper's tune, and they have become inhuman as a result.

The Shakespearean tragedies and the Bible share one central theme: the words we use to frame our laws and worship come from an "abundance of the heart." It is evident that the post-Christian European has given his heart to the false gods; otherwise he would not worship the Negro and seek to blend Christianity, Judaism, and liberalism.

The great poet Miguel de Unamuno was right to write about the "agony of Christianity." The Christian must face the tragedy of existence with only his faith in Christ to comfort him. When that faith wavers, and the Christian asks himself, "Suppose He is not really who He claims to be?", then the previously fervent devotee becomes first a lukewarm adherent, and finally a full scale apostate, whoring after any God that can comfort him in the here and now. And the hereafter? "Best to blot that from my consciousness."

The love for Christ is no longer in the European's heart because he no longer believes Christ died on the cross for our sins and rose from the dead in order to assure us of eternal life. If the European doesn't think he needs forgiveness for his sins and he doesn't believe that Christ conquered death, he will not feel any filial love for Christ, and as a corollary he will feel no love for the civilization that was built by a people who loved Christ.

The European people from the days of Alfred the Great to the last days of Queen Victoria's reign felt that they were a people with a special destiny. They were Christian when the word meant something. Their faith in Christ gave them a respect for their culture which had been created out of love for Him. That type of faith makes a people determined to survive as a people. They have something to pass on to their children, and they know that they serve as a beacon light to the nations still shrouded in the dark night of heathenism.

We have seen the result of the European's flight from the "agony of Christianity." He no longer sees the European people as a distinct people with a special destiny. He no longer sees the need to keep faith with the past. Not only does he no longer want to keep separate from the heathens and show them the light emanating from His culture, he wants to be absorbed by the darkness of heathenism. The European's headlong rush to the black abyss all stems from the transfer of his affections from Christ to the barbaric 'isms, technological and primitive, that Satan has created for the ruin of souls.

There has not been nor will be any manly Christian response to Satan's bold conquest of the Europeans coming from the ranks of the halfway-house Christians. They are content to rummage around the ruins of Christian Europe and call the ruins an improvement. The Christian's answer to Satan's destruction of Europe will come, as it always has come in the past, from the Europeans who never ceased loving Christ as the warrior God who came down from heaven to lead them in battle against the forces of evil. The first Europeans got it right: Christ the Hero, Christ our Brother, not Christ the endpoint of evolution or the founder of a philosophy, is the source of the spiritual force that enables a man to hurl his defiant 'no' at Satan and all the forces of hell. The Christ story was accepted and believed by the Europeans because they had not completely forgotten the source of their being. The twilight of the gods was not the end of the gods:

Deep in the wood two of human kind were left; the fire of Surtur did not touch them; they slept, and when they wakened the world was green and beautiful again. These two fed on the dews of the morning; a woman and a man they were, Lif and Lifthrasir. They walked abroad in the world, and from them and from their children came the men and women who spread themselves over the earth.

The neo-pagans are a disgrace to the world 'pagan.' Our pagan ancestors bent their knees to Christ because they recognized Him; He was the God above the Gods who would fight for and with them against Satan. They had hearts to love, and then when they heard of the coming of the Christ, they had a God worthy to love. From that love came the European people.

Tricks and gimmicks from the halfway-house Christians will not restore the civilization that has been burned to ashes. Only the love, which passeth all understanding, that Christ has for His people can rekindle a fire in a civilization that has turned to ashes. The Great Heart is waiting to set our hearts on fire. The European hero of old, who we are all called to be, was not afraid to approach the living God, because he knew with the unerring instinct of love that he would not be consumed by the divine fire; he would become a man strengthened and nurtured by divine charity.

The European civilization is not like any other civilization, and its destruction is not like any other destruction. "So long as the blood endures" -- and it does endure in some European hearts -- there is hope that Europeans will see the God of Europe which the antique Europeans saw, then fall in love once again, and rebuild Europe over the ashes of Europe. +

Liberal Theocracy - OCTOBER 09, 2010

"I have some rights of memory in this kingdom..."

-- Fortinbras in *Hamlet*

The liberal and homosexual community is up in arms over an incident at Rutgers University. Apparently a heterosexual student secretly videotaped his homosexual roommate having sex with another male student. When the heterosexual student uploaded the video to the Internet, the homosexual student committed suicide. Now the liberal and homosexual community wants the offending heterosexual student to be prosecuted for a hate crime.

What the heterosexual student did, namely putting the private vices of another person on public display, was not the act of an honorable man. I think most of us would agree that videotaping and subsequently broadcasting the video was worse than a theft or some kind of illegal financial transaction, but should the act be subject to legal prosecution? In every society there are acts which are subject to the moral opprobrium of society but are not viewed as criminal by the same society. For instance, the man who donned women's clothing in order to be permitted on the lifeboats of the Titanic was treated with moral opprobrium, but he was not criminally prosecuted. Most Christian societies make practical distinctions between morally reprehensible acts that elicit the scorn and censure of all good men and the criminal acts against the body politic that need to be punished to the full extent of the law. There are exceptions. In a theocracy the private vices, if they become known, are subject to public prosecution. It should not surprise us when liberals demand the prosecution of homophobes and whites who use the n-word. They have set up a theocracy that is much harsher than the much-maligned Puritan theocracy of New England. At least the Puritans, being Christian, tried to punish the private vices that really were vices! I agree with Hawthorne's compassionate condemnation of the Puritans, but I would much rather fall into their hands than into those of the modern liberal theocrats, because the theocracy of the liberals is not a Christian theocracy. I'm not so naïve as to believe that everyone who professes the Christian faith does so out of love for Christ. Many sick individuals cry 'Lord, Lord,' but when Christianity is the professed faith of a whole society there is always a chance that some individuals within that society, maybe even some individuals in positions of power, will temper justice with mercy and put truth above expedience. Such can never be the case in a liberal theocracy. Founded on the principle that everything Christian is evil and whatever is opposed to Christianity is good, a liberal theocracy can only produce evil fruits.

On a daily basis we hear roundtable discussions about the economy: "Will it stage a comeback?" or "Is this a recession or a depression?" The Christian European knows as sure as the turning of the earth there will be no recovery from the moral depression of the white race so long as there is a liberal theocracy.

By the 1950's the European people had left the full-blooded Christianity of their forefathers behind, but they still retained the values that stemmed from a "Christian hangover." Now that the hangover is gone, nothing will deter the modern liberal from implementing a liberal theocracy. It is no coincidence that 'hate crime' legislation has been enacted to punish even verbal opposition to Negro worship, and abortion protestors are now subject to the same criminal prosecutions as mobsters. It won't end there. Liberalism is devoid of all the values that the Europeans of the past held dear: piety, loyalty to kith and kin, faith, hope, and charity. The totalitarian regime of the liberals will be a hideous blend of colored barbarism and liberal techno- barbarism. Translated that means the liberals will continue the mass slaughter of babies and they will sanction murder and rape by the colored tribes so long as the colored violence is directed at white people.

At present there is virtually no resistance to the liberal theocracy. Halfway-house Christians resist certain aspects of liberalism, but they do not resist liberalism in its entirety. And the neo-pagans accept the anti-Christian basis of liberalism. Only an integral Christian people acting as a people who believe in a personal God who created distinct races and distinct individuals can resist liberalism. The dagger of abstract thought was dangled before the eyes of halfway-house Christians, and they eagerly seized upon it and slew their lawful king and feudal Lord. Every type of devotion is permitted in the Catholic Church so long as it is framed to support liberalism, which is diametrically opposed to Christianity! And what is behind the evangelical Protestants' obsession with Israel? We constantly hear how the Jews are the people of God. If such is the case, that Christianity is Judaism, then Christ is not risen, and He is not our Lord and Savior. What separates the modern Catholic and the modern Protestant from the liberal theocrats? The answer: nothing.

There is an old saw about a traveler who stops and asks a farmer how to get to Centerville. The farmer replies, "Well, if I was going to Centerville, I wouldn't start from here." Of course the point is that we are here. We are white Europeans who are lost in a dark wood that is ruled by monsters (sometimes called 'liberals') in semi-human form who are more loathsome and terrible than any monster ever created by Ray Harryhausen or Edgar Allan Poe. We are pilgrims who have lost sight of the reason for our pilgrimage.

If we believe that God became flesh and dwelt among us, then we must believe that faith in the God who came to us through the blood is passed on through the blood. We should not ask 'what does the latest church document say about Christ', nor 'what does the latest Bible exegete say about Him'; we should look at the God our ancestors considered their Holy Father and their sacred Savior, who mixed His blood with theirs. The putrid Harry Potter fantasies are the end result of a sick, degenerate people who have forsaken their blood connection to their people and their God. The European has fled so far away from the blood wisdom of his ancestors that he can now be satisfied with the superficiality and banality of a two-bit magician from a carny show.

Does the modern European ever react to anything first-hand? Does he see the blood of innocents being shed in the abortuaries by techno-barbarians and on the city streets by colored barbarians, and then cry havoc and let loose the dogs of war? No he doesn't because he feels nothing; he has no touchstone of reality. The halfway-house Christian must first check with his clergyman, who tells him how he feels, and the neo-pagan is incapable of heartfelt action because he has denied Him who is the source of all heartfelt righteous indignation. "This shall not go on," is the response of the Christian hero to any attack on his race or the innocents of any race. And it is the heroic impulse of the European that has been buried by an avalanche of speculative musings of intellectual something-or-others, who wanted to make God conform to the narrow parameters of their brains.

Stevenson wonders in his preface to *Treasure Island* if the "wiser youngsters of to-day" can be pleased with an "old romance." The answer was yes, there were still Europeans when Stevenson wrote *Treasure Island* who realized that all pure romances – and *Treasure Island* is a pure romance – stem from the romance called the Christian Faith. In that other world, the world of the old romance that the clever have left behind, is everything of value: home, hearth, and God. If the European's memory of that world is completely gone, he will remain lost in the dark woods of a liberal theocracy. But if there is just some remembrance of things past the European is not permanently lost. He will make his way through the dark woods and slay the dragon of techno-barbarism and the multi-racial hydra. It is not the work of one day or of one century even, but all things are possible to Europeans when they listen to the call of their blood, which bids them rise and ride.

A different species of man has emerged in place of the Europeans of the past. One of the consequences of a man's believing himself to be a descendent of the apes seems to be that he becomes more like an ape than a man. If we did not have a historical record of a different kind of European we could simply blend with the colored races and wallow in the indistinctiveness of our shallow lives. But we do have an historical record of the Europeans of the olden times. We were not born to wallow in the pigsties of modernity. One strand from the garment of the European past is worth more than the whole insubstantial pageant of modernity. The incorporate, Christ-centered Europe was not a dream. It is still our true home. If, and when, we remove the blinders from our hearts we will hear the harp of the ancient minstrel, who is waiting for His people to take their part in the divine Romance, and leave the liberal theocracy in the dustbin of history.

With a gleam of swords, and a burning match,
And a shaking of flag and hand:
But one long bound, and I passed the Gate
Save from the canting band. +

Resisting Institutionalized Negro-Worship - OCTOBER 02, 2010

"The heart that has truly loved never forgets" – Thomas Moore

I'm not sure of the exact date – I think it was somewhere in the late 1960's, when blacks and liberals started using the term 'institutional racism.' The term was used like a hydrogen bomb to destroy whites in great numbers. The bomb was used because it was becoming harder and harder for the black and liberal coalition to convince whites living outside of academia that the U.S. was filled with ardent Klansmen (oh, that it were true!) getting ready to rise and ride. So the liberals developed a new gamut. "It doesn't matter if most white people do not hate blacks; back in the days when all whites hated blacks, they institutionalized the hatred of blacks; therefore, even if individual whites within an organization do not hate blacks, the institution as an entity has an anti-black agenda. The whites in that organization, despite professing their lack of prejudice, are still supporting racism by being a part of an organization which has institutionalized racism."

We can see the advantage of the new, now old, strategy. You can damn all white people with the 'institutional racism' ploy. Even the most Negro-loving, white liberals will still stand condemned because they are working for some organization that has institutionalized racism. There is no way to avoid the 'institutional racism' charge, but the liberal tries to avoid it by screaming about the racism of whatever organization he belongs to. By doing this he hopes, like all liberals hope, to

become an Atticus Finch figure, but the hydrogen bomb of institutional racism is no respecter of persons; even good, old Atticus Finch will be destroyed.

Racism has been institutionalized in the United States and Europe, but of course it is anti-white racism that has been institutionalized. White people dutifully fulfill their equivalent of the Sunday mass obligation by refusing to condemn black violence and mayhem and by allowing their sons and daughters to go to school and cohabit with black people. Kierkegaard once predicted, long before the invention of television, that someday the government would put little mechanical boxes in our homes and tell us what to worship. Hasn't that come true? We are constantly told by the liberals on television that we must worship black people. There is no escape from one's moral obligations. In the work place, there are blacks to be worshipped; in the churches, there are blacks to be worshipped; and in the home, via the electronic media, there are Negroes to be worshipped. "Come and worship, come and worship, worship the Negro, our new-born king."

When Christianity replaced the old pagan religions, the Christian churchmen used many of the old pagan forms to support the new Christian doctrine. The Christian calendar of holy days was made to coincide with the old pagan rites, and even the names of the days of the week were taken from the pagans. Whether it was a wise policy or not, I can't say; however, much can be said against such a policy. It seemed, in the short run, to be an efficient way to ease the pagan convertite into Christianity, but in the long run it blurred the distinctions between Christ and Thor.

The liberals have grafted Negro-worship onto the old Christian faith; let us hope that in the long run the grafting process will undermine Negro-worship like paganism undermined Christianity. Not that I recommend sitting passively by, hoping the fact that our churches still display pictures and images of Christ means that Negro-worship will eventually be supplanted by Christianity. It is not quite the same now as it was in the halcyon days of Europe. Christianity was new then; it had not been found wanting. Now, after the demise of the Christian faith, it will take a moral force greater than the racist hydrogen bomb to restore Christian Europe. (1)

The propaganda for the institutionalized worship of the Negro is unrelenting and all-pervasive. The opposition to it must be as unrelenting and pervasive as we can make it. Obviously the few remaining Europeans cannot institutionalize their opposition to black racism because all "respectable" institutions in Europe and the United States are Negro-worshipping institutions.

When my mother died a few years ago, my father told me to never forget my mother. There was no need to remind me of that. What son forgets his mother? We few, the remaining Europeans, should never forget our mother, Europe. If we only feel bound to present and future Europe, we will be bereft, we will be orphans who have never known a mother's or a father's love. The unbought grace of life existed in the homes and churches of old Europe. Having forsaken that Europe, the modern European is "as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal."

Institutionalized faiths are vulnerable to passion. Fat, complacent, Negro-worshipping liberals are ripe for a drubbing if enough Europeans could be found who love Christ and hate Negro-worship. I've been told that even a pig won't eat vomit, so maybe the white grazer and the halfway-house Christian will tire of a steady diet of pure, unadulterated, liberal vomit and begin to take some baby steps back to the God of Europe.

I must admit that I see no signs in my own anti-nation nation that white people are turning from Negro-worship to Christ. Just the opposite seems to be the case. Every day a new Negro shrine is unveiled, and every day a new Negro icon is added to the pantheon of gods. But we seldom see God's grace at work. Do we need a sign? No, we don't. We know that we have immortal souls and what we do on earth is of eternal moment. The refusal to worship Negroes is a counter-revolutionary act. When there are enough European refusals, the reign of the Negro-worshippers will end. We know neither the day nor the hour when that blessed day will arrive, but we do know that a man's refusal to worship the heathen gods of the liberals makes a difference in the unseen, but very real, realm of the spirit.

Every good thing a European does can be traced back to Christ, and every evil he does has its origin in a bastardized version of Christianity. In Walter Scott's poem "The Lay of the Last Minstrel" an evil dwarf learns enough of the conjurer's art to take the form of a young prince.

"Although the child was led away,
In Branksome still he seemed to stay,
For so the Dwarf his part did play;
And, in the shape of that young boy,
He wrought the castle much annoy."

By a similar conjurer's trick, the liberals have grafted Negro-worship onto the fabric of the Christian churches. But in Scott's poem, the young prince's closest friends and relatives know that something is amiss. In the Christian churches the

guardians of the faith, whether they are liberal, conservative, or traditionalist, do not see that the worship of Christ has been replaced by the worship of the Negro. And I think the failure of the church men and the failure of their loyal adherents in the ranks of the laity, to recognize the difference between Christian worship and Negro-worship is the result of an essential disconnect in both the Protestant and Catholic churches between the ecclesiastics and the European people. The church hierarchies put all their faith in their own abstract systems. All they cared about was putting the greatest number of generic human beings into their particular system. They didn't care about what was inside a person's soul. The entire European cultural experience, the European peoples' struggle to the light, was set at naught. "Just keep jamming those troublesome people into the machine and everything will come out right." But nothing comes out right if Christianity is made into an abstract system to satisfy the egos of a few warped intellectuals. That type of Christ-less Christianity is a reed for every liberal wind that blows. The Europeans succumbed to the windblown doctrine of Negro-worship because they no longer had what David Balfour called the "good Christianity" in their hearts. They had an abstract Christian faith that they held at arms' length away from their hearts, but they didn't have the good Christianity. Thomas Moore is correct: "The heart that has truly loved never forgets." Have we forgotten the European Christianity that appears in the pages of Scott, Austen, Le Fanu and every honest chronicler of the European people? Never!

As we stated at the onset, Negro-worship is the institutionalized faith of the European people. It has replaced Christianity, the traditional faith of the European people. The faithful heart, the heart that truly loves Christian Europe, will not let the Christ-less Christian churches parade Negro-worship as the true faith. Make the godless churches fight in the open with their liberal brethren. You can't have Christ and liberalism, even if liberalism comes in the guise of a new and better Christianity.

Carl Sandburg wanted to be an impersonal cog in the machinery of capitalism. The ancient Christian European wants something diametrically opposed to Carl Sandburg's nightmarish dream. He wants to feel himself connected to a personal God, not to an impersonal system. The liberal and his allies in the Christian churches will always present the impersonal, the systematic, as improvements on the personalized, non-systematic faith of the antique Europeans. The institutional worship of the generic black man is Satan's latest attempt to destroy the humanity in man by depersonalizing and systematizing his God. The European's answer to Satan is the same as Christ's on the mountain: "Get thee hence, Satan: for it is written, Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God and Him only shalt thou serve." +

(1) There is a moral force in the world greater than the racist hydrogen bomb; it is called the grace of God.

Europe's Eventide - SEPTEMBER 25, 2010

The darkness deepens; Lord with me abide!

Arizona's Pinal County Sheriff Paul Babeu recently stated that the Federal government's hostility toward native-born citizens of Arizona was "outrageous." He went on to say that, "Our own government has become our enemy and is taking us to court at a time when we need help."

Babeu is right to be outraged. And every white American, whether he realizes it or not, is in the same sinking boat as the white citizens of Arizona. But Babeu is incorrect when he says that "our own government has become our enemy." The United States government has not suddenly become the enemy of white Americans; it has been consistently and maniacally anti-white since 1965. When legal immigration quotas changed from 90% European to 90% colored, it was clear that the United States government was committed to the extermination of the white race on the North American continent. So why would anyone expect the government to slow down the extermination process by forbidding illegals the right to waltz across the border to rape and pillage? If the extinction of the white race is something devoutly to be wished - and all the Christian churches say that it is - then anything that speeds up the destruction of white people serves the greater good. That is why the government has not and will not enforce the immigration laws. To do a great good, they will permit a few small misdemeanors. And by misdemeanors, I do not refer to the rapes and murders of white people that are perpetuated by illegal aliens. Such atrocities are viewed by the U.S. Government as necessary acts of purification. I refer to littering. The Mexicans deposit large quantities of non-biodegradable litter wherever they go. That is the necessary evil that liberals must tolerate in order to accelerate the process toward a perfect world devoid of the white race.

It is apparent that the major force behind the anti-white policies of America and Europe are the Christian churches. Even so-called conservative Christians have added their collective voices to the anti-white chorus of the liberals. And if a man has no sense of history he might conclude that Christianity and the hatred of the European people are synonymous. But such is not the case. The anti-white mania of the modern churches is the result of the de-Christianization of the Christian churches. For the last 100 years or so the collective Christian churches have been trying to make their churches conform to

the modern world. In a desperate attempt to appease the world, the modern Satanic world, the Christian clergy have simply declared that secular Satanism is progressive Christianity, and their desire to be in union with it is merely a desire to be Christian.

Is the modern churchmen's belief in the compatibility of Christianity and modernity in keeping with the traditional Christian beliefs of the European people? I don't think so. The antique Europeans did not present, as our modern educators do, the Aztec civilization as superior to Christian Europe. Nor did our European ancestors preach, as our modern clergymen do, that Islam is a friendly, tolerant religion, and Mohammed is superior to Christ. And need I add that the antique Christian Europeans did not, as modern liberals do, worship the natural black savage? Gremio, in Shakespeare's *The Taming of the Shrew*, asks is there "any man is so very a fool to be married to hell?" Yes, there are such men – the modern clergy, male and female, are married to hell.

We need to pose a question to professed Christians who recommend Negro worship and ecumenical surrender to the non-Christian religions from hell: From what authority do you receive your mandate to preach and teach? The details of the answer will vary depending on whether the "Christian" group is Protestant or Catholic, but the essence of their answer is that they, through the power of their intellects, have grasped what the true Christianity is.

The snare of intellectual pride was first set by Satan for Adam and Eve. And the same satanic snare has been ever present throughout the European's history. The scholastics' challenge to God which asserts that He can be put in a silver rod, has fed on the soul of the European over the centuries and finally left him a cadaverous shell of a human being. He now sleeps the sleep of the dead. But deep in our racial memories lies the image of the true God, the Hero-God to whom the first Europeans bent their knees. That God is not the God of pagan Rome nor the God of Greek philosophy. He is the hero God, the true Sigurd. Brynhild disobeyed the will of the All-Father and became an outcast lying in a deathless sleep until the coming of Sigurd. He rode his horse Grani right up to the ring of fire surrounding Brynhild: "To the wall of fire they came, and Sigurd, who knew no fear, rode through it." There were untold depths in the European's heart. Only he recognized the true Hero, the Man without fear, who had come to free him from the bonds of sin and death. We defame His character and destroy our souls when we abandon the bardic, heroic Christianity for the stagnant, inhuman, decadent, pseudo-intellectual Christianity of the New Age, Negro-worshipping, modern Christians.

Walter Scott, in his epic poem *Harold the Dauntless*, gives us a brief history of the European's journey from paganism to Christ. Harold's father, a heathen Dane, turns to the Church of Rome after a lifetime of slaying and slewing. His conversion is one part Christian and one part greed; he received lands from the Church. And the churchmen who receive him into the Church have one foot in the Christian church and one foot in the pagan world. Father and churchmen are both halfway-house Christians. Not so Harold the Dauntless. He condemns his father's cynical conversion and sets out alone to live like a pagan warrior should live, faithful to his gods.

Only when Harold realizes that Christ is the Hero-God, who stands above and with the true warrior in his fight against the devil, does Harold finally fight for the only cause worth fighting for: the reign of Christ.

As it was with Harold, so it was with every European of what Thomas Nelson Page called the "good old stock." The Christian faith must be a Hero-God faith, the faith of the third dumb brother of the Grimm's fairy tales, of Alfred and the first European Christians, who did not write treatises about a platonic force, but hymns to a personal God.

Are we too far afield from Sheriff Babeu's just criticism of the U.S. government: "Our own government has become our enemy and is taking us to court at a time when we need help"? No, we are not. The forsaken God of the European is the brave man's companion in the face of the implacable hatred of Satan and his minions. If we banish all thought of the god of the halfway-house Christians past and present, and turn to the true-God, the Hero-God of our ancestors -- at least the only ancestors worth emulating -- we will not conquer in a day, but we will ultimately conquer. We need the Savior whom they, the halfway-house Christians and the liberals, have rejected. My prayer, and my hope is the same as the Rev. Henry Francis Lyte: Please, Lord, abide with those who want no other God than Thee.

Hold Thou Thy Cross before my closing eyes,
Shine through the gloom and point me to the skies;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

The European used to see Christ through the gloom. He saw Christ when he belonged to bardic Europe, a land filled with dragons to be fought, castles to be defended, and a God that could be loved because He first loved us. There is only one Europe; when and if we take the blinders off we will see it clear, and then miracles will occur. The pent-up faith of the old Europeans, now only a small subterranean stream, will become a raging torrent and wash away multi-racial, ecumenical Europe.

When Dylan Thomas wrote about seeing with blinding sight he was referring to the things we see with our hearts. Once we see with the eyes of the heart as the bardic Europeans did, we will see things clearly. We will see that a nation consists of people of a common race and faith, and then we will defend our people and our faith. We will also see that all other gods are false gods, and that Christ cannot be placed in a pantheon of gods in which He is a junior member. And we will know that there is no such thing as utopia, only the promise Christ made to us when He said He would be with us “always, even unto the end of the world.” +

Satan’s Liberal Reign - SEPTEMBER 18, 2010

Double, double, toil and trouble;
Fire burn and cauldron bubble.

--Shakespeare’s *Macbeth*

In *The Lancashire Witches*, the English Victorian novelist William Harrison Ainsworth describes the havoc caused by a number of witches living and practicing their craft in the early part of the 17th century. John Buchan also wrote about witches frequenting the Scottish Highlands during the early 17th century in his novel *Witchwood*. Neither novelist treats the existence of witches and witchcraft as imaginary. That a small minority of women and men were willing to renounce Christ and serve Satan in order to attain some illicit desire or simply to do evil for its own sake was taken as an absolute fact by Ainsworth and Buchan.

I think there are more people doing the work of the devil in our modern age than at any other time in history, but I think there are fewer people who have consciously given themselves to Satan as depicted in the novels of Buchan and Ainsworth because a person needs to have faith in the existence of Christ in order to believe in His demonic opponent. The modern man lacks that faith.

The decadent French author Andre Gide once said, “I don’t believe in the devil, but that is what the devil wants.” Where there is belief in the devil, there is also belief in the God-Man. The witches in Ainsworth’s novel know Christ is the Son of God, but they hate Christ and love evil. Satan probably prefers the non-believing diabolists such as Gide, because where there is belief in Christ’s divinity there is also the chance for repentance. Indeed one witch in Ainsworth’s novel forsakes Satan for Christ, and she, even she, is not denied mercy by the God of mercy.

A world in which a minority of men and women knowingly give themselves over to Satan and the vast majority of people actively oppose Satanism in Christ’s name is an infinitely better world than the world in which we live now. The worst villain in Buchan’s and Ainsworth’s novels is in better shape soul-wise than any of our respected citizens of Modernia. If a person knows there is a devil and a Savior, that there is damnation and there is heaven, he is still alive, and life has meaning for him because what happens on earth has an eternal significance.

In contrast the modern man “has supped full of horrors.” His satanic forefathers, the Rosicrucians, alchemists, wizards, and practitioners of the occult sciences won out; they institutionalized Satanism. But when Satanism is institutionalized the initial vision is lost. Abortionists, feminists, and Negro-worshipping clergymen who no longer believe in Satan do more evil in one day than Satan’s most devoted adherents in the ‘good old days’ did in a whole year! But of course it is a much duller evil. No spells, no midnight cavorting on the heath, just regular, everyday evil in the abortuaries, in our schools, and in our churches.

It would seem that the milquetoast Satanists of today would be easy to defeat. But unfortunately that is not the case, because genuine virtue, the virtue that is full of fire and passion, is non-existent in the ranks of the Europeans. The best of them, Yeats tells us, lack conviction, and they lack conviction because they have lost their moral vision. They don’t see with their hearts. Why, for instance, is there even a debate about the existences of mosques in Europe or the United States? No antique European would have allowed any kind of Moslem presence in Christendom. And abortuaries? No man of European blood would allow them to exist on Christian soil. There is no moral clarity in even the best of the modern Europeans because having lost half of their faith in the God-Man, they have given partial assent to the Satanic agenda of the liberals which translates to, “We’ll worship the Negro if you threw the name of Christ somewhere into the service; we’ll permit abortion so long as its done democratically; and we will allow Moslems, Mexicans, and blacks into our nation to defile it in the name of abstractions called religious liberty and toleration.” ‘No moral vision’ is the epitaph for the modern, halfway-house Christian European.

The great temptation for the antique European living in Liberaldom is the halfway-house Christians, who stand on the shores of Liberaldom beckoning the antique European on: "There is Christian fellowship and love here. We are not asking you to abandon the Christian faith, we only ask you to abandon your antiquated notions of the Christian faith." And a man, because he is a man, is tempted. But as he approaches the shores he sees the ruins of European ships on the rocks. He sees the halfway-house Christians drinking tea with the abortionists, and he sees the images of black men on the same altar as Christ. At the last moment, he turns his ship aside and sets sail for the open sea. Bulkington has it right: better to risk an ocean perishing than be dashed on the rocks of Liberaldom.

It is well and good, in terms of earthly comfort, for the halfway-house Christians to avoid any conflict with institutionalized Satanism by proclaiming Christ to be a liberal. But it just won't do. The Old Testament prophets and the European poets got it right. Life is passion, life is of the spirit, and life is of the blood. Satan is our sworn enemy, and his friends, knowingly or unknowingly, are our enemies. The antique European cannot and will not compromise or temporize in the face of institutionalized Satanism, even if it assumes a benign, respectable face. We know who is behind the mask.

Quite possibly Satan feels a little nostalgic for the days when he had fewer people doing his will but a greater number of people passionately devoted to him. Ever the pragmatist, however, he sticks to modernity because he knows that he dare not stir up the passions of the European. Satan knows that passion can be turned against him; instead of loving Satan, the European might turn to Christ. It is passion that is wanting in the European, not intellectual acumen or esoteric knowledge. In the depths of the soul, where the battle between God and devil rageth, is where the European needs to live.

From my own puppet show of memory I recall the statement of a burned-out, drug-soaked hippie in a literature class with me. I was struggling toward the light at that time of my life and growing increasingly indignant with professors of literature who loved Christian poets such as Spenser and Shakespeare but openly mocked the faith that inspired those Christian poets. In a heated exchange I told my professor that I had no desire to believe anything different than my European ancestors; their lights and my meager light all pointed to one magnificent truth: Christ was the Son of the living God. Of course, my little outburst was considered quite amusing and everyone went back to the structural, anthropological, psychological study of the great works of Western literature. A few days later the burned out hippie came up to me in the library. "What you said in class about that Christ guy – it's true. I know it's true because there is a devil." In the depths that our heroic European ancestors plumbed is the truth about God and the devil. It's what Melville was saying when he wrote, in reference to Shakespeare, "All that we seek and shun is there, Man's final lore."

The old hag in Robert Louis Stevenson's book *Kidnapped* said that blood built the house of Shaw and blood will bring it down. Satan built his kingdom on the watered-down, illicit passions of his devotees. The licit passion to worship the living God in spirit and truth will bring down Liberaldom. +

When thou art come into the land which the LORD thy God giveth thee, thou shalt not learn to do after the abominations of those nations. There shall not be found among you any one that maketh his son or his daughter to pass through the fire, or that useth divination, or an observer of times, or an enchanter, or a witch. Or a charmer, or a consulter with familiar spirits, or a wizard, or a necromancer. For all that do these things are an abomination unto the LORD: and because of these abominations the LORD thy God doth drive them out from before thee.

Deuteronomy 18: 9 - 12

Love and Hate - SEPTEMBER 11, 2010

Yes, this man's brow, like to a tragic leaf
Foretells the nature of a tragic volume.

-- Shakespeare

Maurice Baring titled his autobiography *The Puppet Show of Memory*. What an apt title for an autobiography. Our memories are like puppet shows, and the oddest things keep popping up in the shows. For instance, the whole tragic tale of Western man's shift from Christianity to Negro worship crystallizes for me in a 28-year old memory of a nun's ecstatic face. I had gone into the chapel that night to say a quick prayer before the altar. A nun, who ordinarily never got excited about anything outside of her favorite T.V. show *Dallas*, told me that I could not pray in the chapel because "we are bringing a busload of blacks into the chapel to worship with them." If you had seen the look of ecstasy on the nun's face you would have known without a doubt that she and her fellow blasphemers were not going to worship with the blacks, they were going to worship the blacks.

The case of the ecstatic nun was not an isolated case. No matter what church group a man encounters, the white man's love affair with the Negro is at the center of the group's life. If the church is more liberal, there are actual blacks in the church who are worshipped in the flesh. If the church is a more conservative church there are often no blacks in attendance, but the worshippers live in the hope of winning blacks to their fold by constantly professing their freedom from all racial prejudices (except hatred of the white race) and fervently voicing their great love for the Negro.

Negro worship has increased among the European people as belief in the resurrection of Christ has declined; and I stress that belief in Christ's resurrection has declined, not belief in Christ as a great teacher, emancipator, wizard, etc. And there's the rub. Why did the European stop believing in Christ's resurrection from the dead? He ceased to believe in the Resurrection when he accepted the old satanic promise in its new scientific guise, "You shall be as gods." Why suffer the heartache and the thousand natural shocks the flesh is heir to if science can deliver you from them? Time and time again science has failed to deliver us from the heartache and the thousand natural shocks the flesh is heir to, but still modern man holds out the hope that science will deliver him. One of the saddest spectacles I witnessed as a police officer was the hope, soon to be dashed, on the faces of a heart attack victim's loved ones when the machines arrived to do the CPR work the all-too-human police officer was trying to do without the aid of machines. The machines did not work any better than the men -- neither could bring life back -- yet the coming of the machines always signified new hope. Over time, not in one moment or even in one century, the European's faith in the man from Bethlehem was replaced by a faith in science. To be unscientific is now a great blasphemy, while a lack of faith in Christ's resurrection is considered natural and common-sensical.

I've come across the hatred of the white man and the love of the Negro much too often in the Christian churches to treat the hate of the white and the love of the black as an isolated phenomenon. It is dogma in the churches. And I have tried, over the years, to see what the driving force behind the new dogma is. Why do white people who believe in science more than Christ hate the white and love the black? Certainly one reason is that mankind needs to worship something. But that still doesn't explain why the white man chooses to worship the colored races in general and the black race in particular. The answer to that question probably lies in the white man's quest to forget the vision vouchsafed to him when he heard and believed in the story of Christ's resurrection. In dumb nature there is oblivion and forgetfulness. Every aspect of the antique European's culture reminds the modern white man of Him whom the modern European wants to forget. And the colored races, particularly the black race, are without any Christian taint; they are 'natural' and 'pure.' White people can worship the colored, secure in the knowledge that they will not be reminded of the fact they have thrown the Christ Child off their shoulders in the middle of the stream.

Because they were once Christian, the Europeans have a need to hate the devil and all his works. Diametrically opposed to their new god, the natural colored man, is the antique European. So the contemporary European has a new devil to hate, and he hates him with the same passion that the old European reserved for the real devil. One has only to enter any history or literature class in any European-based university. The theme of every class, usually taught by white people, is unrelenting hatred of the white man and unadulterated, unquestioned adoration of the colored races.

The last Presidential election in this country, in which the young voters overwhelmingly supported Obama, is an indication that the new religion, the worship of the black, has become the orthodox faith of the European people. Liberals throughout Europe were green with envy because the United States beat them to the finish line by electing the first black head of state in a formerly European nation. But the race is never over. Despite the fact that America has a black President, there is still racism everywhere. The fight goes on and will always go on; it is an eternal struggle between God and the devil. Only at the end of time when there are no longer any white people on the face of the earth will mankind finally know peace. That is what the white liberal believes; that is his creed. It seems suicidal, but in the liberal's mind he is not spiritually white, he has a black soul. He envisions himself as an intellectual witch doctor presiding over devoted black men. Whether it is Pope John or Bill Clinton, the refrain is the same: "I am black like you, let me lead you to the Promised Land." The Promised Land is an entire world that looks like Africa.

The natural world contains many links to the spiritual realm beneath the surface. There is something sinister in the blackness of the Negro that should serve as a warning to the white man just as a snake's reptilian features and subtle movements should warn us that he has a special link to the devil. The Europeans who actually had to deal with the African in his native element told the European people some simple truths about him. He is fond of torture, rape, and murder, and completely unable to understand the tenets of a religion of charity and mercy. Only sick demented Western intellectuals see the generic black man as the paragon of all virtue. The secular liberal regards the black man as "sexy and earthy," and the halfway house Catholic sees the black man, along with the brown and yellow races, as the raw material to make up for the numbers lost in the Protestant revolt. In fact, if you are playing the numbers game, the Catholic Church comes out a winner. Africa and Mexico more than compensate for the loss of Northern Europe. Of course you must ignore the fact that African Catholicism is unadulterated voodoo worship and the spirit of Montezuma and the Aztecs pervades the Mexican version of Catholicism. But that's fine; so long as we don't impose a culture-bound European perspective on innocent and pure natives, the Christian faith will flourish in lands where it never flourished before.

Meanwhile, the halfway-house Protestant has not been idle in the “Let’s get people of color into our churches” sweepstakes. The only break in the halfway house Protestant’s unrelenting campaign to make the entire world a subsidiary of Israel is when he goes into raptures about the great work that is being done in Africa and Mexico. But having repudiated the ethnocentric Christianity of the antique European, the halfway-house Protestant allows the African to adapt Christianity to his voodoo faith, the Mexican to his Aztec faith, and on it goes. It never occurs to either the halfway-house Catholic or Protestant that the living God is not to be found in the theology of a religious expert or in the formulaic mysticism of a Christian guru. He is to be found in the heart of His people, the antique Europeans. If you go to the heart of Europe, the real Europe, you will find the true God.

Cyrano tells a friend who wants him to be moderate that “some things should be taken to extremes.” The love of old Europe and the hatred of race-mixing, Negro-worshipping Europe should be taken to the extreme. If we can’t be our European ancestors we can at least affirm our fidelity to them by loving and hating as they did, with our whole heart and soul. Because they were fully engaged in the tragedy of life, not trying to escape it by blending science and Negro worship, the antique Europeans were able to see the God who transcended tragedy because He loved and hated with His whole heart and soul. +

In Defense of Bleeding Europe - SEPTEMBER 04, 2010

Shall Beresford leave him, a prey to the pack,
Or dare for old England a deed of renown?

--H. D. Rawnsley

In a recent book titled *Almighty God Created the Races*, J. Thomas Oldham gives us a survey of U.S. laws restricting interracial marriage. The author presents the regress to Babylon as a history of the European American’s progress toward the light. He gives the lion’s share of credit for the “advance” to the Roman Catholic Church and only credits the Protestant churches with an assist. Some liberal Protestants might, with some justification, quarrel with that part of Oldham’s thesis, but I think his contention is essentially correct. The Catholic Church’s love of universals, at the expense of the particular, has translated to less respect for individual races and for individual personalities within those races. It is not a major divide though; the Protestant churches quickly caught up with the Catholic Church and became just as universally inhuman as the Catholic Church.

That Christ died to make the world safe for interracial marriage seems to be the only absolutely unquestioned doctrine in the Catholic and Protestant churches. But if we look at the people who are proclaiming this new Christian doctrine, which they claim is the Christian doctrine, we should take a step back and not be too hasty to celebrate the union of race-mixing and Christianity. After all, the “Christians” who are screaming the loudest about the necessity of Negro-worship and race-mixing are the same people who have grave doubts about many of the central tenets of the Christian faith.

Quite possibly I’m a minority of one on this issue, but I do not think the modern European’s desire to blend with the colored races is in keeping with Christianity. What do I base this on? First and foremost I base my opposition to interracial marriage on instinct. I grew up with very liberal parents who had all the correct opinions on race relations, and I went to very liberal schools and churches where I learned that the love of the Negro was the major tenet of the Christian faith. And for many years I mouthed the same platitudes as my parents, pastors, and teachers. But there was something inside me, something that is in every European, burned deep into my soul, that said race-mixing and the worship of the Negro were wrong. There are certain theologians in the Catholic Church and in the Protestant churches who insist that there was nothing left in man after the fall. He could not trust his instincts because he was and is a fallen creature. Those theologians bid us turn to nature or to pure mind but never to trust that God has not left us bereft, that faithful hearts can still seek and find Him. Liars! When all the ooze of ‘this world only’ is stripped from the heart, a personality emerges, a man, who can know that his Redeemer liveth and that He has given poor unaccommodated man the means to know His will. If every instinct in us positively recoils at the hideous spectacle of a mixed marriage, we should trust that instinct. Are we prejudiced? Yes, we are, just as we are prejudiced against abortionists, Muslims, devil worshippers, and Satan himself.

No argument will convince the race-mixing enthusiast he is in the wrong once he has labeled his instinct against it as a prejudice that must be overcome. Against such adamant ignorance an antique European can only gird up his loins and prepare for battle. But for the sake of a friend who has asked me to articulate, once again, the more overt case against race-mixing, let us list the three non-instinctual reasons.

(1) The Word of God – The advocates of race-mixing have a schizophrenic attitude toward the strictures against race-mixing in the Old Testament. On the one hand, they deny that the Tower of Babel story and others like it are anything more than fables, and on the opposite hand they claim that even if the Old Testament strictures against race-mixing were true God only cared about blood lines until Christ was born; after that we are all members of one race, the human race.

I don't for one minute believe you can convert liberals by quoting the Bible; they don't really have any desire to understand the Bible. But does an honest reading of the Bible point to the mandated, racially-blended society of today or to the much maligned, segregationist society of our European ancestors? I think it is the latter.

(2) Our European ancestors were segregationists – It is necessary to conclude that our ancestors were cruel, unreasonable, un-Christian bigots if we are to believe, as Oldham and his fellow liberals believe, that race-mixing is the Christian thing to do. I can't accept that, for the simple reason that I admire the European people prior to the mid-20th century and have nothing but contempt for the contemporary Europeans. It is possible to be essentially right on major issues and wrong on some minor issues, but race-mixing is not a minor issue. I have a hard time believing – no, I find it impossible to believe – that the people who forged Christian Europe were wrong to segregate the races.

(3) Reality – Would there be any mercy left on earth should the white man become extinct? Would there be a vision of the living God? How can we look at the cultures of the black, yellow, and brown people of the world and suppose for one moment that inter-racial marriage is a good thing? Who is being served by mixing the races? Ultimately Satan is the one being served, because race-mixing extinguishes the light of Christ's gospel and plunges mankind into the darkness of Babylon.

It is not as if we have no record of the heinous results of race-mixing. The Spaniards performed one of the greatest feats in human history when they overthrew Montezuma. Then they disgraced their blood by failing to overthrow the Aztec empire. By mixing their white blood with the Aztecs they allowed the Aztec empire to survive, first as an underground culture in the days when the white-blooded upper-class culture still maintained some modicum of European decency and honor, and then as a blood-crazed dominant culture when the European influence died out.

It is the same with the yellow and the black as it is with the Mexican. If the white European dies out, there will be no check on the cruelty of the Asian or on the savagery of the black.

"Indeed, as an American woman pointed out, if the racial proportions in the United States were reversed, so that the whites formed only ten percent of an otherwise completely coloured nation, no one would expect white parents to insist on the right of their children to attend coloured schools. No, certainly they would not; because for one thing there would not be any white people left at all. They would be massacred to the last man, woman and child."

– *White Man Think Again* by Anthony Jacob

It is not Christian to ignore one's instincts, the Bible, one's ancestors, and reality, as the modern white-hating, Negro-worshipping modern European does. If the Christian European will not stand up for Christian Europe, who will? Certainly not the neo-pagan. His aim is to rule in a hellish Babylon, not to preside over a restored Christian Europe.

Every war, particularly World War I, that pitted Europeans against Europeans was a tragic affair. The Christ-bearers need to strive and multiply, not decrease their numbers in internecine warfare. The great war, the necessary war, is the war the white man refuses to fight, the race war. Africa is the world. If the white man retreats from Europe as he has retreated from Africa, he will soon become extinct. And the white man refuses to fight for Europe or for European America. The Buchanans and the Becks can scream all they want about how we are all one people so long as we affirm the Constitution or democracy, but in our hearts we know such claims are false. A people are sustained by their common race and their common faith. There are no other building blocks for a people. When I look at old Europe and her people in my mind's eye, and then at modern Europe, I burn with hate and love; hate for modern Europe and love for old Europe. Has every white man lost what Thomas Nelson Page described as the spirit of the Goth? "True to his instincts, true to his traditions, fearing nothing, loving only his own, loving and hating with all his heart--- a Goth."

All faithful Europeans are at their posts. The Battle of Rorke's Drift has become the battle for the white race and for His Europe. +

Brave Beresford
An Incident of the Zulu War, 1879

It was Beresford's charger who led us that day,
When we ventured a view of the King and his horde,

It was Beresford's charger bore two men away
From the braves of Ulundi, in ambush who lay;
To the praise of its rider, our gallant young lord.

Ah! little we knew as we followed their flight,
And the snowy-flecked chestnut went proud in the van,
That the foe were all round us to left and to right,
That a thousand would spring in a moment to sight,
And every grass-tuft prove a spear and a man.

But we saw on a sudden a mighty Zulu,
With the ring on his head and the shield on his arm
Up-gather himself for the deed he would do,
But our Beresford's blade turned the lightning that flew,
And flashed back the flame through the heart that would harm.

Then forth from the grasses each side of us showed
Brindled shields and spears hungry for lying in wait,
"Back, back!" shouted Buller, and backward we rode,
While swift from the deep-hidden watercourse flowed
The foemen by thousands in torrent of hate.

Then the bullet-ball hissed, and we answered it back,
Two saddles are emptied, a third man is down,
And his horse, at a gallop, has followed our track—
Shall Beresford leave him, a prey to the pack,
Or dare for Old England a deed of renown?

No moment to ponder! but back at full speed,
With his hand at his holster, and rowels red-rose,
He has dashed to his comrade-in-arms, at his need,
Has lifted the man, wounded sore, to his steed,
Has mounted behind him in face of the foes.

With hands woman-tender but stronger than steel
He held the faint trooper, nigh drenched with his blood;
Cheered the steed, who, half human to know and to feel,
Stretched out, double-weighted, and showed a clean heel,
Till safe at the Laager in glory she stood.

Oh! sound of the Impis that gather from far,
When, with shield for the drum-head, the warriors come,
Oh! sound of the yelp of those death-dogs of war,
Could you drown the long note of the English hurrah
Which welcomed the chestnut and Beresford home?

-- H. D. Rawnsley

The Return to Europe - AUGUST 25, 2010

'Tis still a dream, or else such stuff as madmen
Tongue and brain not; either both or nothing;
Or senseless speaking, or a speaking such
As sense cannot untie. Be what it is,
The action of my life is like it, which
I'll keep, if but for sympathy.

-- *Cymbeline* by William Shakespeare

Once, when forced to sub for a civics teacher, I had to preside over a class studying the American Constitution. Though not a great admirer of our Constitution I refrained from any editorial comments as the class and I read through the Constitution and the civics book. Then (out of the mouth of babes), a young female student claimed, "This doesn't work. The founders said the legislative branch was first in power, the executive second, and the judicial third and last. But nowadays it is exactly the reverse. Nobody follows the Constitution anymore." Of course, the young woman was right:

“Nobody follows the Constitution anymore.” And even if you are one of those people who think the Constitution is a wonderfully written document, you must concede that neither the letter nor the spirit of the U. S. Constitution is being followed. And my question to the conservative constitutionalist is, “What is your recourse?”

Year after year the pro-lifers put out books and pamphlets arguing that there is no constitutional right to abortion, and year after year the liberals say, “Yes, there is a constitutional right to abortion.” What is the pro-life response to the liberals? They keep writing more pamphlets and exercising their right to protest, democratically of course. In other words, the “pro-lifers” – or more appropriately, the constitutionalists – concede that there is nothing they can do to stop legalized abortion, because every year they make their constitutional points and then run and hide when the liberals say, “Abortion is a constitutional right.”

We should put the same question to the immigration restrictionists in Arizona and Hazelton, Pennsylvania: “Now that the courts have said you can’t restrict Aztecs from invading your town and your state, what is your recourse?”

The Southern secessionists suffered through the same process that the constitutionalist pro-lifers and the constitutionalist immigration restrictionists are now suffering through. Any fair-minded person then and now would concede that the U.S. Constitution provided for secession from the Union, but a constitutional right is just a paper-and-ink abstraction if it is not backed up by a people and a tradition. The Northern, Unitarian, utopian tradition was more powerful than the Southern, Christian tradition. And in politics the powerful, not the constitutionally or morally correct, rule.

These are not little issues, the murder of the innocents and the invasion of the barbarians, which an honorable man can pacifistically ignore. Europeans used to fight wars to stop the murder of innocents and the invasion of their countries. Is murder and invasion any less conscionable if it is sanctioned by a state tribunal? We are faced with the tragic spectacle of conservative groups endlessly citing the Constitution to correct evils, while the liberal hierarchy ignores the Constitution and works to maintain and expand what really matters to them – their power. When a people no longer have a common religious faith they become a collection of lawyers poring over documents. The governing body of a people without a faith seeks to fill the moral void in the nation with documents. The more immoral a regime, the more documents that regime produces. Whittaker Chambers in his book *Witness* tells of the endless documentation the Soviet leaders put out in order to prove their legitimacy. If Khrushchev and Gorbachev had not undermined the documentation of their precursors it is quite probable that the Soviet Union would still be standing today.

Documentation works. Charlie Brown is not deceived by Lucy’s promise to hold the football steady while he kicks it, until she shows him a signed document in which she pledges not to remove the football while he is attempting a kick. We know how that turns out: “This document was never notarized.”

Butterfield in his *The Englishman and His History* states that the Magna Charta only became important to the English people many, many years after its signing. It wasn’t important till Englishmen began to lose faith in their traditions. Then they sought to replace their loss of faith with a document. The United States started out with a document instead of a traditional faith, because the founding fathers had no faith in the traditions of their British ancestors. It was the rank and file European Americans who carried the real European traditions, the Christian traditions, over to this country. When the docu-men at the top destroyed those Christian traditions, the reign of Satan began.

We owe nothing, as a Christian people, to the United States Constitution. There is no reason to acquiesce to the rule of Satan simply because the liberals wave a document in our face that they take out of the closet when it suits their purpose and throw back into the closet when it doesn’t suit their purpose. What we owe allegiance to is traditional Europe, the Europe created by the union of Christ and the European. When a nation enters the democratic era of its existence it has entered the final phase of its existence. When a people are spiritually healthy, they are a hero-and-story-book nation. When they tell of their history, they tell of the heroes of their race. They tell the story of Alfred the Great, of William Tell, of The Cid; they do not talk about their new and improved democratic government unless they have become a non-people, having replaced a belief in the heroes of their race and the Hero-God of their race with a belief in a non-personal, Universalist system of government.

I don’t think it is a coincidence that the age of democracy and the scientific age have happened simultaneously. The urge to democratize and the urge to scientize come from the same sick desire – the desire to escape the pain that comes with the human condition by divorcing oneself from it. In a democracy there are no painful duties, no responsibilities; there are only ‘rights.’ Painful duties were part of the non-democratic era; they have no place in the democratic age.

The anti-human, democratic man simply demands the right to be part of generic humanity and to have all his rights, including the right to a pain-free life that science can provide, guaranteed to him by an official document.

The halfway-house Christians always equate Christianity with modern democracy. But are the two really compatible? It would seem they are not. Democratic regimes produce legalized abortion, Tower-of-Babel race-mixing, feminism, war without the mitigating code of chivalry, and an economic war of all against all. Can the halfway-house Christian blithely ignore such evil consequences of democratic government just so he can keep up his delusion of a Pelagian paradise right here on earth? Yes, he can, and he does.

If the young woman in my class who was not exceptionally perceptive saw that democracy did not work, why can't the powers that be of the democratic West see that it doesn't work? Is it because something obstructs their vision? Or is it because they do not want to see clearly? I think it is the latter. The rulers of Liberalism do not want to see reality because to look at reality without faith is tantamount to looking at the face of Medusa. It turns a man to stone. Existence is paradoxical. A man can't look at reality without faith, but he can't have faith unless he sees something at the core of reality that inspires faith. All paradoxes are mazes without exits if we consult only the theologians and the philosophers. It is in poetry we meet and defeat the fire-breathing, paradoxical dragon of existence. The hero of song and story draws us to him because he sets our hearts on fire. How can we not trust him? The hero-gods of the pagan Europeans prepared the way for The Hero-God. We followed Him as they, the first Christian Europeans, followed Him. Whenever we let go of the poetic of existence we let go of Christ. The democratic system of the European is the endgame depicted by Samuel Beckett. If the modern European turns away from the democratic, constitutional scrolls and toward the instinctual, poetic life of the antique Europeans, he will see with blinding sight and become something infinitely better than an Übermensch or a noble savage; he will be a European. +

Till the End of Time - AUGUST 21, 2010

There was the grass and there were the trees: 'But what am I to do with them?' said John. Next it came into his head that he might perhaps get the old feeling – for what, he thought, had the Island ever given him but a feeling? – by imagining. He shut his eyes and set his teeth again and made a picture of the Island in his mind: but he could not keep his attention on the picture because he wanted all the time to watch some other part of his mind to see if the feeling were beginning. But no feeling began: and then, just as he was opening his eyes he heard a voice speaking to him. It was quite close at hand, and very sweet, and not at all like the old voice of the wood. When he looked round he saw what he had never expected, yet he was not surprised. There in the grass beside him sat a laughing brown girl of about his own age, and she had no clothes on.

'It was me you wanted,' said the brown girl. 'I am better than your silly Islands.'

And John rose and caught her, all in haste, and committed fornication with her in the wood.

-- *The Pilgrim's Regress* by C. S. Lewis

In 1942 a movie came out called *Son of Fury* featuring the incredibly handsome actor Tyrone Power and the incredibly beautiful actress Gene Tierney. And unfortunately the movie was well done. It was unfortunate, because the movie was an anti-European-genre movie, a genre invented by Satan and perpetuated by such anti-European writers as Addison, Dryden, Voltaire and Rousseau. In the movie Power plays a disinherited (by his evil uncle) member of the English nobility. He goes to sea, jumps ship, and discovers a tropical island inhabited by simple, saintly natives. The hero falls in love with a native girl (played by Gene Tierney), but he has to go back to England to reclaim his inheritance and marry the white woman with whom he is also in love. With the aid of hundreds of rare pearls, given to him by the natives who have no need of them (being non-materialistic and virtuous because they are so close to nature), the hero returns to England. Once there, he beats his mean uncle to a bloody pulp and discovers that the white woman he thought he loved is really a money-worshipping, unnatural product of a decadent civilization. He then gives up his inheritance and returns to the wonderful, natural, brown people who really know how to live.

The noble savage myth was made more acceptable to the 1942-audience by the presence of a beautiful Caucasian woman playing the native girl. "See, they are just like us, only better, because they embody as an entire people the noble ideals that only a few of our noblest minds believe in."

Of course now that the *Son of Fury* fantasy has become a dogma in church and state virtually every movie and book that comes into the theaters and off the presses is a *Son of Fury* fantasy. And now the message is not sanitized; the pure, uninhibited natives have free (Margaret Mead style) uninhibited sex with enlightened white people. The enlightened whites are generally, in the modern books and movies, women. The white males are all evil uncles now. The liberal has invented a word for *Son of Fury* ethics: the word is 'diversity', which we have come to learn means the worship of black people. The vast majority of European literary works prior to the 20th century were salvation plays. Men and women were participants in an eternal conflict between God and the devil. That spiritual struggle within the soul of the European was more exciting to a Christian European than an insipid sexual travelogue from a utopian brain. In Jane Austen's novels, for

instance, the characters seldom leave their upper and middle class houses, but there is genuine drama in the novels, the drama of human souls struggling to the light or falling prey to the wickedness and snares of the devil. There is nothing more interesting, to a man with a soul, than the eternal struggle – God, man, and the devil.

The *Son of Fury* fantasy is the fantasy of the white ruling class. And the obvious question we need to ask them is this: “If white people are so evil, why should the benevolent brown people want to mix their untainted, pure blood, with your evil white blood?” The liberal’s answer is that he and Atticus Finch have willed themselves beyond whiteness. By a mystical chemical reaction within their psyche (they don’t believe in the soul), they have made their white blood into colored blood. “So let the white blood bath commence; it has nothing to do with us.”

Our entire world, school and church, arts and entertainment, and the media perpetuate the Son of Fury fantasy. The all-pervasiveness of the refrain is unheralded in European history: “White is bad, the colored is good; white is bad, and the colored is good.” There is never an Amen; it’s the refrain without end.

The European accepted Christianity as the true faith because a God of spirit and blood, the Christ, was a God to whom the European could bend his knee without being degraded. The blood of the Son of God made the sons of man something more than savages who worshipped the gods of blood and sex; it made them kith and kin to a Hero-God above the nature gods, a God that could be worshipped in spirit and truth.

The sexual fantasies of a few dried-up Western intellectuals have become the orthodox faith of the European people. Is the worship of the colored people a progression? If it is, we need to regress to Christian Europe. The wheel has come full circle; it was Christianity that gave the European science, and even the atheist Bertram Russell conceded that point. If there are no gods in nature, man can study nature and use the result of his studies for the benefit of mankind. But the conquest of nature institutionalized the Son of Fury fantasy. It allowed the Europeans, en masse, to believe that maybe they could achieve paradise on earth, a world without pain, a world of unlimited sexual pleasure. And what or who becomes the enemy of the new European? The God who elevated them above mere nature. Since He now stands in the way of utopia, He must be eliminated. As the wicked magician Uncle Andrew says of Aslan, “The first thing we must do is get rid of that brute.”

Christian Europeans and their God must be gotten rid of so the modern European can sail the good ship Liberalism to the isle of the blessed brown and black people. It is useless to point out to the liberal that we have institutionalized racial and sexual Babylon. The contemporary Western world does not look like an enchanted isle, it looks like hell. The liberal is beyond reason; he is as blind with hatred and fear of the Christ as the demon-possessed swine in the Gospel.

Ernest Hemingway wrote one novel, *The Old Man and the Sea*, and made one statement which revealed he was not without a religious sensibility. He once said that whenever he wanted to be cheered up he read Shakespeare’s *King Lear*. For all his flaws, he showed himself with that comment to be above his fellow utopian Europeans. *King Lear* is the Christian’s answer to the utopian. “Life is suffering, there is no avoiding it, but there is redemption in suffering, and there is life eternal through, in, and with the God-Man of infinite love and compassion, if we endure.” That is the Christian, Shakespearean response to existence. The liberal’s response? “Christianity is pain. Eliminate Christianity and everybody and everything connected to it, and mankind will live a happy, pain-free, eternal life here on earth.” The two visions of existence are incompatible; the adherents to one will always be at war with the adherents of the other.

In rare isolated cases there are ‘road to Damascus’ conversions from utopian liberalism. But in the main, the battle lines are drawn. There will be no massive defections in the liberal army. Will there be defections within the ranks of the remnant band of Europeans? Possibly. But there will always be a few that will endure to the end. The great advantage of the liberal is that he promises sexual pleasure and freedom from pain. The great advantage of the antique European is that he has a vision of the living God, the God whose love passeth the pleasure of illicit sex and the ennui of an eternal, painless existence in the isle of lotus eaters.

Our entire modern world is based on the Son of Fury fantasy. Every form of civil and ecclesiastical power is used to enhance and solidify the dystopian, anti-European, anti-Christian view of existence. The image of a vast machine, the utopian machine, is an appropriate image for the modern state. Against that machine, the European of the old stock will fight to the end of time. For the hate of the liberal machine and the love of the God of Mercy is the lifeblood of the European. +

Reflections on Sir Walter Scott’s Birthday, August 15th - AUGUST 14, 2010

That elder leader’s calm reply
In steady voice was given,

'In man's most dark extremity
Oft succor dawns from heaven.'

-- Walter Scott's *The Lord of the Isles*

As soon as the Tea Party Movement became a movement to prove "we are not racist," it was finished. And so is every "grass roots" conservative movement finished before it starts when white Europeans of American and European heritage believe it is a sin for white people to defend or champion their own people. They have derived that idea from their schools and churches, both of which taught them that hatred of the white and love of the colored were the first and second of the Ten Commandments. Until white people are willing to abandon church theology and dismantle the schools, there will be no successful 'tea parties' in America or Europe.

Until that blessed time, when church theology is abandoned and the schools are destroyed, the Europeans who are not afraid of being called racist must keep the bridge to the European past safe and secure in case some last minute convertites want to become Europeans again and need access to the European past.

If a scared and timid European came to me and asked how he could stop being afraid of the racist label and start listening to the voice of his European ancestors, I would tell him to start with the man whose birthday we celebrate tomorrow, Walter Scott.

Scott has been called the father of the historical novel, but that does not describe the man's work. Scott's achievement was Shakespearean; he established the universal truth that Christ is risen from the dead, by faithfully depicting the culture of a particular people, the Europeans. By chronicling the lives and loves of the European people, Scott, like Shakespeare, gave us a vision of the living God. He is a mere "historical novelist" to the modern European because the modern European does not know how to think. Scott thought biblically, which means he thought from the heart outward. His heart informed his mind, not the reverse.

In the European fairy tales, the third dumb brother is really only dumb in the eyes of his worldly brothers. The third brother's thought springs from a heart connected to Christ; therefore, his mind expresses thoughts that seem like idiocy to those men whose minds are corrupt. In their hearts they covet the things that only Satan can provide. When and if the European man tires of the Faustian things, he can turn to Scott to help him understand the eternal things.

I once read a literary critic's commentary on Jane Austen in which he claimed that you couldn't tell from her writings that she was a Christian. What fools these literary critics be! Austen's Christianity is evident in every line she wrote. It is the same with Scott. The reason the modern intellectuals and the modern halfway-house Christians do not see Christianity in the novels of Scott is because their concept of religious faith is a modern, anti-Christian notion of faith. They think a faith that is embodied in a culture is not a faith. For them a faith must be made into a disembodied theology in order to be genuine. But the poet from antique Europe does not desire to be wiser than God. The Savior took flesh and dwelt among us; why then should we not look to see the faith embodied in the people who believed in the incarnate God? In Scott's works, the European Christ, the God who is above us and beside us in spirit and in blood, takes center stage.

Because Walter Scott's thought came from his heart, he was one of the last European intellectuals who was not a blood-sucking leech. We are all too familiar with the blood-suckers. They need the European past because it was real; there were genuine men and women back then. So the blood-sucking leech feeds on that past. He writes books and articles about those interesting antique Europeans, but always concludes by telling us just how wrong those people were – wrong about God, wrong about men and women, and wrong about love and honor.

A book called *The Return to Camelot* by a leech named Mark Girouard is an example of the modern European practice of desecrating Christian Europe and Walter Scott in particular. Girouard writes about the revival of chivalry in Britain during the late 18th century, extending through the 19th century, and into the early 20th century. Scott is credited with starting the revival, but Girouard has a surprise waiting for the reader who picks up the book thinking it is a book in praise of British chivalry. Oh no. At the end of the book he informs us that the English gentleman's love of chivalry was the major reason for Britain's involvement in World War I. He goes on to tell us that World War I was the end of chivalry altogether, and good riddance to it. And by extension, good riddance to Scott, since Girouard claims Scott spawned the chivalric revival in Britain.

In its essentials Girouard's attack on Scott is the same as Mark Twain's. By writing favorably about men and women who took the Christian principles of honor, loyalty, and pieta seriously, Scott undermined the modern civilization which liberals like Twain and Girouard think is self-evidently superior to antique Europe. Now, for the defense: The chivalric code of the Middle Ages is infinitely superior to the modern anti-chivalric code, but Scott's chivalry is not medieval. Scott

appreciates what was good in the Middle Ages, but he does not want to revive the cult of chivalry as practiced then. Scott's chivalry, like his Christianity, is more organic, more personal, and more like the Christianity of his European forefathers who humanized the overly systematized and overly intellectualized Roman Christianity. The cult of chivalry as an affectation, as something separate from a man's Christian faith, was repellent to Scott. The genuine chivalric code comes from a filial relationship with the triune God, not from the mind of man; nor is it necessary to be a soldier in order to practice it. Witness Reuben Butler in Scott's *The Heart of Midlothian*.

Far from causing Britain's involvement in World War I, Scott's brand of chivalry, if the British people had adhered to it, would have prevented their involvement in World War I. The War came about because the leaders of Britain and the other European nations no longer believed in the code that flowed naturally from a belief in the God whose portrait we see in the novels and epic poems of Sir Walter Scott.

I'm frequently chided and sometimes excoriated by practical-minded right-wingers for bringing mere writers of fictional fables, such as Walter Scott, into serious discussions on such issues as race and immigration. But don't you see? Europeans are hopeless and helpless in the race war because they don't see what Scott saw when he looked at Europe. The men and women of Scott's Europe would not write a protest letter when barbarians murdered and tortured their own people. Nor would they try to vote an invasion away. Scott is more than relevant, he is a necessity. The European must see what Scott saw and feel like he felt if he is ever going to reclaim his soul and his nation. Scott taught us as Dominie Sampson taught young Bertram of Ellangowan:

"But I trust," said Bertram, "I am encouraged to hope, we shall all see better days. All our wrongs shall be redressed, since Heaven has sent me means and friends to assert my right."

"Friends indeed!" echoed the Dominie, "and sent, as you truly say, by Him, to whom I early taught you to look up as the source of all that is good." +

In Scotland Again

No home, I am sure, in which a great man has lived, preserves his memory more vividly and more lovingly than Abbotsford preserves the memory of its founder.

Sitting here in his study, it is difficult to think of Scott's place in literature. It is of the man I think, the man whose character was pure gold. It is a commonplace that we who come after must forgive many a man for his sins because he was a great artist. Scott needs no forgiveness. He was a perfect man.

-- by H. V. Morton

Tales of a Traveller

Of his public character and merits, all the world can judge. His works have incorporated themselves with the thoughts and concerns of the whole civilized world, for a quarter of a century, and have had a controlling influence over the age in which he lived. But when did a human being ever exercise an influence more salutary and benignant? Who is there that, on looking back over a great portion of his life, does not find the genius of Scott administering to his pleasures, beguiling his cares, and soothing his lonely sorrows? Who does not still regard his works as a treasury of pure enjoyment, an armory to which to resort in time of need, to find weapons with which to fight off the evils and the griefs of life? For my own part, in periods of dejection, I have hailed the announcement of a new work from his pen as an earnest of certain pleasure in store for me, and have looked forward to it as a traveller in a waste looks to a green spot at a distance, where he feels assured of solace and refreshment. When I consider how much he has thus contributed to the better hours of my past existence, and how independent his works still make me, at times, of all the world for my enjoyment, I bless my stars that cast my lot in his days, to be thus cheered and gladdened by the outpourings of his genius. I consider it one of the greatest advantages that I have derived from my literary career, that it has elevated me into genial communion with such a spirit; and as a tribute of gratitude for his friendship, and veneration for his memory, I cast this humble stone upon his cairn, which will soon, I trust, be piled aloft with the contributions of abler hands.

-- by Washington Irving

The Land of Evening Lingerings - AUGUST 07, 2010

Be as thou was wont to be;
See as thou was wont to see:

-- *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*

The white man needs a romanticized ideal in order to live. The colored races can get by with sex and blood cults, but the white man needs something more. For 1600 years prior to the 20th century, the Christian faith was the 'something more' for the European. A great hero full of infinite compassion and mercy came down from heaven to wrestle with the dragon of death. And He prevailed!

The poet-historians of our race, Scott, Shakespeare, Hughes, Dickens, Le Fanu, and Maclaren, all bear witness to the reality of a culture where even the great sinners took Christianity seriously enough to be aware that they were sinners. The cad in Scott's *The Heart of Midlothian* at least marries the girl he impregnates. Nowadays, the cad would give his girlfriend the money for an abortion and proclaim himself beneficent.

In that excellent movie *Miracle on 34th Street*, the young lawyer defending Kris Kringle cuts to the chase by saying, "All these complicated tests come down to this: you say Kris is insane because he says he is Santa Claus." And all the complicated and intricate analyses of the demise of the European come down to this: "The European no longer sees any romance in Christianity. He has 'moved on.'"

And where has the European moved to? What is his new romance? The modern European has fallen in love with the idea of diversity. Go to any of the universities (which are still religious institutions; they have just changed their religious orientation), and read their manifestos. Diversity is their credo, diversity as defined by the liberal to mean the worship of generic mankind and the denial of a personal God. And there is a hierarchy within generic mankind. The topmost place is reserved for the generic black male, and next comes the generic female of any color, followed by the other races of color. The white male has no place in this diverse society; in fact, the major goal of such diverse societies is the elimination of the white male.

The obsessive hatred of the white male in our modern society stems from the fact that the European male is seen as the harbinger of death. He represents the things of the past, the worship of Christ and the hatred of diversity. Two such evils cannot be tolerated by the diversity-loving modern European. The only surviving white males within the new hierarchy are white technocrats who savagely condemn all other white males while simultaneously denying there is any such thing as a white male. It remains to be seen how long the technocratic male can survive. He is a necessary prop for the feminist and the black; in fact, they are helpless without him, but swine possessed by demons seldom act in their own self-interest. The technocratic white male will be the last of the whites to go, but he will go; diverse societies have no place for the white man.

I once read a story to my children about a farm boy who somehow or other got a position in the court of Queen Elizabeth. All the city boys and girls made fun of the country boy and his ways. When given a chance to perform before the Queen, the country boy sang a song he had learned while growing up on the farm. He sang the song in spite of the ridicule and scorn of the city boys and girls. An old courtier applauded the country boy and told him, "Never be ashamed of the things you love." The point is we can't make the liberals love Christian Europe nor can we stop the halfway-house Christians from trying to combine the love of diversity with the love of Christ; we can only be faithful to our own true love.

Before the European fell in love with diversity, he was in love with Christ. From that love came everything good in European civilization. The diversity-loving liberals think they can eliminate the good things which they regard as evil, such as the respect for the child in the womb, the assumption of the superiority of European culture over all other cultures, the respect for patriarchy, and so on, and can just retain the things they still have a need for, such as wine and cheese parties, the right to travel through Europe, and marvel at the sight of the monuments to the faith they deplore, and so on, and so forth, ad nauseam, and on it goes. Every European liberal and halfway-house European think because they live near a police station (which of course they theoretically deplore), lions no longer need cages.

Of course I have no idea when, if ever, this hatred of the white man and of Christian Europe will end. I do know that miracles occur when Europeans are faithful to their one true love. We seldom see what is happening in the mystical body, but the collective voice of our European ancestors assures us that the battle for Christian Europe is worth fighting.

We are in a war and we should follow the advice of Nathan Bedford Forrest: "War means fighting, and fighting means killing." Not that killing is the only aspect of a war; it is most certainly not. The most important aspect is spiritual: "All things are ready if our hearts be in the trim." But to acknowledge that killing is a necessary part of any attack on Liberalism is to make the final break with liberal democracy. We can't destroy Liberalism through the channels set up by liberals to preserve Liberalism. Witness the recent attempt by besieged white people in Arizona to put some small limits on the number of murdering Mexicans flooding into their state. The two major provisions in the anti-illegal alien bill were struck down by the courts. It will always be thus in every formerly European country. The colored man is part of the new

romance. His right to murder individual white people and to destroy the few remaining remnants of white culture will always be supported as an inalienable right by the white-hating technocrats of European descent.

Dostoyevsky used the example of the swine from the Gospel to illustrate the modern European liberal. They are so afraid of Him that they will willingly run off a cliff to avoid Him. One can make all sorts of excuses for the liberals: "They never heard any Christ story but a perverted, sectarian, hate-filled version," or, "They want to believe but their hearts have been hardened against the truth," or, "They find it impossible to reconcile reason and faith." The list is endless. But the fact remains that the European has a new love that inspires him more than his old one. It is my contention that we should not aid or abet the new diversity-worshipping European any more than we should aid or abet a husband in abandoning his wife and children for a young girl; which means, let the liberals fight their own wars against the Iraqis and the Afghans with a feminist and black army. We will fight the battle at our doorstep against the aliens the liberal has loosed upon us with the express purpose of exterminating every man, woman, and child of our white race.

The race war is a war to preserve the divine presence on earth. Blake's dictum, "Where man is not, nature is barren," should be extended to "Where God is not, man is barren." In Dore's paintings of mankind prior to the flood, we see a diversity of bodies fit for nothing but oblivion. We do not see distinct personalities who reflect the image of God. Our modern, anti-European world resembles the world before the flood. Christian Europe stands in direct contrast to the modern, racially blended Europe. There were personalities then. H. V. Morton once commented that Dicken's characters were not exaggerated. Such personalities as Wilkins Macawber, Samuel Pickwick, and Joe Gargery really existed in Europe's halcyon days. To emerge from modern Europe and return to antique Europe is like awakening from a hellish nightmare and discovering all over again the enchanted fairy land called home.

Kenneth Grahame calls antique Europe the land of evening lingerings. And we linger there because it is our home; it is where we find the master of the house holding out his arms to greet us and usher us in to sit beside the warm hearth. The brave new, diverse world the liberals have prepared for us is nothing like our European home. There is no light, no warmth, no God in the liberals' diverse world. There are only hideously inhuman creatures trying desperately to deny that God once visited earth. Their world is perishing, but the old Europe survives. Beyond Liberaldom we hear the European chorus: "And He shall reign forever and ever." +

The Lost Faith - JULY 31, 2010

Oh, well for the world when the White Men join
To prove their faith again!

- Rudyard Kipling

Writing in the later half of the 19th century, Dostoevsky asked "whether a man, as a civilised being, as a European, can believe at all, believe that is, in the divinity of the Son of God, Jesus Christ, for therein rests, strictly speaking, the whole faith." The 20th century European answered Dostoevsky with a resounding 'No.'

The key phrase in Dostoevsky's question is "civilised being." The 20th century European felt too civilized to believe in Christ's resurrection from the dead. Such things happen in fairy tales, and civilized men and women do not believe in fairy tales. Two perceptive writers from the 20th century, the mad-dog liberal George Bernard Shaw and the Christian writer Herbert Butterfield, both pointed out that the Christian faith survived the pagan assault, the Renaissance, and the Catholic and Protestant religious wars, but the faith did not survive the scientific revolution.

Of course Shaw was delighted with the demise of Christianity, because it gave him a chance to suggest that the European world adopt a new religion as constructed by George Bernard Shaw. "It must be metascientific," he intoned, "because only a religion that takes scientific facts seriously will be accepted by the modern European." Butterfield, unlike Shaw, was not delighted with the demise of Christianity. He pointed out that the final result of the liberal's utopian world of science would be oblivion.

The 21st century European has followed along the road of his scientific mentors of the 20th century. "Some are born great, some achieve greatness..." The 21st century European has achieved oblivion. When he shifted from the reality-based fairy tale mode of comprehension to a utopian-based scientific mode of comprehension, he lost all sense of reality and became a reed for every new wind-blown ideology that called itself 'scientific.'

Science means much more to modern man than just the study of the material world. Science has come to mean truth in its totality. Behavioral "sciences" such as sociology and psychology tell us the truth about man, in contrast to Christianity,

which tells us fairy tales about God. I saw this phenomenon at work in my college literature classes. No matter what work we studied, we studied psychology. The insights into the human soul that the great authors of Europe revealed were translated into psychological jargon because it was a given that no antique author who took the Christian revelation seriously could have anything to say to a modern scientific audience. Scientific thought fits right in with egotism. Since knowledge is cumulative, the mere piling up of facts, the present is always superior to the past. Shakespeare might have been brilliant in his day, but he could never be as intelligent as a modern literary critic because the literary critic knows the accumulated facts of man's existence that Shakespeare did not know. Of course, the modern scientific man must give way to the man of the future because he will know more than the marvelous man of the present. And on it goes. The present is always superior to the less scientific past and inferior to the more scientific future.

Because scientific thought is evolutionary and because scientific thought is presented as truth, the Christian faith has suffered greatly during the scientific 20th and 21st centuries. It survives only as an anemic subsidiary to science. Even fundamentalists who reject the theory of evolution as it pertains to man's origins still attempt to fuse their Christianity with an evolving concept of man, democratic man being at the highest point of their evolutionary ladder. And even in self-styled traditionalist Catholic sects, they send their seminarians and priests to psychologists when they have emotional problems. Isaac Stern's book, *Pillar of Fire*, was an attempt to fuse Roman Catholicism and psychology. Hence, even the surviving remnants of Christians in fundamental Protestant sects and traditionalist Catholic sects attempt to share the stage, so to speak, with science. The Catholic has an easier time of it because he can point to the scholastic tradition, which was a precursor of the scientific revolution, and claim that his church was never really opposed to an evolving, scientific faith. But the Catholic and the Protestant have both ignored the Shakespearean caution, "When you sup with the devil you need a long spoon."

It is ironic that modern man looks on scientific thought as true and the poetical vision of the Christian Europeans as false, when scientific thought encompasses the magic of the genies and alchemists, the witch doctors, and the quack doctors. Nature is the god of the modern Europeans, because they think they can harness the power of nature to achieve their heart's desire, which always turns out to be a desire to supplant God.

Negro worship is necessary in the scientific utopia of the modern white man for two reasons. 1) There must be a noble savage, some creature untainted by the sins of the fairy tale past of the European. The black man is perfect for the part. 2) Racial diversity is the precursor of sexual diversity. If racial distinctiveness is not a product of the benevolent, guiding hand of a creator, then racial Babylon is permissible and as a corollary so is sexual Babylon.

We were told and are still being told that if the white man would only divest himself of his whiteness, his prejudices, a great new scientific, utopian age would be upon us. But we can see the stink of a dystopia all around us. There is death in the abortuaries, savagery in our streets, and Negro worship in state and church. Is this the end result of the age of science? Yes, it is.

There are only two paths in the woods for the white European, the path of racial diversity, which he is presently on, and the path of racial preservation, which he once took but left when science beckoned him over to the path of racial diversity. Everything depends on the white man returning to the path of racial preservation. There will be no pro-life movements without white people, there will be no conversions to the light by people of color because there will be nothing left to convert to, and there will not be any churches because there will be no faith in Christ. An eternal night will envelop Europe, and only some kind of hybrid, creeping, crawling creatures will be seen upon the face of the earth.

Such a scenario is likely but not inevitable. In the fairy tales a hero always comes forth to defeat the powers of darkness. In an age when scientific thought was scorned and the thought that sprang from the heart was sacred, Europe abounded with heroes who went forth in imitation of the Hero. Once a hole in the scientific wall is breached and European men start to once again protect and defend their race, there is more than just a little hope that a new Europe, which is a very old Europe, will emerge. There is indeed power in the blood of the lamb and power in the non-blended blood of the European united to Christ, the warrior-bard of Europe.

We will be Christian Europeans again when we come to regard the world of the Brothers Grimm as the real world and the scientific world of Darwin, Freud, Marx, and Adam Smith as the false fantastical world of pygmy men with pygmy souls. The world of giants, dragons, knights, and fair maidens is the European's world. The sacred woods, the sacred sword, the sacred cross -- such images are in our racial memory; they are true images of a time when every European felt his life was part of an epic poem that began in a manger and ended in the New Jerusalem. In England's green and pleasant land? Yes, in Europe's white and pleasant land, once again. +

There were giants in the earth in those days; and also after that, when the sons of God came in unto the daughters of men, and they bare children to them, the same became mighty men which were of old, men of renown. – Genesis 6:4

The traditional interpretation of Genesis 6:4 was that the sons of God referred to in this passage were fallen angels, often called demons or evil spirits. They were generally believed to have been sent by Satan to pollute the blood lines of the human race so that Jesus could not be born of the seed of a fully human woman and become the savior of mankind. It is necessary to dismiss the Old Testament narratives as frivolous stories, which the liberals do, or to simply ignore the implications of the stories, as the half-way Christians do, if you are going to maintain that bloodlines do not matter.

Let us assume, contra the liberals, that the story of Giants on the earth in Genesis 6:4 and the other Old Testament “fantastical” stories are not frivolous stories. And let us follow, contra the halfway-house Christians, the implications of the Genesis 6:4 story and other related stories.

You could maintain that once Christ was born of the Virgin Mary, the necessity to maintain the purity of the Christ-bearing race was no longer necessary. Christ was born, now we can all blend together in one universal race. The Tower of Babel story is not relevant; the importance which the ancient Hebrews placed on their racial purity and the distinctions God made between Noah’s good sons and his bad son are all made irrelevant by Christ’s birth. Is this the case? The official line of the Catholic Church says that all racial distinctions are washed away by the coming of Christ. The official Protestant line, to the extent they have an official line, is in union with the Catholic. And the liberals, who don’t believe in Christ, have given their blessing to the Catholic and Protestant interpretations of race mixing.

The case seems to be closed. But in the spirit of Dostoevsky’s *Underground Man*, let me reopen the case. I cannot cite any church document that expressly forbids race-mixing, nor can I build an airtight case against race-mixing using a dazzling array of quotes from the Holy Bible. Still, there is a compelling case against race-mixing. First, our Christian European ancestors were opposed to race-mixing. You can maintain, which the halfway-house Christians do, that our European ancestors were insufficiently Christian compared to the modern Christians, but I think a man-to-man comparison of their faith and morals reveals that the modern halfway-house Christian cannot hold a candle to his “racist” forefathers.

Secondly, there is reality to contend with. If Christians really believe that their God said, “The truth shall set you free,” doesn’t that suggest we should seek the truth about black and white? Shouldn’t we look at what blacks do when there are no white men to control them? And shouldn’t we look at the immorality of white and black in a blended society? We should if we claim to worship the Christian God.

Thirdly, while the Bible is more than a great literary work, it is also a work of literature that should be read and understood in the way we read and understand great literature. Just as Shakespeare’s play *King Lear* is more than a story about a king who gets mad at his youngest daughter, so is the Bible more than a travelogue about the ancient Hebrews. The Bible stories, like Shakespeare’s plays, come from the land of the spirit. At their center is the truth about man and God. The Tower of Babel story, the numerous stories of the Hebrews’ segregated society, and the hierarchal structure imposed on Noah’s sons all suggest that concerns about racial purity are not something to be dispensed with after the birth of Christ. Those who do so redefine the traditional Christian teaching on original sin. The first apostles never taught to “become new in Christ” meant that we were free of the effects of original sin. Faith in Christ did not mean that we could dissolve the earthly ties by which and through which we know the living God. The Tower of Babel experience should tell a Christian that God hates man-made unity because it separates man from God. And can there be a more blasphemous unity than a man-made unity that directly contradicts the God-made distinctiveness of the races?

There is also a Tower of Babel mentality in those who reject the lesson we learn from the story of Ham. It is not God’s desire that the less godly son should be on equal footing with the godly sons. You don’t have to believe that the black man is the descendant of Ham, Cush, and Nimrod to see that the white man is meant to keep the black man in check. Just look at the development of Christian Europe and the development of Africa. Then compare our modern blended society with the non-blended society of antique Europe. Is not the moral contained in the true story of Noah and his three sons revealed to anyone who has eyes to see and ears to hear?

Of course, that’s the dilemma. There are no Europeans left with eyes to see and ears to hear. The European no longer sees Christ riding through the woods of Europe nor does he hear the echo of His voice in the European mountains.

There are two brothers in *King Lear*. Edgar, the legitimate son is the soul of honor. He tells his suicidal father, “Thy life’s a miracle.” The bastard brother, Edmund, has a different view of existence. “Thou, Nature, art my goddess; to thy law, My services are bound.” The European was once committed to Edgar’s view of existence. He saw his life as a miracle of God’s grace. To know that a personal, humane God was at the heart of the universe -- a God that cared about individual human beings -- was to know that the human personality was to be treasured. A divine creation should not be rent asunder or

degraded. But if nature is thy Goddess, there is no reason to treasure the distinctness of human beings. They are all simply part of nature's compost heap.

The halfway-house Christians who want to blend the black with white always end up blending Christ with liberal saints such as Nelson Mandela. The logical result of a faith based on the universalism of a Coca-Cola commercial is a universal God who is as superficial as a Coca-Cola commercial. Such a god might be useful to you while you are riding high, employed in the secular utopia and in the prime of youth, but when you cry out from the depths, which eventually all human beings do, the Coca-Cola God will not be there for you. You will either find the one true God, the God of antique Europe, or you will perish in the vomit of superficiality.

In Genesis we learn that the whole earth was polluted in the time of Noah, not polluted by an excess of styrofoam cups or Pepsi cans, but polluted in the blood. The sons of God (Demons) had slept with mortal women and produced a race of Giants. Only Noah had kept his bloodlines pure, and only Noah and his family escaped the flood.

Are there parallels between Noah's situation vis-à-vis the mating of the demons and mortal women and the mating of black men and European women? A tiny minority of antique Europeans maintains that the black man is not human; he is a beast of the field. If such is the case, there is a very close parallel between modern race-mixing and the race-mixing in Genesis 6:4; in both cases mortal women mix their blood with alien beings.

The vast majority of antique Christians held to the belief, rejected by modern, halfway-house Christians, that the black man was the descendant of Ham and could only be fully human as a servant in the tents of the children of Shem and Japheth. Cross-race mating would still be sinful to the adherents of the 'black as descendant of Ham' theory, but it would not be an exact parallel to Genesis 6:4, when the daughters of men mated with alien beings.

The first theory at least attempts to deal with reality. We see the black man before us; he does not seem to be fully human, and therefore he is not a human being. The liberals have no right to cry "foul" at such a seemingly inhumane theory. They have a similar theory, which is the reverse of the black beast theory. They believe that only the black man is human and that the white man is some sort of non-human animal.

In the absence of some deeply held instinct to the contrary, I think we should always go with the mainspring Christianity from the days when Europe was truly Christian. The black man can only become fully human by serving the one fully human race, the white race. Those who have eyes to see the Europe of our ancestors and those who have ears to hear the voice of our ancestors cannot come to any other conclusion about the black and the white than the one our ancestors came to: the black and the white race should never mix, lest the ungodly pollute the earth. If we see the race war for what it is, Satan's attempt to kill Christ by distorting the image of God in man, we will be able to gird up our loins and fight for Christ and the Europe that He, not Satan, wills that we should have. +

Guarding the Past - JULY 17, 2010

"There is a hollow ring in the work of some of the systems makers, who so often assume that we can catch up with History, collect all the factors into our hands – nothing relevant escaping us – and so become monarchs and masters of the course of things." – Herbert Butterfield

It seems that only the white man invents utopian schemes and tries to implement them. The Roman Catholic Church systematized that which should never – and can never – be systematized: the living God. And the Protestants diligently followed in the Catholic train and systematized God. The liberals, following along the same lines of the systematizing Christians, created their own utopian system which is a synthesis of the Catholic and Protestant systems; it is called psychology. And so it goes with the white man. He is forever trying to "catch up with History" and become the master of a world of his own creation.

Our little utopian systems have their day, and then they go into the dust bin of history, usually leaving rivers of blood and mountains of despair behind them. Capitalism and socialism have occupied the European stage for the last two centuries, but in the last fifty years a very old (just read Dryden, Addison, and Rousseau) utopian fantasy has re-emerged. The capitalists and the socialists are currently trying to combine the myth of the noble black savage with their capitalist-socialist utopias. Thus the capitalist tells us that we should all be capitalists because it will help the black man get off welfare, and the socialist tells us that socialism is good because it will help the black man stay on welfare. But the key element in the capitalist, black utopia and in the socialist, black utopia is the worship of the black. The Negro is a god in both utopian schemes; the two opposing sides merely differ on the best way to serve the new god.

All utopian fantasies of the European liberal are grounded in a denial of the doctrine of original sin and a hatred of the Europeans and their history. The liberal does not believe in original sin because such a belief would make him disbelieve in the perfectibility of mankind under his beneficent leadership. While denying original sin, the liberal must hate his ancestors and believe in their sinfulness, because they are the reason, in his mind, there is no heaven on earth.

Let us dwell for a moment on the hatred of the liberal. The utopian liberal is generally given a free pass from the world so long as his utopian schemes are universalist, utopian schemes. The neo-pagans and the Fuhrer are and were unpopular because their utopian schemes are not universalist schemes. The worst thing that is said about the liberal utopian is that he is "somewhat naive, but his heart is in the right place." 'Tis not so. The utopian liberal is a great hater. Unhumbled by any sense of his own sinfulness, he is unwilling to tolerate the slightest opposition to his humanitarian plans to save all mankind. Dostoevsky, in his masterpiece, *The Devils*, depicts a Bolshevik revolutionary who sits in his house, writing plans for the earthly salvation of mankind, while on the everyday plane of reality he hates every human being he meets. It will always be thus with the utopian liberal (and there are no non-utopian liberals); he will always be a great lover of abstract humanity and a great hater of individual human beings.

Against the utopian liberal stands the European conservative, not to be confused with the liberal capitalist. Since he believes in original sin, he doesn't think that the future will be better than the past. In fact the conservative knows that the future will be worse than the past if the past is not woven into the garment of the future.

Walter Scott exemplified the romanticism of conservatism. He did not ignore the evils of the past, but he saw that any evil his ancestors committed stemmed from a sinful nature that he shared with them. And he had the humility to acknowledge the virtues of his ancestors and try to preserve those virtues in the present. Conservatism is romantic because it is human. Unadulterated man has passions, he loves, he hates, he descends to the depths of hell, and he rises to the heights of heaven. The utopian has no humanity because he thinks what passed for humanity in the past was evil and must be obliterated. Only a future humanity, which has no connection to the European past, and the black man, who has no connection to the European past, are sacred and worthy of inheriting the kingdom of Liberaldom.

There is no ascent in the liberal utopia; there is only the darkness of hell. It was God's plan to create mankind which triggered Satan's revolt. The great hater is only comfortable where there is no humanity. His cry is, "The world must be purged of all traces of humanity." And that is what utopians do; they purge the world of all genuine human beings, replacing them with colored barbarians and disembodied white intellectuals who worship the intellect but cannot think because all true thought stems from the human heart which the liberals have banished from utopia.

All utopian states, because they are based on a false view of man, must maintain themselves by force or by an extensive and subtle seduction of the masses. Most utopian-totalitarian regimes use a combination of the two methods. The old U.S.S.R. was primarily a naked-force utopia while the U.S.A. was primarily a seductive utopia. In recent years there has been a slight shift in emphasis. The U.S.A. and her European counterparts are relying more on naked force than they ever did before, which is a tribute to their successful seduction. There are so few men of flesh and blood left that it has become unnecessary to seduce; naked force will crush the last of the non-utopian Europeans.

Utopian thinking stems from the European because the European was once Christian. It was the European who prayed, 'Thy Kingdom come.' But when 'His Kingdom come' becomes our utopian kingdom of the godless future, Christian Europe becomes Satania.

Since utopia never comes, the liberal must be able to point to some reason why the elusive utopia never materializes. In the U.S.S.R., it was the remnant band of the bourgeoisie who were 'blocking' paradise on earth. They needed to be exterminated so the peoples' paradise could flourish. In Europe and the United States, it is white racists who stand in the way of a Babylonian paradise. They will also be exterminated. At least that is the plan. The liberals no longer make a secret of it. Members of the new Black Panther Party, for instance, have recently called for the extermination of whites. No outrage, not even a blip on the radar screen. But liberals do not have a death wish. Because they have no connection to reality, they really believe that so long as they denounce their whiteness they will not be considered white by the wonderful black demigods whom they worship.

If a cancer is not reversed, it spreads. The hatred of the white and the love of the black has gone into the blood of the white liberal, the halfway-house Christian, and the white grazer (see *The Underground Men*). The late Samuel Francis and John Tyndall spent most of their adult lives trying to explain, in rational terms, that the black man wanted the white man to disappear from the face of the earth, but there is a limit to pure reason. When a mania such as the worship of the black man and the hatred of the white man enters the bloodstream, mere reason is hopeless against it. The evil of the black man and his hatred of the white man is apparent throughout America, Europe, and Africa. What the black man says and what the black man does should be enough to convince every single white man to take up arms to defend himself and his family against the black man. Instead, the white man does just the opposite. He throws himself at the feet of the black man, as the

black man raises his knife to kill the white man and his family, and begs for forgiveness for his sins of commission and omission against the black race. "Almighty Negro, I have sinned against thee, by what I have done and what I have failed to do. I firmly resolve, if you let me live, to avoid all sins of racism in the future, and all near occasions of racism"

However, the new black god of the white man is not a merciful god like Christ; he is a murderous savage god, so he slays the white penitent. And the whites looking on cry with one voice: "The black man giveth, and the black man taketh away; blessed be the name of the black man forever."

If the bloodbath is to be halted we must look beyond reason. Those white men who have never forsaken their white blood and those white men who have returned to their blood because they saw the risen Lord on their own personal roads to Damascus will hold the pass until the black-worshipping passion is purged from the white race, or till their Lord returns to lead the final charge. We are in the fiery furnace, but miracles occur when a faithful few refuse to worship the savage gods.
+

Resisting Caliban - JULY 10, 2010

"We must prepare to meet with Caliban." – *The Tempest*

I've been married long enough to know that when my wife starts talking about "rearranging a few things" I had better go through the papers and books on my desk and on the floor surrounding my desk in order to save what needs saving before the rearranging nightmare commences. And of course the process takes longer than anticipated because I start to read the old articles and papers in order to decide what to discard and what to save.

This time through I noticed an old obituary of a favorite baseball player of mine from the golden era of baseball, the era of all white players. That obituary was much more important to me than the tons of articles I threw out about the Latin Mass and the crisis in the church. It might appear since I threw out the articles pertaining to the internecine wars in the Catholic Church and kept the obituary about a favorite baseball player (Walter Johnson) from the golden era, that I was no longer interested in Christianity but was still interested in the trivial pursuits of my childhood.

The old saw warns us that appearances can be deceiving. I kept the Walter Johnson obit because Mr. Johnson was a baseball hero from an era when the European people of America were at least, if not integrally Christian, then Christian in ethos. Such relics of the past must be treasured, because it is no longer possible in the modern, post-Christian-ethos era, to see even a trace of old Europe embodied in any European American or European institution.

The history of baseball in this country is a history in miniature of the white European people. Baseball has its roots in the agrarian tradition of Europe. The terms 'infield' and 'outfield' for instance are used by Sir Walter Scott in his descriptions of Scottish farming:

The residence of these church vassals was usually in a small village or hamlet, where, for the sake of mutual aid and protection, some thirty or forty families dwelt together. This was called the Town, and the land belonging to the various families by whom the Town was inhabited, was called the Township. They usually possessed the land in common, though in various proportions, according to their several grants. The part of the Township properly arable, and kept as such continually under the plough, was called in-field. Here the use of quantities of manure supplied in some degree the exhaustion of the soil, and the feuars raised tolerable oats and bear, [Footnote: or bigg, a kind of coarse barley] usually sowed on alternate ridges, on which the labour of the whole community was bestowed without distinction, the produce being divided after harvest, agreeably to their respective interests.

There was, besides, out-field land, from which it was thought possible to extract a crop now and then, after which it was abandoned to the "skiey influences," until the exhausted powers of vegetation were restored. These out-field spots were selected by any feuar at his own choice, amongst the sheep-walks and hills which were always annexed to the Township, to serve as pasturage to the community. The trouble of cultivating these patches of out-field, and the precarious chance that the crop would pay the labour, were considered as giving a right to any feuar, who chose to undertake the adventure, to the produce which might result from it.

The very concept of a professional baseball team is a bastardization of the sporting ideals of the European people, immortalized forever in Tom Brown's Schooldays. In that work, Thomas Hughes enfleshes the Christian doctrine of the interconnectedness of body and soul. Sport, to a Christian of the old stock, is a spiritual exercise; how we conduct ourselves in sport and the type of sport we participate in can elevate or debase the soul.

The original professional baseball organizations, because they were created by people with a Christian hangover, mixed the Christian sporting ethos with a secular ethos. The Christian impulse was seen in the teams' attempts to make heroism local and particular. Even though most players did not play for their home city, they were treated like native sons by the

local baseball enthusiasts. But the serpent was in the baseball garden. A small little serpent called money was seen in the out-field.

Sport in America lost its remaining Christian ethos when baseball integrated in 1947. Though owners such as Branch Rickey and Bill Veeck, who brought the first Negroes into baseball, presented themselves as pioneers in the civil rights movement, they were in reality worshippers of the golden calf. It was simple economics. A bigger gene pool meant a better team, and a better team meant more money. The unsung heroes were the white players, such as Dixie Walker of the Dodgers, who said that it didn't matter if you could win more games and make more money by integrating your team, it was wrong. The heroes of baseball were not the Jackie Robinsons and Branch Rickeys or the vast majority of white players who dared not place their financial futures in jeopardy by protesting integrated baseball. The real heroes were men like Dixie Walker who spoke out against the forces of money and Negro worship. In Cleveland, the small handful of white players who refused to shake hands with the Negro Larry Doby were traded off the team. (1) Such protestors were heroes of the blood. Their instincts allowed them to see the truth: the presence of the Negro within white culture is the beginning of the end of white culture.

One wonders what happened to all the old opponents of integration. The baseball players of the late 40's are mostly gone by now. But what about the athletes from the mid-1960's? I remember reading about a Southern college football team in the early 1960's. The white players on that team refused to play against teams that played Negroes. What happened to those men? Did they all 'see the light' and become Negro worshippers? Most likely they became part of the white underground. They grumble among themselves about the apelike negroization of their sport but dare not make any public criticism of integration.

The coalition that destroyed white baseball was the same type of coalition that destroyed the European people. A group of money men joined forces with Christians who needed a social gospel to buttress up their faltering faith in the Gospel.

The cynical money men were careful to present the negroization of baseball, and other aspects of white culture, in Christian terms. The pastor of my parents' church, who regularly extolled the black man but had very little to say about Christ, was fond of saying that Branch Rickey was the greatest civil rights advocate of them all, 'them all' being liberals like the pastor, who ended up divorcing his first wife, second wife, third wife, and then the church.

There was an episode in the old *Leave It to Beaver* television show in which the moral eunuch, Eddie Haskell, during a camping trip falls off a cliff onto a ledge slightly below. A park ranger (played by the same actor who played Jack Armstrong, the All American Boy in the movie serial) has to come and rescue Eddie. When Eddie tries to mouth off to the park ranger, he is told, "Things like this don't happen to boys who are careful in the woods." Precisely. And things like the negroization of baseball don't happen to a people unless they have taken little care to keep faith with their past. The capitalist, because he worships the golden calf, must break faith with his ancestors who worshipped Christ. But why did the Christians, the people I call the halfway-house Christians, break faith with their Christian ancestors? A traditional Christian people seeks to remain close to their past because by doing so, they are staying close to their God. A serious Christian does not jettison the customs and traditions of a Christian people in favor of the new customs and traditions of a Godless, utopian people, but confused halfway-house Christians do jettison the traditions of antique, Christian Europeans.

The European walls between the races were in place for good reasons, for Christian, European reasons. 1) God saves particular people and persons; He does not save en masse. It is His will that people retain their racial identities. 2) The second reason is like unto the first; if the Christ-bearing race becomes a non-race, will there be faith on earth?

The negroization of the world is a holistic movement. The liberals have left no part of the European world free from the presence of the Negro. And as Midas turned everything he touched to gold, so does the Negro turn every aspect of white culture into a savage, tribal, barbarous rite. Who is served by the interjection of the Negro into white culture? Is the white man served? Maybe the rich capitalist is served in a material sense, but is the real white man, the Christian, served by an integrated society? No, he is debauched and degraded. He loses his identity as a white European, and by that loss he becomes worse than a man without a country; he becomes a man without a soul.

Is the Negro served? Again, some are served in a material sense. But the black man is dependent on the white man to keep him from descending to the level of the apes (I mean that in a behavioral sense, not an evolutionary sense). The white man's burden and duty is to control and civilize the black savage, as the pre-civil war, Southern whites did so admirably, and not to make him a deity in a Godless, golden-calf-worshipping society.

The whole purpose of a Christian culture is to create opportunities for white moments. Somewhere between our birth and death, we need to see the face of Christ, at the hearth, in pure sport, in our art, or in our work. The liberal wants to eliminate the white moments of existence. He demands that we give up the white moments of life, in which we get a glimpse of heaven, in order to live in a future heaven on earth that he, the liberal, is building for us. But it is always in the future, this heaven on earth, and it always entails the sacrifice of our faith in the God whose kingdom is not of this world.

Negroization is the liberal's road to earthly bliss, but the European of the old stock sees it for what it is – the road to hell. We shall never give up on the culture of white moments and we will never accept negroization. +

(1) Bill Veeck is lauded for bringing the second Negro into baseball a few months after the first one. What type of man are the liberals lauding? They are lauding a man who put money above every decent human sentiment. He once, when he was owner of the Chicago White Sox, brought a midget up to bat. His only worry was that the midget might attempt to gain some self-respect by actually swinging at the baseball and getting a hit. In order to put a halt to that, he told the midget that he had a man with a high-powered rifle ready to shoot him if he swung at the ball. The midget walked on four pitches, and Bill Veeck got what he wanted, celebrity and money. What of the midget? He suffered scorn and ridicule the rest of his life, which lasted ten years longer. He died from injuries resulting from a beating he received from men who still wanted to mock and ridicule him for his infamous at bat in the major leagues. Did the great civil rights champion, the great humanitarian, attend his funeral? No, he did not. The only man from major league baseball that attended the funeral was the pitcher who gave up the walk. "I felt I owed him that much."

Now, Bill Veeck didn't force the midget to prostitute himself for money. But a pimp is even more loathsome than a prostitute. Veeck and the liberals call negroization 'civil rights.' The correct term for it is pimping.

The Night Riders of Europe - JULY 03, 2010

"They come against us in much pride and iniquity to destroy us, and our wives and children, and to spoil us: But we fight for our lives and our laws."

In my young halcyon days as a Roman Catholic convert, I was always attending lectures. On one occasion I attended a lecture by a Roman Catholic traditionalist who maintained that the conquest of Mexico, in which the Spaniards mixed their blood with the native population, and the settlement of North America, in which the British did not mix their blood with the native population, proved the superiority of Roman Catholicism over Protestantism, because the Catholics were able to put aside their parochial prejudices and adhere to a universal principle.

The speaker's assertion troubled me because I did not think that willingness to forsake your own blood was a sign of the "true Christianity." I've had many years now to reflect on the speaker's assertion, and I've come to the conclusion that the Spaniards' failure to protect and cherish their blood lines indicated a fatal flaw in the Roman Catholic Church, a fatal flaw that has spread to all the Christian churches, resulting in the demise of the Christian faith throughout the European nations.

The fatal flaw was the churchmen's failure to de-Romanize the Christian church. In pagan Rome, differences of race and religion were tolerated if an individual was willing to submit to Roman universalism. It was the idea of universal Rome that counted, not individual human beings. In Christianity the individual matters. His personal salvation and the salvation of his people are paramount. Race is important to the Christian because his race is part of his personality, part of his soul, and a universalism that places a man in an impersonal generic box called 'mankind' is an abomination to the genuine European. Hamlet reacts against the tyranny of the universal over the particular. When Rosencrantz and Guildenstern violate the bond of friendship in the name of an abstract principle of service to the state, Hamlet knows his friends are no longer his friends.

Ham. I do not well understand that. Will you play upon this pipe?

Guil. My lord, I cannot.

Ham. I pray you.

Guil. Believe me, I cannot.

Ham. I do beseech you.

Guil. I know no touch of it, my lord.

Ham. 'Tis as easy as lying. Govern these ventages with your finger and thumb, give it breath with your mouth, and it will discourse most excellent music. Look you, these are the stops.

Guil. But these cannot I command to any utterance of harmony. I have not the skill.

Ham. Why, look you now, how unworthy a thing you make of me! You would play upon me, you would seem to know my stops, you would pluck out the heart of my mystery, you would sound me from my lowest note to the top of my compass; and there is much music,

excellent voice, in this little organ, yet cannot you make it speak. 'Sblood, do you think that I am easier to be play'd on than a pipe? Call me what instrument you will, though you can fret me, you cannot play upon me.

A man is more complicated than a pipe. To treat him other than a divine mystery, with infinite possibilities, as a personality who has that within which passeth show, is to defame the Creator by trivializing His creation.

In Romanization, breadth of thought is substituted for depth of feeling. St. Augustine delayed his conversion to Christianity because he was afraid the personal fairy tale narratives of the Gospel were not as intellectually sophisticated as pagan universalism. Why does universalism always seem so intelligent? Because we are fallen creatures, and appeals to our pride of intellect often have a hypnotic effect on us. Throughout the Christian European's history, the struggle to believe in the unsophisticated tale of the suffering servant instead of the organized universalism of Rome or liberalism has always been a fight to the death. The attempt by the liberals to impose a universal belief in the sacred black man is just one more phase in the continuing war of the Christian European vs. the universalist, utopian European.

The trivialization that comes with rationalist, Roman universalism is death to faith because a man needs to see life with his heart not with his head. Romanization reduces the faith to a simple program of mental gymnastics that a handful of select men can teach to their devotees. The resistance to such an inhumane and trivial system, a system that starves the soul because it deprives a man of contact with the living God who lives in the depths of the human heart, has always come from the men of feeling, the Europeans from the deep woods. They were the men who saw that Thor was a pale reflection of Christ; men who bent their knee to Christ as conquerors, not as the conquered.

I no longer see the Protestant Reformation as the unhallowed disaster that Catholics maintain it was. Nor do I see the Reformation as the Protestants see it, "the movement that set things right." I see the initial Protestant revolt as an attempt by the European people to reclaim their Lord and kinsman from the hard-hearted company men of Rome. It was a necessary revolt, but Europeans needed to see that the battle against Roman universalism had to be an ongoing battle. The Protestants, after their initial revolt which was from the heart, formed their own little, rationalist mini-Romes. Modern liberalism is the fusion of all the Christian rationalist, universalist mini-Romes into one anti-Christian Rome. In the mini-Romes, the individual halfway-house Christians are allowed to pay lip-service to the Christian God so long as they adhere to the state-sponsored worship of the Negro.

It was the Europeans of depth who defied insolent Greece and haughty Rome in order to raise the standard of the Man of Sorrows above the banner of universal Rome. It will be the task of the remnant band of 21st century Europeans to once again defy liberal, universal Rome, and make every European hearth a kingdom where the God of the little, particular things, such as loyalty, faith, love, honor, and charity, makes His home.

It is possible to trace the heretical line from the Tower of Babel through pagan Rome, Catholic Rome, the Protestant Romes, and finally the modern liberal Rome. Central to all the universalist heresies is race-mixing and religious atheism. The races are blended in the name of a universal god, but contact with the one true God is rendered impossible because the people who constitute a blended society lack the depth to understand or relate to the non-blended, distinctive personality of the Christian God, Jesus Christ.

The liberal's new demand for one universal race and one godless faith is an old demand. We need not – in fact, we should not – respond to their program with a plan or program of our own. The European has no plan; he has only his instincts. Long buried perhaps, rusty from lack of use, but still the only broadsword God has given him; in the blood of the European is the answer to the universal, racially blended, godless world of the liberals.

When the Europeans were young, they believed in a fairy story about a warrior bard whose name was Jesus. Jesus was strong enough to conquer death, yet he was full of love, charity, and mercy. Then, the Europeans became more sophisticated, more intelligent, and very universal in their faith. They started to worship the Negro, who had not conquered death, and was not loving, charitable, or merciful. The new Europeans said they were very happy with their new faith, and because they were so happy with their new faith they decided to pass many, many laws to make everyone part of the new religion, so everyone would be as happy as the intelligent, sophisticated, universally-minded, new Europeans. But fortunately (or unfortunately, depending on your point of view), some rather angry-looking Europeans were seen at night, riding out of the European woods and attacking some of the holy places of Liberalism. Schools, churches, and abortuaries were burnt. Men of all colors and races were killed for alleged crimes against the fairy tale God of old and His people.

The night riders were only a small remnant, but the liberals were worried that the angry men, if left unchecked, could inspire other angry men. "We should destroy the woods where they dwell," was the general consensus of the liberals.

The woods would not burn, and the angry white men on white chargers seemed to be led by an angelic white man on an angelic white horse. "There is something more than nature here," said one liberal commentator.

“We’ll simply order more explosives and chemicals,” said another.

But the liberal fires died out, and their chemicals and explosives were of no account against the men on white chargers with the angelic leader. “Till liberaldom is dust, and Europe is restored,” was the cry of the night riders. Tis a consummation devoutly to be wished, and fought for. +

The End Result of Negro Worship - JUNE 26, 2010

In Africa, a land without love, kindness is a weakness. Because there is no charity there is no understanding of mercy, and because there is no altruism, there is no gratitude.

– Anthony Jacob

The official belief of the liberals and the non-white races, though never articulated in formal documents, is that the white man is not fully human; the only fully human being is the black man. The unarticulated belief (because it was a given) of the white man for thousands of years was that the white man was the only fully human being, and the black man was not fully human.

It is important to note that the white man’s belief in the humanity of the white and the lack of humanity in the black was a “prejudice” he held during the Christian centuries of the European people. When the European ceased to be Christian, he ceased to believe in the humanity of the white man and became a believer in the special and superior humanity of the black man.

The enormous shift, from the belief that the black man was half-man, half-beast and had to be held in check by the white man, to the worship of the black man, indicates a profound spiritual malaise in the European people; and every white nation is in the midst of their equivalent to the French Revolution. In 1789, the French cursed their past and severed all ties with the people and traditions of their past. Other European countries, such as Britain and the southern half of the United States (which was, at the time of the Uncivil War, a separate nation) kept continuity with their past. Nothing new was done in those conservative nations without invoking the “spirit of our ancestors.” The racial wars of the latter half of the 20th century destroyed the last vestiges of conservatism in the European nations, and now all the people of European descent curse their past and yearn for the extinction of the white man and the deification of the black man.

The anti-white movement has its origins in the European’s rejection of Christianity. When a man believes that the drama of existence ultimately has a happy ending, he does not need to create a utopian society in which reality is banished. But when the reality of existence is seen as unbearable -- and life without faith that Christ is risen is unbearable -- a man must create a hideaway world where reality can be avoided. Enter the natural savage. The Christian European saw the black man as he was, a savage barbarian, but the utopian white man sees the black man as a perfect man, untainted by the evils of white, Christian civilization.

The halfway-house Christians have tried to ‘save’ their collective churches which still preach Christ crucified, Christ risen in a non-metaphorical sense, by blending orthodox Christianity with the anti-European, utopian ideology of the mad-dog liberals. Such a compromise can never bring anything but grief. The halfway-house Christian always ends up handing a non-faith down to his children, because real faith cannot grow on utopian ground.

The liberal does not know why he must elevate the black man; he just feels compelled to do so. And he feels that way because Satan has filled the void in his heart, the heart that was once occupied by Christ. Satan knows that a man’s skin color is an essential part of a man’s body, which is an extension of a man’s soul. Deprive a man of his racial identity, and you deprive him of a vital part of his personality, which is a thing divine, being created by and connected to almighty God. And if our soul is not joined with God, but to the black man, we will be united to the god of the black man, which was, and is, Satan.

A Christian European knows where the road to utopia leads; it leads to Haiti, to Rhodesia, and to South Africa. Africa is the future for the utopian white man. Only Christian Europeans can alter the African shadows over Europe. The halfway-house Christians will ultimately side with the liberals, and the neo-pagans, too, who will first compromise by begging for equal representation within liberaldom (after all, the neo-pagan is also a utopian), will, when their plea for equal representation is denied, also capitulate.

Chesterton, in his book *Orthodoxy*, compared the Roman Catholic Church to a chariot riding through time, avoiding all the heresies, while always maintaining its balance. The only thing wrong with his fiery chariot image was that it was false. The Roman Catholic Church did not then, and does not now represent a balanced, accurate embodiment of Christianity. Nor do any of the Protestant churches. The church as conceived by Chesterton was a rationalist construct, springing from a utopian mind. But if we shift our focus to the European people, and view their culture as the church Chesterton was writing about, we can see the real fiery chariot that can never be forced off course. The faith derived from a connection to our people is based on what we feel inside; it's based on love, not an abstraction. Surely that European connection is what we should seek and look to if we are ever going to come safely home.

The worship of the black man is the antithesis of Christianity. We can measure the depth of a people's degradation by the lengths to which they will go to ensure that black predominates over white. We must never doubt for a moment that integration and race-mixing are part of a satanic agenda to eliminate Christianity from the face of the earth. No European should be fooled into thinking he can combine the worship of the black man with the worship of Christ. We can't serve darkness and the Light. There should be no question in the European's mind that it is to Europe and Europe alone that we must look if we want to see the face of Christ. Other cultures must look outward, away from the sacrificial fires, to the people who shunned sacrifice and believed in mercy. But the European must look inward, forsaking the godless, utopian future, which is in reality a hellish world of darkness, and find the God of his ancestors in the European mists.

Europe is faith, hope, and charity. Africa is the absence of faith, hope, and charity. What is needed are Europeans who will stand with Europe. Isn't the preservation of the light shining in darkness infinitely more important than an integrated sports team in South Africa or a democratic government in Iraq? Where your treasure lies, there lies your heart. My heart is with Europe. There is no other dwelling place for the human soul.+

Trust ye the curdled hollows—
Trust ye the neighing wind—
Trust ye the moaning groundswell—
Our herds are close behind!
To bray your foeman's armies—
To chill and snap his sword—
Trust ye the wild White Horses,
The Horses of the Lord!

--Rudyard Kipling

The God of Europe - JUNE 19, 2010

"Come and see."

The inner life of the European people, chronicled in the folklore collected by men like the Brothers Grimm and in the works of the poet-historians of the white race such as Shakespeare and Walter Scott, shows such a thematic similarity to, and a spiritual sympathy with, the ancient Hebrews, that one would almost suspect the proponents of the theory that the Europeans and the ancient Hebrews were one and the same people are correct. Truth be told though, I never have been able to understand the lengthy genealogy books about the European people, so I can't really make an assertion for or against the Hebrew-European connection. But I do find it curious that modern historians always assume the historians who are closest in time to the events they are writing about are liars. Thus, we are supposed to know nothing about Brutus, the great grandson of Aeneas, or about King Arthur despite the fact that Geoffrey of Monmouth told us about them. "He was a Christian monk and therefore a liar." And on it goes; all the ancient history written by ancient chroniclers is supposed to be lies.

It is not essential to establish an air-tight case for the Hebrew-European link (even if you had one, the liberals wouldn't believe it) to see that the European's culture is, at its core, the human side of the divine-human synergy. How do we know this to be true? The same way we know we love another person: through a sympathetic bond between our heart and the heart of the beloved.

The issue of European culture, and its superiority to every other culture, is only complicated when the sneering intellectuals, the academics, get involved. They have no reason to scoff at those who place the European on a level above the other races because they themselves have created a rigid anti-European hierarchy based on far less research than the hierarchal structure of the "racist" biblical historians. The liberals simply assert; proof is unnecessary because it is self-evident that the white race is an evil race at the bottom of the evolutionary ladder. The ladder has colored people on every

rung above the white man. And at the top of the ladder is the black man. Of course, the liberal's racial hierarchal system is the exact opposite of what was the unarticulated belief of the white race for thousands of years.

The modern half-way house Christians tell us that all talk about racial superiority and Christian cultures is anti-Christian. "Racially we are all sons of Adam, and there is no such thing as a Christian culture; all have sinned and fallen short..." We need not pull out a 700-page book of Biblical research that proves the non-colored races are not the descendents of Adam in order to answer the half-way-house Christians. All we need to say to them are the words of the apostle Philip, who echoed our Lord's words when asked, "Can there any good come out of Nazareth?"

"Come and see."

Look at the Europe of the white man through, not with, the eyes. What do you see? If you haven't sold your soul for a devilish pot of lentils you'll see the Christ of Handel's Messiah: "And He shall reign for ever and ever."

When the "higher" form of biblical exegesis started in the mid-1800's, Thomas Hughes, author of *Tom Brown's Schooldays*, stated:

We may not wholly agree with the last position which the ablest investigators have laid down, that unless the truth of the history of our Lord – the facts of his life, death, resurrection, and ascension – can be proved by ordinary historical evidence, applied according to the most approved and latest methods, Christianity must be given up as not true. We know that our own certainty as to these facts does not rest on a critical historical investigation...

Granting then cheerfully, that if these facts on the study of which they are engaged are not facts, -- if Christ was not crucified, and did not rise from the dead, and ascend to God his father, -- there has been no revelation, and Christianity will infallibly go the way of all lies, either under their assaults or those of their successors, -- they must pardon us if even at the cost of being thought and called fools for our pains, we deliberately elect to live our lives on the contrary assumption. It is useless to tell us that we know nothing of these things, that we can know nothing until their critical examination is over; we can only say, "Examine away; but we do know something of this matter, whatever you may assert to the contrary, and mean to live on that knowledge." -- from *Alfred the Great*

I feel the same way about European Christianity. My love for Europe and my belief that in the European culture we see the face of Jesus Christ is not based on the researchers who support the Hebraic-European theory, nor is it diminished by those who claim European Christianity was an invention of the Germanic peoples and had nothing to do with genuine Christianity. To all the experts, my response is the same as Thomas Hughes: "I do know something of this matter," and I see and believe because I have learned from the people of antique Europe, to see life "feelingly."

Research has a minor place in the scheme of things because research is dependent on an objective researcher and an objective examiner of the research. But man is not an objective creature. He does not use his reason to determine what is true; he uses his reason to defend that which he wants to be true. Is there then no way out of the rationalist dilemma? Yes, there is:

"You can prove anything with figures; and reason can lead you anywhere; but if you've got a real strong feeling about something, deep-seated and unshakable, it is bound to be right."

-- P. C. Wren in *Bubble Reputation*

Of course, the obvious objection to such an outlandish attack on reason is, "Suppose I feel just as deeply that Europe and the white man are evil, as you feel that the old European culture is God's culture." Then I would assert, even though it sounds undemocratic and impolite, "that you have not reached the core of your soul. You have no depth. Remove the layers of superficiality from your heart, and assume that the void you are afraid you'll find if you go through the labyrinth of the human heart is not a void; it is where He dwells."

The liberal is consistent on the issue of the antique European: "He is evil." But the liberal is schizophrenic on the issue of Christianity. He doesn't believe that Christ is risen, but yet when you assert that the Christian Church must always have a European face the liberal tells you that you are not being Christian. You can't claim the right to say what is Christian after you have already dogmatically denounced the major tenets of Christianity.

The neo-pagans, the older ones who even bothered to formulate an ideology, claim the Europeans changed the real Christianity, which was an anemic bloodless faith, into a manly, heroic faith. But now in the 21st century, the real Christianity has surfaced again and the Europeans should shun it. The neo-pagans are wrong. Christianity has only one face, and it is a European one. The Europeans saw, in Christ, the true Thor, the hero God above all other hero Gods. There is no dichotomy between the God that St. Paul encountered on the road to Damascus and the hero God of the Europeans.

The saddest lot of all is the halfway-house Christians. They believe, but because they seek no help for their unbelief, they will soon become non-believing liberals. The Catholic halfway-house Christian claims he needs only the Church. "Prior to Scripture there was the Church, and without Scripture we can know God, through His Church."

The Protestant fundamentalist counters with, "Before there was a Christian Church, there was the Bible; we know God through the Holy Scriptures."

Missing from both halfway-house churches is the human factor. Human beings must read the Holy Scriptures and the Church documents with the proper spirit if God's revelation is to be believed. And to believe, a man must be able to "come and see." He must see the embodiment of Christianity in the spirit and blood of a people. The image of the golden harp is still apropos. Can even a golden harp produce one single note of music without the touch of a human hand?

Some thirty years ago I had a conversation with a retired Roman Catholic priest. I was a young man and he was an old man. I asked him what he thought was the greatest obstacle to faith in Jesus Christ. He stated that the biggest obstacle was that, "There are so few signs."

I went away from my conversation with the priest with a greater respect for his honesty, but I also left profoundly depressed. "Are there really so few signs?" Of course, our Lord's words come to mind: "And there shall be no sign given... but the sign of the prophet Jonah." How can we know that sign? It has always been my feeling, my deep-seated feeling, that our Lord has planted, in our blood, the means of knowing and loving Him. But we must be true to our blood in order to see our Lord. The European who has become a stranger to his own blood needs to come and see the European cottage in the woods. Then he will see with the eyes of the heart, and know that his redeemer liveth, the God of eternal Europe. +

After the Hangover - JUNE 12, 2010

The spirit of chivalry had in it this point of excellence, that, however overstrained and fantastic many of its doctrines may appear to us, they were all founded on generosity and self-denial, of which, if the earth were deprived, it would be difficult to conceive the existence of virtue among the human race. – Walter Scott

For a recent birthday my children gave me a complete set of the old TV comedy *Car 54, Where Are You?* I found the episodes to be just as funny now as when I was young. And it struck me while watching those old shows that a comedy like *Car 54* could not be made today. At the time *Car 54* was written, European Americans, like their European counterparts, were still in the "Christian Hangover" stage of their existence; they no longer took Christianity seriously as a faith, but the vast majority still took the ethics that stemmed from Christianity seriously. In consequence the humor in shows like *Car 54* occurred within a world where the sanctity of marriage and the virtue of chastity were unquestioned, male friendships were not homosexual, and the good-hearted boob always triumphed over the sneering, heartless intellectual. But *Car 54* was at the end of the Christian Hangover era. Modern man was about to emerge on the stage of history, devoid of even a Christian hangover. O brave new world!

The post-Christian era, in which Satan uses the forms of the Christian faith to subvert the Christian faith, is the era of the intellectual sneer. Everything noble is sneered at, and everything base is exalted. Our comedies are so filthy and degenerate that no citizen of the original Sodom or Gomorrah could sit through them without being disgusted. Our dramas are devoid of sense, soul, and drama. And our churches have outstripped even the heathen in their worship of the heathen. And what or who is behind this plethora of filth? Is it the Jew? No, the Jew aids and abets the filth, but he is not its source. Satan, our ancient foe, is the architect of the brave new world. He was miserable in Christian Europe and uncomfortable in the Europe of the Christian Hangover. Now he is comfortable, to the extent that such a restless spirit can be comfortable.

Walter Scott, in his introduction to *Quentin Durward*, gives us an excellent portrait of the sneering intellect who presides over hell and over our modern day post-Christian Europe:

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

In this point of view, Goethe's conception of the character and reasoning of Mephistopheles, the tempting spirit in the singular play of "Faust," appears to me more happy than that which has been formed by Byron, and even than the Satan of Milton. These last great

authors have given to the Evil Principle something which elevates and dignifies his wickedness; a sustained and unconquerable resistance against Omnipotence itself—a lofty scorn of suffering compared with submission, and all those points of attraction in the Author of Evil, which have induced Burns and others to consider him as the Hero of the “Paradise Lost.” The great German poet has, on the contrary, rendered his seducing spirit a being who, otherwise totally unimpassioned, seems only to have existed for the purpose of increasing, by his persuasions and temptations, the mass of moral evil, and who calls forth by his seductions those slumbering passions which otherwise might have allowed the human being who was the object of the Evil Spirit’s operations to pass the tenor of his life in tranquillity. For this purpose Mephistopheles is, like Louis XI, endowed with an acute and depreciating spirit of caustic wit, which is employed incessantly in undervaluing and vilifying all actions, the consequences of which do not lead certainly and directly to self-gratification.

Scott has shown us the way the Evil One undermines a Christian civilization. He does not attack in manly fashion, with a direct challenge. There are no devilish gauntlets thrown in the face of Christian warriors. Instead, the devil uses his “depreciating spirit and caustic wit” to undermine the Creator by destroying the image of God in man. The devil supports everything that dehumanizes man. By zigzags and parallels he attacks every aspect of man’s life on earth that makes him feel, “A personality stands here.”

The dehumanizing and depersonalizing program has proceeded at an accelerated pace since the European left Christendom for Satandom. Once the elite palace guards left their posts, there was no longer any reason why Satan and his minions had to refrain from attacking and destroying the European castle.

The demise of Christian civilization always begins with the satanic sneer. In Eden the sneering devil told Adam and Eve that they would not die. “That was just moralistic God talk.” Liberals today mimic their master; if you love your race and kin, you are sneeringly labeled a white racist; if you protest the torture-murder of your people, you are told, “to cry me a river”; if you protest the murder of the innocents in the womb, you are a sexist; if you protest democratic tyranny, you are a fascist. All the venom of the liberals is spewed out with a satanic sneer. The self-proclaimed lovers of humanity hate humanity. Their generic love for the rights of women, the black race, and democratic humanity is a subterfuge for their hatred of the human personality. Anytime there is any manifestation of the one culture that stressed the infinite value of the non-generic human personality, the liberals go berserk and seek to crush that manifestation. Because the slaughter of innocents, the worship of black people, and the implementation of a draconian, secular democracy, is so antithetical to the values of a Christian European, the liberals must be merciless in their suppression of any European opposition to their brave new world.

The hazy, lazy days of the Christian hangover, during which we shared some values if not the same faith with our fellow Europeans, are over. The conservatives, the mad-dog liberals, the halfway-house Christians, and the neo-pagans want us to fade away. And if we refuse to fade away, they will gladly, in the name of racial equality, democratic humanity, and the rights of women, have us exterminated.

When Solzhenitsyn came to the West in the 1970’s he stated that the most striking thing about the European people was their lack of courage. And of course Solzhenitsyn was not saying that there were not any Europeans left who would rush into a burning building to save a child or face a firing squad without flinching; he was talking about the courage to defend one’s people against an implacable enemy. In order to have the latter type of courage a people have to be a people. They must feel bound to their people by ties of faith and race. The problem with the Europeans is that they don’t believe they are a people and they do not have a faith.

The colored people of the world do have a faith. They believe in their race as a herd, and they worship the aggregate power of the herd. The European was never able to convert the non-European people to the faith that revered an individual’s race because it was part of a man’s personality, which was connected to a personal God. The halfway-house Christians who deny a man’s race is part of his personality have already said in their hearts there is no personal God, only an abstract God who rules an abstract utopia created by the mind of the liberal.

As Scott pointed out in his introduction to *Quentin Durward*, the devil destroys a man’s faith by making all the human bridges to Christ things of ridicule. When we hear halfway-house Christians such as Thomas Fleming mock white people for wanting to protect and defend their own, or when the clergy tell us to shun our blood ties to our kith and kin in the name of a universal religion, we are hearing Satan speak. There is no higher religion than the religion of the God-Man, who revealed Himself to mankind through the provincial, human things that all the modern, authoritative voices want us to abandon. The European’s answer is ‘no.’ He will not abandon the European hearth, because that is where his heart is, with his God. Outside of the European hearth there is nothing, no love, no virtue, and no charity. All is dark and deadly if we acquiesce to the liberals and consent to fade quietly away into the dark night. The heart revolts at such a surrender. And it is our hearts, filled with European prejudices that make us prefer our own to the stranger, honor to treachery, and Christ over Satan, which will take us through the dark night of Europe to a brighter day where we will see our Lord and kinsmen. +

Against the Flood - JUNE 05, 2010

Enter Pericles, wet.
[stage direction from Shakespeare's *Pericles*]

After 1965 a good movie in line with the values held dear by antique Europeans was as statistically rare as white on black crime. The statistical rarities were usually adaptations of European literary works written before the demise of the white man. Branagh's *Henry V* (his only good adaptation of a Shakespeare play), John Huston's *The Man Who Would Be King*, based on Kipling's story, and Zeffirelli's *The Taming of the Shrew* were a few of the statistical exceptions. Before 1965, the movies were 90% supportive of the essential Europe and 10% against. After 1965, they were 100% against, with the occasional exception, which did not occur with sufficient frequency to constitute a percentage point.

When I say that the pre-1965 movies were supportive of the essential Europe, I do not mean to say that there were not signs of a weakening of the European walls. On the racial issue, for instance, there was a growing tendency in the 1950's to depict the Indian as simply a pigmented white man with the same values as a white man. The horrific aspects of the Indians' culture were often down-played. In the Western titled *Yellow Tomahawk*, for example, Rory Calhoun, the scout for a cavalry unit, moralistically informs a settler that, "Indians love their people just as much as you love yours." Oh really? Then why did they kill the sickly infants and let the elderly members of their tribes starve or freeze to death? (1) But even in that Western, the hero ultimately declares that "I'll stand by my race." With the exception of one movie, *Arrowhead*, starring Charlton Heston, which actually focused on the bestial savagery of the Indians, the pre-1965 Westerns were weak on the racial issue. They were not anti-European though. The heroes in the movies were the white men who lived up to the code of chivalry that was nurtured in Europe and born in a manger in Bethlehem.

The black man was also, like the Indian, regarded as a pigmented white man in the pre-1965 movies. And such a view was false, but the white man in the older movies was still depicted in a heroic light and his civilization was presented as the only civilization. In *Zulu* (1960), the black savages are invested with a nobility they did not possess, but it is the white British soldiers who are the heroes. And in the movie *Safari* (1956), the Mau Maus are depicted as the villains and the whites as the heroes. After 1965, the reverse was true.

So in the main the popular movies from the 1930's to 1965 were supportive of white European civilization, but they presented the erroneous view that the colored peoples could be brought into the white fold. The naive, "they are just like us under the skin" view of the colored people was the leak in the European dike.

In the mid-1960's the leak in the dike became a flood, and the notion that there had ever been anything good or noble in white people or their civilization was washed away in an anti-European flood.

At first there was only a tiny minority of Europeans who welcomed the flood, while the vast majority denied it was a flood. "It's just a little cleansing, necessary at times; Europe is still Europe." Then when the flood reached epic proportions, the Europeans who had called the flood a cleansing moved to the safe, high ground (but not the morally high ground) with the anti-Europeans and claimed that Europe had to be flooded; it was evil.

A few Europeans, statistical non-entities, refused to leave the flooded Europe. They are still trying to salvage something from the flood waters that will help them maintain a link to old Europe. And then, when a patch of dry land is found, the European will emerge from the waters, wet, but determined to rebuild Europe.

To date, after forty-five years of flooding, I've seen no European salvage operation that has brought up, from the depths of the flood waters, anything that was part of essential Europe. The salvagers all seem to be formalists who are only concerned with those aspects of the older European culture that can be studied, catalogued, and used to help the formalist in his particular discipline. Thus the theologian wants to preserve the Greek philosophical tradition, the conservative wants to preserve 19th century capitalism, and the Christian layman is only concerned with salvaging the church buildings in which to sing the praises of the new black gods.

Something more than outward dress needs to be preserved if the European is to come into his own again. The bards of ancient Europe, who are the true historians, all bear witness to something unique about the European. (2) He was not satisfied with the perfectly formed but spiritually shallow culture of the Greeks, nor did he remain content with the Egyptian night of the savage cultures. The European had that within which passeth show; he needed to climb glass mountains and slay dragons in the name of a God above the gods.

It is utter madness to seek refuge from the anti-European flood waters on the dry shores of multi-racial universalism or in the mind-forged prisons of neo-pagan utopia. Go to the past, ride with Forrest, stand with the men at Rourke's Drift, walk the mountain path with Tell and make the ascent of the glass mountain. We begin the ascent in Europe's green and sacred land, thinking the land beyond the glass mountain will be something strange and wonderful. Well, it is wonderful but it is not strange. Having made the ascent in the attempt to find His land, we discover that His land is our land; it is Europe before the anti-European tidal wave.

"We who are about to die demand a miracle." The same God who delivered the Israelites from bondage will deliver us from the anti-European flood waters if we invoke that God by staying faithful to the European essentials, those virtues that come from the European hearth: faith, and loyalty to one's kith and kin.

Because the Europeans took Christ as their King and kinsman, Christianity is in the blood of the European. Even when he is a blaspheming Marxist, evolutionist, or race-mixer, the European couches his heresies in Christian terms. And infinitely better, when the European ceases to blaspheme and actually remembers things past, he sees in his mind's eye a small remnant band of believers who survived a flood and rebuilt a civilization.

The Christian bards often use a near fatal drowning to symbolize the rebirth of a civilization. In Shakespeare's *Pericles*, Prince of Tyre, Pericles and his wife Thaisa survive separate shipwrecks and are eventually reunited with the sure and certain hope of reestablishing their kingdom.

This, this. No more, you gods!
Your present kindness
makes my past miseries sports.
You shall do well
That on the touching of her
lips I may
Melt and no more be seen. O,
come, be buried
A second time within these arms.

To once again embrace Christian Europe? She lives in the depths. All that is needful to bring her to the surface again is Europeans who still love eternal Europe and hate liberalism in all of its many guises. +

(1) Paganism comes in different guises, but it always ends with the same result: the slaughter of the innocents. Now that the liberals have rejected Christianity and returned to paganism in a technological and secular humanitarian guise, they are killing the old and the very young just like the red Indian and the black barbarian.

(2) The original purpose of poetry is either religious or historical, or, as must frequently happen, a mixture of both. To modern readers, the poems of Homer have many of the features of pure romance; but in the estimation of his contemporaries, they probably derived their chief value from their supposed historical authenticity. The same may be generally said of the poetry of all early ages. The marvels and miracles which the poet blends with his songs, do not exceed in number or extravagance the figments of the historians of the same period of society; and, indeed, the difference betwixt poetry and prose, as the vehicles of historical truth, is always of late introduction. Poets, under various denominations of Bards, Scalds, Chroniclers, and so forth, are the first historians of all nations. The intention is to relate the events they have witnessed, or the traditions that have reached them; and they clothe the relation in rhyme, merely as the means of rendering it more solemn in the narrative or more easily committed to memory.

The Day of Battle - MAY 29, 2010

True to his instincts, true to his traditions, fearing nothing, loving only his own, loving and hating with all his heart – a Goth.

– Thomas Nelson Page

I see that the World Cup is being held in South Africa. It wasn't that long ago when no Western sporting event could be held in South Africa, but now that the white South Africans have seen the light and turned their country over to the colored gods, the white-hating countries of the West can play with the multi-racial people of South Africa. And even without the gift of prophecy or second sight, I can tell you how the Western media will cover the sporting event.

They will not show us the black barbarians in the midst of their daily activities, such as raping and murdering white people (remember, it is just a 'culture thing'), nor will they show us the breakdown of all civilized behavior throughout the once-civilized country of South Africa. What they will show us is a multi-racial South African football team that is a metaphor

for the new South Africa. "Our racial diversity is our strength; you can see how wonderfully our people play together. Diversity works, on the playing field and in the work force." We will also be treated to countless tributes to the late John Paul II's favorite saint, Nelson Mandela.

Even if diversity meant what the liberals want people to think it means -- the coming together of all races, each respecting the other races while retaining their own distinct racial identities -- it would be wrong, wrong because God does not want another Tower of Babel. But diversity does not mean what the liberals say it means in theory; in practice, diversity means that the colored races, especially the black race, must be worshipped with the same love and reverence that used to be reserved for the Christ, the Son of the Living God. And the enemies of the new god are the non-believers, the white people who do not worship the black people. There are very few non-believers left in the European countries.

It is worth noting that the liberals, even before they ceased to believe in the divinity of Christ, lost their belief in original sin and in a personal devil who roams the world seeking the ruin of souls. Yet when the liberals constructed a new faith they incorporated a belief in original sin and the devil into their new doctrine. The original sin was committed by the white man -- it was exploitation of the black -- and the devil incarnate was the recalcitrant, unrepentant white man. It will always be thus. Christianity went deep into the soul of the European. Even when he renounces Christianity, his new faith mimics, in a perverted form, the old faith of the Europeans. There is still heaven -- the future without white people; there is still hell -- the European past; there is still a God -- the black race; and there is still a devil -- the white race.

The rock on which the black faith stands is the technology of the white man. Everything the white does in his new technological world is done to buttress up his god, the black man. And the end result of coupling the technological white to the black barbarian is a world that has not charity. The Christian European never succeeded in Christianizing the colored races, but he did, in whatever non-European country he entered, make the native colored aware that there was a God above the gods who demanded mercy and not sacrifice. The dictates of that God above the gods, the Europeans demanded, would be adhered to by all races whether they understood that God or not. Is it a better world now that we have not charity in it?

When Europeans were Christian, not halfway-house Christians but full flesh-and-blood, integral Christians, it was always the white man who opposed the savagery of the colored races, which was often a savagery one tribe inflicted on another. Now that the European has deified the savage and demonized the Christian European, there is no one to cry halt to the blood orgies of the colored people. The post-Christian white man not only refuses to stop the atrocities of the colored races, but he has also thrown his own form of technological savagery into the post-Christian, heathen stew. Words such as 'choice' and 'collateral damage' cover up the new technological slaughter of the innocents.

The European does not need, as the neo-pagans urge, to become a new man, an inhuman, sci-fi creature who rules the universe with his giant brain. Instead, he needs to recapture the heroic instinct which is the defining characteristic of the Christian European. The heroic European never aided and abetted heathenism, he destroyed it.

We are told there is no such thing as instinct; only animals have instinct. That is a devilish lie. Without instinct we are dead men. In the face of unspeakable evil, the instinctive reaction of the antique European was to oppose that evil, to fight to the last man, to never say die; deeper than reason, deeper than logic, was the instinct of the Christian European to defend his kith and kin against the onslaught of the barbarian hordes. Every European instinctively circled the wagons when the heathen approached. The unspeakably foul and degenerate world we live in today is the result of the European's denial of the basic human instinct to defend his kith and kin.

There is no contradiction between the Christian precept of "love your enemies, do good to those who hate you" and the instinct to protect and defend one's own. You cannot convert the heathen to a religion of charity by sacrificing your own people to the heathens. Nor can you convert the heathens by mixing with them. If the Christ-bearers become heathens, what is left to convert to?

The devil destroys souls by eliminating the channels of God's grace. He convinced the European, through his mocking spokesmen such as Voltaire and Rousseau whose clones number in the millions throughout the modern world, that the European's good instincts to defend and protect his own were evil, and that his cowardly and sinful capitulation to racial and sexual Babylon was good and noble. Satan's appeal was to the utopian mind of the European, and he conjured up visions of "sweet perfumes of Arabia and Africa." Christ's appeal was and is to the heart. When the instincts of the heart die, so does faith die; the devil knows that, but the halfway-house Christians, the neo-pagans and the mad-dog liberals, who do the devil's work, do not know it. "For this people's heart is waxed gross, and their ears are dull of hearing, and their eyes they have closed; lest at any time they should see with their eyes and hear with their ears, and should understand with their heart, and should be converted, and I should heal them."

The Germanic people who accepted Christ understood with their hearts. It was no coincidence that the Germanic people, who understood the God of mercy and rejected the gods of sacrifice, had at the time of their conversion a passionate attachment to their own kith and kin. They were close to the things of the hearth, which is where the heart learns to understand existence. The colored tribes never fully understood the Christian faith, because they never valued the hearth fire as much as they valued the sacrificial fire. And the Greek and Roman philosophers never converted, because they didn't want to be fooled by a Jewish carpenter.

The last battle has begun. All faithful Europeans are Germans no matter what their ethnic tinge. The liberals have joined their decadent Greek minds with the body of the Negro to create a hideous monstrosity, a kind of black and white Übermensch. The neo-pagan who worships his own mind and only his own mind will be of no use in the great battle, because he has cut himself off from the European past. By doing so he has killed his heart, and consequently he understands nothing.

There is no mercy or pity in the black and white Übermensch. He represents the atheistic, philosophical tradition of the white man and the bloody, merciless, superficial faith of the barbarian. Religious zeal – and the liberal does regard the anti-European battle as a religious war – at the service of a merciless faith is horrific. Against such zeal the white man is defenseless unless he counters the liberals' religious zeal and the barbarians' blood lust with the instinctual, blood faith of the antique European. Love of the European hearth and the God of that hearth inspired the ancient European in the day of battle, and it will sustain the modern "against the world" Europeans in their day of battle. +

The Modern Fairy Tale - MAY 22, 2010

The difference between the two systems was that one was formed and officered by sutlers and camp-followers and former slaves, while the other was composed of men who had achieved military honors and were impelled by the love of home, the pride of ancestry, and the desire to save the civilization they had inherited. – *The Red Riders* by Thomas Nelson Page

A few days ago on the news I saw a Negro ballplayer, a Negro singer, and the lesbian tennis player, Billie Jean King, appear together before a sporting event to celebrate the so-called "Civil Rights Game Weekend." The juxtaposition was quite apropos; civil rights mean race-mixing, feminism, and homosexuality.

"Civil rights" is a 'god term' to liberals. A man at a gathering of liberals bows slightly and with a reverent voice says: "That man over there, the liberal in the corner, marched in the great civil rights marches of the 1960's." Then the ancient liberal comes across the room and tells the young people at the party a modern fairy tale.

* * *

"There was once a time when black and white lived apart. White people lived in sumptuous palaces while black people, who did all the work, were forced to live in shacks, shanties, and ghettos. Then little by little some very great white people (the ancient liberal doesn't say he was one of them, but the admiring throng all know he was) realized just how wonderful black people really were and just how evil white people were. These great white people then joined hands with the wonderful black people and demanded that the bad white people give the black people "civil rights." But the very great white people – they are called 'liberals' – did not stop with civil rights for black people; they fought and won civil rights for your funny looking Uncle Charlie who spends so much time in public restrooms and for your cousin Angie who went to the prom with her girlfriend. Yes, my children, civil rights are a wonderful thing, but they had to be fought for.

"Once, down in a terrible place called the South, a U. S. President had to send federal troops so that a poor little black girl could attend a school the bad white people had forbidden her to attend."

"Were white people really that bad back then?" asked 10-year-old Kathy.

"Yes," says the ancient liberal, "they were that bad, and they were even worse than that. The same bad men from the same bad place, the South, used to go to Africa, run into the Africans' homes, kidnap the Africans, and then take them to the South, chain them in dungeons, and beat them all the time until they died."

"Really?" says the wide-eyed 11-year-old Tommy.

"Yes, Tommy, really. Even after a big war was fought to take the good and wonderful black men out of the white dungeons and away from their life in chains, evil white men would hang them every time they tried to go on a bus or eat in a restaurant where there were white people. And still to this day there are more bad white people than good ones."

“Are there any bad black people?”

The ancient liberal looks at the questioner with unfeigned shock. “Of course not, Tommy. There are no bad black people.”

“But,” Tommy persists, “I’ve heard of some bad black people my father...”

“No, Tommy, that is wrong. And if your father said that, he is wrong. Sometimes it seems like black people do bad things, but it always turns out that the bad things are not really bad things; they are black culture things, which are good things.”

“What if white people do black culture things?”

“Then Tommy, the white people are very, very bad. Do you understand, Tommy? It’s important that you understand this concept.”

“I think I understand. White people are bad, no matter what they do, and black people are good despite all the bad they do. Because the bad they do is not really bad even though it would be bad if white people did it.”

“Excellent! You’ve grasped the concept. You know, Tommy, many older white people cannot understand what you have come to understand.”

Tommy beams. “I always try to learn my lessons.”

Practical Kathy then asks, “What can I do to help the black people?”

“Well, Kathy, there are many things you can do, but the most important thing you can do (I’m sure you’ve covered this in your sex ed classes) is to have sexual intercourse with black men.”

“Should I start now?”

“No, I think you should wait until you’re fourteen. Until that time you can worship black men at your local church and give part of your allowance to help the earthquake victims in Haiti.”

“I will do all that, Father... Oh, excuse me, you’re not a priest.”

“Actually...”

* * *

When the liberals tell us the Grimm’s fairy tales are too violent and too moralistic, what they really mean is the Grimm’s fairy tales are too Christian in their ethos. In the Grimm’s tales the good prevail over the wicked and the wicked people do the type of thing, such as betray their own kith and kin and support perversion, which modern liberals now do under the guise of virtuous behavior. Black is now white because vice has become virtue.

All societies have fairy tales which reflect their religious faith. I’ve just outlined the typical fairy story that the liberals have been telling white children for the past fifty years. Are there any whites left who believe in the fairy stories (the ones without modern public bathroom fairies) told by the antique Europeans?

Violence is truly a terrible thing, and only the savage worships blood lust. But is it possible to reclaim a heritage taken from us at the point of bayonets and to defend our people against the violent onslaught of savage barbarians by peaceful means? I know of no time in history when that which was taken away by force was not reclaimed by force. And I know of no other defense against violence except violence.

The conservative-liberal doesn’t believe a nation is built by people of the same faith and of the same blood. But you can’t have a nation without a people, and there can be no such thing as a people without a common faith and a common race. The conservative-liberal will never fight for the European people or for the Christian faith because his nation, the nation he will fight for, is a utopian, multi-racial nation. But this nation is not a reality; it is a fantasy, a fantasy like pure democracy or communism. And the fantasy is a succubus, which feeds on the life blood of the European, leaving him a bloodless, lifeless corpse.

The religious counterpart of the conservative-liberal is the halfway-house Christian. No matter which white church you turn to, you'll find the people there united in their abiding faith in the goodness of the black man and the evil of the white man. (1)

The whites attending these churches do so because they need a faith. And since the liberals will not allow the Europeans to worship the Christian God, the God of spirit and blood, the modern Europeans worship the great black god instead. They may incorporate some old Christian hymns and some Christian phrases into their worship services, but at the heart of their worship is a celebration of the dark night of Babylon.

The shift from the worship of Christ and the support of the Christian European hearth, to the worship of the black man and the intense desire to eradicate the Christian European hearth was a gradual sea change. The change stemmed from a fear of marginalization, the loss of jobs, and in some circumstances, martyrdom. As the liberals gained ascendancy and made the black faith the state faith, the Christian churches had to make a choice. They could keep their buildings and some kind of nominal faith in the cosmic, Coke-commercial Christ if they made the worship of the black man the central tenet of their faith. Or they could stay with the Christ of old Europe and suffer the consequences. They choose the former.

There doesn't seem to be any hopeful signs when we look at modern Europe. But if we look at the Europeans' past history, it becomes very difficult to believe that the European will remain content with the worship of the Negro and all the perverted practices that go with Negro worship. Evil, in the final analysis, is very superficial. The unredeemed Dr. Faustus is a bore.

Superficial and boring as it is, Negro worship is the new faith of the European. It is in direct opposition to the Christian faith of the pre-20th century European. And there can be no peaceful co-existence between the two faiths; one must prevail over the other. Black-worshipping Europeans can co-exist with Hindus, Buddhists, Muslims and every other religious sect, but they cannot co-exist with European Christians for the simple reason that Satan's minions and the followers of Christ will always be at war.

War is a terrible thing, but surrender to Satan's minions is blasphemy. That is why the European is currently at war with his own nation and with every surrounding nation. Contra Mundum. +

(1) Instead of placing signs outside of their churches that have the word Christian or Catholic in their titles the modern churches should make their signs coincide with their faith. The signs outside should read – "The New Ecumenical Church of White Genocide" or "The Roman Rite, Black Worshipping Church of the New Millennium" Just a few sample slogans that I hope, for the sake of clarity, the formerly Christian Churches will adopt.

The Fearful Dark Night of Europe - MAY 15, 2010

And hope is brightest when it dawns from fears
-- Scott

Paul Craig Roberts, who writes insightful articles on the subject of economics, recently wrote his final column, titled "Truth Has Fallen and Taken Liberty With It."

For the last six years I have been banned from the 'mainstream media.' My last column in the New York Times appeared in January, 2004, coauthored with Democratic U. S. Senator Charles Schumer representing New York. We addressed the offshoring of U. S. Jobs. Our op-ed article produced a conference at the Brookings Institution in Washington, D. C. and live coverage by C-Span. A debate was launched. No such thing could happen today.

For years I was a mainstay at the Washington Times, producing credibility for the Moonie newspaper as a Business Week columnist, former Wall Street Journal editor, and former Assistant Secretary of the U. S. Treasury. But when I began criticizing Bush's wars of aggression, the order came down to Mary Lou Forbes to cancel my column.

The American corporate media does not serve the truth. It serves the government and the interest groups that empower the government...

The militarism of the U. S. and Israeli states, and Wall Street and corporate greed, will now run their course. As the pen is censored and its might extinguished, I am signing off.

Roberts was absolutely correct in his criticism of Bush's wars of aggression, but I wonder where he has been living for the last forty years if he thinks it is only in the last six years that speaking the truth has been forbidden. The liberals have

become more draconian now that their power is total, but long before Paul Craig Roberts was banned from the mainstream media the truth was banned. If Mr. Roberts had tried, from the 1960's onward, to write articles in defense of segregation and against race-mixing, he would have found his articles banned from the mainstream media. Truth be told when conservatives agreed to go along with the race-mixing movement, called the 'civil rights' movement, they were doomed to lose on every other issue, such as legalized abortion, economics, and war.

If you look at the world from an antique European perspective, it is perfectly clear why the white man's refusal to defend his race led to legalized abortions, wars of aggression, and unsound economic policies. Outside of Christian Europe was there ever a nation concerned with the proper ordering of their economy, the justice of their wars, or the plight of the defenseless baby in the womb? If Paul Craig Roberts had had the same respect for the truth that race-mixing leads to the destruction of white civilization as he had for the truth that bad wars and bad economics equal disaster, he might have foreseen that the same people who deny the sinfulness and folly of race-mixing are the same people who are going to deny the truth of Paul Craig Roberts' criticism of wars of aggression and unsound economic policies. Old Neville Chamberlain's name has become synonymous with cowardly appeasement, but where is the greater appeasement to be found? At least Chamberlain sold out to other white people. Our modern liberals and their scared-rabbit 'Christian' lackeys sold out their own people to the colored barbarians.

It's a question of "when our grace we have once forgot." Once a man makes the first betrayal, the betrayal of his race, the second, third, and fourth betrayals will follow. One man might show more concern for the abortion betrayal, another for the economic betrayal, but every subsequent betrayal stems from the white man's initial betrayal of his race.

The neo-pagans tell us that Christianity is responsible for the great betrayal, but that view contradicts the historical evidence. The white man's love for his race was greatest when his faith in the risen Lord was greatest. The betrayal came when the European ceased to love his God with his whole heart and with his whole soul. When Christianity is seen as a cafeteria, where a person may take only what appeals to him and leave everything else, it becomes a demonic faith. Liberals worship Satan, not Christ, so they take an isolated part of Christianity and make it part of a satanic brew. Thus Christ's call for salvation for all who believe is perverted into a satanic demand for one universal, godless race of bestial human beings. And such beasts do not care about just wars, sound economics, or the innocent unborn. That's why Babylonian universalism is the first step on the road to Satania.

And now that there is only one road and that road leads to Satania, what is an antique European supposed to do? Should he just sign off? No, because the antique European was never on the road to Satania. The conservative-liberals should sign off; they've been working within Satania, accepting its basic premises, while trying to make slight alterations within the satanic household. The Christian European lives outside Satania; he is at war; he can't sign off; he can only surrender, and that he refuses to do.

Adam and Eve broke their filial ties to God the Father because they thought Satan offered them something better. They were going to obtain forbidden knowledge that would make them the equal of God. We know how that turned out. The modern Europeans have repeated the original sin. They think they have obtained a knowledge greater than God's, because God's plan for man's salvation was racist and provincial, but they have only rediscovered the plan of God's ancient foe, the plan for the damnation of the human race. We have descended to such a low depth that we no longer have to use our imaginations to visualize hell; we can see it right in front of us in the black-infested urban centers of America and Europe and in the ruins of such countries as South Africa and Rhodesia.

The conservative-liberals always cry foul when the mad-dog liberals depict them as evil for voting Republican or for voting against amnesty. "Why demonize us; we just differ on the means to an end; we don't differ on the end, which is democratic Babylon."

The mad-dogs have grasped something that the pragmatic conservative-liberals have failed to grasp. It is a religious war; they should demonize their enemies. Where the mad-dogs err is in demonizing their fellow travelers, the conservative-liberals. The mad-dog liberal's enemy is the white European. The conservative-liberal is sometimes mistaken for one, not by the white European, but by the mad-dog liberal.

The mad-dog liberals see that it is a religious war in which we are engaged. And it is we, the white Europeans, whom they want to eradicate from the face of the earth. Such satanic hatred is a fearful thing to face. But St. John tells us that "perfect love casteth out fear." That is the trouble with the halfway house Christians and the conservative purveyors of statistical doom. They do not love the ancient Europeans and their civilization enough. They talk about church documents, the 'born again' experience, free markets, and some abstract concept of liberty that was supposedly invented by the Americans, but they don't talk about old Europe and Europe's people like Ratty talked about his river, with reverence, awe, and love:

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

`THE River,' corrected the Rat.

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

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

It is by no means certain that the European will ever be a European again. It is certain, however, that if the European once again loves His Europe no force on earth will stand against him. +

Where the Battle is Raging - MAY 08, 2010

"Kill thy physician and thy fee bestow upon the foul disease." – *King Lear*

Elizabeth Rundle Charles is another one of those authors from the golden age of Queen Victoria's Britain. In her work on Martin Luther and the Reformation, titled *The Chronicles of the Schönberg-Cotta Family*, she has this to say about a Christian soldier's responsibilities.

It is the truth which is assailed in any age which tests our fidelity. It is to confess we are called, not merely to profess. If I profess, with the loudest voice and the clearest exposition, every portion of the truth of God except precisely that little point which the world and the devil are at that moment attacking, I am not confessing Christ, however boldly I may be professing Christianity. Where the battle rages the loyalty of the soldier is proved; and to be steady on all the battlefields besides is mere flight and disgrace to him if he flinches at that one point.

Amen to that.

The liberals are consistent; they started the attack on God by race-mixing, and they have continued down (they of course claim it is an ascent) the slippery slope of feminism, legalized abortion, and homosexual marriage. The half-way house Christians are not as consistent as the liberals; they only want to go a little way down the slope. Like the virtuous pagans in Dante's *Inferno*, the halfway-house Christians are content with the first circle of hell. Such Christians will probably remain in the first circle of hell their entire lives. They will make good dinner companions and be fine, upstanding citizens who will not double-park or cheat on their taxes, but they will be of no use in the war against liberalism. In fact they will side with the liberals against the Europeans of the old stock. Instead of repulsing the enemy's assault on the white European wall, they will be at the breach in the wall, helping the enemy widen it to become a main entrance into the fort. And the second generation halfway-house Christians, having witnessed their parents' capitulation to liberalism on the racial issue, will become consistent liberals and accept the proper liberal view of homosexual marriage, feminism, and legalized abortion.

Twice a year I read through Shakespeare's *King Lear* with my children. And every time I read the play I feel transported outside of space and time to a deeper, more spiritual world, His world. If the 'one world, one race' purveyors of racial and sexual Babylon have their way, there will be no connection between heaven and earth. The antique Europeans, the first fully human race of people, built a bridge from their world to His world. When that race of people and their cultural heritage are destroyed, the earth will once again be one formless mass of crawling creatures without any knowledge of the spirit that is in man or of the God who became man. The battle for Europe and the battle for Christianity are one and the same.

The saddest thing for me to witness is the spectacle of halfway-house Christians struggling to keep their faith alive while doing everything possible to sever their blood ties to European Christianity. A case in point: I recently, with my sons, helped a small group of fundamentalists move from one church, where they could no longer afford the rent, to another church with lower rent. I helped with the move mainly because I felt sorry for one of the elderly ladies in the congregation, whom I knew would wither and die without 'her church.' But sad to say the good Christian woman and the rest of the largely elderly church members all believed without question that the extinction of "European Christianity" is mandated by the same Holy Scriptures that their European ancestors used to read and revere.

Of course everything is worse in the mainstream "Christian churches." Those beautiful structures built with such love by Europeans many years ago are now citadels of abomination. Hatred for the European Christian heritage is preached with

satanic fervor. And the halfway-house Christians, who go to basement churches rather than accept homosexual ministers and legalized abortion, join in the chorus every time the mad-dogs demand the extermination of everything European. In fact, the halfway-house Christians, including my kindly elderly lady friend, will help the mad-dog liberals light the bonfire that extinguishes the last relics of European Christianity.

Throughout the European world the notion that the truth about God and existence can only be known through the human mind has become an unchallenged assumption. Such an assumption is in direct contrast to the traditional beliefs of the Christian Europeans. The Europeans believed wisdom came through the blood. Their God entered the bloodstream of humanity and they kept the knowledge of God in their hearts. The Christian church does not consist of those people who give their assent to a philosophical system that contains Christ somewhere in the midst of the system. The Christian church consists of those Christians who have a blood faith, the type of faith that the Hebrew prophets, St. Paul and the older Europeans had.

Today only the colored hordes have a blood faith. And tragically theirs is not a blood faith in Jesus Christ. Against the barbarians' blood faith, the European is helpless because he has no true faith; he has only a philosophical system. If the European would return to the Christianity that entered the bloodstream of the European so many years ago, he would once again conquer the world for Christ. But as things stand now the modern Europeans will continue to worship the barbarians of color. Having forsaken their blood faith they must embrace a faith that combines the mind of the decadent white with the blood of the savage. Such a marriage has brought the world to ruin.

"He who endures to the end will be saved." And Edgar in Shakespeare's *King Lear* echoes our Lord's words: "Men must endure their going hence even as they are coming hither. Ripeness is all." The liberals and barbarians have shown their satanic colors, and the halfway-house Christians have forsaken their blood faith for what they think is a better, purer faith. They ultimately will join with the barbarians and the liberals. We have no strategic plan, no magic talisman which we can use against the triumvirate of satanic liberals, barbarians, and halfway-house Christians. That doesn't matter; we don't need a strategy or a magic talisman. We have not forsaken our blood, and the ancient wisdom of our race tells us that we shall conquer because we shall endure to the end, faithful to our blood and the God of our blood.

There is a wonderful white moment in John Ford's Western *The Searchers*. The main character, played by John Wayne, of course, has been tracking a band of Comanche Indians in order to rescue his niece who was taken captive. When one member of the rescue party says it's hopeless, John Wayne's character replies: "An Indian will chase a thing until he figures he has chased it enough and then he'll give up. Same thing when he's running. Seems like he never learns there is a certain type of critter that just won't give up. We'll find her, sure as the turning of the earth." That moment in Ford's film encapsulates for me the heart and soul of the white man. The white man has His image in his blood, and when he fights for kith and kin against the blood lust of the barbarians, the Europeans' victory is as sure as the turning of the earth. And what is proof to me that the modern, halfway-house Christians in their hearts have gone over to the liberals is their lack of righteous anger against the barbarians and liberals who attack and defile the European heritage and the European people. Where is the passion to punish home, to rip the heart out of the enemy who preys on the innocent and would destroy everything that is white and Christian? The white Christian is not different from the barbarian because he never becomes angry, or passionate, or violent. He differs from the barbarian in what he becomes angry, passionate, and violent about. The antique white man's passion was linked to Christ's passion. Our ancient civilization was created by the blending of the two passions. The remnant band of Europeans, who still have the passion in their blood which comes from an intimate connection with the God-Man, must endure their going hence even as He is coming hither. +

The Lifeblood of the European - MAY 01, 2010

"The Christ story, the Hebraic Fairy Tale, is the story that the Europeans took to their hearts. Burn every single cathedral, church, and art work that celebrates the Christ story and you still won't eradicate the sacred remembrances of Christ that lives in the blood of the European. There will always be some Europeans that will never let go of the European past. Against all logic, against all practicality, a certain breed of men will simply not let go of the vision of the one true God, who lives and reigns in eternal Europe." -- CWN

In the last five years I've done some "reaching out" in order to ascertain whether I could work with pro-white neo-pagans despite our disagreement on the issue of Christianity. I've also tried to ascertain whether I could work with professed Christians despite our disagreement on the subject of race. I discovered that I could not work with either the neo-pagans or the professed Christians. Both groups seemed, for different reasons, to be against the Christianity that was the lifeblood of the European for hundreds of years prior to the 20th century.

First let's look at the neo-pagans. The older neo-pagans such as John Tyndall and Samuel Francis were politer than the younger, more savage breed of neo-pagans, but the old guard neo-pagans were united with the new neo-pagans in their

firm belief that Christ be not risen. To the old guard neo-pagan, European Christianity was a wonderful invention of the white man which had been good for a time, but which became a destructive force when it went back to its non-European origins. It was not, the old guard neo-pagans maintained, Christianity that made Europe great; it was the Europeans who had made Christianity great.

The younger neo-pagans are less articulate. Their common refrain was and is, “Jew, Jew, Jew, Jew,” which is a curious phenomenon. The young neo-pagans profess to despise the Jews, yet they are like unto the Jews. The Jews, like the neo-pagans, have a passionate hatred for Christianity. Both think Christianity has been bad for their people. And of course both groups are wrong; Christ is the only hope for their people.

Even if the modern professed Christians were correct in their assertion that Christianity and white genocide are synonymous, it would be rather penny-wise, pound-foolish to abandon the hope for personal salvation for a generic hope in the survival of the white race here on earth. To what end does mere survival lead? It leads to a universal bone yard where there is no white or black, Jew or Christian, male or female, only bones. In the Kingdom of Heaven, which the neo-pagans reject, there are distinctions between black and white, male and female, sinner and saint. Neo-paganism is a blasphemy wedded to an absurdity.

In his eschatology the modern professed Christian is linked to the neo-pagan and the Jew. All three look for the future to bring about a new millennium. The neo-pagan looks to the future in which the white Übermensch, who has gone beyond good and evil, controls the world; the Jew looks for the King who will restore the house of Israel; and the modern professed Christian looks to a future age when Christians, who have freed Christ from His European prison, will worship the true Christ.

There are subtle differences between the three groups. The neo-pagans’ savior is non-personal; they simply believe in the generic race. The Jews’ savior is yet to come. Only the modern professed Christians have a savior who has already entered historical time. But has he? The Christian faith that is professed in the modern churches is not the European Christianity which, contra the neo-pagans, was the Christianity of the Bible; it is a new, syncretistic Christianity in which Christ is one God among some equal and some greater gods. And the new Christ is not a God who entered historical time; He is a cosmic God who stands outside of time as the symbol of the divine logos or the “best that is in man.” The break with the historical Christ, with Jesus of Nazareth, took place when the lunatic fringe, the great haters such as Rousseau, Voltaire, and a rogue’s gallery of Rosicrucians, alchemists, and rationalists, convinced the Christian Europeans that faith in Jesus was crude and simplistic while faith in the cosmic Messiah was important and grandiose.

Once the mindset that the traditional European Christianity is backward and retrograde takes hold, the modern Christian, even if he professes to believe in the major tenets of Christianity, will always act in accord with the liberal Christ haters. Which is why we see the strange phenomenon of “conservative” churches screaming just as loudly for race-mixing and democracy as the liberals. To oppose either would be reactionary, and therefore un-Christian, because Christianity is about the future, the new millennium. Witness the lunatic Christian evangelicals who want Israel to start a holy war in the Mideast in order to hasten the return of the liberal Christ who will punish all racists and non-supporters of Israel.

We must make a distinction between the older European Christianity and the new Christianity. The old faith was a faith for men and women who had that within which passeth show. The cruel barbarian gods of sacrifice, the distant gods of Mt. Olympus, and the abstract god of the philosophers were not enough for the race of people who needed to know that there was someone beyond and above the pagan’s isle of the dead who cared about them on this earth and in the world beyond.

The modern churches are built on stony rocks and thorns. The seeds of faith cannot take root and grow in those churches. The older European faith was rooted in the good soil, which was love of kith and kin; from such a soil, faith in the divinely human heart of Christ was born.

There has never been, nor will there ever be, a deep Faith in the living God without the fire that can only be kindled by the bonds human beings form with their kith and kin. The conservative Christian sects that admirably profess to hold to the inerrancy of Holy Scripture are not being true to their stated faith when they seek to make the human race generic. God divided humanity into particulars in order that we might come to know the particular, personal God who came from a race of people, not from a multi-racial, ecumenical cabal or from the mind of a philosopher.

The ‘Scripture alone’ Protestants were right to rebel against the ‘Reason alone’ scholastics, but have you eliminated human reason as your guide to faith and replaced it with the Holy Scriptures if human reason is your guide to the Holy Scriptures? How can a man test the veracity of the Christ story as found in the Bible or as presented to him by the teachings of the Catholic Magisterium? There is only one sifting ground for truth – the human heart. We believe or disbelieve in a visionary revelation depending on just how deeply the vision stirs our hearts.

'Tis still a dream, or else such stuff as madmen
Tongue and brain not; either both or nothing;
Or senseless speaking, or a speaking such
As sense cannot untie. Be what it is,
The action of my life is like it, which
I'll keep, if but for sympathy.

Let me refer back to a community Bible class I attended as part of my outreach to find other believing Christians. In reading through the Bible with the class, I was immensely impressed by the thematic synergy between the Bible and the works of the European poets. But every time I pointed out the magnificent synergy, the Bible-believing Christians looked at me as if I were from the planet Mars. These same Bible-believing Christians were also doctrinally opposed to segregation and enthusiastic supporters of one race, one world Christianity.

There is a disconnect between the Christian European of one hundred years ago and the modern professed Christian. The antique European saw no contradiction between a God who calls all men to salvation and a God who makes and wills distinctions between particular races and particular individuals. But the modern professed Christian, who has abandoned the bardic faith of his ancestors, is not capable of understanding God, because he has lost, through willful pride of intellect, the blood wisdom of the bardic European. The modern Christian's understanding is limited to reason alone, which is always an imperfect guide to existence. If the neo-pagan were a genuine Roman pagan, he would be closer to Christ than a modern Christian because the ancient pagan had respect for the eternal verities; he was not impious.

The Holy Scriptures and an organized church cannot sustain a vital faith in Christ if they are seen as something separate and above the traditional, communal life of a people. Our culture is in our blood. The faith must be planted in the blood if it is to take root and grow.

And therein lies the reason a Christian European of the old school finds he can't work with the modern professed Christians or with the neo-pagans. To support either will lead to the extinction of the white race and the traditional Christian faith of the white race. Our blood faith is The Faith; if we forsake our blood we have nothing and we will return to nothingness. +

The Will to Survive - APRIL 24, 2010

"Moor'd in the rifted rock,
Proof to the tempest's shock"

-- Scott

It should come as no surprise that the neo-con triumvirate of Glenn Beck, Bill Kristol, and Charles Krauthammer condemned the Dutch immigration restrictionist Geert Wilders for not wanting his country to be overrun by Moslems. "For where your treasure is, there will your heart be also." Glenn Beck and company serve the interests of super-capitalist Rupert Murdoch, who wants to make the entire Moslem world part of a global economy run by Rupert Murdoch. The Glenn Beck types have a vested interest then in making sure that when they say the American people, they mean a generic people with no common religion, no common race, and no common cultural heritage. Beck's battle with the Democrats is only a mild internecine quarrel; he knows, and the Democrats know too, that the real enemy is white people who think that what needs to be conserved and fought for is white people and their culture, a culture that did not suddenly spring into existence in 18th century America but had its roots in a manger in Bethlehem and that was revered and honored in the sacred land called Europe.

The late John Tyndall and Samuel Francis used to excoriate anyone who said that white people needed to stop hoping for electoral victories and start banding together to live and survive as minorities in a hostile culture. With all due respect to the bravery of those two loyal Europeans, let me say that it was time then and it is time now to jettison democracy. It is foolish to condemn the messenger who brings the news that there is no democratic solution to the problem of white genocide. Such an angry condemnation is based on the false assumptions that 1) there is still hope for the white man within the framework of democratic liberalism and 2) that facing reality and giving up on democracy is the same as giving up on the survival of the white man. Far from it, I want to see white men abandon liberal democracy so that the white race will survive.

When the European man embraced democracy he unknowingly embraced the devil. The democratic man has no soul to call his own. His soul belongs to an abstract idea of "the people" or "the electorate." His whole life is spent either in trying to be a good member of the collective or trying to convince a majority of the electorate to side with him against the

minority. The action of the European's life, under the democratic system, is like living a pig's life in the swine yard. The pig that can absorb the most swill will become king of the pigsty until he is ultimately turned into sausage.

All the European's best instincts were killed when he tried to cater to some abstract idea of the people's will. Far better to listen to the call of the blood. There the wisdom of the race resides. The democratic white man has to petition and beg the white-hating whites and the barbarians for the right to preserve white culture and white people. The non-democratic European, the man of blood, tells the liberals and the barbarians that he will survive against the savagery of the barbarian and the satanic hatred of the liberal. When the European breaks the mind-forged manacles of democracy he will be free to fight the same battles that his ancestors such as Alfred the Great and Charles Martel fought and won.

In contemporary Satania the white man has no rights except the right to have all his rights denied. This is how the system works: let's say the government decides to put a low cost housing development into a predominately white neighborhood. The white people, while asserting that "we are not racist," protest the building of the housing development because it will be a breeding ground for crime. The whites get the necessary signatures on a petition to hold off the building of the housing development, and they regularly picket the building site. But all the democratic efforts of the white people fail, and the housing development goes up. And then the predictable happens. Young white girls are raped and murdered and young white males are tortured and murdered by "black youths." And the government issues a warning: "We will not tolerate any violence against the violence from the white residents." And then the liberals say the white victims need to understand why blacks murder and rape white people.

Now let's look at the housing development problem after the white man has taken off the democratic manacles: After the petitioning and the picketing to stop construction fails the residents of the town in question awake one morning and see that the housing development has burned to the ground. There is a lot of blather about the rule of law and violent bigoted white people, but there are no rapes and murders in that town because there are no rapists and murderers living in a housing development in that town.

Of course the point is that within the democratic system, which was constructed by liberals, there is no hope for the white man; life is a racial endgame. But when the white man looks at life from outside of the democratic prism, he sees life abundant. There is a world of honorable men and virtuous women who will not accept the annihilation of the white Christian European.

When the white man looks beyond liberal democracy he will learn to hate evil and love the good again. His hate and love will be integral parts of his soul, and he will strike out against all those who threaten the people and values he loves. A non-democratic European is the liberals' and the barbarians' greatest nightmare because they cannot understand, having never felt connected to God or another human being at the deepest level, what motivates a man to fight against impossible odds, against all reason, out of love for the Savior and His people. They never will understand, but if the white man turns away from the democratic faith of the bastard liberals and embraces the blood faith of the Europeans, they (the liberals and the barbarians) will know what it means to face an implacable enemy that cannot be defeated.

The modern European left his European home and now he lives in the democratic swine yard, eating the husks of corn that the swinish liberals and barbarians have tossed aside. Like the prodigal son, the European can leave the swine yard and return to his home. However, unlike the prodigal he will not find a father to welcome him home. He will discover that his European home is a house of desolation. The task of cleansing it will be bloody and arduous.

The conservative-liberals such as Glenn Beck do us a great favor when they condemn such mild immigration restrictionists as Geert Wilders. By doing so the conservative-liberals tell us that it is time to throw off the democratic yoke and act like white men instead of somnambulists. We have been living a nightmare. Now as we wake from that nightmare and see the light of day we can see that the world belongs to the European, not by the pagan right of conquest, but by His law of charity. The liberal and barbarian reign of technology and savagery will last until Christian Europeans wrest it from them. By the fiery cross, not the ballot, the Europeans will restore Europe.

I know from a statistical, analytical standpoint, any talk of a European restoration seems impossible. But that is precisely the point. There was a time when Europeans did not look at the world as a closed system with only a few predictable outcomes to existence. They viewed the world as an enchanted fairy land given to them by a loving God, in which they could live and thrive according to His divine will. Then they did not worry about the size of their families – "God will provide" – nor the size of the enemy arrayed against them – "If God be for us who can stand against us?"; nor did they worry about following democratic procedures – "Who is on the Lord's side?" The European is not bereft of everything because the liberals and the barbarians have taken everything from him. He is bereft because he has exchanged his European heritage for a corner in the pigsty of Liberalism. He need only stand erect and leave the pigsty in order to become a European again. The old Europe was not a dream; it was and is a reality. It is the present nightmare of liberalism

and barbarism that is the unreality – and it will pass when the white man listens to his blood and becomes a European again. +

Beyond Tears - APRIL 17, 2010

The city was full of negroes at this time. These seemed to represent mainly the two extremes of prosperity and poverty. The gentlemen could not walk on the street without being applied to by some old man or woman who was in want, and who, as long as the visitors had anything to give, needed only to ask to be assisted.

“We are like lost souls on the banks of the Styx,” said Dr. Cary. “I feel as much a stranger as if I were on another planet. And to think that our grandfathers helped to make this nation!”

“To think that we ever surrendered!” exclaimed General Legaie, with a flash in his eye.
– *Red Rock* by Thomas Nelson Page

I recently saw my mad-dog liberal sister after a hiatus of about 12 years. I was surprised how much she had aged. I don’t think I would have recognized her if I passed her on the street.

I’m not making the case that liberalism ages someone more than conservatism; I’m sure I looked just as aged to my sister as she did to me. We see ourselves everyday, so we aren’t as shocked at our own transformation as we are at that of others we haven’t seen for many years, although sometimes via an old photograph we do see a glimpse of the stranger we once were.

It’s not a pleasant shock to see living proof that you are not “ague proof.” But it is much more unpleasant (in fact, unpleasant is putting it mildly) to see a deep spiritual chasm between the European culture that once was and the European culture that is now. I see the contrast every day, because everyday I leave my European home, where Walter Scott’s Europe is honored and revered, to go to and fro in the modern world to obtain the necessities of life that keep a man living and breathing. The contrast is enough to make a man weep, but I seldom weep because there is a sorrow too deep for tears. Such a sorrow belongs to the antique European who lives in modern Europe.

Incredible as it seems to me, the soul-dead liberals really believe we have progressed. Just the other day for instance I heard some liberal commentator prattling on about the greatness of the ground-breaking 1960’s and the wonderful changes wrought during that decade. Oh really?

Obviously the great haters, the liberals, were preparing the changes wrought in the 1960’s for many years prior to that time. It was just a case of the scum-laden pot finally boiling over in the 1960’s.

When the liberals rhapsodize about the 1960’s they usually list the civil rights movement and the sexual revolution as the great accomplishments of the sixties’ radicals. Christians of a more conservative bent usually applaud the civil rights movement and deplore the sexual revolution. Neo-pagans usually deplore the civil rights movement while enjoying and celebrating the sexual revolution. Seldom do we see a Christian condemning the civil rights movement or a neo-pagan condemning the sexual revolution, but the two movements were part of one, united, satanic attack on the mystical body of Christ. Christian Europeans should oppose both.

The mixed-race movement (which is what the civil rights movement was) and the sexual revolution were both grounded in the utopian thinking of European intellectuals, exemplified by Rousseau’s *The Social Contract* and Voltaire’s *Candide* respectively.

The mixed-race movement was the precursor of the sexual revolution. When a European embraces race-mixing, he must not only reject the authenticity of the Bible, he must also reject the traditional wisdom of the European people. He must believe that the strictures against interracial marriage and the desire to live with one’s own kind were the prejudices of a sick and demented people. Henceforth the new European will emerge, free of prejudice and free from any ties to kith or kin. His is a universal tie to all mankind.

The tie that binds the new European to all mankind is an intellectual abstraction. He loves a theory of unity, but he has no flesh and blood connection to a particular race of people. But the utopian’s intellectual denial of his blood cannot change reality; a man needs something to stir his blood. If he refuses to be inspired by the traditional sentiments that fired the blood of the antique European -- attachments to kith and kin – he will need something else to stir his blood. That something else is sex. It is sex unconnected to love. Blood will out; if the European renounces the ties of blood that ennoble and elevate a man, he will end up a slave to the urges of the blood that debase and debauch a man. Interracial

coupling is a necessity to a man who has no blood connection to a particular people or a particular God. And who becomes the utopian's God? The people who can stir his blood.

Racial Babylon and Sexual Babylon are fraternal twins. The one precedes the other but only by an infinitesimal fraction of a hair. They both come from the same parent. Satan loves and wills racial and sexual diversity because it kills the image of God in man.

The hue and cry of the liberals and the halfway house Christian is "God loves everyone; we are all children of God." Yes, God loves everyone, but everyone does not love God. We can only get to God through the God-Man. And if our human ties that bind are severed or debauched, we cannot know God. Let's put the two contrasting visions, Babylonian universalism and Christian provincialism side by side by comparing Harper Lee's novel *To Kill a Mockingbird* and Thomas Nelson Page's novel *Red Rock*.

In Lee's novel, the Southern Christian Europeans are depicted as bigoted individuals who have irrational prejudices against blacks. The bad whites believe that any break in the color line will lead to miscegenation, black rape of white women, and the plunder of white civilization. The kind liberal, Atticus Finch, knows such beliefs are hogwash. Tom Robinson is a pure, upright negro (there are no evil negroes in the liberal's fantasy religion), who has been falsely accused of rape by a pathetic, mentally unstable white girl. Evil then does not abide in the black man; it abides in the evil hearts and minds of bigoted white people. Lee's book is treated as Holy Writ in American schools despite the fact that the 'bigoted' Southern whites were right – when you break the color line, miscegenation, black rape of white women, and the plunder of white civilization will ensue.

Thomas Nelson Page's classic novel *Red Rock* is not a popular book in American schools, despite the fact that Page's view of the black man is the realistic one. But of course reality and public school curriculums have never been compatible.

In *Red Rock* Page tells us that the European civilization of the Southern whites was Christian, and that the Southern war for independence was a war to stave off the totalitarian dark night of the Northern egalitarians. The men and women of the South who fought the carpetbaggers and their negro allies are depicted as heroes who prevailed against the evils of black barbarism and capitalism. Page tells us the truth about Christian Europeans and shows us that virtue and truth are to be found in men and women connected to the living God, through the blood lines of their kith and kin.

Little pious tracts by hypocritical liars such as Harper Lee, in which the white Christian horror of race-mixing is depicted as a sick prejudice, paved the way for the great barbarian blood and sex orgy of today. Rape and murder by colored barbarians is so familiar now in every European country that we no longer even raise our eyebrows in response. The only action that ever elicits a response from the white liberals is when a white man actually condemns black savagery. That shocks the liberals, and they punish home.

Having divorced his mind from his body and from his heart, the liberal must experience life vicariously through the barbarian of color. What was an abomination to the white European of the 19th century, miscegenation, is a consummation devoutly to be wished in the mind of the white liberal of the 21st century. How else will he know he is alive? He needs to feel something in the blood, and having severed his blood ties to the European people he must look to the colored races to give him the blood transfusion that he so desperately needs.

The old hymn tells us there is "power in the Blood of the Lamb." Having rejected the Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world, the liberal will end his days in suicidal despair and bitterness, wondering why his black god failed him. The halfway house Christians will go over the cliffs of despair with the liberals rather than be subjected to cries of "racist" from the liberals as they fall from the cliffs. It's a tragedy of Shakespearean proportions.

There is no hope of averting the tragedy because we are living in the midst of it. We have only the vision, bequeathed to us by our European ancestors, of a Hero-God whose love passeth the understanding of the intellect but penetrates deeply into the hearts of the Europeans who still have hearts to "receive Him still." At the heart of Shakespearean drama is the single declarative statement of St. Paul – "Charity never faileth." If we refuse to become diverse or enlightened we will stay connected to the God whose divine charity never has failed us and never will fail us. +

European Soil - APRIL 10, 2010

"And some fell among thorns, and the thorns grew up, and choked it, and it yielded no fruit."

Language, as Richard Weaver tells us, is sermonic. And what was the sermon the liberals were preaching when they reported the murder of a white South African nationalist as the murder of a “white supremacist”? We know what they are telling us, because we have heard nothing else for the past 50 years. They are telling us that he deserved to die because he loved his own race and wanted them to survive as a race. That is what is meant by ‘white supremacist,’ and the penalty for that crime is death. If the white South African nationalist had been a black supremacist, he would have been called a ‘freedom fighter’ or maybe even a saint, which is what John Paul II called Nelson Mandela. But he most certainly would not have been called a black supremacist, because supremacists are evil, and no black can be evil. When they murder, they are black nationalists, freedom fighters, or else ‘deprived youths lashing out at whiteness after years of torture and abuse at the hands of whiteness.’

There is something else in the liberals’ sermon that we should note. There is a warning. They want us to believe that the white nationalist South African was murdered because he was a ‘white supremacist.’ They do not want us to think that he had a very good chance of being murdered even if he had not written or spoken one word in defense of the white race. The liberals want white people to believe that so long as they are without sin, so long as they vote for Obama, condemn South Africa and Southern American white supremacists, and cheer every time there is a mixed race marriage, they will be able to sleep safe and sound in their beds. But they are warned; if they tread the path of white supremacy, which means white solidarity against race-mixing and bestial savagery, they will be exterminated. And of course it is another great liberal lie. A white man increases his chances to die in the one-sided race war if he speaks out against black savagery, but not by much. The white man stands condemned because he is white; no amount of sickening, sycophantic pandering and groveling will make him less likely to die for the sin of being white.

The colored races have not changed. They have always hated the white race. What has changed is the white race. A large minority of whites, possibly even a majority now, hate the white race. And the rest of the whites have become cattle, to be herded to the stockyards to be exterminated or ‘diversified.’ In South Africa, the exterminating-diversifying process can be accelerated because the colored population constitutes such a large majority, but the process of white racial suicide is proceeding at a rapid pace throughout the European world.

It would not be accurate to blame Christianity for white racial suicide unless you accept the apologia of anti-white Christians, such as John Paul II, that Christians prior to the middle of the 20th century were all wrong about Christianity, because prior to the mid-20th century, white people who fought -- and fought successfully -- to defend the white race were Christian. South Africa is a case in point. Can the modern day neo-pagans boast of any heroes that can equal Andries Pretorius, the white Christian leader of the punitive expedition against the Zulus at Blood River? No, they can’t. So it seems that the reality is that the white man is not in decline because he is Christian, but is in decline because he is insufficiently Christian.

Christianity then is not responsible for the demise of the white man. But Christianity does give the liberals the white heat for their furnaces of hate. No barbarian can hate like a liberal because the post-Christian liberal hates as Satan hates; he knows the good, but he rejects Him, just as the liberals do. Their hatred is unrelenting, while the colored savage’s hate abates when he is between bloodlettings.

I got a very depressing form letter a few weeks ago from one of the leading neo-pagan gurus. He wanted money to get “the message out on the Internet.” But what is the message, Mr. Neo-Pagan? The white man has only one message for the world, and it’s a very old message that the white liberals and the white neo-pagans have rejected. Satan has been much wiser than the European Christians. He knew that if you sow the seeds of faith among thorns, the thorns will grow and choke the seeds of faith. The good ground was Christian Europe. Satan turned Europe into a field of thorns by convincing the churchmen that the Christian God is the great illuminator and not the great liberator. Christ came, Satan told the churchmen, not to free mankind from sin and death, but to enlighten men’s minds. They could only be Christian by abandoning the Hero-God, the humane God, for the enlightened God. Then hatred for the old-fashioned human ties that bind, ties to our families and our race, becomes a moral imperative. Satan used the Christian churches to plant the thorns that destroyed Christianity.

In Charles Dickens’ book *David Copperfield*, the title character takes a trip in an English coach. During the trip all the passengers, save David, fall asleep in the coach. When the coach arrives at its destination, all the passengers wake up and vehemently deny that they were asleep during the ride in the coach. Young David concludes that there must be nothing as despicable as falling asleep in a coach, because the passengers took such great pains to deny that they had fallen asleep.

David was on to something. Human beings do not want to confess to something that makes them appear weak or foolish in the eyes of the world. And to confess that you believe in the simple fairy stories of the Old Testament and the fairy story of the New Testament is a confession of weakness and foolishness. But to whom are we afraid to appear weak and foolish? The liberals, of course, the ‘smart people’ who have covered Europe with thorns at Satan’s behest. Europeans have jettisoned the core element of the Christian -- faith in a Hero-God, who saves individual human beings with blood ties to

kith and kin -- in exchange for a streamlined Christianity in which there are no ties of blood, only a cosmic, vague connection to all mankind.

We have seen the result of trying to oppose the evils of liberalism with a cosmic Christianity without depth. Like the seeds that fell on stony ground which had no depth of earth, cosmic Christianity was scorched and withered away because it had no roots. Christianity's roots are in humanity, in the blood. Sever those roots and Christianity becomes liberalism. All halfway house Christians who want Christianity without the depth of feeling that can only be engendered by love for our kind -- our family members and our people -- will eventually become part of liberalism's kingdom of thorns.

The neo-pagans talk about Viking sperm banks and getting the neo-pagan message out to white people. That is not what the European cares about. He has one message: "I will serve Christian Europe, or else I will not serve." The thorns must be painstakingly removed from our sacred nation. Then we must plant the seeds of a blood faith deep into the European soil again. It is the European past that we can build upon, not some death-in-life neo-pagan future, or liberalism's field of thorns. It is never a sign of weakness or foolishness to rise and ride with the God who saved us from sin and death. His Kingdom is forever; Satan's kingdom is for one brief hour. +

The Empty Tomb and the Risen Lord - APRIL 03, 2010

Smile praises, O sky!
Soft breathe them, O air,
Below and on high,
And everywhere!

Awake thee, O spring!
Ye flowers, come forth,
With thousand hues tinting
The soft green earth!

Ye violets tender
And sweet roses bright,
Gay Lent-lilies blended
With pure lilies white!

Sweep tides of rich music
The new world along,
And pour in full measure,
Sweet lyres, your song!

The black troop of storms
Has yielded to calm;
Tufted blossoms are peeping,
And early palm.

Sing, sing, for He liveth:
He lives, as He said: --
The Lord has arisen,
Unharm'd, from the dead!

"Christ has risen," is the bold declaration we make at Easter, and the reply is equally bold: "Indeed He has." Everything else that ever happened in human history pales in significance to Christ's resurrection from the dead. Then why spend so much time on secondary things such as the plight of the white European? We spend time on "secondary" things because such things are the building blocks of faith in Christ's resurrection from the dead.

The halfway house Christians who believe in Christ's resurrection from the dead but accept the liberals' vision of a mixed race world should have a problem with their racist view of the world. (And it is racist to insist that white racial solidarity is evil.) They should have a problem because the belief in Christ's resurrection from the dead has faded as white people's faith in the distinctiveness of the white race has faded. Is that just a coincidence? No, it is not. If a man takes the Bible seriously, he can see that God took great care to insure that the secondary things, the building blocks of faith such as a man's connection to his race, were kept in place. He destroyed the Tower of Babel in the pre-Christian era, and in the Christian era, in the person of Christ, He told the apostles to "Go ye therefore, and teach all nations." He did not abrogate nationhood in the new dispensation. He still wanted people to retain their racial distinctiveness.

There is nothing in the Old or New Testament that justifies race-mixing. Quite the contrary, our Lord seems to have opposed it, because when men have a distorted view of their racial identities they also have a blurry, distorted view of God. He becomes all things to all people, part Buddha, part Socrates, part Dalai Lama, but not the God of Abraham, Isaac, Jacob and St. Paul. John Paul II's obsession with racial diversity and his obsession with the Assisi ecumenical conferences where Christianity was blended with Buddhism, Hinduism, and animism, was a hideous example of how the type of spirituality that welcomes racial diversity also opens the door to the non-Christian, pantheistic nature religions.

There is another compelling reason, from a Christian perspective, why the European should maintain his white racial identity. Let me frame that reason in a series of questions. Who composed The Messiah? Who wrote King Lear? Who painted the Sistine Chapel? Who was the founder of the Lutheran church? The Methodist church? The Mormon church? Who penned the documents that the Catholic church relies so heavily on? The answer to all the questions is – of course – a European and the Europeans. Do we really, if we care about the Christian faith, want the white race to blend with the colored races and become extinct? The liberals have answered that question in the affirmative, and the halfway house Christians, either from cowardice or deficiencies in the heart and the brain, have gone along with the liberals.

This idea of diversity which the liberals and the halfway house Christians accept as Gospel is poison to Christianity. The idea comes from the evil genius of the great hater of the human race. If God will not allow him to destroy mankind directly, he must then destroy mankind by taking from them that which makes them distinctly and uniquely human, their blood ties to their kith and kin. If Satan can diversify those blood ties he can sever mankind's tie to the God whose divinity is contained within His humanity. Without a human dwelling, a distinct hearth fire, our Lord will have no place to rest His head. He cannot reside in a diversified hearth because such a hearth has no humanity, no warmth.

The greatest danger for a European Christian who has somehow managed, despite the constant liberal onslaught against his race and his faith, to stay Christian and European, is despair. He gets tired of being a pariah, so he gives up trying to maintain his white, Christian identity. The joys of Babylon, the perfumes of Arabia, are waiting for him if he will only affirm that there is no connection between the white race and Christianity. But the faithful European will not ultimately succumb to despair. He will not succumb because he is the Christ Bearer. He carries the cross and the vision. Both are great burdens, but both are also sacred burdens. The cross and the vision give the European the knowledge that "my Redeemer liveth, and that He shall stand at the latter day upon the earth, And though worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God. For now is Christ risen from the dead, the first-fruits of them that sleep."

Lo, the gates of death are broken,
And the strong man armed is spoiled,
Of his armour, which he trusted,
By the stronger Arm despoiled.
Vanquished is the Prince of Hell;
Smitten by the cross, he fell.

That the sinner might not perish,
For him the Creator dies;
By whose death, our dark lot changing,
Life again for us doth rise. +

Bound by Faith and Honor - MARCH 26, 2010

"Post-Christian Europe is hell, and we can't vote hell away. Satan is not a live-and-let-live type of guy. He hates with an everlasting passion." – CWNy

The passage of the health care bill is one more milestone for the followers of Satan. A few Republicans and the usual lineup of 'conservative' talk show hosts have vowed to 'fight' the bill. Of course they don't really mean they are going to fight in the 'war means fighting and fighting means killing' sense. They mean they are going to hold more 'tea parties' and challenge the constitutionality of some of the provisions of the health care bill in court. All this, we are told, is going to be done because 'we the people' have been denied our rights. 'The people' were against the health care bill, and the democrats rammed it down our throats anyway.

There are two major fallacies in the conservatives' fight plan.

1) Democracy is the least democratic form of government. In a democracy a tiny oligarchy who have mastered the art of slight-of-hand politics, pandering, and the manipulation of the masses always rules.⁽¹⁾ The democrats knew that the electorate opposed the health care bill, but having slithered their way into power they were not about to consult the base

populi before they voted. Certainly a few democrats feared that voting for the bill might lessen their chance of being re-elected, but they weighed that chance against the pride of building Babylon, and pride won. All liberals are not without beliefs. Many do actually believe in Satania. So it will not avail the conservatives to appeal to the majority of the people against the liberal oligarchy, because the liberal oligarchy does not recognize the humanity of anyone outside of the oligarchy.

2) There is no longer 'a people' to appeal to. A people have a common faith and one race. Prior to the 20th century, you could say 'the English people,' or 'the French people,' etc., and everybody would know that you were talking about white, Christian people who lived in a certain geographical region. And even in the United States, the nation founded on anti-national, anti-religious principles, you could say 'the American people' and assume that the phrase meant white, Christian people. Now, what does the phrase 'the English people,' or 'the French people,' or 'the American people,' mean? It means nothing, or worse than nothing, it means the great universal kingdom of Babylon. But it is worse than Babylon, because in the new Babylon all people are welcome, except white people. It is the earnest desire of all Babylonians to eradicate white people.

No appeal to the American people can reverse a law made by liberals, because the liberals have painstakingly eradicated the very idea of a 'people' from the European's heart and soul. He doesn't dare think of his fellow Europeans as his people. Nor do any of the conservative opponents of liberals urge white people to think and act as a united race. Far from it -- they carefully avoid any reference to white people or the Christian faith. And yet the liberals talk about white people when it suits their purposes. There is no such thing as white people when they talk about cultural identities that need to be preserved. Then there are only Africans, Mexicans, and Indians; they are a true people. But when protest groups like the 'tea party' organizations arise, composed mainly of white people, then there is such a thing as white people. And the protest groups can be demonized and dismissed because white people are evil simply because they are white.

The Christian Faith has suffered the same fate as white people. When Christ can be invoked to condemn racist white people (2), then He is invoked. But when Christians condemn abortion, homosexuality, or any of the liberals' protected perversions, then the liberals' wall between church and state goes up.

It easy to see what Europeans need to do in order to survive as a people. They need to believe in the same Christianity that Walter Scott and all the millions of his kindred Europeans believed. But we cannot simply wrap up the older Christianity and hand it to the modern European, telling him it will make him whole again. The modern European is not inspired by anything connected to Christian Europe. And in the absence of any love for the old Europe, the people of modern Europe will become extinct.

I'm at a loss to understand why the modern European finds the culture of Shakespeare, Lee, Arthur, Alfred, Roland, and Scott so dull and uninspiring, but I must conclude that it is so. The modern European's soul has less light in it than a burned out candle. He is a caricature of a human being who plays with his technological toys and prays to the savage black god to deliver him from the evil of his boring existence.

A white man who still feels his pulse quicken at the mere mention of Jesus, the warrior king, who feels he is there with Alfred in his great struggle against the heathen, must not succumb to any form of liberalism, not democratic capitalism, democratic socialism, communism, or neo-paganism. He must follow the way of the cross, the way of the Hero-God. And he must do this because he is the last of the bred-in-the-bone Christians. If the European stands up to liberalism, if he is a sign of contradiction to liberalism's decadent, degenerate, and unspeakably foul world, he will, at the very least, save his white plume. And possibly he will stir the seemingly dead corpse of a fellow European enough to inspire him to see the Europe beyond modern Europe, the Europe of white plumed cavaliers who serve the King of Kings.

When I use the term culture, I am not using the term to describe going to the opera or an art museum. I use the term culture to describe the life of a people in its entirety, the things that make up the fabric of their daily lives. For this reason the cultural approach to religion, in my judgment, can never be an insignificant 'extra,' for how can the world in which we live and breathe be of no consequence? The human element of life is the cultural element. If their God is not part of their culture, a people have no God. He can't exist only in church parchments read in Sunday school or church on Sundays. The reason the remnant of believing European Christians are so confused and divided in their loyalties is because they serve Satania all week and Christ on Sundays.

What the churchmen regarded as dross -- European culture -- the devil claimed for his own. Now only a remnant band of splinter churches even hold to the Christian faith on Sundays. The vast majority of white church-going Christians worship the black icons of Satania every Sunday.

The age of prophecy is over; nobody can foretell the future with the certainty of a Jeremiah or an Isaiah, but a Christian can prophesize in the Dostoyevskian sense: The European cannot live without Christ, and Christ comes to us through the

human, through the cultural element. Without a spiritual connection to Christian Europe, the European's heart will dry up and die. It won't help to copy an external rite from the past or to start preparing our food in the old European style. What is needed is an internal sea change. We must pledge our hearts to the Old Europe, and live and breathe the same integral faith of the antique Europeans. They didn't mix their blood with the heathens, abort babies, or 'downsize' human beings, and neither shall we once we have restored Christ's white plume to our hearts and to the heart of our culture. +

(1) Shakespeare's play *Coriolanus* is the definitive work on the liberals' methods of manipulating the masses to destroy an older, more honorable regime and replace it with a new, self-serving, liberal regime.

(2) I think we can agree that the editors of *Time* magazine do not care one iota about Christ's reign of charity. So I thought it was more than just a little bit hypocritical of them to claim Glenn Beck hates Jesus Christ because he opposed Obama's health care plan. Mock on, Voltaire, Rousseau, mock on!

Not Quite Alone - MARCH 20, 2010

"What shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue!" – Burke

About fifteen years ago a man named Charles Sykes wrote a book, called *Dumbing Down Our Kids*, which was considered a classic in conservative circles. I read the book a few years after its publication. The book was terrible. Sykes criticized the liberals for teaching values instead of facts. We had to get back to facts and nothing but facts was Sykes' mantra. If you think you hear the echo of Thomas Gradgrind in Sykes' plea for facts, you are right; he does sound like Thomas Gradgrind:

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!

Sykes' response to an educational establishment that taught liberal values was to resurrect a "factoid" method of education that leaves the human soul out of the picture. Sykes' book revealed the moral bankruptcy of contemporary conservatism. A conservative, Godless, value-free Sykes' education or an atheistic, value-laden, liberal education is a Hobson's choice.

A book that was much better than Sykes' 'classic' work was the book, *The Public Orphanage: How Public Schools Are Making Parents Irrelevant* by Eric Buehrer. In his book, Buehrer made the case for values in education. The liberals were not wrong to teach values, Buehrer maintained, they were wrong to teach liberal values. I couldn't agree more. Virtue does not consist of avoiding the bad, it consists of loving and actively pursuing the good. Herman Melville's reading of Shakespeare sheds some light on this issue. The evil bastard son of Gloucester in Shakespeare's *King Lear* has this to say about bastards:

Thou, nature, art my goddess; to thy law
My services are bound. Wherefore should I
Stand in the plague of custom, and permit
The curiosity of nations to deprive me,
For that I am some twelve or fourteen moon-shines
Lag of a brother? Why bastard? wherefore base?
When my dimensions are as well compact,
My mind as generous, and my shape as true,
As honest madam's issue? Why brand they us
With base? with baseness? bastardy? base, base?
Who, in the lusty stealth of nature, take
More composition and fierce quality
Than doth, within a dull, stale, tired bed,
Go to the creating a whole tribe of fops,
Got 'tween asleep and wake? Well, then,
Legitimate Edgar, I must have your land:
Our father's love is to the bastard Edmund
As to the legitimate: fine word,--legitimate!
Well, my legitimate, if this letter speed,
And my invention thrive, Edmund the base
Shall top the legitimate. I grow; I prosper:
Now, gods, stand up for bastards!

In the margin beside that passage in his copy of Shakespeare, Herman Melville wrote, "There is often an energy to demonism that mere virtue often lacks." Melville is correct. The spiritual void in the conservatives' pragmatic, value-free education cannot compete with the liberals' utopian, value-laden education. The liberals get the cream of the white crop of the current generation because they have a faith. Nor do those who reject utopian liberalism embrace pragmatic conservatism; they embrace despair. It was not always thus. In the early to mid-20th century, there were still men of European ancestry, such as Russell Kirk, Andrew Lytle, and Whittaker Chambers, who saw and espoused a conservatism grounded in the traditional Christianity of the European people. And so long as virtue and faith were connected, there was still a Promethean fire in the virtuous European to counter the demonism of the liberals. However, when the conservatives became positivists the fire died and the liberals held the field unopposed by any force capable of halting their advance toward what they see as Utopia, but which is in reality Hell on Earth.

The internecine wars of Christian Europeans – Catholic vs. Protestant, Cavalier vs. Roundhead, Royalist vs. Covenanter, and so on – were terrible. But those conflicts, waged by the worst on each side, were always settled by the grace of God working in the best on both sides. The greater tragedy is the tragedy of modern Europe. There is no Christian army in the field; there is only the army of liberals. The pragmatic, utilitarian conservatives do not even constitute an opposition, because they are not interested in fighting liberalism. They only want to make it more conformable to their pragmatism.

The greatest of all tragedies has befallen the European people. They have descended to the level of swine; they are content to merely feed and wallow in garbage. The superficiality of our modern swinish culture indicates that the European has arrived at the last stop on the road to oblivion. One is reminded of the Greek soldiers in Homer's *Odyssey*. The evil sorceress, Kirke, gives the men what they seek, swinish oblivion. But the pagan hero, Odysseus, rescues them with a magic herb and his sword. It will take a Christian hero, with faith instead of a magic herb, to wield the sword that frees his people from swinish oblivion.

God is to be found in the depths, so if God is to be avoided it is necessary to create a superficial world where there is no depth. We need look no further than academia to see such a world. In academia, the abstraction rules; something is considered sacred to the extent it contradicts the essential truths of the European heritage. Old Europe was patriarchal; academia is matriarchal. Old Europe was Christian; academia is anti-Christian. Old Europe kept the black savage at bay; academia worships the black savage. And our entire society has become part of academia. What started out as little pockets of superficiality confined within the halls of academia has spread to every nook and cranny of the European nations. Now, wherever there are Europeans gathered together we no longer see human beings we see swine. This is a heartbreaking sight if you once knew, through a sympathetic connection to the Europeans of the past, the Europeans when they were human.

The colored barbarians, who never quite reached the fully human level of existence, have always had more in common with the large, predatory animals than with the antique European. They are delighted with the new swinish Europeans because swine are easy to slaughter.

We few, the remnant Europeans, are not pagans like Odysseus. We do not believe in magic talismans. Our God has told us, and shown us, that divine charity is above and superior to magic talismans. But we can, like Odysseus, attack the evil sorceress who has consigned our kith and kin to swinish oblivion. The scientific, egoistic spirit of the modern age, which is spewed out like garbage in our schools, our churches, and every major educational outlet of the modern world by conservatives and liberals alike, must be resisted and defeated so that the swine can see His world.

"But can swine see and believe?"

"They were not always swine. If one swinish European reclaims his humanity, will not more follow in his train? That is a consummation devoutly to be wished."

Solzhenitsyn stated in his great work, *The Gulag Archipelago*, that he felt like the Gulag was a nation unto itself. The prisoners were physically isolated from Russian society but they were a truer, better society than the Russia outside the Gulag, because in the Gulag there was a true communion of souls.

In post-Christian, swinish Europe, the Christian European does not even have the comfort of knowing there are others in the Gulag that think and feel like him. His isolation is greater. He needs communion with other hearts like his, but he cannot find any in the herds of European swine. The only strengthening comfort left for the Christian European, and it is no small comfort, is communion with the dead. And of course, I'm not referring to some kind of spiritualist séance; I'm talking about that silken tie of sympathy that links one human soul to another. The communion of saints is more than just a phrase; the dead are alive, and they speak to us from His world because He sustains all true communion with His love. We only see through a glass darkly, but we must hold to that dark vision or the white European world will become a permanent feeding trough for swine who were once human beings. +

Unsex Me Here - MARCH 13, 2010

"Half of American women are in the work force today, while male unemployment is setting new records." – Phyllis Schlafly

There are a few white males who are willing (albeit only democratically) to oppose the government-mandated worship of black people, but there are no white males who are willing to criticize the greatest evil of our time, feminism. Only one white woman, Phyllis Schlafly, has been willing to oppose the feminists. In a recent column, for instance, "Obama Panders to Feminists," she points out that feminist programs will be exempted from Obama's new spending freeze:

A White House document titled 'Opportunity and Progress for Women and Girls' describes 15 federal programs that will receive increased funding to appease the feminists. Chief among them is the Violence Against Women project, which is targeted for a 22 percent increase, an extra \$117 million more than current funding, which is already close to \$1 billion a year.

That earmark is a Joe Biden project known as feminist pork because the money goes right into the hands of radical feminist centers where they teach their anti-male, anti-marriage ideology, counsel women to get divorces and urge criminal prosecution against a man no matter how slight or unverified the alleged offense...

To please the feminists, other spending that will be exempted from Obama's freeze includes an additional \$400 million for the discretionary nutrition program for low-income women and an increase of \$10 million for family planning. And we know what 'family planning' means: it means the murder of the innocents.

The central tragedy of our age is the tragedy of feminism. The triumph of feminism throughout the Western world has inverted every Christian virtue and turned our society into a satanic society. It is impossible to exaggerate the evils of feminism. Lady MacBeth's request that Satan "Unsex me here," has been echoed throughout the world, and Satan's army is filled with murderous, unsexed women who drink the blood of their own children.

When a woman asks Satan to unsex her, what is she really asking? She is asking to return to her unredeemed, pre-Christian state of existence. She wants, as Eve wanted, to be as God. But Godhood is not available for a woman, or a man, in the Christian Faith. The position is already filled. One must apply to the lower regions if one desires godhood.

Lady Macbeth is a case in point. She appeals to the devil to unsex her and to give her the power that the Christian God denies her.

Come, you spirits
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here,
And fill me from the crown to the toe top-full
Of direst cruelty! make thick my blood;
Stop up th' access and passage to remorse,
That no compunctious visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between
Th' effect and it! Come to my woman's breasts,
And take my milk for gall, you murdering ministers,
Wherever in your sightless substances
You wait on nature's mischief! Come, thick night,
And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell,
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes,
Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,
To cry 'Hold, hold!'

Having given herself to the devil, Lady Macbeth needs a man to do her bidding before she can gain the power she desires. This is always the case. An evil woman always needs a male to abdicate his authority in order for her evil will to triumph. Eve needed the abdication of Adam as Lady Macbeth needs the abdication of Macbeth.

Macbeth wants to please his wife. He kills Duncan because he wants to please her, but does he love her? If we are not to debase love, we must assert that Macbeth's love is a distorted, pale caricature of real love, as Satan's kingdom is a distorted, pale caricature of God's kingdom. There can be no love of another creature outside of God's love. Lady Macbeth steps into Satan's kingdom and her husband embraces her in that kingdom. The irony is that by having murdered Duncan out of 'love' for his wife and, by doing so, separating himself from God's love, Macbeth is unable to love his wife or anyone else. Toward the end of the play, when Macbeth is told his wife is dead, he responds with the famous soliloquy on nothingness:

She should have died hereafter;
There would have been a time for such a word:
To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time:
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking shadow; a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more: it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.

It is important to note that Macbeth does not conclude “life is a tale told by an idiot full of sound and fury signifying nothing” because he loved a woman instead of God. There is no ‘either-or’ choice between the love of God and the love of a woman. If a man truly loves a woman, he will love her in the Pauline sense; he will love her as Christ loves His Church. The traditionalist sects, with their deprecation of the marriage state, support the heretical thesis that a man must love either God or a woman; he can’t love both. This notion is rooted in Manichean dualism, not in the Christian tradition. God gave Adam a woman to love and to love him, because it was good for Adam. The gifts of God are always good. But Adam and Macbeth, following in Adam’s path, step out of God’s light where love is sacred, and for the sake of their women’s evil wills they forsake God.

We are a nation that has “supped full with horrors,” because we have institutionalized and declared holy the male-female relationship of the Macbeth family. Lady Macbeth wants to kill her children; Mr. Macbeth will prepare the saline solution. Lady Macbeth wants to wear army boots and drive a tank; Mr. Macbeth will let her. Lady Macbeth wants to dress like a priest and hand out communion; Mr. Macbeth will acquiesce. In the United States we have raised the satanic banner of feminism higher than any other nation has ever done before.

Why have white males abdicated their authority? Avoiding the obvious reply, “Why not?” let’s state it plainly: The European male has no faith. There is nothing as fearsome as a confrontation with an aggressive female. Rip Van Winkle knew this. That is why he hid out with the little men in the woods for twenty years. The only way a man can face an aggressive female is if he believes that his God will sustain him in the day of battle. But if a man’s faith waivers, even slightly, he will not have the ability to oppose a woman who is completely possessed by her own will.

A woman in her unredeemed, Lady Macbeth state, represents the most powerful force in nature. A man with his superior strength and size is no match for the fecund power of a woman. From the first moment a man leaves the womb, he desires to return to it. He fears confrontations with women because failure to please a woman entails a threat of banishment. He might be denied access to the womb, but it is a fatal desire for a man to seek a return to the womb. It is a return to nothingness; it means an extinction of a man’s personality. If femininity is worshipped as pure force – “I am woman, hear me roar” – the individual woman will be consumed by it as well as the man.

This worship of femininity as pure force, as found in the pre-Christian mystery cult of Cybele, a cruel, matriarchal goddess, is diametrically opposed to the spirit of Christianity. Mary agrees to be the “handmaid of the Lord,” and by her submission to the will of God, she realizes the potential of her own femininity and allows Christ to reveal to all mankind the divine nature of their own personalities. A man does not have to give himself up to an impersonal earth goddess; he knows, through Christ, that he possesses a personality with an eternal destiny.

A true respect for women entails a refusal to submit to the impersonal feminine principle. When a woman acts as a nurturer of children and all things Christian, she should be given all the respect and love that the code of chivalry demands. But when she steps out of that role and becomes a Lady Macbeth, she should be fought to the death, preferably her own. When Macbeth refuses to oppose his wife’s demonic will, he not only loses his soul, but his wife loses her soul as well.

In his play, *The Taming of the Shrew*, Shakespeare good-naturedly shows us the only way to overcome a Lady Macbeth. She must be opposed every time she steps outside the Christian orbit. If she is successfully opposed, as Petruchio successfully opposes Katharina, tragedy is avoided and there is domestic and civil peace. The difference between Lady Macbeth’s statement, “Unsex me here; And fill me from the crown to the toe, top full of direst cruelty,” and Katharina’s, “Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper, Thy head, thy sovereign,” is the difference between heaven and hell. The European male prefers hell. +

I recently heard a conservative television commentator use the term “God given” to describe the American experiment in democracy. And of course he followed that blasphemous statement with the usual blather about how we Americans had to restore the democratic principles of our founding fathers or else be prepared to live in a left-wing totalitarian state.

I disagree with the conservative commentator. We already live in a left-wing totalitarian state, and we live in a left-wing totalitarian state because our founding fathers decided to break with the Christian traditions of the European countries. Prior to the American experiment in democracy, the European nations all attempted to unite the respective governments of their countries with Christianity. Even when countries, such as Britain, shifted to a more republican, democratic type of government, it was because some splinter group, such as the Scottish Presbyterians, wanted the freedom to have their own state religion. And in America, prior to the Constitution, every individual state had its own state religion.

The radical break with the European tradition came when the authors of the American Constitution introduced religious indifference as the governing principle of the American people. What at first seemed to be a strength to foreign observers such as Tocqueville proved to be a virulent poison that was to spread across the ocean and destroy the European nations as well. The harmfulness of a religiously indifferent state was not detected initially because the American people were still largely a Christian people. The fact that the state was committed to religious skepticism didn't seem to be a serious matter. It even seemed to be a good thing. Were not the wars of religion now over? And the second factor that made the secular state seem benign was the lack of contact the average citizen had with the government. When the bulk of a man's life is spent working his farm and worshipping in his local church, he does not feel threatened by a secular government. But what if that government expands to such an extent that no aspect of the American's life is independent of the government? And when the church he attends adopts the religious indifference of the government, and when his children adopt the religious indifference of the government schools they attend, will the American everyman still be proud to be an American? Not if he is still a Christian.

During my lifetime every “conservative” attempt to put a halt to the liberal express train has failed. And the attempts have failed because the conservatives never wanted to attack the religious skepticism that lies at the root of the American experiment in democracy. The antique Europeans looked at every aspect of their lives through the prism of Christianity. They often saw a distorted vision of Christianity because of their imperfect human nature, but they attempted to see life and live their lives according to their Christian faith. When Christianity is no longer seen as the guiding, governing light of a nation, the end result will be... -- well, the end result is the United States of America, a subsidiary of Satan's kingdom.

It is futile to appeal to the “principles of the founding fathers” to rid our nation of the problems caused by liberalism, for the simple reason that the principles of our founding fathers are liberal. All the radical ‘isms’ that conservatives claim to currently deplore hold sway because America's founding fathers thought mature, enlightened men could govern a nation without taking note of the Christian faith.

If we look at some of the evils of our time that conservatives have tried to combat by getting back to the principles of our founding fathers, we can get a clearer picture of the futility of appealing to liberal principles to eradicate the evils.

1) Legalized abortion – A Christian people does not abort babies. (1) If the United States was Christian, abortion would be illegal and doctors who performed abortions would be criminally prosecuted. But in a state governed under the principle that religion is a private matter and should not influence public policy, one is free to kill babies, because despite claiming religious neutrality the state cannot be neutral. Mankind will have a religion, as Blake tells us: “If man will not have a religion of Jesus Christ, he will have a religion of Satan.” Is he not correct? Abortion is more than just a right to modern women; it is a sacred right, guaranteed to them by our sacred, secular Constitution.

Carefully trained conservative opponents of legalized abortion always present their case against abortion in secular terms. “It is unconstitutional.” “The majority of Americans are against it.” It is useless to seek redemption from the devil. Isn't that obvious? Apparently not. If you have sold your Christian birthright for a pot of secular lentils, you will be unable to see life in anything other than secular terms.

2) Kith and kin – Many conservatives often lament that the American family is not what it used to be. And other conservatives, such as the late Samuel Francis, are concerned about the lack of racial solidarity among white folk. Both declines are the result of a secular ethos that, under the new government of our founding fathers, replaced the Christian ethos of the European people.

When Christianity is the reigning faith, ties of nature have spiritual significance. A woman does not simply have a child and turn him over to the tribe; she becomes – when she gives birth – a part of God's plan for the redemption of the world.

She cooperates with God's grace and brings forth a child to be consecrated to God. That natural tie between mother and child is a divine tie. And need I add that the father's tie to his children is also ordained by God? But under liberalism, which is paganism revisited with a technological twist, biological entities such as children can be raised by the state, and their most important ties are to the state. It was and is inevitable that all family ties, ties of nature, will be extinguished before the American experiment in democracy comes to an end.

What we have said about the ties to our kindred can also be said about our ties to our race. They too are natural ties that God has ordained. He felt so strongly about the racial ties that bind us to one another that He came down to earth in person to destroy the Tower of Babel. (2) We come to know God through our common humanity. When the natural ties that keep us human are obscured or obliterated, we lose touch with God. If we seek to end legal or illegal colored immigration by appeal to the democratic principles of our founding fathers we will surely fail, because there is no secular solution to a spiritual malaise.

3) Feminism – The white male's capitulation to the unsexed Lady Macbeths of the modern world is no less than a repeat of Adam's original sin. He sought to love his wife outside of God's love, but outside of God's orbit there can be no love; there is only the reign of Satan. Nothing is more harmful to Christianity and more beneficial to Satan than the unsexing of women. When women no longer believe as the repentant Katherina believed –

Why are our bodies soft and weak and smooth,
Unapt to toil and trouble in the world,
But that our soft conditions and our hearts
Should well agree with our external parts?

-- then they become unsexed monsters. And the men who let them rule serve Satan.

It is the American ethos, those fine principles of our founding fathers, which has caused the elimination of any Christian influence in the body politic. The Christian vision is vital because the Christian vision is based on reality. Legalized abortion, racial Babylon and feminism are all utopian fantasies of men and women who want to make the real world, God's world, conform to their perverted warped minds. When the American conservative -- and the European conservative who has followed the American example -- revert to the abstracted, distorted ideas of the Enlightenment in order to counter the newer enlightened ideas of their fellow dystopians, they are merely perpetrating a circular process within Satandom.

A true European response to liberalism will not consist of appeals to the electorate, or 'get out the vote' campaigns, or public rallies. What the European response to liberalism will entail is a steadfast commitment to maintain the natural ties of blood that bind us to our fellow Europeans and to our God. The godless Universalism of the American founding fathers is just as demonic as the totalitarianism of the former Soviet Union. There is only one God, and He presides over the hearth fires of men and women connected to Him through the natural ties of kith and kin that He wills us to maintain in order to stay united to Him. It seems ridiculous to have to defend kinship, racial solidarity, and a Christian patriarchy, but the fact that it is necessary speaks volumes about the plight of the European man. He has lost his faith, and as a result he has lost his identity and his will to survive. Restore his faith, which is no easy matter, and the will to survive will follow. So long as one European still sees Europe as His sacred Kingdom there is always the possibility that other Europeans will answer the call of the blood and become like unto the Europeans who honored kith, kin, and Him. +

(1) I know that St. Thomas is often cited to make the Christian case for abortion. But he is outside of the mainstream of the Christianity found in the Gospels and the letters of St. Paul. And even St. Thomas, after writing his obscene theories on ensoulment, said that which shall be a child should be treated as a child.

(2) A minister once told me that when God came to earth, as He did in the case of the Tower of Babel, He came to earth as the incarnate Christ. God appeared as Christ appeared when He walked the earth prior to his transfiguration. I love that interpretation. And it makes sense. The human face of God is Christ, past, present, and forever.

The Lay of the European Minstrel - FEBRUARY 26, 2010

"The way was long, the wind was cold,
The Minstrel was infirm and old;"

--Scott

When I worked in academia, I unfortunately had to listen to the views of academics on a daily basis. Thankfully since leaving academia I have been able to limit my conversations with that strange species. Recently, however, I came into contact with an academic. The subject of global warming came up, and I made an irreverent remark about it. The academic's response was immediate and solemn: "Global warming is a proven fact."

Has it come to this? Do such banalities as 'global warming' represent the faith of the European? Yes, tragically, such banalities as global warming and such obscenities as the worship of the 'noble black savage' do constitute the faith of the European. And it is useless to challenge the false premises behind the global warming assertion or behind the cult of the noble black savage. Both are statements of faith, and from the liberals' point of view it stands upon them to defend, not to debate. And why should the liberals debate their faith? They hold the field; it would be foolish to yield one inch of it to their enemies.

The faith of the white man before the new nature faith, which will serve as a description for the global warming/black savage faith, was Christianity. Even the neo-pagan who hates Christianity must acknowledge that Christianity was the faith of the antique Europeans. Why the shift to the nature faith?

When I was in grade school, the teachers taught us a short song about Columbus. The part I remember runs,

"The World is round, Columbus said,
Oh, no, oh, no, the people cried,
It's flat as it can be!"

Of course our teachers pointed out that Columbus wasn't the only man who knew the earth was round, but he was the first man to venture forth to prove that it was. And after Columbus's voyage, the European people, by and large, believed Columbus. Belief in the flatness of the world had formerly been believed to be just commonsense and belief in the roundness of the world lunacy. After Columbus the reverse was true.

The first apostles were the Columbuses of the faith. They were presented, in the person of Jesus Christ, with a faith that went against the commonly held beliefs of the rest of mankind. They took the most dangerous voyage of all to ascertain the truth of Christ's claims; the voyage to the depths of the human heart. And there those heroes of the faith found the truth about God. When they proclaimed that truth to the world, only one group of people, the Europeans, believed them. The colored races clung to their polytheistic nature gods. To use the Columbus analogy, the coloreds remained flat-earthers. When, in the latter half of the 20th century, the Europeans returned to the gods of nature, they too became flat-earthers.

The European is on the horns of a dilemma. He wants to be just like the natural black savage, but he cannot be just like him because he has too many years of Christianity in his blood. So he forsakes his blood and takes refuge in his mind. If he can't be a black man, he can at least worship the black man with a pure, idealized love while building a world free of global warming for a future generation, which he hopes will be black and brown. The pragmatically minded neo-pagan can point out the impracticality of racial suicide to the white liberal from now till doomsday, and his warning will go unheeded. The liberal is in love with the black man, and love is blind.

And what are we to make of the neo-pagan building his own godless Tower of the Übermensch beside the liberals' new Tower of Babel? What can we make of him other than an enemy? He is against the God of our race, and he is the harbinger of suicidal despair. In a loud and aggressive voice, he proclaims that Christ be not risen. With such creatures there can be no compromise, no pact, no agreement to disagree; for how can we form an honorable alliance with an ally who renounces the source of all honor?

The honor of the European is all and all. When everything else is stripped away, the European must look to the honor code he holds in his heart as a result of his incorporate union with Christ. Walter Scott repeatedly comes back to the theme of honor. A Christian hero doesn't have to be smarter than the heathen, or even stronger than the heathen, but he must be more honorable than the heathen. Conscious that his honor is linked to His sacred heart, the Christian hero never acts outside of the code, as St. Paul articulated in 1st Corinthians 13.

What Satan came to realize was that it was not necessary to destroy church organizations in order to kill Christianity. It was only necessary to destroy the European by subverting his honor code. Charity flows from the heart of a man who feels connected to his God, his kith and his kin by ties of blood. If ties of blood become unacceptable to the intelligent, enlightened mind, the honor code which stemmed from those ties of blood dies.

The liberals with their instinctive desire to suppress the good and support evil always attack the Europeans who championed the code. Mark Twain, for instance, author of one good novel and countless heaps of trash, quite correctly, from a liberal standpoint, condemned Walter Scott as the most pernicious, insidiously evil influence of his time. To a Satanist like Twain, a man like Walter Scott, the soul of honor and the foremost champion of the code, was a dangerous lunatic.

If we move forward in time and look at the Western movies from 1930 to 1960, we can see, once again, the liberals' hatred of the code. In the Westerns of that time period so despised by the liberals, evil is not to be found in one particular race; it is to be found in the men who know the code and willingly violate it in order to achieve their own selfish ends. The bad guys in the old Westerns are today's good guys, the liberals and the barbarians of color. The only Western to be awarded an Oscar, Clint Eastwood's *The Unforgiven*, was a Western that proclaimed there never was a distinct honor code which the white man held close to his heart and defended against Satan and his minions. "There was no honor code because there is no God," is the liberals' true belief.

Choose what hero you will, the medieval knight, the Scottish clansman, the English grenadier, or the Western cowboy; they are all white men and they all faithfully adhere to the code. They are men of honor, because they see life "feelingly." Our Lord taught men to see life from inside, which is why the Europeans who followed Christ created a world completely different from the non-European worlds. Certainly the vision was through a glass darkly, but in that dark glass the European saw the son of God crucified, dead, and buried, and on the third day rise again from the dead. How can such a vision fail to produce men with hearts of fire? That is a difficult question to answer, but we do know that the European is no longer inspired by the vision of Christ crucified, Christ risen, as his European ancestors were. Could it be that the modern European doesn't see what his ancestors saw because the modern European doesn't see life feelingly? Gloucester certainly didn't see life feelingly until he was forced to endure incredible suffering. Has the fear of suffering then made the white man forsake his race and the God of his race? I know how Walter Scott, the soul of honor, would answer that question.

Scott would tell us a tale of an aged minstrel, who once, in his youth, chose the path lined with soft linen and golden finery, only to find himself, at the path's end, chained to a dungeon wall and forced to endure torture and deprivation. Then after years of suffering, a hero appeared. The hero broke the chains that bound the minstrel, led him out of the dungeon into the light, and guided the minstrel back to the path he had originally rejected in favor of the silken, golden path.

"This path is steep and often covered with rocks and thorns, but if you follow it to the end you will find yourself in the sacred woods." The hero's voice was gentle and his eyes were kind, and because he had rescued the minstrel from the dungeon the minstrel took the path he had once rejected.

The path was thorny and rocky, but the minstrel remembered the gentleness of the hero's voice and the promise he had made, so he persevered. And finally at the path's end he saw three crosses. On each cross hung a man, and in the center was the hero. The minstrel went to the foot of the cross and looked up. Suffering had not altered the look in the hero's eyes. They were filled with a compassion that set the minstrel's heart on fire. He threw himself at the foot of the cross and wept. When he finally raised his head, the cross was gone and only the hero remained, with the same compassion in his eyes that set a man's heart on fire, and now with something else in his eyes as well. The minstrel saw exaltation in those compassionate eyes. It was not the exaltation of vainglory but the exaltation of a knight who has faced a dragon for the sake of his beloved and has conquered the dragon.

Many years have passed and the young minstrel is now an old minstrel. For more than sixty years he has gone throughout the world, telling, through his harp, the tale of the Hero. Some laugh at him and send him on his way. Others scorn him and mistreat him. But a few, the Europeans, weep and believe. +

Cultural Atheists - FEBRUARY 20, 2010

"Keep thy heart with all diligence; for out of it are the issues of life." – Prov. 4:23

I once attended a small community Bible class. The unusual thing about the class was that all the members were believing Christians; they believed in Adam and Eve and the authenticity of the Old Testament, as well as in the ultimate truth of the New Testament. But the sad aspect of the class was that all the members were Christian-culture atheists. By that I mean that they saw no connection between Christianity and the Europe of the past, and they saw no connection between modern irreligion and the modern secular European culture. To them culture was permanently neutral. It was simply culture; it was just there, like the sun and the moon. To me however, every page of the Bible was reinforced by some verse or story

from a European author. For instance, when Abraham wrestled with the problem of believing God's promises when circumstances gave no indication that divine aid was coming –

And God said unto Abraham, As for Sarai thy wife, thou shalt not call her name Sarai, but Sarah shall her name be. And I will bless her, and give thee a son also of her: yea, I will bless her, and she shall be a mother of nations; kings of people shall be of her. Then Abraham fell upon his face, and laughed, and said in his heart, Shall a child be born unto him that is a hundred years old? and shall Sarah, that is ninety years old, bear?

-- it reminded me of Tirian in *The Last Battle*:

He thought of other Kings who had lived and died in Narnia in old times and it seemed to him that none of them had ever been so unlucky as himself. He thought of his great-grandfather's great-grandfather King Rilian who had been stolen away by a Witch when he was only a young prince and kept hidden for years in the dark caves beneath the land of the Northern Giants. But then it had all come right in the end, for two mysterious children had suddenly appeared from the land beyond the world's end and had rescued him so that he came home to Narnia and had a long and prosperous reign. "It's not like that with me," said Tirian to himself. Then he went further back and thought about Rilian's father, Caspian the Seafarer, whose wicked uncle King Miraz had tried to murder him and how Caspian fled away into the woods and lived among the Dwarfs. But that story too had all come right in the end: for Caspian also had been helped by children—only there were four of them that time—who came from somewhere beyond the world and fought a great battle and set him on his father's throne. "But it was all long ago," said Tirian to himself. "That sort of thing doesn't happen now." And then he remembered (for he had always been good at history when he was a boy) how those same four children who had helped Caspian had been in Narnia over a thousand years before; and it was then that they had done the most remarkable thing of all. For then they had defeated the terrible White Witch and ended the Hundred Years of Winter, and after that they had reigned (all four of them together) at Cair Paravel, till they were no longer children but great Kings and lovely Queens, and their reign had been the golden age of Narnia. And Aslan had come into that story a lot. He had come into all the other stories too, as Tirian now remembered. "Aslan—and children from another world," thought Tirian. "They have always come in when things were at their worst. Oh, if only they could now."

And in the Bible, when the mysterious stranger, Melchizedek, of no known parentage, suddenly appears to help Abram:

And Melchizedek king of Salem brought forth bread and wine: and he was the priest of the most high God. Genesis 14: 18 Without father, without mother, without descent, having neither beginning of days, nor end of life; but made like unto the Son of God; abideth a priest continually. Hebrews 7: 3

I can see Melchizedek in Shane, a man of unknown parentage, who helps the Starrett family against the forces of evil: He was the man who rode into our little valley out of the heart of the great glowing West and when his work was done rode back whence he had come and he was Shane.

I cannot read a single Shakespeare play without thinking of St. Paul. The two poets are of the same spirit:

Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal... For now we see through a glass darkly, but then face to face; now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known. And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity. – I Corinthians 13: 1, 12-13

Compare this to Portia's speech in Shakespeare's Merchant of Venice:

The quality of mercy is not strain'd.
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath. It is twice blest:
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes.
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown.
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above the sceptred sway;
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings;
It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this,
That, in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation. We do pray for mercy,
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus much
To mitigate the justice of thy plea,
Which if thou follow, this strict court of Venice
Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant there.

Every author of note always points to Him as our only hope, like Dickens's Sydney Carton in *The Tale of Two Cities*:

She kisses his lips; he kisses hers; they solemnly bless each other. The spare hand does not tremble as he releases it; nothing worse than a sweet, bright constancy is in the patient face. She goes next before him—is gone; the knitting-women count Twenty-Two.

“I am the Resurrection and the Life, saith the Lord: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die.”

The murmuring of many voices, the upturning of many faces, the pressing on of many footsteps in the outskirts of the crowd, so that it swells forward in a mass, like one great heave of water, all flashes away. Twenty-Three.

And from John 11: 25, 26:

And Jesus said unto her, “I am the resurrection, and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live. And whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die. Believest thou this?”

The liberals are being satanically consistent; they should work for the destruction of the white man and his past. That past is the embodiment of Christianity, which they despise. But why is the remnant band of Christians so ready to abandon the European cultural heritage? Well, if you'll forgive my coming back to the same theme, it's because the remnant believers are in the Christian halfway house. They cling to the Bible or to a traditional interpretation of the church documents, but they don't see the importance of maintaining their blood ties to a race of people who took the Bible and the church documents seriously enough to make them a part of their culture.

The words 'fire' and 'heart' appear in the Bible with great frequency, while the words 'rational' and 'mind' never or seldom appear. If we abandon the cultural element, we leave behind the human component of religion that gives us the fire and heart to respond to God's grace. If God is with and in His people's culture, then they come in contact with Him in every aspect of their lives. But if He exists only in the minds of the doctors of theology, He becomes a distant God, and then an absent God, and finally a non-existent God. We need to feel that God is truly present with us. As soon as Moses, who made God's presence known to the Hebrews, left to go up to Mt. Sinai, the people immediately started worshipping the golden calf. They needed to feel that God was amongst them.

My heart goes out to believers like the men and women in the Bible class I attended. They are struggling to hold to the Christian faith at a time when all the powers of this world are arrayed against them. But I also feel like shaking the aforementioned Christians and telling them: “The reason there are only five of us meeting in the basement of the church is because we have abandoned the fire-and-heart Christianity that was so deeply ingrained in the Europeans' culture.” An intellectual faith only is “as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal”; it is devoid of fire and heart.

A religious culture is not an optional 'extra'; it is a necessity because divine faith must have a human dwelling. And a culture, if it is to be true one, must be passed on and maintained by a race of people. There cannot be a multi-racial culture; that is a contradiction in terms. The Tower of Babel was not a culture; it was the antithesis of culture.

The majority of liberals do not even claim to be Christians. But there is a significant minority of liberals, represented by such men as Billy Graham and the late John Paul II, who claim that multi-culturalism is the logical outcome of Christ's teaching. “Are not all men brothers in Christ?” Yes, they are. Christ did not come to save only one race of people, but did He choose to save mankind by race-mixing? The entire canon of Scripture says the opposite. And when the Europeans were Christian, they opposed race-mixing. In order to support multi-culturalism, you must reject Scripture and claim that your European predecessors were not sufficiently Christian. This is precisely what the Christian liberals do.

Christ's saving grace comes to individuals who have distinct identities within a race of people. The Civil War in this country and the on-going wars of immigration in the European countries were and are being fought over the Greek idea of God, that He is an abstraction who can only be known through the intellect, versus the Hebraic belief that knowledge of God comes to us through spirit and blood. The ongoing racial war is of eternal moment. If the European surrenders, he will lose his soul. If he refuses to surrender, if he keeps faith with his race and the God of his race, he will save his soul. +

One Oath - FEBRUARY 13, 2010

“... when once our grace we have forgot,
Nothing goes right;...”

Racial anemia is not a disease from which only white Americans suffer. It is a worldwide epidemic. White people in Sweden, Spain, Britain, Finland, Poland, New Zealand, and every other white country suffer from the same racial anemia as in America. Some white countries show more advanced symptoms of racial anemia than other white countries — Holland for instance — but every white country has the same disease.

Having never been Christian, the colored races are free from racial anemia, because racial anemia only occurs when a Christian people seek to return to paganism. The cross of Christ is a two-edged sword. Having once taken it up, as the European people did, it cannot be put down without the most severe consequences.

Christianity without the cross is liberalism, and racial anemia is the result of liberalism. Too little note was taken of Pope John XXIII's forgiveness of the black torture-murderers in the Congo. His act of 'Christian benevolence' revealed a growing cancer in the vitals of Europe. The Christian, in imitation of his Lord, sacrifices for others, first for his kin, then for his kind, and then for others outside his kith and kin. But self-sacrifice is difficult. It's much easier to do as the colored races do, sacrifice others to fulfill their selfish needs. However, having once been Christian, the white person can never be a happy-go-lucky pagan. He must couch his paganism in Christian terms. Hence, the selfish sacrifice of others to the tender mercies of barbarians is given a Christian cast by such liberals as Pope John XXIII. At the heart of such 'loving charity and forgiveness' is a selfish, blasphemous desire to be rid of the cross. The Christian precept, 'we must die to self,' is replaced with the pagan precept, 'we must make others die for us.' This is also the dynamic that drives the abortion industry. A pagan Aztec eats the heart of his enemy because his enemy is his enemy. But a post-Christian European, because he is a post-Christian European, must justify himself. He doesn't sacrifice babies on the altar of his selfishness; instead, he aborts babies for their own good: 'There is nothing as terrible as an unwanted child.'

For centuries the blood wisdom of the white man told him that his personal salvation and his people's salvation were to be found on a cross. But now the white man is afraid of his blood. He listens to a different drummer, a satanic drummer, who whispers satanic advice into the white man's ear.⁽¹⁾ "Avoid the cross — it is a lie and a sham. Seek enlightenment, not pain. Go to Africa, go to the East, to Buddha, to the Obama, to Confucius, or the Dalai Lama, but never go to that man on the cross."

The young neo-pagans openly spit on the cross of Christ while the older neo-pagans subtly reject the cross by characterizing Christianity as an 'imaginative invention of those marvelous Europeans.' But the Europeans' glory was not that they invented a wonderful, imaginative religion; their glory was that they answered His call. The Europeans heard a voice in the mist, and they walked through the valley of the shadow of death to keep a tryst with their kinsman and their Lord.

I've read the neo-pagans' plan for the restoration of the white man by 2020, but I see nothing in the plan about the European's covenant with God. Go through the European's history; everything the European ever did of lasting consequence was done because he kept faith with his God. Even if the neo-pagans could achieve their goal of a white-dominated society by 2020, who would want to live in such a world? A Godless Tower of Babel with whites at the top is still a Tower of Babel. What the faithful European wants to see is a renewal of the covenant between God and the European. We can't possibly know the day or the hour when the European restoration will take place, because the grace of God is a mystery. Why do some men respond to it and others reject it? We don't know. We do know that Europe became Christendom because Europeans responded to God's grace.

It will avail us nothing if we achieve equal rights within heathendom or if we teach "white history" without mentioning Christ. The European achieved world dominance because he sought and found the God above the gods of the colored tribes. Without his God, the European is a pathetic member of the rainbow coalition of colored peoples.

In the magnificent Western movie, *The Searchers*, the main character, played by John Wayne, refuses to take an oath to serve in the Texas Rangers. When asked why he refuses, John Wayne's character replies, "I figure a man's only good for one oath at a time. I gave mine to the Confederate States of America." When the devil came to the European and asked him to form a covenant with science, he should have told the devil that a man can only make one covenant and that he had made his with Christ.

The scientific method when applied to the study of man is nothing more than a return to paganism. Man seeks to harness the forces of nature in order to attain mastery over God. And what has been the result of the European's covenant with science? He now worships at the shrine of technological barbarism and at the altar of the natural black savage. There is a fearful symmetry between the white man's abortuaries and the black man's blood orgies. That synthesis of blood is the modern world. The gods of the technological barbarians and the black barbarians demand the blood of others.

There is another symmetry, a sublime symmetry, that stands in direct contrast to the fearful symmetry of the technological white barbarian and the savagery of the black barbarian. And that sublime symmetry is the symmetry between bardic Europe and the Christian faith. Whenever we plunge to the depths of the European tradition we find that He is there. The God of the antique Europeans shed His blood for others; He gave His blood freely rather than demanding our blood.

We should have no room in our hearts for any other oath than the one we gave to Him, blood of our blood, heart of our hearts. And surely if the European will renew his covenant with Christ he need not fear the pestilence of liberalism or the destructive fury of the black savage. In Him and Through Him is the way of the European. +

(1) Why did Thoreau assume that a different drummer would be a benevolent drummer? The different drummer is Satan.

A Dwelling Place - FEBRUARY 06, 2010

“If that’s in your mind, let me tell you that both in law and in religion there is a debatable land not subject to the common rules.” – John Buchan in *The Free Fishers*

John Buchan, that marvelous Scottish writer of the 1930’s, seems all but forgotten now in post-Christian, post-human Europe, but he was immensely popular during his time and would be deservedly popular today if there were any genuine Europeans left alive. One of his favorite literary devices was to take a romantic fellow, who made his living at some type of scholarly profession, and plunge him into an adventure in which a hero was needed to save Britain from imminent danger. In *The Free Fishers*, for instance, the hero, a young Scottish clergyman named Anthony Lamas, must prevent a French attempt to assassinate the prime minister of Britain (the novel takes place during the Napoleonic Era). In order to save Britain, Mr. Lamas must overcome his donnishness; he must leave abstractions behind and live life in earnest. He is able to do just that because he loves a young innocent woman, always a wonderful antidote for donnishness.

From women’s eyes this doctrine I derive;
They are the ground, the books, the academes
From whence doth spring the true Promethean fire.

Buchan’s Europe is dead and gone, but we can still take something from his adventure tales. That precious something is the knowledge that we cannot live life in the abstract, because in the abstract there is no living God and no genuine love. Buchan’s heroes follow in Hamlet’s train. They must leave their Wittenbergs and become integral, Christian men. And they become such men by doing what Christ did: they suffer for and with other human beings.

Christianity still exists in the abstract, but now that Christian Europe is extinct it no longer has a local habitation and a name. The few individuals who still hold to the Christian faith in the abstract are incapable of transmitting it, because they cannot place Christ into a human dwelling. And human beings must see God in His humanity if they are ever going to know and love Him. Christian Europe provided the house in which the Savior could come and be known by His kinsmen and His subjects.

The great sin of the Christian churchmen is their apathetic attitude towards, and often hostility to, the horizontal plane of the cross. That horizontal plane of the cross is often described disparagingly as the cultural element in Christianity; it is the element wherein we poor mortals live and breathe. The Europeans spread the horizontal plane of the cross across the entire earth. And it seems to me that the modern churchmen, in the name of some new, rationalistic, scientific, hodge-podge, Christian-Buddhist, syncretistic faith, have removed the horizontal strip of wood from the cross to make it the new tower of Babel. In the new faith, you don’t conquer through the cross, you conquer by building a Tower of Babel over the ruins of Christian Europe.

Reading a Buchan novel is both exhilarating and depressing. It is exhilarating, because when the hero fights for his country he is fighting for something greater than himself, he is fighting for a Christian people. And when he loves, his love is sanctified, because the object of his love is not a modern Cybele, a she-goddess who must be obeyed, she is a Christian woman firmly ensconced at the foot of the cross.

And of course one is also depressed when reading a Buchan novel because of the fact that the world depicted no longer exists. We have returned to pagan Rome, which had room for Greek philosophers, pagan poets, Cybele, Mithra, and a whole pantheon of Greco-Roman gods, but no room for the Christ, the Son of the Living God. From a Christian standpoint

we have not, as the liberals tell us, evolved to a higher state of humanity. We have de-evolved, we have sunk to a level below the beasts.

The descent of the white man has brought on the age of technological savagery. Men with the morality of beasts of the jungle are in charge of the world. And the young whites are trained to live life as an abstraction; they are told there is no such thing as a white European, so it follows logically that there are no European causes for which to fight. Nor is there such a thing as an individual created in the image of God, so individual members of the human species can be sacrificed in the womb in order to facilitate living conditions for generic humanity.

The greatest evil that can befall a man has fallen upon the white man. He no longer believes that "Life is real! Life is earnest!" He cannot love his God, his country, or other human beings, because he has become an abstraction to himself. One is left with a series of what-ifs. What if the white man could begin to hate again? What if he could begin to love again? He could save his soul and become a man again, but in order to do that he must break free of his mind-forged world of abstractions.

I can no more fathom why the white man prefers his abstracted existence to the life depicted by Buchan than I can fathom the concept of infinity. Ultimately I don't want to fathom it. Even if there are no white men left in the present, there are still white men in the European past. They were true soldiers of the spiritual life that a man could love and revere. And if we love the heroes of old we are not that far away from emulating them.

By the latter half of the 20th century, most of the Christian churches had abandoned the "fairy tale" elements of the Old Testament and were in the process of reworking the New Testament story as well, to make it more compatible with the modern world. Such demythologizing of the Christian faith goes against the traditional faith of the European. It was the European who believed in fairy tales. His world was the world of evil magicians, malevolent dragons, black knights vs. white knights, and a personal savior who redeemed mankind from a personal hell presided over by a personal devil. The European's art, his social structure, and his government all reflected his struggle to live out the fairy tale of the Hero God who defeated the devil. Now it's as if the devil has cast a spell over the European people. They believe Christian Europe was a bad dream and modern Satania is the only reality. And there is a very real, clear and present danger that the few remaining faithful, those who believe in the fairy tale faith, will start to doubt the existence of Christian Europe and the God who once reigned in that land.

Is there any hope, or must we all become faithful followers of our satanic big brother? I come back to the late 19th century and early 20th century adventure tale, which was an instinctive attempt by great European authors, such as Buchan, to save the fairy tale faith in Jesus Christ. In Buchan's Europe, men and women lived real lives, not abstracted zombie-like existences, because their people and their nation were connected to the living God. The Europeans perceived life as a fairy tale, because the spirit of God was in them. Let the liberals mock on. The faithful European will live life according to the code of Fairyland. In that world, which is the real world, the faithful heart always triumphs. Our King is calling us to clean out the vermin and restore Castle Europe. We cannot say no. +

Against the Gates of Hell - JANUARY 31, 2010

"Give peace in our time, O Lord, because there is none other fighteth for us but only Thou, O God." -- Welsh prayer

The other day I heard one of the conservative liberals lamenting the fact that the mad-dog liberals did not really believe in democracy. He used their attempt to ram a health care bill down Americans' throats as one example of the non-democratic nature of the mad-dog liberals. The conservative liberal was right: the mad-dog liberals do not believe in democracy, at least not in the same way as the conservative liberals believe in it.

The mad-dog liberals use the democratic system to further their ends. If the system does not further their ends, they go outside the system. The mad-dogs, at this point in their history, have only one faith, which is the black man. If every single rule of democratic, traditional protocol and current democratic procedures has to be broken to elevate the black man, the liberal will ignore traditional protocol and violate current procedures. The faith in, and the worship of, the black man is what is essential to the liberal.

In contrast to the mad-dog liberal, the conservative liberal worships democracy in and of itself. He doesn't see the democratic process as a means to an end; he sees it as an end in itself. When the civil rights protesters violated the law in the 1960's, the *National Review* conservatives, who worshipped the democratic process, condemned them for breaking the law. They did not disapprove of the protestors' professed goal, an integrated, colorblind society; they only disapproved of going outside the democratic process.

The conflict between the American conservatives and the liberals is a conflict within liberalism. The liberals generally defeat the conservatives because the liberals have a metaphysic. They can cite their love and concern for the black man, while the conservatives can only cite their love for the Constitution. Both loves are abstractions, but the liberals' abstraction seems less inhumane than the conservatives' abstracted love.

The conservatives are always hurling the "He doesn't really love the emperor" charge at the liberals. And they are right. The liberals support democracy because it serves their purposes most of the time. But they are willing to jettison democracy when it interferes with their satanic mission to build a kingdom of Satan on earth. The conservatives are less likely to go outside of the democratic perimeters, because to do so, in their judgment, would be to go outside the faith.

What happens when a man emerges who rejects the satanic vision of the mad-dogs and the faithless faith-in-a-process, of the conservatives? He is marginalized and/or destroyed. Alexander Solzhenitsyn is a case in point. When he came to the U.S. in the 1970's, he had a friendly debate with a fellow Russian exile named Andrei Sakharov. Sakharov believed that Western-style democracy would solve the problems of the Russian people. Solzhenitsyn disagreed. He said that the Western democracies lacked a spiritual foundation and that the political parties of the Western democracies always sought their welfare over that of their nation. The British author Brian Crozier echoed Solzhenitsyn's second point in his book *The Minimum State: Beyond Party Politics*.

Solzhenitsyn's views were nowhere near as popular as Sakharov's. The mad-dogs demonized Solzhenitsyn, and the conservatives focused on his anti-communist writings and ignored his critique of secular democracy. When he returned to Russia late in life he was not received well by the same type of people in Russia who constituted the mad-dog liberal and the conservative liberal factions in America. He did receive a state funeral when he died, but I don't think we can realistically claim that this means the Russian people rejected the democratic heresy.

What was it about Solzhenitsyn that was so unacceptable to the liberals in both camps? It was the fact that Solzhenitsyn was an antique European. He started life as a good Marxist and he ended his life as an integral Christian European. He loved his God and his country, so he desired that the two should be united. Was not that the desire of almost every European prior to the 20th century?

H. V. Morton once sadly noted that European Christians had done things in the name of Christ that made Christ weep, but that judgment of Morton's comes from a Christian European. If there were no longer Christian Europeans to pass judgment on the erring Christian Europeans, who would end the bloody wars between covenanter and cavalier, and between Protestant and Catholic? Do the communists have their own equivalent of the Sermon on the Mount? And who will oppose the democratic, egalitarian abortionists if Christian Europeans are extinct?

You can't forsake the living God because all Christians do not live up to His teachings. Cromwell and Torquemada represent only the lunatic fringe of Christian Europe. And even such monsters were lambs compared to the totalitarian tyrants of the godless 20th and 21st centuries.

The European Everyman has been set adrift by his church leaders and his political leaders. He seems destined to perish. Only the antique European, who has become a stranger to the modern European, can return the Everyman to a safe harbor. But will the modern Everyman be able to recognize the hero? Or will he, after years of living in liberalism, be unable to see with the blinding sight necessary to distinguish between a Christian hero and a liberal charlatan?

Trevelyan said that it was the special mission of the European to reveal the heroic Christ of mercy to the heathen world. That is still the mission of the European: to show the world the face of the Hero God by imitating the Hero God.

Let us pray, let us watch, let us be prepared
For the warrior hero who saved us.
When Jesus on high came from His Kingship
The world's five ages were in common captivity,
In the grasp, in the misery, in the depths of hell,
In the cold bog's affliction.
Renowned God, acknowledgment of you
Do I make, Lord God, strength of every people.

--Einion Ap Gwalchmai

William Blake desired to build Jerusalem, "in England's green and pleasant land." The modern European's passion is to bring the depths of hell into Europe's green and pleasant land, and he has accomplished his desire. Post-Christian Europe is hell, and we can't vote hell away. Satan is not a live-and-let-live type of guy. He hates with an everlasting passion. Who

can stand against him? The Christian Europeans once stood against him. They weren't physical stronger or smarter than we are today, but spiritually they were giants. They rested their heads on His sacred heart as St. John did at the last supper. And as a result they saw visions of the risen Lord and could fight the devil with a passion for good that was superior to his passion for evil. No second-hand faith for us. It is all or nothing. We can restore the Europe of the Hero God of mercy, or we can wallow in the depths of hell. +

Through the Blood - JANUARY 23, 2010

"God of our fathers, be the God
Of their succeeding race."

I see nothing intrinsically wrong in helping earthquake victims, but I do see something terribly wrong in the people who are involved in the Haitian relief effort. Who do liberals and blacks routinely blame for all the ills of the world? White people, of course. And to whom do blacks and liberals appeal for aid? Let's take a page from Frank Capra's *It's a Wonderful Life* script and imagine a world without white people. Would such a world be a happy paradise of blended brown people? Well, you wouldn't have to worry about earthquake relief efforts anymore, because there would be no concept of charitable outreach in the blended brown world. The idea of relieving someone else's misery would be as inconceivable as self-propelled flight. Everyman's hand would be against every other man, as in the New Orleans' Superdome after Hurricane Katrina.

True charity, the charity that never faileth because it comes from the living God, has virtually disappeared from the face of the earth. The post-Christian European still engages in feel-good charity, the charity that stems from human pride, while the people of color continue to regard charity as an entitlement to be had on demand.

The Europeans do not stand out from the rest of mankind because they built better roads and bridges or made more money than the rest of the world. They stood apart because they were the first people, as a people, to believe that God had a human heart. What an earth shattering concept! The knight errant and the true God are one. Christ is more chivalrous than we are, more courteous, more compassionate, and more powerful, but still He is like unto us. He suffers with humanity and for humanity. But He stands above us, because He is nobler than we are, not because He is crueler. And it is not His power to which we bend our knee, but to His goodness.

Nothing good will come of the Haitian relief effort, because it is not based on Christian charity. The liberals have shown by their support of white genocide in South Africa and Europe and by their support of legalized abortions that they have not charity. They are "helping" the Haitians because the worship of blacks is all they have left. They pride themselves on their faith in, and their love of, the natural black savage. Some Catholic nuns (I'm sure other churches will follow suit) have already brought a number of Haitian orphans to the United States. This is not Christian charity, it is liberal demonism. When Europe was Christian, works of charity consisted of first subduing and then converting the savage. It was not considered charitable, in the days of the Christian European, to allow colored vipers into European nations. We have no reason to believe that the current breed of Haitians is any less bloodthirsty and satanic than were their ancestors, who massacred all the whites in Haiti. If Europeans are not willing to first conquer the barbarians of color, they should stay away from relief efforts that will not aid the colored barbarians and will do great harm to the whites.

At the heart of the liberals' worship of the dark races is a rejection of the human personality. When the European took Christ into his heart and his hearth, he became more fully human than the non-European peoples. Pride of race became pietas. The European, because of his union with Christ, loved his kith and kin with a far greater intensity than the savage races who did not regard each and every individual soul as a personality of "eternal moment." Ties of family and blood were doubly important to the European, because it was through those human ties of blood that Christ entered the world.

It is significant that the word 'diversity' has become a God-word to the liberals. The concept is diametrically opposed to Christianity. The ultimate horror for someone who has divine intuitions of the distinctness of the human personality is the notion that an individual human being can be 'diversified,' that his personality can be scattered into individual atoms. Why are we more horrified at the idea of being blown to bits or decapitated at our death than we are at the idea of a death with our body left intact? Because Christians have absorbed into their blood the belief that the human body contains a personality, we recoil in horror from the image of a 'diversified,' mutilated body. Montrose demonstrated his faith in the saving power of Christ and his contempt for his executioners, who sought to inflict the ultimate punishment on his soul by diversifying his body parts, when he declared:

There is a chamber far away
Where sleep the good and brave,

But a better place ye have named for me
Than by my fathers' grave.
For truth and right, 'gainst treason's might,
This hand hath always striven,
And ye raise it up for a witness still
In the eye of earth and heaven.
Then nail my head on yonder tower—
Give every town a limb—
And God who made shall gather them:
I go from you to Him!

We love as individual personalities, and our love is directed towards other individual personalities. You can't love with the type of love that Christ enjoins us to have for our fellow men if you only love an idea of diversity. This is so evident if we look at the liberals' worship of the Obama. Is there anything in Obama's personality that, if he were white, would spark one single infinitesimal impulse of love from a white liberal? No, there is not. He is worshipped because he is black. The liberals have evolved beyond the love of individual human beings, they now only worship ideas. And Obama is the embodiment of the black idea.

The liberals insist that ties of family and blood must be broken in order for mankind to evolve to a higher plane of existence. But is the new, diverse plane of existence a higher plane? Why is it that anywhere the idea that 'every man is our kith and kin' flourishes, as in the egalitarian United States and the former Soviet Union, there are abortuaries and Gulags? Perhaps it is because saving grace comes to us through our ties to kith and kin and not via the medium of generic, diverse humanity.

The liberals who deny the divine authorship of the Bible often cite it nevertheless when it suits their purpose. The Good Samaritan parable, for instance, is often cited as an excuse for race-mixing and Negro worship. But the Good Samaritan does not give his daughter away to the stranger, nor does he take him to his house; he takes him to an inn. And are we to presume, based on his actions toward the stranger, that the Good Samaritan goes home and sends his children to daycare ("I can't stand the little beasts") and then runs around the neighborhood trying to force other Samaritans to cohabit with wayside strangers? I doubt it, because a man in touch with the living God is the most clannish and most charitable person on the face of the earth -- clannish because he knows he is linked to his God through the ties of blood and kin, and charitable because his God is the true God from whom true charity flows. The oft-noted, even by Northerners, Southern hospitality before the Civil War was a result of the Southern people's clannishness and their Christianity. Concern for the unfortunate 'other' and the stranger is only present in a people who are intimately connected at the family hearth with the Son of God. They have imbibed the Pauline maxim that 'charity never faileth' with their mother's milk. Or to use Thomas Nelson Page's phrase, their Christianity is 'bred in the bone.'

Nothing of lasting benefit in this world or the next comes from 'relief efforts' that turn men and nations away from the bred in the bone Christianity of the European. Such relief movements will fail, neo-paganism will fail, democratic egalitarianism will fail; only His provincial people who believe in the charity preached by St. Paul will not fail. +

Till We Have Built Jerusalem - JANUARY 17, 2010

And they shall see his face; and his name shall be in their foreheads. – Rev. 22: 4

I recently read Charlotte Mary Yonge's *Reasons Why I Am a Catholic and Not a Roman Catholic* (1901). I infinitely prefer her brand of Catholicism to Leo XIII's brand of Catholicism, but my preferences are meaningless and Miss Yonge's points are moot because neither Yonge's Catholicism nor Leo XIII's Catholicism have survived past the 1960's.

Is this the proof that both versions of the Faith were false? Well, I don't think the fact that a Faith has not survived is proof that it is false. Islam has retained more of its core than Christianity, but that does not, in my judgment, make Islam true and Christianity false. A religion can only be judged false when it fails the Shakespearean test: the test of reality. And in that test Christianity still stands as the one true religion. But when we are talking about Anglo-Catholicism and Roman-Catholicism, we are not talking about the Faith itself, we are talking about two organizations' claim that they have preserved the original Faith of the Apostles. In that regard, the Anglican Church and the Roman Catholic Church have been shown to be false claimants; neither have preserved the faith of the apostles (nor for that matter have the Orthodox Church or the Protestant churches). What seems to be missing in all the churches is a desire to see Christ whole, in His divinity and His humanity. And consequently where each church goes wrong is in attempting to incorporate only a portion of Christ's personality into their theology.

We have all had the experience, particularly in this age of pop psychology and pop theology, of being put into a category that doesn't really suit our personality completely or that is a totally false category. Our Lord had similar problems with the apostles. St. Peter had to be rebuked: "Get thee behind me, Satan," and none of the apostles were trusted to impart Christ's message until after Pentecost. And St. Paul needed a personal revelation before he could understand the personality of Christ. Of course not even a personal revelation would have done him any good if he hadn't already been struggling to live a life of the spirit.

I think the image that appears to block our encounter with the living God is the false abstracted portrait of God that original sin paints. The remedy, as I have suggested before, is to journey through that labyrinth called the human heart. Anything that impedes the Shakespearean journey turns us not toward God but toward Satan, even if it is called Roman Catholicism, Traditionalism, Orthodoxy, Anglo-Catholicism or Protestantism. (1)

When I look at the churches in the nineteenth century, I see much that is admirable, but I see none that have carried their admirable visions of Christianity into the 20th or 21st centuries. They have all renounced the integral Christ for an abstracted Christ that suits their mundane and often sinister earthly political purposes.

"Another cause inflamed the minds of the nation at large, no less than the tempting prospect of the wealth of England animated the soldiery. So much had been written and said on either side concerning the form of church government, that it had become a matter of infinitely more consequence in the eyes of the multitude than the doctrines of that gospel which both churches had embraced. The Prelatists and Presbyterians of the more violent kind became as illiberal as the Papists, and would scarcely allow the possibility of salvation beyond the pale of their respective churches. It was in vain remarked to these zealots, that had the Author of our holy religion considered any peculiar form of church government as essential to salvation, it would have been revealed with the same precision as under the Old Testament dispensation."

– Walter Scott in *A Legend of Montrose*

What Scott observes in the zealots on every side of the British religious wars, a tendency to make the forms of worship the faith itself, has destroyed Christian Europe.

The forms of worship are not the faith itself. They exist only to lead us to the object of worship. You cannot worship the Latin Mass or the 'born again' experience without eventually becoming the leading character in a tragedy, the tragedy of a man without a vital faith. European man became, when he embraced formalism, a second-hand man, incapable of coming to grips with any aspect of existence directly.

Some years back I quoted Henri de Lubac, who said that modern man had lost his appetite for God. If that appetite returned, de Lubac claimed, then belief would return. But how can one hunger for any of the rationalized, second-hand gods presented to us by the so-called Christian churches? Their gods are Mr. Rogers and Tash. The antidote for such false faiths is the folk wisdom of the West, which says the human heart contains the secret treasure that will forever remain hidden from the academics. And therein lies the key to the de-Christianization of our churches and our culture: the Church has become academized as has our society. The Christian folk have passed out of existence. Without them there can be no genuine Christianity as it once existed in Europe. We are still reaping the bitter harvest of idea-religion, spawned by the Greeks and brought into the Church for its destruction by Aquinas.

Those who would be Christian folk cannot wait for the churches to break out of their bondage to the academy, which is a bondage to Satan. They must turn away from the academy, which is the modern church and the modern world, and start on the slow but sure journey through the human heart that our European ancestors made so long ago.

I have conservative nationalist literature dating as far back as 1979 in which the reader is urged to stop illegal and legal colored immigration by writing to his local congressmen. Why do such actions never work? Because we cannot stop an invasion by placing a form of government above the interests of our people. The cry should be, "In the name of our God and our people, this invasion must be stopped!" Fortunately Alfred the Great didn't have a congressman to write to; if he had, he never would have become Alfred the Great.

Quentin Compson in Faulkner's *The Sound and the Fury* asks his father how he knows life is meaningless. The drunken, nihilist father responds that he knew about the meaningless of existence at the moment tragedy became second-hand. Quentin's father is a modern European. His death in life is the result of the triumph of formalism in the Christian churches. The Christian faith is a two-edged sword. If it is seen whole and taken to heart, it is our salvation. But if Christianity is dissected, decompartmentalized, and turned into a formalized system, it becomes a virulent poison.

It would be disastrous to follow the advice of the neopagans and jettison Christ in order to save the white race. Christ was, is, and always shall be our only hope. He is our only hope because He is the living God. But jettison the worship of the modern icons of modern, Christless Christianity, such as racial egalitarianism, democracy, and Tridentinism, we must.

The guardians at the gates of the various Christian churches can all present an apologia for their right to be called the true heirs of the apostles. But are they the heirs of the apostles? The apostles lived and worked with the Lord during his life on earth, and they told the Christ story after His death and resurrection. It seems that the heirs of the apostles are the Europeans who lived with Christ on a daily basis and wove the Christian story into the seamless garment of their culture. How can churches who demean and denounce that culture and its people be the heirs of the apostles? They can't, and they are not. Was the rock, against which the gates of hell would not prevail, an institution with a rational, systemic schema of salvation? Or was the rock St. Peter's declaration of faith? "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God."

Faith, the faith that moves mountain, comes from those who have seen the face of Jesus Christ. Do we see His face in the liberal, white-hating, country-club churches of the modern world, or do we see that precious Face in the lives and culture of the ancient Europeans?

Europe is being engulfed by barbarians of color because white Europeans no longer desire to see the face of Jesus Christ. Gone is the patriotic desire of William Blake:

Bring me my bow of burning gold:
Bring me my arrows of desire:
Bring me my spear: O clouds unfold!
Bring me my chariot of fire.

I will not cease from mental fight,
Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand
Till we have built Jerusalem
In England's green and pleasant land.

The end result of a second-hand faith is Satanism. The liberals are openly satanic, and the half-way house Christians are unable to resist them because they have a second-hand faith. And when life is viewed from such a standpoint, the dramatic conflict between good and evil is seen as a fairytale that mature, thinking people have left behind. But that is what I love about Ratty's Europe. It is childlike and Christ-centered. In that Europe, Christ is real, the devil is real, and Christian Europe is a living, breathing entity as well.

The children of darkness have given up their religion of the heart for the religion of the mind. This goes against the wisdom of the race. The white man has always preferred the leaden casket over the one of gold and the one of silver; the cottage in the woods to the sumptuous palace; and the blood of the Lamb to the magic talisman. Let the sons and daughters of this 'new age of enlightenment' keep all their magic talismans: rationalism, science, and multiculturalism. The European will stay with the European cottage in the woods that contains the things he loves. And his childlike attachment to the things he loves will keep him bound to the Sacred Heart Who speaks to men through the little things that the clever men and women have discarded. The old fairy tales are correct: the faithful heart always triumphs over the satanic mind. +

(1) I don't think one has to have read Shakespeare (although it helps) in order to follow the Shakespearean way to God; however, I do think it is the only way. We must strip away false layer after false layer from our hearts till we get to its center. And then – well – and then we find He has been there all along.

Let Be - JANUARY 08, 2010

Since no man has aught of what he
leaves, what is't to leave betimes? [Let be.] – *Hamlet*

The conservatives place great store by the U. S. Constitution. It has been perverted, they claim. Is there any truth to the conservatives' assertion? Possibly. Jefferson, Franklin and Madison might be slightly surprised at some of the modern interpretations of their work, but in the main I think today's liberals are in line with the authors of the U. S. Constitution. They are all from the same liberal pea pod.

The essential question is not whether our written Constitution has been perverted; the paramount issue is whether the unwritten law of the European people, which is infinitely more important than any paper-and-ink law, has been changed. And the answer to that question is, "Yes, the unwritten law of our people, the white European people, has changed, and it has changed for the worse."

Prior to the 20th century, the unwritten law of the white man, the law that took precedence over every written law, was that His heavenly law, the law of divine charity, was the law above all other laws. From that law the European derived his love for his own people and the civilization that his people created as a result of their incorporate union with Christ. Isaiah prophetically describes such a union between a particular people, their culture and their God:

Thou shalt no more be termed Forsaken; neither shall thy land anymore be termed Desolate: but thou shalt be called Hephzibah, and thy land Beulah: for the LORD delighteth in thee, and thy land shall be married. For as a young man marrieth a virgin, so shall thy sons marry thee: and as the bridegroom rejoiceth over the bride, so shall thy God rejoice over thee. I have set watchmen upon thy walls, O Jerusalem, which shall never hold their peace day nor night: ye that make mention of the LORD, keep not silence, And give him no rest, till he establish, and till he make Jerusalem a praise in the earth.

By the 21st century, the European had a new unwritten law that ruled his heart: "The white man must hate his own people and his own culture." That new unwritten law will be much harder to change than a written law because an unwritten law is never questioned; it has become part of the people's soul.

How did the hatred of the white man become the unwritten law of the white man? The question is answered for us in a passage from Uncle Silas by J. S. LeFanu:

Of my wretched uncle's religion what am I to say? Was it utter hypocrisy, or had it at any time a vein of sincerity in it? I cannot say. I don't believe that he had any heart left for religion, which is the highest form of affection, to take hold of. Perhaps he was a sceptic with misgivings about the future, but past the time for finding anything reliable in it. The devil approached the citadel of his heart by stealth, with many zigzags and parallels.

By stealth, by zigzags and parallels, the devil persuaded the guardians of the Faith to present Christianity as a rational system of salvation in which one could bypass the wellspring of genuine faith, all those sentimental intuitions that come from the human heart. The Reformation was an attempt to recapture the wellspring of Faith, but the effort quickly became a rationalist carbon copy of the Catholic Church's method of inoculating the faithful with a virulent virus which destroys the heart. I saw, in a recent pastoral letter of the Lutheran Church, Missouri Synod, one of the best of the splinter branches of the Church, an example of the fatal flaw that led to the death of Christian Europe.

Another way the Gospel can be obscured is when too much emphasis is put on an emotional response to the Gospel. Some Christians believe that unless they have some sort of ecstatic, charismatic experience, or feel some sort of "spiritual high," they are not really Christians. It is truly sad that some people look into their own hearts for the security that they are children of God, instead of putting their hope and trust in the objective work of Christ for them, and in the means God uses to come to them—His Word and Sacraments.

It is quite true that an excessively emotional response to the Gospel can be harmful, but we ultimately must look into our own hearts for the passion to respond to God's word and for the desire to receive the sacraments. If you kill the heart, the Word of God becomes a legal document and the sacraments become magic talismans. Richard Weaver addresses this point in his book *Visions of Order*:

This brings us to the necessity of concluding that the upholders of mere dialectic, whether they appear in this modern form or in another, are among the most subversive enemies of society and culture. They are attacking an ultimate source of cohesion in the interest of a doctrine which can issue only in nullity. It is no service to man to impugn his feeling about the world qua feeling. Feeling is the source of that healthful tension between man and what is -- both objectively and subjectively. If man could be brought to believe that all feeling about the world is wrong, there would be nothing for him but collapse.

Nothing but collapse. Hasn't that happened? The liberals hate the white man because they hate Christian Europe, but why are professed Christians so eager to denounce the white European? They denounce him in the name of a false rationalization of the faith. The Christian guardians at the gate see, when they look at the labyrinth of the human heart, all sorts of dangers lying in wait for the Christian everyman. There is the dark lady of sensuality, the demon of emotional excess, and countless other goblins and succubae that can destroy the soul. "Far better," the guardians of the dialectic tell us, "to follow our rational, safe church documents, or our sensible Biblical exegesis, all the way to heaven." But in their blindness they have failed to take note of the greatest of all obstacles to the faith, the dragon of intellectual pride, which resides in the dialectical corners of the mind, not in the human heart. Compared to him all the dangers lurking in the labyrinth of the human heart are nothing. And it is at the center of the human heart that we can find the only means to defeat the dragon of intellectual pride: His sympathetic, divine heart.

A timid man who loves his children will fight, with a ferocity that surpasses the pagan warrior, when his children are threatened. The Christian European once fought with the strength of ten thousand pagan warriors when his Europe, which was the fruit of his marriage to Christ, was threatened. But now that the dialectic of rationalist Christianity has triumphed,

the swords of Christendom have rusted in their sheaths, and the golden harp lies as mute on Europe's walls as the Harp that once through Tara's halls... The swords will shine brightly, and the harp shall make music when the heart of the European is once again engaged in existence. Kipling was half-right when he said, "When the Saxon begins to hate." When the European begins to love Christ's Europe again, instead of studying scholarly words that tell him there is no such thing as a Christian civilization. And when he hates the devil and all of his works instead of 'white racists,' then we shall see miracles once more. The old minstrel got it right: "The heart that truly loves never forgets." Awake, fellow Europeans, your God and your nation are calling you to rise and ride.

The liberals delight in every outrage committed against white people and every attack on the older European culture because they are satanic. And white Christians refuse to protect and defend white people and European culture because a dialectical shroud has descended over their hearts. The European whose heart still indignant breaks at the colorization and the ruination of Europe must not only face the liberal dragon alone, but he must also be prepared to be attacked from behind by white Christians. So be it. Better to fight on alone than to fall victim to the dialectic or to allow the liberals to hold the field uncontested. "Let be." +

The Silent Harp - DECEMBER 31, 2009

"If a golden harp lacks a human hand to play its strings, can there be any music?" – CWNV

As every Dickens aficionado knows, the one great passion of young Pip's life was Estella Havisham:

You are part of my existence, part of myself. You have been in every line I have ever read, since I first came here, the rough common boy whose poor heart you wounded even then. You have been in every prospect I have ever seen since—on the river, on the sails of the ships, on the marshes, in the clouds, in the light, in the darkness, in the wind, in the woods, in the sea, in the streets. You have been the embodiment of every graceful fancy that my mind has ever become acquainted with. The stones of which the strongest London buildings are made are not more real, or more impossible to be displaced by your hands, than your presence and influence have been to me, there and everywhere, and will be.

The liberal also has an abiding passion that is essential to his existence. Separate the liberal from that passion and he has nothing to live for. What is the liberal's passion? His hatred of the white European culture. Everything the modern liberal does and everything the older liberals did, is and was because of their hatred of the white European.

The liberal's hatred of the white European permeates his entire being. The hatred is beyond reason. Instinctively, without thought, the liberal responds to every aspect of existence in conformity to his deep-seated hatred of everything connected to the older, traditional European culture. The older Europeans segregated the races, so the liberal wants integration. The older Europeans thought abortion was murder, so the liberals call it a sacred right. The older Europeans believed Christ was the Son of God, so the liberals deny that He is the Son of God. On and on the eternal hatred of the liberals goes. And their hatred shall continue until the Lord returns. But in the meantime, since we know neither the hour nor the day, must Christian Europeans cede everything to the liberals? Yes, they must, we are told, not just by the mad-dog liberals, but also by professed Christians who live in the half-way house between liberalism and Christianity, a kind of a preparatory school for recalcitrant liberals. Once the half-way house Christian ceases to complain about legalized abortion and homosexual marriage, he is welcomed into the big liberal house, a few blocks away from the half-way house. If you ever get a chance you should visit the half-way house, as I did a few months ago, and take one of the guided tours through the house.

My guide was a genial Franciscan monk, who showed me the John Paul II Memorial Room -- "One of our most illustrious half-way house Christians" -- the Billy Graham Room, and a new room that had just been vacated in time for the arrival of a representative from Bob Jones University. "Was that Franky Schaeffer who just left the house?" I asked my guide. "Yes, he is heading for the big liberal house up the street. It's always sad to see them go, but after all, that's what this half-way house is here for, to help Christians become good liberals."

"Is that Doug Wilson and Thomas Fleming in the lounge studying the works of Martin Luther King Jr.?"

"Yes, it is. I've been told that both men are about to leave us for the liberal house. It's sad to lose good friends, but I'm happy for them."

Because reason is a whore for whatever passion that takes control of a man's heart (contra Thomas Aquinas) the stated reason for the abandonment, by half-way house Christians, of Christian Europe is different from the actual reason.

The stated reason has been articulated thousands of times, but the following articulation will serve as a representative sample:

As a history of the world, the empirical history after Christ is qualitatively not different from the history before Christ if judged from either a strictly empirical or a strictly Christian viewpoint. History is, through all the ages, a story of action and suffering, of power and pride, of sin and death. In its profane appearance it is a continuous repetition of painful miscarriages and costly achievements which end in ordinary failures—from Hannibal to Napoleon and the contemporary leaders.

--Karl Löwith in *Meaning in History*

Because European Christians made wars, committed adultery and every other sin that their pagan progenitors committed, the empiricist and the half-way house Christian conclude that there was never such a thing as Christian Europe. "There is no evidence for it," they tell us. But isn't this a case of the jury having decided the case before they even saw the evidence? I think it is. If the evidence is examined carefully -- and it is not difficult to come by, just pick up a few novels by Walter Scott or Fyodor Dostoevsky -- we see that there is a tremendous difference between the Christian European man and the pre-Christian European. We cannot, as the half-way house Christians tell us, abandon the European race without abandoning the Christian faith.

Why did the half-way house Christians jettison the Europeans? We have seen that their stated reason, that there was no such thing as Christian Europe, is a lie. So what is their real reason, the reason that they are not telling us, or, in most cases, the reason they are not even aware of? It is the original sin, intellectual pride. If they follow the faith of their ancestors they must concede that their ancestors were equal to or superior to them. This they cannot abide. "Far better," the half-way house traitors reason, "to call the ancient Europeans racist and un-Christian and declare ourselves the new, improved, superior Christians."

Because the halfway house Christian is a house divided against himself, he will always be half-coward, half-man when he disagrees with the liberal on such issues as abortion and homosexual marriage. He will disagree like a man, but then, having voiced his disagreement democratically, he will acquiesce to the liberals' agenda like a good little coward.

When the half-way house Christians dialogue, it is always with the liberal. With the antique European there can be no dialogue, because he is the enemy of the half-way house Christians. He challenges their assumption of intellectual superiority. And the half-way house Christians only act decisively when they are allied with the liberals against the racist Europeans. What does our Lord say? "For where your treasure is, there will your heart be also." The antique European treasures the faith of the ancient Europeans while the half-way house Christian treasures his vision of a new Christian millennium in which he gains intellectual ascendancy over his liberal brethren while aiding them in their efforts to exterminate the white "racist" remnant. (1)

The antique European has one heart and that heart was given once and for all to Christ's Europe. The fight for Christian Europe will be to the knife and to the last man. We will not go gently into the dark night of liberalism. +

1) The half-way house traitor called Huckabee is a perfect example of how the half-way house Christians make war on white Europeans. They kill them by proxy; Huckabee killed the four white policemen by freeing a black murderer. He cloaked his demonic action in Christian rhetoric, which is the modus operandi of the half-way house jackals. Written on the stone tablets of liberalism is the vow: "White people must die so that liberalism can live."

Postscript: Conversation between a First Year Devil and a Veteran Devil

First Year Devil: It's no fun being a devil these days; you guys did the real work, you destroyed the Europeans. All we get to do now is sit around and watch the same old boring heathen rites.

Veteran Devil: You're supposed to be keeping an eye out for European resistance movements.
FYD: There aren't any. The Europeans are finished, and I'm bored.

VD: You little pipsqueak, that type of complacency won't do. You weren't around when Europe had a heart. It wasn't pleasant. Everywhere we were on the run. The Europeans were like demi-gods. They seemed to have special powers because they were connected to...

FYD: Why didn't you finish the sentence?

VD: You know why. Old Scratch doesn't like His name mentioned down here.

FYD: That's rather silly.

VD: Never mind what's silly and what's not silly, you just keep your mind focused on the Europeans.

FYD: You truly amaze me. You're still afraid of them, aren't you?

VD: A little fear wouldn't do you any harm. Yes, I am afraid of them. I'm afraid that there are some European hearts that have not forgotten. And I'm afraid of the turmoil those faithful hearts will cause, because unlike you I don't want another great battle.

FYD: Why not? Surely you don't think we will lose?

VD: Our hope is in Babylon, and our destruction lies in the return of the European to his God.

FYD: Nothing can ever prevail against the gates of hell.

VD: I wouldn't be so sure about that if I were you. Keep your eyes on mangers and Europeans. The combination of the two bodes ill for devils.

The King of Europe - DECEMBER 24, 2009

So God imparts to human hearts
The blessings of His heaven.

That wonderful movie Brigadoon starts with two weary travelers who have lost their way, "somewhere in the Highlands of Scotland." If I go back to a time when I was twenty-two, I can remember wandering through the Highlands of Scotland myself and coming across a gathering of antique Europeans of Scottish descent in a small town pub. While drinking a beer in the pub's main room, I heard some men in another room reciting poetry and singing Jacobite songs. I asked the bartender what was going on in the next room. He took me by the arm and led me over to the jolly revelers. "This is a friend of mine from America. He'd like to join you." With the same hospitality of the bartender, who had known me for all of five minutes, the poetic revelers welcomed me to their gathering. Between choruses of "Will Ye No Come Back Again?" and "Bonnie Dundee" the men told me that they were a group of Scots who met once a month to drink good whiskey and beer and celebrate the great Celtic poets.

When asked (not that those poetic gentlemen would have treated a Saxon unkindly) whether I was of Celtic descent, I told them I was Welsh. If I had been in Bavaria, I would have emphasized my Saxon heritage. When in Rome... The Welsh heritage delighted them, eliciting such comments as, "The Welsh are Celts, too," and "Wallace was Welsh, you know." The evening went on with one ode to the Celts after another. If that had been the sum of the evening, a celebration of the poetic Celts, I would have gone to bed feeling I had had a wonderful evening with a fine group of provincial and chauvinistic Celtic poets. But something happened in the course of the revels that changed my view of the poetic Highlanders from one of bemused respect to that of profound reverence. After singing the thousandth Scottish ballad and praising those "poetic Celts" for the umpteenth time, the leader of the merry minstrels stood up and offered a toast: "It's good to remember and celebrate the Celt, but let us never forget the king of poets is a Saxon. Let's raise our glasses to the Bard of Avon." And they all cheered and drank deep for the gentle bard.

So, in the end they were poets first and Celts second. And their poetic truthfulness, in that they recognized poetic greatness no matter that its origin was Saxon, ultimately stemmed from the fact that they were Christian.

All things rich and wonderful that this world has ever known stem from the fact that Christ walked this earth. And Europe is sacred ground because European men and women made Christ their kinsman and their liege Lord. The pagan poet, like the pagan warrior, ultimately disgusts us because he lacks the spirit that elevates a man to a higher realm of existence, to the poetic realm. In celebrating the poetic element in their fellow Celts, and in recognizing the poetic supremacy of the gentle bard, those Scottish cavaliers were celebrating and honoring incarnate Europe, the Europe of Christ, the only Europe for men and women with hearts of fire. Long live eternal Europe, long live Christmas, and forever may He Reign over both! +

Sages, leave your contemplations,
Brighter visions beam afar;
Seek the great desire of nations,
Ye have seen His natal star;
Come and worship,
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the newborn King!

from "Angels from the Realms of Glory"

A Christmas Reflection on Post-Christian Europe - DECEMBER 19, 2009

Thou know'st the marksman – I, and I alone.
Now are our homesteads free, and innocence
From thee is safe: thou'lt be our curse no more.

-- William Tell

The torture-rape of a fifteen-year old white girl by Mexicans and blacks at a San Francisco high school was certainly heinous, but it was not an unusual occurrence. Such violent crimes are the norm now that America has become a multi-racial land mass rather than a white nation. There is no reason to believe that the colored hatred of whites will ever abate until they have killed every last white. The liberals' exultation at every new atrocity against whites is the folly of a people who have declared themselves an evolved species of being who no longer regard themselves as white people. "It is those other white people who must die. And good riddance to them!" is the cry of the liberal.

The liberal's maniacal hatred of white people stems from his fear that Christianity might be true. The liberal fears judgment. And like a child who has done something wrong and fears punishment, the liberal wants to eradicate the evidence of his wrongdoing. "If there is no evidence, there is no crime," the liberal reasons. So what is the evidence that Christ the Savior once visited this earth? The answer is the white European culture. And if the white European culture and white Europeans are destroyed, the liberal will not be haunted by fears of God's judgment.

It is important that the European Christian not get drawn into the neo-pagans' orbit, whose concern for the white man is only skin deep. They have no love for the white man's heritage which stems from his Christian faith. And the leadership of the neo-pagans cannot envision any solution to the problem of anti-white violence that is not a democratic solution. It is quite alarming when leaders in the neo-pagan movement proclaim their steadfast belief in non-violent protests and democratic discourse. Is it possible for anyone to believe that the colored tide of violence against white people can be halted by democratic means? Will the type of barbarians who tortured and raped the white high school girl stop raping and murdering whites because they are afraid white people will vote against them in the next election? And will the liberals, who have forsaken the religion of charity and now have not charity, the same liberals who glory in the annual murder of a few million babies in the womb, have compassion on the victims of black atrocities and seek out the guilty parties? That is not what I see happening. Every time white people speak out against black and Mexican violence, the government moves against the whites who protest against the atrocities. Implicit in the neo-pagan pleas for non-violent protests of black atrocities is the assumption that once we have evolved to the higher level of democracy it is not necessary to actually fight evil, we need only vote against it.

I recently saw an article by one of the right-wing leaders in which he warned against the dangers of assassinating Barack Obama. I completely agree with the author on that issue – it would not aid white people if Obama were assassinated. Tyrannicide is not outside the ken of the white European tradition, but Obama is not a tyrant whose death would bring great benefits to the white race. He is a small, little cog in the great liberal machine. Killing him would be harmful to whites.

However the author in question goes on to condemn all violence under any circumstances. That type of thinking goes against our European Christian heritage. There are things so hideous, such as the murder of a baby in his mother's womb, the rape of our women, the torture-murder of innocent young people like Channon Christian and Christopher Newsome, that they cry out to heaven for redress. You cannot claim to respect the white European heritage and then tell white people to dogmatically renounce all violence. That type of advice is irresponsible at a time when our "laws," passed by white technocrats, have left white people almost defenseless against the barbarians in our midst. I recall a scene in Walter Scott's novel *The Black Dwarf* in which some border raiders have abducted a Scottish lady and taken her across the border. An old man advises the young men not to break the law and be violent. A member of the rescue party replies angrily to him: "Don't talk to us about our heroic ancestors and then tell us to do nothing." – "The Faith and the Race Are One" (Oct. 2008)

That British martial song "Heart of Oak" is considered quite comical now to Britons reared on Monty Python and punk rock, but it really expresses what should always be the European response to barbarism:

They swear they'll invade us, these terrible foes,
They frighten our women, our children, and beaus;
But should their flat bottoms, in darkness get o'er,
Still Britons they'll find to receive them on shore.

Heart of oak are our ships, heart of oak are our men;
We always are ready, steady, boys, steady!
We'll fight and we'll conquer again and again.

The European civilization was the God-Incarnate civilization. When a European issued his call to battle, it was not for vainglory or bloodlust, it was in defense of the Christmas things: hearth, mother, child, and faith. Are not those same things precious to the heathen as well as the Christian European? No, they are not, at least not to the same degree or with the same depth of passion as they are to the European. When the European joined his civilization to Christ's sacred heart, the European's heart became more fully human. And burned into the heart of the Christian European is the knowledge that the Herods of the world will always usher in Christmas with the blood of the innocents.

Then Herod, when he saw that he was mocked of the wise men, was exceeding wrath, and sent forth, and slew all the children that were in Bethlehem and all the coasts thereof, from two years old and under... – Matt 2: 16

We are all called to imitate Tell and defend the innocents. The European hearth -- the Christmas hearth -- was made possible because Christian Europeans fought the barbarians and the Herods who sought to desecrate the Christian faith and murder the innocents. "God Rest Ye, Merry Gentlemen, Let nothing ye dismay" is a fine song for the Christmas season. But let's add an equally fine Christian vow to the song: "They shall not prevail!" +

The Heroism of White Men - DECEMBER 12, 2009 here

The story of South Africa is that of two fine European peoples, as alike as two races can be, who have established their civilisation at great cost and with courage upon the tip of Africa. In spite of their unhappy schism they have managed to exert their sway over, and to accept responsibility for, a greater number of servants than any nation has been blessed or cursed with since the slave empires of antiquity. – *In Search of South Africa* by H. V. Morton

A new movie about Nelson Mandela, the murdering black thug who became a liberal saint, is coming out just in time for Christmas. All good white people will see the movie with their two quality children, or, if unmarried, with their significant other. Such movies are the life blood of the white liberal. Nothing delights them more than to further defile the corpse of Christian Europe. The movie will emphasize the goodness of the black South Africans and the evil of the white South Africans, thus completely distorting the reality of South Africa's history.

The white South Africans can justly claim that no race of people, with the possible exception of the pre-Civil War southern whites of North America, has ever done more for another race of people than the white South African has done for the black South African. What took place in South Africa prior to black rule was a miracle of God's grace, and the white Europeans were the conduits. It would be an unconscionable oversight if the story of South Africa was told without properly applauding the achievements of the white South Africans. But of course the story is told without lauding the white South Africans. They are not just ignored – that would be bad enough – they are made out to be the villains in the story. And this is what we should expect since Satan is the guiding light of white liberals. The South African story is now told from Satan's perspective.

As late as the 1960's, writers such as Anthony Jacob were praising South Africa for holding the line against American democratic egalitarianism and Russian Communism. But by 1994 the white South Africans had succumbed. Why? It was not because they were defeated in battle, and it was not because of any trade embargo by the democracies of the West. They were simply tired of being excluded from Western sporting events and being told they were the 'bad guys.' But they had been the bad guys for many years prior to 1994, and they didn't capitulate. Then what was different in 1994? The difference was Faith. The white South Africans suffered from the same malaise as their fellow Europeans: they no longer believed, with sufficient fervor, in the Christian faith. Having lost their faith, they lost two essential qualities that are necessary to maintain a minority government against a hostile majority.

1) The fortitude to stand against the world and be unpopular. The Christian expects, because His God told him it would always be so, to be hated by the world. But his faith in Christ sustains him when the jackals of the world attack him for his fidelity to the cross. When the South Africans felt themselves to be fighting for a Christian civilization in the darkest region of the earth, they were strong, and no force on earth could defeat them. When they lost that faith they crumbled.

2) The ability to see reality. A Christian can see reality, but a liberal cannot. When the white South Africans were Christian, they could see that they were the only force that could prevent South Africa from descending into a hellish black nation dedicated to murder, torture, and demonism. But when they ceased to look at existence with the eyes of Christians, they

saw reality as the Western liberals do. “Why can’t we have a Babylonian, mixed race paradise right here in South Africa? All that stands in our way is apartheid.”

If a European is not a Christian, he will be susceptible to utopian thinking – Communism, racial egalitarianism, neo-paganism, whatever ideology that looks to a future without God and without real human beings of flesh and blood.

The weakness of a white man without faith was brought home to me recently when I saw the neo-pagan Nick Griffith try to debate a group of anti-white British liberals. He tried to conciliate them and use the democratic jargon with which they were familiar, but it was to no avail. They believed in their godless faith more than Nick Griffith believed in his ‘equal rights for whites’ advocacy, and they had no interest in conciliating Nick Griffith.

We can’t ignore the one great similarity between the neo-pagan, the democratic egalitarian, and the communist-socialist. All three look to a Godless future where the traditional faith of the European is held in contempt. And we should not ignore the striking contrast between the successes of white Christian South Africans, in dealing with barbarians, and the lack of success of the Nick Griffiths and the post 1994 white South Africans. What is missing? The real Christianity.

H. V. Morton, in his book *In Search of South Africa*, tells of a typical Zulu massacre of whites.

Before the Boers realised what was happening, the Zulus had flung themselves upon them. Thomas Halstead cried, “We are finished!” “Treason!” “Help, O lord!” were other cries, as the seized men fought savagely with knives. Several Zulus were killed and others, maddened by knife-wounds, broke the command that no blood must be shed in the kraal as they clubbed some of the Boers to death on the spot. The rest, fighting and stabbing were over-powered and dragged away to the Hill of Execution. Above the screams, the howls, the chanting, and the rattle of spears against shields, was heard the great voice of Dingaan ordering the murder.

Just before this happened a Zulu knocked at the door of Owen’s mission station with a message from Dingaan. He bade Owen not to be frightened, but he was going to kill the Boers. Owen, who had been afraid for days, was wondering how he might risk death by warning the Boers, when someone in the room shouted, “They are killing the Boers now!”

“I turned my eyes and behold! an immense multitude on the hill,” he wrote in his Diary that evening. “About 9 or 10 Zulus to each Boer were dragging their helpless unarmed victim to the fatal spot, where those eyes which awaked this morning was to see the cheerful light of day for the last time, are now closed in death. I lay myself down on the ground. Mrs. and Miss Owen were not more thunderstruck than myself. We each comforted the other. Presently the deed of blood being accomplished the whole multitude returned to the town to meet their sovereign, and as they drew near to him set up a shout which reached the station and continued for some some time... At this crisis I called all my family in and read the 91st Psalm, so singularly and literally applicable to our present situation, that I could with difficulty proceed with it!”

The Boers died fighting hopelessly to the last. Retief was made to witness the death of his son and his followers. The young boys were killed with the others. The bodies were piled upon the hill of death, and over them were the bodies of the grooms and attendants. The heart and liver of Retief were removed and taken to Dingaan so that he might look upon them. Over sixty Boers, one Englishman, and numerous attendants lay dead in the sunlight of that morning in February, and the vultures of Hlomo Amabuta came down from the sky.

And then he writes about the European response:

Under the leadership of a great Afrikaner, Andries Pretorius, who subsequently gave his name to the Transvaal capital, they formed a Commando of four hundred and sixty four men and set off to face an enemy who was numbered by tens of thousands. They took with them sixty-four ox-wagons. On the way they begged God to help them and vowed that if they were granted victory they would build a church and for ever keep the day of their triumph as a Holy Sabbath. Professor Uys tells me that while this vow was made, the laager was guarded by Englishmen.

The commando made contact with the enemy near the Zulu capital and formed a laager with a river at their back. In the morning the Zulus attacked and the Boers held their fire until the enemy was ten yards off, then a hail of elephant ball and buck-shot poured from the wagons. The battle lasted three hours and the Boer guns were smoking hot.

Then came the moment in the plan of a Boer battle which above all others rouses admiration. Bart Pretorius, the brother of the General, put himself at the head of a small body of horsemen and galloped out, the men levelling their hot gun-barrels and firing from the saddle. In the last of three charges the Boers managed to split the Zulu army. Seeing this, Andries Pretorius took command of three hundred horsemen and came galloping out of the laager. He rode straight into the gap between the Zulus, and then one section wheeled left, and the other right, and each began to press back and drive the now demoralised enemy in front of them. The rout became a headlong flight.

When the Boers rallied and assembled, and came back to the laager with their hot guns and their spent ponies, they saw that the river was red with Zulu blood; and its name on the map to-day is Blood River. If one sometimes suspects upon reading of these Homeric contests, that the casualties must have been estimated on a classical basis, there is at least firm authority for the statement that the Zulu dead at Blood River, which were carefully counted, numbered some three thousand.

H. V. Morton describes the battles as Homeric. But Homer in his wildest imagination could not have conceived of the heroism displayed by the Afrikaners, and the South African English. And they kept their vow:

At Pietermaritzburg, which became the capital of the republic in Natal, they built a church; and to this day December 16, Dingaan's Day, is a solemn day of remembrance throughout the Union.

The reason the neo-pagans keep attempting to win whites over to neo-paganism is because they think they must have the strength of numbers in order to win battles. Since they don't believe in the Christian God, they are unable to see that numbers do not ultimately determine the victor in battle. The great victories of Christian Europeans always came against a multitudinous majority. It is the singleness of purpose that comes from a common faith, and not numbers, that the Europeans need. They do not need "one man more" to fight their modern battle of Agincourt.

I know in my own life the only times I've ever approached the heroic mode was when I invoked my God. And if we look at the incredible history of the European people, we see that it was their God, the Christ, who inspired them to a level of heroism that the post-Christian man has never and will never come close to reaching.

The liberals have buried the cross of Christ fathoms deep in the ocean. They now sleep quite content in the knowledge that no European is capable of, or willing to, resurrect that cross. But the God who made the deaf hear and the blind see can also make heroes of ordinary men who still seek Him in their hearts. The faithful European will plunge the depths and bring His Cross to the surface again. And then? The European Phoenix will rise from the ashes of neo-pagan despair and suicidal liberalism and bear witness to the world that it is only through His Cross that a people can overcome the world. +

Interview with the Young Drummer - DECEMBER 05, 2009

No dream of the future, my spirit can cheer;

Interviewer: I'm afraid I've become the type of person who only gets in touch when I am depressed.

Young Drummer: Well, at least you keep in touch.

INT: I received a blast from the past recently in the form of a letter from an old friend in the pro-life movement. As he prattled on about new legislation and voting 'pro-life' I remembered why I parted company with the pro-lifers. It was not because I became indifferent to the evil of legalized abortion; it was because I saw that the pro-lifers held something more sacred than life in the womb.

YD: And what was that?

INT: Democracy.

YD: Yes, it is rather ridiculous to think mass murder can be halted with a few outraged telephone calls to your congressman and few neighborhood petitions.

INT: Some babies have been saved by pro-lifers, so I can't say the pro-life movement has been for naught, but if we look at the goal of the pro-lifers, to make abortion illegal, we must call the pro-life movement a colossal failure. And I find it truly amazing and unconscionable that the pro-lifers are unwilling to look at their movement and ask themselves why they failed.

YD: The pro-life movement failed because the pro-lifers violated the first commandment, "Thou shalt have no other gods before me."

INT: And the great god 'Democracy' is a jealous God.

YD: Yes, he is. The pro-lifers were never willing to go outside of the democratic box. There was something more precious to them than protecting babies in their mothers' wombs, and that precious something was egalitarian democracy.

INT: I knew the pro-life movement was finished when one of the leaders of the movement offered a reward for information leading to the arrest and prosecution of anyone harming an abortion doctor.

YD: Yes, it was a sorry spectacle.

INT: Would it be wrong to say that the pro-life movement failed because the men and women in the movement were half-way house Christians, in that they were genuinely appalled by the ugliest manifestation of modernity, legalized abortion, but they were unwilling to attack such pillars of democracy as racial egalitarianism and feminism?

YD: You're correct. In fact, I'd take it a step further and say that there can be no anti-abortion movement unless there is a white Christian movement which opposes, with fire and sword, racial egalitarianism and feminism. The Catholic bishops talked about the seamless garment of capital punishment, nuclear disarmament, and abortion. But that was not the seamless garment with which they should have been concerned. It was God's seamless garment of different races fulfilling different functions within His divine plan. When racial distinctions are blurred, so is every other aspect of human life.

INT: In other words, racial Babylon is the breeding ground for legalized abortion.

YD: Yes.

INT: I don't see any chance, at the moment, of a resurgence of white European solidarity. The white pagan nationalists hate Christian Europeans and the halfway house Christians all scream for egalitarian democracy and the worship of the black man.

YD: Start with one European and go from there. And never forget that the path to His kingdom goes through old Europe.

INT: This past week seemed to be my week for unpleasant visitors from the past. An old acquaintance brought up the Mel Gibson movie again.

YD: Which one?

INT: The one that's supposed to be about Christ.

YD: I take it that you didn't care for the movie?

INT: I never actually saw the whole film, I only saw some clips of it, so I'm open to the charge that my extreme distaste for Gibson's other movies has blinded me to the value of his Christ movie. But I hated the parts of the movie I did see. Gibson seemed to be taking the Christ story and turning it into a horror film. I don't see how a human being could watch it. And yet, millions of people went to see it.

YD: Why should that surprise you? You live in the most decadent of times in the most decadent country.

INT: True, but decadence masked as Christianity is even more repulsive than straight decadence. It wasn't that long ago that Zeffirelli made a beautiful movie about Jesus of Nazareth. We are not numbed with horror after viewing Zeffirelli's film, we feel uplifted.

YD: But couldn't Gibson claim he was finally making a realistic movie about Christ, a movie that actually depicted the reality of the crucifixion?

INT: He might make that claim, but he would be in error. The object of art is to manipulate or distort material reality in order to show the spiritual reality behind the material facade. Virtually every European depiction of the crucifixion, prior to Gibson, certainly showed a suffering Christ, but at the same time the older artists turned our eyes away from gore and toward that face, whose light could never be dimmed by gore. The older artists were aware that too much "realism" is unrealistic. If you are going to be totally realistic, why not depict Christ naked as our modern historians tell us he was? How realistic do you want to be? Too much realism has a dehumanizing effect.

YD: I agree with you about the dehumanizing aspects of the Gibson film, but I don't think everyone who went to see it went because they were decadent. With some, it was the Emperor's new clothes syndrome. Some expert clergyman told them it was a good Christian film, so they didn't dare say it was a disgusting blood fest lest it be said they were not good Christians. Those are the best of the people who went to see the film. I'm sure there were many hardcore sadists who went to see the film for reasons it is not necessary to dwell on.

INT: But why did so many 'religious experts' want the film to be seen?

YD: Because the experts have a vested interest in a non-personal Christianity. The Gibson film fit right into their world-view. When Christ is seen as just a bloody carcass, one can project whatever meaning one wants to project on Christ's

Passion. To a trad like Gibson, it means God is a tough guy who can take it and dish it out. No one but Gibson and his fellow sedis can enter the Kingdom. To the Novus Ordo, New Age bunch, it is the example of a good man suffering for social justice. And to the pagan tough guys, it means a whole host of booted Nazi-type things that again, I'd rather not dwell on.

INT: It all hinges on the person of Christ, doesn't it?

YD: Yes, it does. The Mississippi River winds through the United States like a big snake. At certain points of the river it seems like one branch of the river is the whole river, but the branches are just that, branches of the river; they are not separate rivers. They are parts of one river with one source. So it is with Christianity. It is quite easy to take an isolated branch of it for the whole. God's omnipotence might be one branch. His mercy might be another, His justice another, and so on... The way to avoid that type of truncated religion is to go back to the source – to the God-Man.

INT: That sounds so simple, but it isn't, is it?

YD: No, it is not. Satan wants to depersonalize all of our existence. If he succeeds in getting us to believe that we are impersonal essences rather than personalities with a personal existence, then he can rule the roost. You should keep these words before you: "It stands on me to defend, not to debate."

INT: I understand, but that can get awfully lonely.

YD: Yes, it can. But if you're going to give up the fight because you're lonely, change the name of your blog to something else.

INT: Point taken. Conceding that all topics end up being the same topic, let's move on to another topic. I've noticed, to my dismay, that things are even worse than they seem.

YD: To what do you refer?

INT: The right-wing. One would like to be a member of a group, no matter how small, opposed to modernity. But the right-wing is not opposed to modernity. They are simply modernized pagans – Odins with computers – they are not the Christian men and women one wants to throw his lot in with. They don't seem to realize that the survival of the white race is a matter of no importance if it only means the collective survival of the race. I want the faith that says individual personalities of the white race, and every race, survive after death, to be preserved. Hence I want the Christ-bearing race to survive. But if He be not risen, I could care less about race, or anything else for that matter.

YD: Yes, they are a pathetic bunch. There isn't much difference between Odin and Gandhi in the end. One eats beef, the other eats fruit, but both are pagans.

INT: Which is why my fellow 21st century human beings simply make me feel my aloneness all the more acutely.

YD: Choose the past. You admire the 19th century Christians — stay with them. There is a Welsh poem that speaks to your problem specifically:

The ash grove, how graceful, how plainly 'tis speaking,
The harp through it playing has language for me.
Whenever the light through its branches is breaking
A host of kind faces is gazing on me.
The friends of my childhood again are before me,
Each step wakes a memory as freely I roam.
With soft whispers laden its leaves rustle o'er me,
The ash grove, the ash grove alone is my home.

My laughter is over, my step loses lightness,
Old countryside measures steal soft on my ear;
I only remember the past and its brightness,
The dear ones I mourn for again gather here.
From out of the shadows their loving looks greet me
And wistfully searching the leafy green dome,
I find other faces fond bending to greet me,
The ash grove, the ash grove alone is my home.
My lips smile no more, my heart loses its lightness
No dream of the future my spirit can cheer;

I only can brood on the past and its brightness,
The dead I have mourned are again living here.
From ev'ry dark nook they press forward to meet me;
I lift up my eyes to the broad leafy dome,
And others are there looking downward to greet me;
The ash grove, the ash grove alone is my home.

INT: Yes, that poem has a haunting beauty. But one can't live in the past for the obvious reason that it's past, and it no longer has a material body.

YD: That's not true. In the spiritual realm there is no past. Everything that is of the spirit is always in the present. And the dead have bodies and personalities even if they don't have fleshly bodies. But mere material bodies without a spiritual dimension, such as you see in modern men and women, are less real than the so-called dead are.

INT: Again, I understand, and, more than just in part, believe what you are saying. But living it is not easy.

YD: I think there is a connection between the fairy tale apprehension of the Faith and Christ's admonition: "Except ye be converted and become as little children, ye shall not enter the Kingdom of Heaven." If you allow the dead souls of the living to obscure the true fairy tale Faith of the dead, you will lose the Kingdom of Heaven.

INT: When seen in that light, namely that to fail to apprehend life in a fairy tale manner is to lose God, one cannot yield one inch to modernity.

YD: Yes, think of those who would deprive you of that insight as the Zulus, and in some cases they will be actual Zulus, attacking the Welshmen at York's Drift.

INT: You seem to be on a Welsh kick today.

YD: Not by any plan. The Welsh poems seem appropriate this time.

INT: Well, are you going to quote the lines or do I have to?

YD: You do it. They are good lines to end an interview with.

INT: "Keep these fighting words before ye — Cambria will not yield." +

Prisoners of the Dialectic - NOVEMBER 28, 2009

The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God. -- Psalm 14:1

I made the mistake the other day of turning on the car radio. I must have turned on some "religious" station because there was a Catholic priest on the show talking about salvation outside the Catholic Church. His unsweet song was that in the bad old days, before the Second Vatican Council, the Church hated Jews and Protestants and claimed they were all going to hell. Now, the great man intoned, the Church saw there were many roads to God and we were all beautiful in our own way.

The priest was somewhat in error by saying that before the Council the no-salvation-outside-the-Church belief was the teaching of the Church. After all, it was Pius XII who excommunicated Father Feeney. But the radio priest was essentially correct, for if not absolute in theory, the Church was absolute in practice – meaning that the great unwashed thought, and were encouraged by the clergy to think, that there was no salvation outside the Catholic Church. So I don't want to quarrel with the radio priest over his analysis, which was essentially correct.

The dialectic that the Feeneyite cannot overcome is this: "The Church was set up by Christ for our salvation; therefore, ipso facto, no one outside the Church can be saved." But the dialectic is a false mode of thinking invented by Satan to deceive intellectual pygmies like us, pygmies at least in comparison to Satan.

The poetic mode, whether we ever write poetry or not, is the mode in which humans are called to respond to existence. Vatican II did not bring about the proper doctrine on "No salvation outside the Church." Those Christians who operated in the non-dialectic sphere of existence always knew it. Take a novel like *Ivanhoe* for instance, written long before Vatican II. In the novel, Scott draws a perfectly believable portrait of a saintly Jewish woman, while at the same time making it clear

that she is in error. Ivanhoe, being a true knight and therefore possessing a poetic sense of life, is able to fight valiantly for Rebecca without compromising his own Christian faith. In fact he fights valiantly for her because of his Christian Faith. This is impossible to understand if one views life as a dialectic, but quite understandable if one sees life in a poetic light. And I must stress that the poetic, or the mystical, if you prefer, response to existence has nothing to do with one's ability to write poetry, it has to do with the state of one's soul. A person could have a great gift to write poetry but have a very cold, dialectically oriented soul. Dante is a case in point. Few, possibly only Shakespeare, had greater power of expression than Dante, but Dante lacked a poetic appreciation of life. In his hands, God becomes a pagan God who requires sacrifice and not mercy. I loved it when Unamuno, in his classic work on Don Quixote, had Quixote ride into hell and take down Dante's sign, "Abandon all hope ye who enter here."

Edgar, with great sadness, comments that the dark and vicious place where his father begot the bastard Edmund cost him his eyes. By the same token the dark and vicious place where the clergy embraced the dialectic cost Father Feeney and countless millions their faith. So much was said in so few words by the anti-dialectical poet, William Blake – "We will forever believe a lie when we see with, not through, the eye."

The radio priest and Father Feeney represent the North and South poles of religious atheism. The religious atheist doesn't renounce Christ directly; instead, he refashions Christianity to fit his idea of what a god should be. In the case of the radio priest, he thinks God should be a benign being with no definite personality or attributes, who gives one generic blessing to all mankind. And at the other pole of religious atheism, Father Feeney worships the idea of an organized Church with exclusive rights to the Kingdom of Heaven, but he has no feeling for the Son of God who came to redeem mankind. Scott describes the Feeney mentality in his novel *A Legend of Montrose*:

Another cause inflamed the minds of the nation at large, no less than the tempting prospect of the wealth of England animated the soldiery. So much had been written and said on either side concerning the form of church government, that it had become a matter of infinitely more consequence in the eyes of the multitude than the doctrines of that gospel which both churches had embraced. The Prelatists and Presbyterians of the more violent kind became as illiberal as the Papists, and would scarcely allow the possibility of salvation beyond the pale of their respective churches. It was in vain remarked to these zealots, that had the Author of our holy religion considered any peculiar form of church government as essential to salvation, it would have been revealed with the same precision as under the Old Testament dispensation. – Walter Scott

The religious atheist is much more common than the professed atheist, but our modern age, which has produced a record number of religious atheists, is also producing a significant number of outright atheists. And that is not a coincidence. Religious atheism begets secularized atheism. As C. S. Lewis points out in *The Last Battle*, the end result of years of false teaching about Aslan was that a great number of people had ceased to believe in the real Aslan.

And we must make one more distinction. The militant atheism so prevalent in the neo-pagan ranks is not the type of atheism which Stavrogin displays in Dostoyevsky's *The Possessed*. There is a certain nobility in Stavrogin's atheism; he has come to believe there is no God, and he takes the tragedy of a Godless universe seriously enough to commit suicide.

In contrast, the neo-pagans' professed atheism is mere pouting, the pouting of petulant children mad at their parents for not handing them the world on a silver platter, a world as they would have it. Christianity has turned to the worship of Baal in the form of the black man, so the neo-pagans think this gives them the right to imitate the Jews and form an organized opposition to Jesus of Nazareth. One hears, once again, from their camp the cries of "crucify Him!"

As it was in the past so is it now. It is up to the white Christian European to stand against the Christ-haters and for incarnational Europe. The religious atheists, the neo-pagan atheists, and the barbarians seem to be such different entities, but they are one in their hatred of the Europeans and their God. It stands on us to defend His Europe against such enemies, not to appease them or to compromise with them.

Atheism is a European phenomenon and only a European phenomenon, because the colored peoples never worshipped a personal God. To them, God is a force or a philosophy; how do you personally reject such a God? But Christ? He can be rejected because He is our personal savior. The religious atheist could not have fashioned his atheistic, new, improved Christ if there had been no Christ. The serious atheist would not feel the God-forsakenness of the world if he had not come from a people who believed that Christ had redeemed the world. And finally, the petulant-child atheist would not have a personal God to blame for the ills of the modern world if the European people had not nurtured and championed the belief that there was a personal God who cared about individual human beings. The European is not naked before his enemies because God has forsaken him; he is naked before his enemies because he has forsaken his God. Having tried and failed to win battles under the atheistic banners of democracy and egalitarianism, it is now time for the European to fight under the only banner worth fighting for. +

We were all one heart and one race
When the Abbey trumpets blew.

--Kipling

Thornton Wilder, author of *Our Town*, *The Skin of Our Teeth*, *The Bridge of San Luis Rey*, and others, has been labeled an optimist by the literary critics. But I always found his works depressing because his "optimism" is grounded in this world only. His religion is Platonic; he believes in love and a divine force but not in a personal God behind that divine force. One must concede however, that his criticism of Catholicism, expressed in *The Bridge of San Luis Rey*, is well-thought out. And the Catholic Church has not been able to refute Wilder's critique with traditional apologetics, which is why the Catholic Church and the Protestant churches which have followed in the Catholic train stand in such a pathetic state today.

In *The Bridge of San Luis Rey*, Brother Juniper sets himself the task of explaining the ways of God to men: "On Friday noon, July the twentieth, 1714, the finest bridge in all Peru broke and precipitated five travellers into the gulf below."

Having witnessed the tragedy, Brother Juniper decides to answer the question, "Why did this happen to those five?" He fails to come up with an answer and is eventually burned at the stake by the Church, not so much for anything he said, but because he, a lowly monk, presumed to do what the high mucky-mucks of the Church liked to do. Before his burning, Brother Juniper also attempts an explanation of why the pestilence strikes some individuals and not others:

It was by dint of hearing a great many such sneers at faith that Brother Juniper became convinced that the world's time had come for proof, tabulated proof, of the conviction that was so bright and exciting within him. When the pestilence visited his dear village of Puerto and carried off a large number of peasants, he secretly drew up a diagram of the characteristics of fifteen victims and fifteen survivors, the statistics of their value sub specie aeternitatis. Each soul was rated upon a basis of ten as regards its goodness, its diligence in religious observance, and its importance to its family group. Here is a fragment of this ambitious chart...

The thing was more difficult than he had foreseen. Almost every soul in a difficult frontier community turned out to be indispensable economically, and the third column was all but useless. The examiner was driven to the use of minus terms when he confronted the personal character of Alfonso V., who was not, like Vera N., merely bad; he was a propagandist for badness and not merely avoided church but led others to avoid it. Vera N. was indeed bad, but she was a model worshipper and the mainstay of a full hut. From all this saddening data Brother Juniper contrived an index for each peasant. He added up the total for victims and compared it with the total for survivors, to discover that the dead were five times more worth saving. It almost looked as though the pestilence had been directed against the really valuable people in the village of Puerto. And on that afternoon Brother Juniper took a walk along the edge of the Pacific. He tore up his findings and cast them into the waves; he gazed for an hour upon the great clouds of pearl that hang forever upon the horizon of that sea, and extracted from their beauty a resignation that he did not permit his reason to examine. The discrepancy between faith and the facts is greater than is generally assumed.

It would be easy to just dismiss Thornton Wilder as the village atheist. But his critique of Catholicism is completely correct. Brother Juniper's ill-advised attempt to present a rational defense of suffering is the embodiment of pre-Vatican II Catholicism. The reason the "sound apologetics" of the pre-Vatican II era were abandoned was because they were false. No one believed them. But the old Brother Juniper apologetics were not replaced by sound apologetics, they were replaced by Wilder's faithless faith. He had faith that humanity would survive but not individual human beings. He believed in love but not the God of love. In short, Brother Juniper's Aristotelian apologetics was replaced at the Council by Wilder's Platonic apologetics. The Church is still in need of a defense of the Faith that is not made of Greek vapor.

I think of Thomas Campbell's assertion that the faith is not a theory or a philosophy. He is right; it is a vision. I ask the question, what would be wrong if the Church actually started to preach about a man who was both God and man, who came down from heaven, was crucified, died and was buried, and on the third day rose from the dead? That would indeed be something. And I think that something is what the first missionaries from Rome told our European ancestors: a simple straight forward story about the King of Kings. Our ancestors listened to that story and they believed!

Men have done deeds in the name of God which would have made Christ weep, but the story of the conversion of England to Christianity, with which Durham is so marvellously linked, is, I believe, one of the loveliest stories since the New Testament. Look back to a time long before the Council of Whitby, and you see the pilgrim monks tramping the weed-grown Roman roads to speak to men and women under an oak tree in a wood. These simple, holy men trudged the heather, traversed the mighty woods, and crossed the lonely hills to baptize the heathen Saxon beside wells and at the edge of streams. They were uplifted by a magnificent single-mindedness, inspired with a Christ-like humility, strengthened by a superb sincerity. How real a thing in those rough days was the brotherhood of the holy men. (1)

The simple story made England become England and Europe become Europe.

Some twenty years ago I saw the Protestant Reformation as a very regrettable attack on Christ's church. But now I see the Reformation, in its essence, as an attempt by the Christian faithful to reclaim the Christ that had been wrested from them and replaced by an abstract philosophy. The great tragedy was not that there was a Protestant revolt; the great tragedy was that the revolt failed when the philosophical speculators took over. The philosophers seized upon it... and made it the unwilling and unnatural parent of the largest and most hideous brood of ills that had ever appeared at one birth since the opening of the box of Pandora. (2)

The speculating European has reached the end of the line. He has speculated himself out of existence. He rejected the light, and as a consequence he is now lost in the darkness. The Hebraic parallel is apropos. When a people forsake their God they cease to be a people; they become a loose collection of blasphemers huddled around the golden calf. (3)

The Christ story, the Hebraic Fairy Tale, is the story that the Europeans took to their hearts. Burn every single cathedral, church, and art work that celebrates the Christ story, and you still won't eradicate the sacred remembrance of Christ that lives in the blood of the European. There will always be some Europeans that will never let go of the European past. Against all logic, against all practicality, a certain breed of men will simply not let go of the vision of the one true God, who lives and reigns in eternal Europe.

It seems, when you look at Europe and the world today, that darkness has conquered the Light. And one could say that this is no time to talk about fairy tales. But I think it is precisely the time to talk about fairy tales. Christ's resurrection from the dead was The Fairy Tale of all fairy tales, the truest and the most magnificent fairy tale of all. Beyond the graveyard of European civilization is the Kingdom of Europe where He reigns. It can be seen only by men who have hearts that burn inside them like the apostles' hearts burned within them on the road to Emmaus. Brother Juniper got it wrong. The Sacred Heart only reveals Himself through the narrows of the human heart. The wide-gated community of intellectual pride will never know the Man of Sorrows. The true European knows this in his blood. The European's task then is to never forsake his blood. +

(1) *In Search of England* by H. V. Morton

(2) *Cannibals All! or Slaves Without Masters* by George Fitzhugh

(3) I think that it was the issue of suffering that brought the Christian churches down. The question of human suffering cannot be solved by a syllogism; it can only be understood at the foot of the cross. We need King Lear, not the Summa or the Institutes.

What Men Fight For - NOVEMBER 14, 2009

Let England be imperilled, and Englishmen will fight; in such extremity there is no choice. But what a dreary change must come upon our islanders if, without instant danger, they bend beneath the curse of universal soldiering! I like to think that they will guard the liberty of their manhood even beyond the point of prudence. – George Gissing

In the wake of the Fort Hood murders I don't think it is amiss to ask, "Why was a Muslim in the United States Army, and why was he not only in the Army but also promoted to the rank of major?" And if you answer my first question with the usual nonsense about how the United States respects all faiths and all colors then I must ask a second question: "Why are there any white males in the United States Armed Forces?"

The mark of a man is not how willingly he fights or even how well he fights. The mark of a man is what he fights for. The profession of soldier is not intrinsically evil as the Quakers would have it, but it is not intrinsically good as patriotic scoundrels of last refuge fame would have it. A soldier is as good or as bad as the cause he gives his allegiance to. And the American soldier swears allegiance to liberaldom. He belongs to the liberals heart and soul. He has sworn to spread the benefits of liberal democracy (abortion, pornography, feminism, race mixing) to every corner of the earth. (1) What man who guards his manhood would fight for such a country? There should be no white males in the United States military. The fact that there are white males and what is worse, white females, in the U. S. military indicates just how satanic the white European culture has become. We send our boys and girls to the great liberal Moloch to use them as he pleases.

The liberal party line is that democracy is ecumenical; all religions are equally excluded from participation in the democratic circus. But this is not the case. All religions accept the Christian one are welcome in the brave new democratic world of the liberals. The official liberal party line also asserts that the U. S. Government is color-blind; all races are equal before the law. But this is not the case. The white race is an outlawed race and the black race is a deified race. Does the accusation of black racism ever result in punitive action by the government? Of course not. But alleged white racism? The list is endless. Every day whites are punished for the sin of racism by the law's indifference to the murder of whites and through the punitive damages exacted from whites who make 'racist' comments.

Prayer and fighting are intimately linked. What we fight for will be determined by who or what we pray to. When white people abandoned Jesus of Nazareth, the God of the hearth fire, the God of nations, for a philosophical abstraction they ceased to fight for hearth and nation. They now fight for the democratic, utopian state of tomorrow in which there is one mixed race and one cosmic mixture of every god save the one true God.

The late John Watson, pen name Ian Maclaren, wrote eloquently of Christ's desire to ease our fears about the next world by enveloping that world in images of our homes in this world.

Jesus, who had stated many of the deep things of the spiritual world in the terms of our common life, now declares Heaven to be another name for home, and so makes a winsome appeal to the heart. This world is indeed like unto an alabaster box of ointment very precious, whose fragrance fills the life. Into it has been gathered our most sacred memories, our tenderest associations, our brightest hopes. It matters little whether the home of one's childhood has been a cottage on a hillside or a house in some city street, round it is woven a romance of interest that grows with the years, to it travels back the heart places alike of work and thought with wistful regret. As the years come and go we see our home through a golden mist, wherein all things are beautiful and perfect, and so there is no home that is not a prophecy. As Jesus himself was the Son of Man, that perfect Antitype after which in all ages men's minds have gone forth, so must that place from which He came be—above all we have dreamed—Home.

Our homes – that is what the Christian fights for, not for democracy or liberty or equality. I think it is significant that as our theology became more impersonal and abstract (and by 'our' I mean white people), so did our wars. It is easier to kill large numbers of people when they are called collateral damage. And it is easier to use terms like collateral damage when God is a philosophical concept rather than a personal savior.

I think the most cruelly frivolous lines of poetry I ever read were Chesterton's lines about the Irish:

All their wars were merry
And all their songs were sad.

There are no merry wars, but are there wars in which we can see, amidst the bloodshed and carnage, God's grace at work? If Christianity really was, as I maintain, the heart and blood of old Europeans, shouldn't we be able to observe a difference between European warfare and non-European warfare? At first glance it appears that there is no difference between the pagan and the Christian warrior. But if we take a second, deeper look something called chivalry emerges in the European mists -- often more honored in the breach than the observance, but still a very palpable, living creed. Civilian populations were not routinely put to the sword, and while the killing never ceased, there was, during the Christian era of the European people, a recognition that one's enemy was also spiritually one's brother and entitled to Christian quarter when captured and "all holy rites" when killed.

The techno-barbarism of our bombing raids on Iraq and the presence of white Europeans in the ranks of the Great Multi-Racial Army of Liberalism are indications of the death of Christianity. A Christian people distinguishes between non-combatants and combatants, and Christian men do not serve in Satan's army. When the European ceased to view Christianity as a religion distinct from all other religions he also became blind to the distinctions between the European people and the people of color. In his blindness he now fights only for abstractions, such as democracy and equality, which promise him, should he emerge victorious, a place in a Christless utopia of the future. And while the New Age soldier fights for the new satanic order, Christian Europe is left without any defenders.

The United States with its mixture of white and colored races presents us with a hellish vision of Babylon. The Europeans, the Christ-bearing people, have forsaken their God and become one with the people of Babylon. The reason our military is in such disarray is because America's conflict with Iraq and Afghanistan is an internecine conflict. Two competing factions within Babylon are fighting for supremacy. Neither The Obama or The Bush before him could articulate a real difference between the United States and the Arab nations they were attacking, because the United States is part of Babylon.

Writing in 1965, Anthony Jacob warned Europe about the emerging Babylonian state that was coming to fruition in the anti-nationalist land mass called the United States. Instead of arming themselves, spiritually and materially, the European nations turned their nations into American-styled Babylons. There is now, for instance, no difference between a street in Harlem, Amsterdam, or Nairobi. Babylon rules!

There is one hope, and it is a genuine hope, for the European. If he takes up the discarded cross and faces the white techno-barbarians and the barbarians of color who inhabit the new Babylon, he will discover, as Gideon did, that a few hundred faithful are more than a match for a host of barbarians. But the few hundred must be faithful.

And the three hundred blew the trumpets, and the Lord set every man's sword against his fellow, even throughout all the host; and the host fled to Bethshittah in Zererath, and to the border of Abelmeholah, unto Tabbath. – Judges 7: 22

(1) James V of Scotland died, Scott tells us, of a broken heart because he couldn't persuade enough of his countrymen to do battle with the English. Such was often the case in the days of what our tyrannical democratic dictators often term the age of monarchical tyranny. In the Christian past, in contrast to the democratic present, men thought that the causes they killed for and the causes they risked their lives for should be causes that they, and not their government, chose.

Against the World - NOVEMBER 07, 2009

"This happy breed of men, this little world..."

I don't think it will surprise anyone who reads 'right-wing' blogs and newsletters to learn that even if all non-white legal and illegal immigration were to be halted immediately, the white race will still be a minority in the United States within the next ten to twenty years. And I think we can say the same thing about Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and all the nations of Europe. White mad-dog liberals and white conservative Christians both think the emerging racial Babylon will be a good thing, but they think so for different reasons.

The mad-dog liberal feels (to the extent that such a creature feels at all) that the white race has brought evil into the world. By embracing the God-Man and enshrining Him as the King of Europe, the white man despoiled the continent of Europe and then proceeded to despoil all of the paradisiacal continents of the non-white races. Such is the mad-dog liberal's assertion. That neither Europe nor the dwelling places of the people of color were paradises before the reign of white, Christian Europeans seems to be obvious to anyone who has eyes to see or ears to hear. But the mad-dog liberal does not have eyes that see or ears that hear. His heart and mind belong to Satan. He thinks what Satan tells him to think, and he feels what Satan tells him to feel. After centuries of distorted theologians denigrating the notion that the heart is a man's touchstone of reality, the Christian layman became the satanic layman. Gone was the innocence of "anger and surprise," to be replaced by a cynical sneer. God cannot enter a heart that has been imprisoned by mind-forged manacles, but Satan can and does enter the minds of men and women who haven't the heart to denounce the works of the devil. Lady Macbeth asks the devil to "unsex me here"; the mad-dog liberals have made a similar plea: "Dehumanize me here, kill my heart."

The conservative Christians also hate the white race. Yet they profess to love European culture. Their attitude towards white people was summed up by Buchanan's priest: "What makes you think Western culture is worth saving?" Their logic runs as follows: "Europeans have abandoned Christianity, so let us look to Africa and China. There the faith is alive and striving." What is the fallacy in the "let's substitute Africans and Chinese for Europeans" program?

The modern day Europeans are so decadent that we need a word beyond decadent to describe them. But are the Africans, the Chinese, and the other colored tribes Christian? Have they assumed the mantle of Christian Europe? No, they haven't. Those among the colored cultures who actually were making baby steps toward the light during the ascendancy of the Christian European, have returned to barbarism. And the rest have continued to practice their barbaric rites with the addition of Western technology. Bin Laden uses a laptop computer, and the African tribesmen carry cell phones but still spill the blood and eat the flesh of the white Christians.

The conservative Christians do not understand the incarnation. God reveals Himself to us through men. The *Summa Theologica* and the documents of the Church needed a culture to transmit them. And likewise Holy Scripture. If a golden harp lacks a human hand to play its strings, can there be any music? There is no skirting the issue. If there is to be faith on earth, the white man must be faithful. If the numbers indicate a wholesale apostasy, then the white remnant must take strength from their ancestors who were faithful unto death. They are our kinsmen, not the decadent, white majority, and not the barbarian hordes.

It often occurs to me that I am very lucky to have found a wife who can tolerate a rather dull fellow. If I were to run a personal ad in one of those lonely hearts services, I would have to list my hobbies as: "Likes to read old books and watch old movies." But my hobbies are now tinged with sadness. For instance, when I read a book such as H. V. Morton's *In Search of England*, I fall in love with the England Morton describes, but then an incredible sadness sets in when I realize that the loved one is no longer living. And so it is with an old movie with wonderful European settings and real Europeans acting out stories from the European past. It's like going through a photo album with pictures in the album of a parent, a spouse, or a friend who is deceased. The joy is bittersweet. But would it have been better if the loved one had never existed? No, certainly not. There is that sacred remembrance of things past. No, I am not quoting the decadent Proust; he copied his title from the Gentle Bard:

Sonnet 30

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought

I summon up remembrance of things past,
 I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
 And with old woes new wail my dear times' waste.
 Then can I drown an eye, unus'd to flow,
 For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,
 And weep afresh love's long since cancell'd woe,
 And moan the expense of many a vanish'd sight:
 Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,
 And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er
 The sad account of fore-bemoaned moan,
 Which I new pay as if not paid before.
 But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,
 All losses are restor'd and sorrows end.

And who is the 'dear friend'? The Bard makes it clear in Sonnet 31:

Thy bosom is endeared with all hearts
 Which I by lacking have supposed dead;
 And there reigns Love, and all Love's loving parts,
 And all those friends which I thought buried.
 How many a holy and obsequious tear
 Hath dear religious love stol'n from mine eye,
 As interest of the dead, which now appear
 But things remov'd that hidden in thee lie!
 Thou art the grave where buried love doth live,
 Hung with the trophies of my lovers gone,
 Who all their parts of me to thee did give,
 That due of many now is thine alone:
 Their images I lov'd I view in thee,
 And thou, all they, hast all the all of me.

Christ and Europe are one. The mad-dog liberal and the neo-pagan will be forever inventing new gods to rule in a satanic kingdom of the future. And the bloodless conservative who loves an abstracted European past filled with philosophical treatises and Church documents, but hates individual Europeans past and present, will be forever adrift in the seas of racial Babylon. Only the European who takes the past into the present will live in a world that has its roots in heaven.

Sadly, the conservative who rejects the European past will ultimately blend with the mad-dog liberal. I have seen the Schaeffer family phenomenon repeated over and over. The father is a conservative Christian, but he looks to the colored races to bring about a Christian utopia. On that one issue, he is at one with the mad-dog liberals. They too look to the colored races to usher in a utopian state; albeit in the case of the mad-dogs, it is a Godless utopian state for which they yearn. But still the conservative Christian and the mad-dog liberals are united in their faith that salvation will come from the colored races. The son of the conservative rejects the Christian aspects of his father's faith and accepts the mad-dog liberal's faith in its entirety.

The conservative Christians often hurl the 'whited sepulchre' accusation at the recalcitrant, kinist Europeans, claiming they have made a whited sepulchre of the European past. All right, let's look that accusation in the face. The kinist European hopes to maintain his faith and restore the faith of his countrymen by keeping faith with a people and a civilization that believed that Jesus Christ suffered, died, and was buried, only to rise again on the third day. The conservatives want us to reject that European past and place our faith in the hope, not the reality, that the clever and oh so spiritual yellow people, or the vital and earthy black people will show us how to be truly Christian and build a Christian society. The whited sepulchre image is a false one, an illusion. Who has created for themselves a whited sepulchre? (1)

We come once again to the painful truth that the right-wing pagan magazines and blogs, who print the death-of-the-white-European statistics, are doing great harm to the European remnant. By describing the disease in all of its gruesomeness without suggesting any remedies they are inculcating despair. "Why," Scrooge asks the Ghost of Christmas Future, "should you show me all of this if I am beyond hope?"

That is the rub. The white pagans are without hope in the King of old Europe. Those who don't believe in a personal resurrection cannot believe in the resurrection of a civilization. But this the man of Europe knows: Wherever there are white Europeans gathered together in His name, there, and only there, is civilization. When the mad-dog liberals, the neo-pagans, and the conservative liberals are outnumbered by the colored hordes, they will be exterminated. But the white Christian remnant will survive, because Europeans, real Europeans united to Him, will always -- come plague, famine, death, barbarian hordes, and hell itself -- protect and preserve Europe with a will and a love that passeth the

understanding of the barbarian, the liberal, the conservative, and the neo-pagan. It all has to do with the blood of our ancestors and the blood of the Lamb. +

(1) I have an acquaintance who converted to Christianity after many years of wandering in the modern desert. He is very conservative and fundamental in his beliefs, but unfortunately he is an enthusiastic apologist for the black and yellow renewal theory.

What he doesn't realize is that his conversion to Christianity would not have been a complete conversion if Europeans of the past had not given the God-Man a local habitation and a name. When a man from Tibet gets divine intuitions, he becomes a Buddhist or some other type of Dalai Lama enthusiast. And likewise the European, if there had been no Christian Europe, would not know who God was. The personal savior, "Jesus Christ, whom thou persecutest;" becomes an airy nothing if men of faith have not created a spiritual culture in which the one true God can be known by His name.

"When I was a child, I spake as a child..." - OCTOBER 31, 2009

"Keep the imagination sane,-- that is one of the truest conditions of communion with heaven." – Nathaniel Hawthorne

When still young and new to the right-wing European movement, I formed a rather uncritical admiration for the old guard intellectuals of that movement. The poets of Europe had brought me to the foot of the cross, but it was to the old guardsmen I turned for an articulation of the Christian faith. When I explained the faith to others, I parroted the old guard. This is quite natural for a young whippersnapper, but as one becomes a man one must make sure he believes what he parrots. In my case, I realized I differed with the old guard on two important points, both relating to Europe.

1. I differed with them on the issue of race. The old guardsmen were fond of saying that a defense of Western culture had nothing to do with a defense of the white race. (Only men who spent their lives in academia could every say anything so stupid.)

A defense of the West cannot be done without a defense of the white race. Whites are not superior because the evolutionary process made them so (as the neo-pagans maintain), but because they made the one true religion their own. And just as original sin was passed on through the blood, so the European peoples' free will choice of Christ over Satan was passed on through the blood. Just as one can counter the bad effects of original sin by clinging to Christ, so can one counter the good effects of the white man's acceptance of Christ by rejecting Him. And the vast majority of whites have rejected Christ. That makes it all the more urgent that we support the faithful white remnant. To praise European culture without praising and defending the white man is Gnostic nonsense.

2. The old guard failed to appreciate how distinct the European tradition was from the classical tradition. Chaucer, Shakespeare, Botticelli, and countless other European writers and artists choose Greco-Roman themes for their works, but what they did with them was something very different from the Greco-Romans' renditions. Everything is deeper when the Christian poets and artists deal with the pagan themes. In *Midsummer's Night's Dream*, Theseus becomes a Christian king, highlighting charity as the greatest virtue:

I will hear that play;
For never anything can be amiss,
When simpleness and duty tender it.
Go, bring them in; and take your places, ladies.

In Chaucer's *The Knight's Tale*, Jove becomes a symbol for the Christian God. And in Botticelli's painting of *The Birth of Venus*, the goddess of illicit love becomes a virginal Christian maiden.

The excessive reliance on the classical tradition was, in my judgment, the major reason for the collapse of the Protestant and Catholic churches. And the traditionalists think we need a classical revival! We need a European revival, not a classical one. The classical temptation, which would make Christianity into a philosophical system, is potentially more dangerous than the atheistic temptation. I have noticed there has been a score of books published in the last 10 years, such as *Who Killed Homer?* by Hanson and Heath, *This Will Hurt: The Restoration of Virtue* by Digby Anderson, and *Plagues of the Mind* by Bruce Thornton, in which the authors suggest we rebuild civilization on the classical tradition and bypass the European Christian tradition. This might appeal to those who like the simplicity of the classical era, but there is no going back. The choice is either 'be Christian, or perish.'

The old guard did not understand Europe. If they had, they would not have abandoned the white man's burden or slept so contently with Aristotle and Plato.

When I reflect on the weaknesses of the old guard (those men of the World War II generation) I realize that they were the last of the Christian rationalists, who still believed that the dying flame of the European fire could be reignited by the cool waters of rationalism. They were doctors who completely misdiagnosed their patient. The patient needed more warmth, and they sat him out on the veranda in sub-zero weather.

Christ set Europe on fire with a poetic drama which He authored and starred in, a passion play meant to appeal to the heart and the head. He did not intend that His life, death, and resurrection should be treated as the literary critics treat a Shakespearean drama, poking, probing, and dissecting the play with only their minds, leaving their hearts outside. But if the poet writes with his heart and mind, how can the literary critic understand him if he doesn't respond to the play with the same fire that the author used to write the play? And how can we respond to Christ's passion play if we have no passion?

Plato banned poets from his Republic because he thought the passionate, poetic side of man was dangerous. The old guard followed the wisdom of Plato, but the passionate, imaginative, poetic heart of man, when joined with the heart of the Divine Poet, is the only force capable of reigniting the European fire.

I once read a book by one of the conservative education 'experts'; he felt that the problem with modern liberal education was that it was not value-free. He recommended a 'just the facts' program of education that sounded much like the program recommended by Thomas Gradgrind in Dicken's *Hard Times*:

Now, what I want is, Facts. Teach these boys and girls nothing but Facts. Facts alone are wanted in life. Plant nothing else, and root out everything else. You can only form the minds of reasoning animals upon Facts: nothing else will ever be of any service to them. This is the principle on which I bring up my own children, and this is the principle on which I bring up these children. Stick to Facts, sir!

The conservative education expert was wrong. The problem with liberals is not that they teach values in school -- values should be taught in school -- the problem is that they teach liberal values. And likewise the old guard; the problem is not with the poetic and imaginative side of the European's nature; the problem is that the European has ceased to view Christianity as a faith that inspires and stirs the imagination. The European has come to believe what the old guard told him about Christianity: "It is charts, diagrams, syllogisms, and not much else." But man will have the poetic. If he is denied a Christian poetic, he will adopt a satanic one. Obama is the new Messiah, because the old guard thought a remote, bloodless, philosophical God was good enough for the rational, modern man of Europe. Such a God is not good enough. The real Hero-God (He was not invented), who inspired the ancient Europeans is more than good enough, and it is to Him that we should look if we want to see Christendom restored and liberaldom destroyed.

God's Fairy Land - OCTOBER 25, 2009

"Before the railway came to Cornwall and killed the fairies..." – H. V. Morton *In Search of England*

Writing during the last days of Christendom, C. S. Lewis gave us, in the marvelous image of the wardrobe, a last glimpse of what it was like to live in Christian Europe. The ancient European did not see life on this earth as a life separate and remote from God's kingdom of heaven. "Behold the kingdom of God is within you," was a reality, not just a theory, to the pre-modern European. Like the Old Testament Hebrews and the children in C. S. Lewis's novel, the ancient Europeans felt that the wall between God's Fairy Land and this earth had a door through which the intrepid Christian and the pure of heart could go.

This traffic back and forth between Fairy Land and Europe was quite irritating to Satan, because Old Scratch works best with men and women who cannot see the door or climb over the wall between God's Fairy Land and Europe. Satan's task then was to fortify the wall and bolt the door between heaven and Earth. And to give the devil his due, he has done an excellent job of it.

While not discounting every single story in which Christian men and women have claimed to have seen Christ, the blessed Virgin Mary, an angel, or some particular saint, I must state that I am not talking about such revelations when I say that the ancient Europeans felt themselves to be intimately connected to God in a way that the modern European, even if he is an avowed Christian, is not. The pre-modern European was connected to God in the way the old prayer books suggest: "In Him, with Him, and through Him"; through our common humanity and through our common blood, the Europeans who believed gained access to the door that linked His realm to our world. And whenever the European let the image of His divine humanity become obscured, the European found himself groping in the dark, unable to find the door to His world.

It was an article of faith to the Enlightenment philosophers that there was no door between the wall of God's Fairy Land and man's earthly realm. And the modern European takes his blasphemies a step further. He declares there is no Fairy Land beyond the wall, nor anything else. The liberal says (speaking only figuratively, you see, because he knows there is no anthropomorphic-type god), "God bless the wall without a door and without anything beyond it." He even writes sacred words on the wall: "There is only the wall of Nature, and we are all governed by the laws of Nature; glory be to Nature, which has always been and always shall be, Nature without end, (speaking metaphorically, of course) amen."

The restoration – I don't say 'renewal' because we have long passed the stage of a renewal – will not come from the Christian churches. The building of Christendom was done by the European Everyman who tried in his own humble way to live the Gospel. The rebuilding of Christendom will also be accomplished by the Christian, European Everyman. The faith that moves mountains will not come from the clergy because their faith is a constricted faith. They have settled for an anemic, technocratic faith instead of a faith in the God of Fairy Land.

Because the technocratic faith, the faith in systems and syllogisms rather than Christ, is the reigning faith of the modern European, I have been forced to ponder the question of 'why'. Why does the modern European prefer the technocratic faith to a faith in Jesus Christ? There seems to be two reasons:

1) The St. Augustine dilemma. Augustine tells us in his *Confessions* that he had great difficulty in accepting the truth of the Gospels because they seemed intellectually inferior to the Gnostic philosophers he was studying. The idea that the Christ story is stupid and inferior to the philosophical systems of the Greeks and other assorted "experts" is a golden oldie of a heresy, but the modern European has bought more copies of the old album than any of his heretical progenitors. The Catholic theologians and their Protestant rivals never could get rid of the uncomfortable feeling that the pagans were smarter than Christians. For that reason their faith in Christ was always couched in the language of the Greek experts. Only the Christian poets and the Christian peasants looked at Christ without the Greek 'extras,' which is why the poets and the peasants were perceived as being too dumb to be taken seriously. In modern classrooms and seminaries, the faith of the poet and the peasant is seen as relevant only because of what such a faith tells us about "the unconscious and man's need for a faith that is something greater, and greater always means impersonal, than the narrow, sectarian faith of the Gospels."

2) Technological wizardry holds out the promise of a God without the Cross. Christ promised us eternal life in Fairy Land with the proviso that we take up our Cross and follow Him. "A cross can be a beautiful thing." "Not so," say the modern purveyors of wizardry; "We can show you the way to Paradise on this earth without the Cross." "It's a deal!" cry the Brave, New World Europeans. But there is always a cross, and the wizards' promise of a cross-free existence is a lie. Tragically, the modern European believes the lie and seeks to construct a world where faith in the Cross of Christ is always deconstructed and syllogized into nothingness.

Against the new wizardry stands the Christian poets, with Shakespeare leading the vanguard. "The cross of Christ is greater than the syllogisms of the philosophers. Only those who pick up their cross and follow Him will dream dreams and see visions of God's Fairy Land beyond the wall."

One of my favorite movies is called *The Luck of the Irish*, which stars Tyrone Power. The main character (Power, of course) very early in the movie does a favor for a leprechaun. Throughout the rest of the movie the leprechaun tries to repay the favor by showing Tyrone Power that the modern Amazonian woman he is engaged to is not the woman he should marry. The leprechaun tries to get Power to see that a particular Irish village girl, very feminine and very old-fashioned, is the girl he should wed. When it appears that the leprechaun has failed in his efforts, he says, "I offered you gold [meaning the Irish lass of course]. I cannot help it if you preferred a pebble." That Irish parable sums up the modern European tragedy. Christ was the gold the modern European was offered, but instead the modern European preferred the pebble of technological wizardry. There is no love, no honor, no life in the new European religion. And there will be no such thing as a European unless the European opens the door to the thatched cottage that leads to God's Fairy Land. +

Shakespeare

How little fades from earth when sink to rest
The hours and cares that move a great man's breast!
Though naught of all we saw the grave may spare,
His life pervades the world's impregnate air;
Though Shakespeare's dust beneath our footsteps lies,
His spirit breathes amid his native skies;
With meaning won from him forever glows
Each air that England feels, and star it knows;
His whispered words from many a mother's voice

Can make her sleeping child in dreams rejoice,
And gleams from spheres he first conjoined to earth
Are blent with rays of each new morning's birth.
Amid the sights and tales of common things,
Leaf, flower, and bird, and wars, and deaths of kings,--
Of shore, and sea, and nature's daily round,
Of life that tills, and tombs that load the ground,
His visions mingle, swell, command, pace by,
And haunt with living presence heart and eye;
And tones from him by other bosoms caught
Awaken flush and stir of mounting thought,
And the long sigh, and deep impassioned thrill,
Rouse custom's trance, and spur the faltering will.
Above the goodly land, more his than ours
He sits supreme enthroned in skyey towers,
And sees the heroic brood of his creation
Teach larger life to his ennobled nation.
O shaping brain! O flashing fancy's hues!
O boundless heart kept fresh by pity's dew!
O wit humane and blithe! O sense sublime!
For each dim oracle of mantled time!
Transcendant form of man! in whom we read
Mankind's whole tale of impulse, thought, and deed!
Amid the expanse of years, beholding thee,
We know how vast our world of life may be;
Wherein, perchance, with aims as pure as thine,
Small tasks and strength may be no less divine.

by John Sterling

The Battle Lines Are Drawn - OCTOBER 17, 2009

"We are in God's hands, brother, not in theirs."

Seldom does a day pass that I do not think of Alan Breck Stewart. Surely you know the man – he is Robert Louis Stevenson's fictional hero, who, as he never tires of telling us, "bears a king's name." You see, he is a descendant of that ill-fated line of Scottish kings defeated once and for all, in terms of any earthly standing, at the Battle of Culloden. But Alan refuses to acknowledge defeat. He lives the life of an outlaw, swearing allegiance only to the old Scottish clans and refusing to recognize King George as a legitimate king. He completely steals the book from the rather priggish and much too Whiggish David Balfour. And at the book's end, David, now a wealthy laird, yearns for the days when he lived the outlaw life with Alan Breck Stewart.

Why should anyone care about a mere figment of Robert Louis Stevenson's imagination? Because Stevenson, quite probably without realizing it, gives us an excellent portrayal of the glory and difficulties that await all those who would take up a counter-revolutionary cause.

The glory springs from the fact that one is fighting for the old ways – for the hearth over the school, the peasant over the merchant, the warrior-bard over the banker, the act of charity over the syllogism, and the wise man from the village over the academic in the big city.

The difficulty stems from the fact that a counter-revolutionary's life is a lonely one. Can one realistically expect his countrymen to keep the image of the old ways before their eyes and in their memory, when a man must live and it is the new ways that rule the roost? And what about one's children? Suppose Alan Breck Stewart meets a bonnie lass behind the heather, and then suppose he marries that lass and their union bears fruit? Can he expect his wife and children to live the outlaw's life? Will not the very natural desire to see his children successful and prosperous cause the counter-revolutionary to make his accommodation with the ruling Whigs of the world?

Most of us with counter-revolutionary sentiments make our accommodation with the world. Those with intellectual integrity continue to affirm the correctness of the old ways while admitting that they do not have the stomach to fight for them, while those with less integrity manage to convince themselves that the new order isn't really so revolutionary and that it can be changed from within. Those who seek to change the new order from within always fail. They fail to

understand the true dynamic of the revolution, and consequently over-estimate their own abilities to make any kind of dent in the new order. But they make a living, while the Alan Brecks of the movement die in poverty and exile.

The compromisers and the accommodators do cause a problem though. As the revolution marches onward, it becomes more and more difficult to compromise and remain a human being with a soul. For example, a Christian living in the newly formed United States of the 1790's could clearly see that the U. S. Constitution was a devil's document, designed to foster a new godless leviathan and to destroy the older incorporate league which Western man had formed with Christ. Lacking the will to fight, the 1790's Christian unfortunately decided to make his peace and to remain thankful that the revolutionary forces permitted him a breathing and living space in the new order. But what about the 21st century descendant of that first compromiser? The descendant now has no room to maneuver. It is not a case, as it was with the 1790's Christian, of conceding a few points to the secularists and then sneaking off to church. The secularists have taken over the Christian churches and have imposed their new religion on the formerly Christian world. Continual compromise by his ancestors has left the 21st century Christian with no options: It is fight or join the secularists. It is not possible to cooperate with race mixers or murderers of babies. When Satan's end game is the only game permitted, the Christian must fight or cease to be Christian.

I make the assertion that the present times are intelligible. Any knight of the old stock can clearly see that there is nothing left us but counter-revolution. This should not be a subject for debate; the only debate should involve the tactics to be used.

The revolution has been with us for centuries. It has come against us in the form of Scholasticism, capitalism, communism, neo-paganism, Freemasonry, and numerous other satanismisms, but the key to the revolutionaries' success has been their ability to sever nature from grace. Primitive man was connected to nature; his natural world was filled with spiritual meaning. There were gods of the field, gods of the forest, and ghosts of the dead. The gods could be malevolent or benevolent, depending on what was done to appease or to anger them. Most works by Christopher Dawson and all of Mircea Eliade's works describe this connection primitive man had to nature.

However, there is, as every Christian knows, and as every tree-hugging liberal does not know, a downside to primitive religious belief. There is no ethical dimension to be found in the nature gods; they are capricious and unloving. The natural world is pregnant with meaning under their rule, but it is not a pregnancy that will give birth to a God that loves man enough to rescue him from the endless cycle of birth and decay.

The more ethical religious traditions that supplanted the more primitive ones, like Platonism, Buddhism, Confucianism, and Taoism, added an ethical dimension to religion, but denuded the natural religion that gave primitive man a link to the gods. Man needs more than an intellectual or mystical comprehension of the Logos; he needs to be connected to God in every fiber of his being.

Enter Christ, the God-Man. Christianity correctly practiced and preached combines the primitive religions' sacred cosmos with the more ethical religious traditions. Nature is not destroyed, it is transformed. God's grace has entered the world in the form of the Christ, the living God. Natural man now understands that all those gods of the field and the hunt were precursors of the one true God, and ethical contemplative man now knows that the source of his contemplation has a local habitation and a name, thus adding a personal, human element to his religion that was not there before.

In primitive societies the hero is the man who can climb the cosmic tree and be connected to the earth and to the heavens. The counter-revolutionary hero also is connected to earth and heaven; he has not lost his sacramental view of the world, nor has he ceased to experience in the deepest recesses of his soul a connection to a spiritual realm rooted in heaven but also firmly planted on earth. There is no false dichotomy in the counter-revolutionary's vision. "Heaven has visited earth."

All revolutionary societies and movements in some form deny the spiritual link between heaven and earth. The scholastics and the Protestant theologians who followed in their train insisted that the God of sorrows was not to be found in the human heart, but in the human mind. This over-rationalization of God narrowed the focus of European man, who kept staring into the golden bowl of his intellect and worshipping the God he placed there.

Of course, the necessity of counter-revolution now is much greater than in the days of Alan Breck Stewart. The Scottish Highlander's fight was still a fight within Christendom. The modern European knight errant fights from within the bowels of satanic liberalism. He can be inspired by the spirit of his ancestors, but his situation is much more desperate than that of his ancestors for the simple reason that his ancestors had Christendom and he does not. I think we are all still in a state of shock, hardly realizing all of the horrific implications from the death of Christendom. G. K. Chesterton, for instance, could not even conceive of a time when Christendom would not exist:

“What Mahomet and Calvin and all those breaking away from the dying civilization did not realize, is the curious fact that it is a dying civilization that never dies. It does decline, and has done so any number of times; it does decay; it is always at it. But it does not disappear; and, at the end of more or less debased periods, has a way of managing to reappear, when its enemies have in their turn decayed. The moral is, I will venture to think, that it is unwise to desert this perpetually sinking ship, or betray this everlastingly dying creed and culture. It has had another period of final extinction at the end of the Middle Ages. It has suffered eclipse in the enlightenment of the Age of Reason and Revolution; which in their turn begin to look as if they had seen better days...

“The moral is that no man should desert that civilization. It can cure itself; but those who leave it cannot cure it. Not Nestorians nor Mahomet nor Calvin nor Lenin have cured, nor will cure, the real evils of Christendom; for the severed hand does not heal the whole body.” (1)

We are motivated by the same love for Christendom that motivated our ancestors, but we are proceeding from an entirely different point. Polite debates and agreements to agree to disagree are things that take place between people with a common faith and a common cultural heritage. We share neither of these with the liberals of the neo-pagan variety or the mad-dog variety. When Satan’s clergymen talk about the evils of “familism” and the neo-pagans talk about the creation of a new neo-pagan god, we know that Satan is truly present at the heart of what was once Christendom.

I received a letter recently from a former student who had grasped, organically, that Christendom had given way to the new Satandom. His question was, ‘What am I to do?’ My first reaction was to tell him what Charles Peguy said about Christian fathers. He said that a Christian father was the true counter-revolutionary. But of course my young friend could not go out and make some woman become a Jeanie Deans or a Maud Ruthyn so that she would be fit to wed a Christian knight. But a young man, or an old man for that matter, can cling to what he loves. If he loves the old Europe, he can cling to it. The one true God, whom the neo-pagans mock and scorn and the liberals deny, reigns in that Europe. And if one is faithful to old Europe and its people, the right bride and the right sword to fight for that bride and His Europe will come to the faithful knight, or, to use my favorite image, to the faithful woodcutter.

I once, in my mid-twenties, got to visit with one of the major writers in the European Christian conservative camp. In the middle of my compliments on a book he had written about the dangers posed to the faith by false science, he said, “If I were writing that book today I would not make a distinction between false science and science. All science is false.” I have had many years to reflect on that comment, and I believe it to be true. The old sage wasn’t claiming that there weren’t such things as biology, physics, and chemistry; what he was asserting was that science, as practiced by Western man, had always been used to destroy Christian Europe.

So long as the European remains a prisoner of any part of the scientific world, he will be incapable of launching an effective attack on liberalism. The triumph of the scientific view of man means the triumph of dumb nature. The neo-pagan, forsaking his pagan and his Christian ancestors, sits at his computer and dreams of a new, scientific, faithless faith that he will create for the white man. But when the neo-pagan talks about “creating” a new faith, he has already told us what he worships: his own mind.

The mad-dog liberal looks at the world scientifically as well. He has made an a priori decision that he sees all that there is to see and that ‘all’ is the natural world and only the natural world. So he fantasizes about the natural black savage and makes him the Crown King of the natural world.

Richard Weaver called science a false messiah, and Melville said that science was incapable of providing man with any answer to the riddle of existence. Yet modern man still believes that the men in the white lab coats hold the secrets of life and death. Modern scientific man is not a non-believer, he believes in everything except reality. He believes in the natural goodness of the black man, the perfectibility of mankind after the elimination of recalcitrant whites, and the life everlasting on this earth after the men in the white lab coats have completed their research.

The European of the ancient stock seems, to the liberals of the mad-dog and neo-pagan variety, to be an obstacle blocking the creation of the new world order. But the ancient European must remain undaunted in the face of every liberal attempt to destroy him, because the antique European and only the antique European knows there is only one world order and that is His world order, which He, because of a love that passeth all understanding, invites us to share with Him.

The debates are now over. The battle lines have been drawn. The liberals are standing on the left bank of the river Science, and they are led by our ancient foe. We, the last Europeans, stand on the far shore with the dismal swamp behind us. One step back and we perish in despair. Surrounding us, unseen, are a legion of archangels ready to assist us in battle, or so our blood tells us. Yet we hesitate – after all we live in Liberalism, and is not fear, doubt, and hesitation the mark of an ancient European living in Liberalism? – But then there is Galahad and the legions of Europeans who followed him. They believed in the unseen God who spoke through the blood. Our blood calls us then. And soon we are amongst the enemy. They fall like wheat before the scythe. Faith was all. Once the internal battle was won, victory on the actual battlefield was assured. Let there be sung “Non nobis” and “Te Deum.”

(1) What writers such as Chesterton could not envision was a Europe where Europeans would be a tiny minority. In the past, European renewals occurred because Christendom was still European. In the 21st century, Europeans need to do more than renew; they must rebuild Christendom.

A Christian Hero - OCTOBER 11, 2009

Ere I own a usurper
I'll crouch with the fox
So tremble false whigs,
In the midst o' your glee,
Ye have not seen the last
O' my bonnets and me.

- Scott

The Life of Daniel Boone by Lyman C. Draper

To certain child-like men like myself (or juvenile men, if you are of a more cynical nature), who grew up with a taste for adventure tales both fiction and non-, Daniel Boone has a semi-deified status. He is the real life embodiment of Cooper's Hawkeye (in fact, Cooper's hero was inspired by Boone). He is chivalrous, in a roughhewn fashion, always brave and fearless in the face of danger, always calm when lesser men panic, and always in command of every situation the untamed wilderness threw at him.

The great merit of Draper's book (written in the 1860s) is that he confirms with careful research the myth we all want to believe. Daniel Boone is everything the legends say, which makes this book a much-needed antidote to the cynical hero-debunking that takes place in virtually every 'historical' book that comes out today. Even Belue, who in his annoying editorial comments attempts to teach us not to condemn Indians for massacring whites, can't really find any major errors in Draper's biography.

Draper's biography was never completed; it takes us up to the battle to defend Boonesborough, but there is much additional information supplied in appendices by Draper and Belue. In the opening pages of the book we also get a complete summary of the major events in Daniel Boone's life.

Boone was born into the Quaker faith, but his Christianity was an unchurched, elemental Christianity more in tune with Alfred the Great than William Penn. Boone's manly Christian virtues came from a deeper source than sectarian Quakerism.

Belue tells us in his introduction that Draper was no historian. He was an encyclopedist – a great collector of information. For that reason the book doesn't read as smoothly as a modern reader might wish. One has to take one's time, as when reading a Victorian novel. But a reader's patience is rewarded by the many fine and splendid scenes of Daniel Boone's life that come across to us very vividly in these pages that are only some 40 to 50 years removed from the incidents depicted.

Particularly riveting is Draper's account of Daniel Boone's rescue of his daughter and two other girls who had been kidnapped by Indians:

Boone and Floyd, who had now got within shooting distance, hurriedly discharged their rifles as the Indians were moving off, each mortally wounding his man. One other gun was fired a long shot probably by John McMillen, but without effect. The Indians were kindling their fire; one had been posted on the elevated grounds a little distance behind to act as a sentinel, and as the smoke ascended from the camp-fire, he left his gun and ran down to the fire to light his pipe and procure the necessary articles for mending his moccasins and was busily engaged in overhauling his budget. At the moment the whites fired upon the camp, one of the Indians was picking up wood, another preparing the meat for cooking, a third was in a reclining posture near the captives, apparently as a guard over them, while the old Cherokee chief Hanging Maw had just gone to the branch with a kettle for some water. It was the sentinel examining his budget near the fire whom Floyd wounded; he tumbled into the fire but, instantly recovering, ran off. Another, as he ran, sent his tomahawk flying at the head of Betsey Callaway, which barely missed its aim, and then, with the others, dashed into the cane and disappeared.

The girls had ventured as far back on their trail as they dared, which was but a short distance from the fire, still faintly hoping that deliverance might come, but they had become quite dispirited that day. They were sitting down on a log, Fanny Callaway on one side of her sister and Jemima Boone on the other, and both reclining their heads in her lap for rest. At the crack of the guns, the men rushed

toward the camp with a loud yell, which gave the Indians no time either to kill their captives or save scarce an article of their baggage – “we sent them off,” says Floyd dryly, “almost naked.” The girls jumped instantly to their feet, Jemima Boone wildly exclaiming, “That’s daddy!”...

Jemima Boone’s cry of “That’s daddy!” brought tears to my eyes. So few captives are ever recovered from the Indians. Can you picture the anxiety of their fathers? Can you picture the fear and anxiety of the girls who were captured? “That’s daddy!” – what a wonderful moment!

And yes, Daniel Boone did indeed successfully run the gauntlet.

Running the gauntlet oftentimes resulted fatally, and particularly if the poor prisoner happened to evince a timid disposition or endeavored piteously to beg to be excused, as was frequently the case. The two lines were formed five or six feet apart on either side of the path; and once at the end, the runner was safe. The Indians were variously armed with tomahawks, clubs, sticks, and switches, and Boone stripped to his breech-cloth, leggings, and moccasins. The race commenced, when the Indians made very violent gestures as if they would knock his brains out but, after all, really appeared to show him favor, for he received only a few slight strokes from the switches. But his own shrewd management had something to do with the result, for he purposely ran in a very zig-zag manner, first making a dash so close to one side of the line as to cause the Indians suddenly to give way, and then as unexpectedly to dart in the same way to the opposite side, giving but few of them an opportunity to inflict a blow. Seeing Boone in a fair way to pass the ordeal comparatively unscathed, one fellow nearly at the farther end of the line threw himself partly within the race-path, with a view the better to give the prisoner a home thrust, but Boone appeared not to observe this maneuver and, just before reaching him, bending his head forward and increasing his speed, struck the Indian full in the breast, prostrating him instantly and running over him unharmed. This incident gave the coup de grace to the exciting ceremony and caused a perfect shout of laughter along the lines at the poor Indian’s expense, when all came up to shake hands with Boone and congratulate him on his success, complimenting him as a “vel-ly good so-ger” – and at the same time pointing to their discomfited fellow and denouncing him as a “squaw,” with a degrading prefix intended to give increased force to the epithet.

Charity never faileth, and sometimes it’s dangerous:

Near Boone’s, in the Sugar Creek Settlement, lived a noted old hunter named Tate, who spent much of his time in the woods. Boone once, returning from a hunting tour, went to his father-in-law’s, Joseph Bryan’s, to thrash out rye for his own use, and learning the wants of Tate’s family in consequence of his protracted absence, obtained permission of Mr. Bryan also to thrash out some grain for them. Such acts of charity were so common among the pioneers as scarcely to excite notice; and though they were not blazoned abroad by the adulatory newspaper puffs, they were nevertheless observed by that Good Being who assures us that while he loves a cheerful and ungrudging giver, we should never let our right hand know what our left hand doeth. On his way home with his own grain, Boone left at Tate’s what he had designed for that needy family. Returning from the wilderness, Tate expressed displeasure at Boone’s generosity; and this coming to Boone’s ears and soon after meeting Tate, he gave him a severe flogging and said he would do it again should he ever throw out any more jealous intentions; that he would be grateful to any person, who under similar circumstances, would befriend his family as he had attempted to befriend Tate’s; but he could not brook the idea of real kindness being misconstrued in a manner so provokingly unkind. In his old age, Boone would sometimes allude to this instance of man’s ingratitude.

A book such as Draper’s reveals to us that the modern churchmen are lying on two essential points of European history:

1) The Europeans did not, if we look at the historical record as a whole, mistreat the indigenous races. Quite the contrary, they acted with great forbearance and kindness toward the Indian whenever it was humanly possible. When they fought and killed Indians, it was only in order to protect their loved ones from the brutalities of a savage race of people.

2) Christianity and pacifism are not compatible. When one loves, one fights to protect the beloved. “That’s daddy!”

So long as there is one European left who still believes that Christianity is a fighting faith because the Christian god is a god of love, Liberalism will have an implacable enemy.

Reclaiming Our Home - OCTOBER 04, 2009

Once beyond the village, where the cottages ceased abruptly, on either side of the road they could smell through the darkness the friendly fields again and they braced themselves for the last long stretch, the home stretch, the stretch that we know is bound to end, some time, in the rattle of the door latch, the sudden firelight, and the sight of familiar things greeting us as long-absent travelers from far overseas.

-- *The Wind in the Willows* by Kenneth Grahame

The last Christian king was Charles of Austria, who ruled the Austrian-Hungarian Empire for only two years during World War I. He died much too young and in exile in 1922. The great democracies, America, France, and Britain (great in the sense that Satan is great) all decided that such things as Christian kings and Christian empires were obsolete. Democracies

which promised freedom and enfranchisement were the wave of the future. But the future led to Gulags and legalized abortion, because abstractions in politics as well as in religion are code words for tyranny and bloodshed.

Charles knew, in contrast to the tyrants of the modern democracies, that ‘the people’ can never be sovereign. Only God is sovereign, and a Christian king rules as God’s caretaker. Charles viewed his kingship as a consecration to God. Implicit in his vow of fealty to the crown was a pledge to maintain the ancient Christian traditions of the Austrian-Hungarian people.

I know there are a few figure-head kings and queens floating around in Europe today, but do they take seriously the oath that Charles took seriously? Do they want to preserve and defend a Christian people’s ancient traditions? Of course not. In fact, I think the modern rulers of the European countries want to do the exact opposite. They are doing everything in their power to destroy the ancient traditions of their respective nations. What is more traditional to a nation than its people and its faith? And what are Britain and the other European countries destroying when they allow colored invaders into their nation? They are destroying their people and their people’s faith.

The essential flaw of the American experiment in democracy, which has been slavishly copied by all the other European nations, is this: there cannot be a government where the will of the people is sovereign. Where is the check on the people’s authority? What happens when the will of the people conflicts, as in the case of legalized abortion and so many other modern perversions, with the will of God? What happens is that the will of God is set aside. And you cannot protest against a government “by the people and for the people,” because the people are sovereign. A tyrannical king can be deposed when he violates his oath to protect and defend his nation’s people and sacred traditions, but a tyrannical, anti-Christian democracy is an unending nightmare because the people can never be deposed. The right to vote is a satanic joke; what does it avail a man to be able to vote if he is only voting to determine which democratic devil shall rule?

It is unconscionable that Christians, with the daily murder of infants before our eyes, should seek to perpetuate the ungodly myth that our nation was founded on sound religious principles. The history of our nation’s founding is not lost in the obscure mists of time. It took place a relatively short time ago: a coalition of 18th century rationalists, represented by Jefferson, John Adams, Franklin, and Madison, got together with some evangelical Christians, such as Patrick Henry and Samuel Adams, and tried to come up with a government. The religious input came from the Protestant evangelicals, who very much wanted a government that acknowledged itself as Christian. However, they also were dead-set against a state religion. They had a great fear of a state-supported Anglicanism or a throne-and-altar Catholic state. In addition, the Baptists were worried about a Presbyterian state, the Presbyterians were worried about a Baptist state, the Methodists were worried about the Congregationalists, and so on.

The rationalist deists used the evangelicals’ fear of a state religion to place ambiguous phrases in the Declaration of Independence and in our Constitution that could be interpreted in a religious sense or in a non-religious sense. (1) The primary example of this double-speak was the phrase “nature and nature’s God” that was placed in the Declaration of Independence. An evangelical would interpret those words in a Christian way. Nature’s God is Christ, of course. But a deist believes nature is God, and Christ is just an ordinary man subject to nature’s God. The deist would then interpret the phrase, “nature and nature’s God,” in a non-religious sense. The same thing occurred in the oft-quoted ‘separation of Church and State’ clause of the Constitution. The evangelicals interpreted the clause as excluding a state religion, not as excluding Christianity from public life. The deists themselves did not necessarily anticipate a situation in which all religions except the Christian religion could be taught in our schools, but the 1963 Supreme Court decision (*Murray vs. Curlett*) banning school prayer is in keeping with the spirit of 18th century rationalism. When the conservatives claim that the Founding Fathers never intended to ban Christianity from our public life, they are only partly right; one must ask: which Founding Father?

You have, from our nation’s beginning, a federal government poised, python-like, to slowly squeeze the religious life out of its own people. The Southern states rebelled against that federal government, and they were defeated. Indeed, every group and every person who has gone against the federal government has, in the earthly sense, lost.

Today, isolated attacks on the federal government from the outside by such individuals as Timothy McVeigh are ineffectual because the McVeigh types only invoke pagan gods. Their attacks are used by the government as excuses to further tighten its coils. And attacks from the inside always fail, because the secular principles of pluralism planted in our Constitution serve to render Christians impotent, as illustrated by the betrayal some years back of Pat Robertson and the so-called Christian Coalition. When Newt Gingrich informed them that welfare reform, reverse discrimination, crime, and taxes, could be included in the Contract with America but that abortion could not be, the “Christians” acquiesced. Why? Because there is no consensus among the American people on the issue of abortion as there is on the other issues. And in a democratic society, don’t you know, we must have a consensus, because the people are sovereign.

What is needed among White Europeans is a spirit of separatism. Christians should separate from the federal government. Of course, the federal government will not allow us to separate from them. The Leviathan, aptly named by Donald Davison, needs victims to squeeze in its coils.

I hear quite frequently from practical conservatives that separation is 1) immoral and 2) impractical. But quite the contrary is true. American democracy is immoral, and to stay wedded to an experiment in Satanism is immoral. Americans and the Europeans who have followed them down the democratic path are being disloyal to their European homelands. They have replaced home, hearth, and nation with an abstract notion of an abstract people. They have become men without a country:

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

--Sir Walter Scott - *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*

The second point, that separation is impractical, could only be advanced by a modern, democratic blasphemer. If American democracy is evil, then we must separate from it and attack it whether it is “practical” or not. And who’s to say that an attack on the Leviathan is not practical? In the fairy tales of the European people, the hero is always the man who seems impractical. He takes no heed of the dragon guarding the castle in which the fair maiden is imprisoned. All he sees is a maiden in distress, and it stands upon him to act and not to vacillate and count the cost.

When a King such as Charles of Austria views his coronation as a pledge to serve his people in a nation where God is sovereign, every act of that King which serves his nation is recorded in heaven. And so are the actions of the humblest citizen recorded in heaven if they serve a nation which acknowledges God as sovereign. But where are the actions recorded of a people who serve a democratic government dedicated to the rule of the people? I believe it’s called ‘Hell.’

Every white European serves a nation within a nation. There is an eternal Britain, an eternal France, and so on, that exists within the multi-racial entities that have supplanted the old European nations. But the European nations still exist beneath the surface of the new Tower of Babel nations. I view the European’s position vis-à-vis his nation as being similar to the situation of Mr. Toad, Ratty, Badger, and the Mole. They, the legitimate rulers, have been ousted by Third-World stoats and weasels, through the suicidal folly of one of their own. They must reconquer what the animals call “Toad Hall” and what we of course call Europe. The only difference is that the heroic reconquest in *The Wind in the Willows* takes place in a compressed period of time. It will take the European much longer to reclaim his home than it did the heroes of *The Wind in the Willows*, but since it is our home that we are fighting for we will carry on the fight to the tenth generation and beyond until every single stoat and weasel has been driven back to the Wild Wood.

-
- (1) Every year the conservatives publish books telling us how conservative the American Constitution was and is. “If we could just get back to it,” they cry. The conservatives always ignore the liberal rhinoceros in the living room. How has the Constitution been interpreted? It has always been interpreted in a radical, anti-European light. The Constitution won’t save us; the European faith will.
-

The Worship of Darkness - SEPTEMBER 26, 2009

“And this is the condemnation, that light is come into the world, and men loved darkness rather than light, because their deeds were evil.” John 3:19

There are so many illustrative moments from which you can choose to reveal the new black-worshipping religion of the white man in all its glory. I choose the recent Jimmy Carter-moment. “The overwhelming majority of people who oppose the Obama health care plan are racist,” he solemnly and piously intoned. Would that it were true. How did it come to pass that the Christ-bearers have turned to the worship of the generic black man? Let’s go back a ways.

The Europeans came into the Roman world as conquerors, but they were then conquered, not by force of arms, but by a story. This is something about the European that we must never forget. He cannot be conquered by outside forces; he can only be conquered if he willingly gives his consent to the conquest because he has first given his heart to the conqueror. The Europeans saw no shame in acknowledging Christ because they saw in Him the true Hero-God, and they loved Him for His heroism. And why shouldn’t they? He faced the ultimate enemy, death, for their sake.

It is difficult – no, not just difficult – it is impossible to fathom why the white man has forsaken Christ for the black man. We’ve seen the heights to which the white man can rise, and now we are seeing the depths to which he can sink. Is there any limit?

The great European poets have always depicted Satan as a rather apish fellow. Lacking originality, he tries, often with surprising success, to ape the good in order to seduce the faithful. I don’t think the new black faith is a great masterpiece of apemanship, but it seems to have worked beyond even Satan’s wildest expectations. There are some surface resemblances between Christianity and the black faith, but they are only surface resemblances. If we go below the surface, the two religions have nothing in common. But that is the key. The European has forsaken depth. He is afraid of what he might find there.

We first note that Christ’s birth was miraculous; He was conceived by the Holy Ghost and born of the Virgin Mary. And His birth was humble; he was born in a manger surrounded by beasts of the field. In contrast, the generic black man’s birth was not a miraculous birth, it was an abstract birth. He was conceived in the abstracted mind of the white man, and he was born in Africa, surrounded by the beasts of the jungle. Christ came to earth to free us from sin and its consequence, death. The black man was anointed our savior so he could free the white men who believed in him from the sin of racism and from death at the hands of the black avengers. (1)

The new story of the black man which has conquered the liberals’ hearts lacks many elements the old Christ story contained. One striking omission is the lack of a spiritual component. The new faith is a ‘this world only’ faith. The white man is saved temporarily from physical death if he worships the black man, but there is no personal resurrection when the white man eventually dies from natural causes. The black God cannot resurrect the dead.

Another missing component is the personal, human component. Christ was a personal God who cared about individual human beings. The new generic black god cares only about the black herd and those whites who worship the black herd. Let us never forget Ratzinger’s plea for a black Pope, any black Pope.

And finally there is the missing attribute of charity. Where in the new faith is charity? There is only room, in the black faith, for bestial cruelty on the part of the black gods, and cowardly acquiescence to the cruelty on the part of the white faithful. Is the black faith worthy of the white man’s loyalty and devotion?

That Jimmy Carter and the liberal elites of America and Europe believe in the black faith I have just outlined is indisputable. But the non-elite who do not have any power do not really believe in the black faith with the fervor of the elite. The great unwashed give lip service to the black faith because they want to survive. Since there is no charity in the new faith, anyone who appears to be other than an enthusiast for the new faith is a candidate for elimination. The liberals are always searching for racism, which is an apish, obscene parody of our Lord’s words, “seek and ye shall find.” The liberals always find racism. And the non-elites are defenseless against the liberals, because they don’t believe in the old faith, which is the only faith that could sustain them against the onslaughts of the enthusiasts of the new faith. You can’t wield a sword with a limp-wristed, vague faith in the democratic process or in the benevolence of liberals.

The apotheosis of the black man could only occur in a post-Christian society. The white Christian of old Europe always had a mistrust of the black. When the black’s baser nature was controlled, he could occupy a place in the lower tier of white society, but when the Negro was granted equality, or worse, supremacy, his cruel, barbaric nature created a hell in whatever country he dwelt. No white Christian ever believed in black equality or black supremacy.

The post-Christian, however, must elevate the black for the simple reason that the post-Christian’s technocratic faith needs a generic, barbarian god. To those who equate whiteness with intellectual brilliance it seems incredible, this marriage of the technological white with the barbaric black. But spiritually they are the same. The liberal believes in the material world only. His world of science does not go beyond what can be seen in nature. And when the white liberal looks in the microscope at the natural world, he sees the black man, the pure natural savage. Obviously even the Negro is not

just a product of nature, he has an immortal soul. But the liberal is blind to the things of the spirit. How can he see a quickening spirit in the Negro if he can't even see it in the culture of the old Europeans? The liberal's mind is immersed in the Darwinian logic of the jungle, so it was inevitable that he would make a god of the black barbarian who comes from the jungle.

The non-elite in the half-way houses often try to separate the racial Babylon of the brave new world from legalized abortion, gay rights, and the rest of the liberal agenda. This is not possible. It was first necessary to destroy Christian civilization and replace it with a racial Babylon before perversions such as legalized abortion and gay marriage could be deemed acceptable. Think about it. If a people is so perverse that they let the white blend with the black, is there any other perversion they will not permit? Just give the Bob Jones University people time. Now that they have repudiated their ancestors' beliefs about race-mixing, they will, over time, repudiate their ancestors' beliefs about legalized abortion, gay marriage, and Christ's resurrection from the dead. The path to liberalism is that downhill, slippery slope that we have heard so much about. And at the top of that slope is race-mixing. There is no stopping the slide once a man becomes part of racial Babylon.

If we look at the history of European man it appears that he always gets himself in trouble when he views himself as the "thinking, rational man" in contrast to the "poetical man," the man who "sees life feelingly." The "thinking man" can always keep God at a distance or recreate Him as an abstraction, a figment of the rationalist's mind. But the man who sees with his heart, which is only a physical organ to the scientists, cannot abandon the Christ he has seen at the European hearth fires. All that is essential in the European man is connected to Christ. Separate him from Christ and he ceases to be a man; he becomes ... well, he becomes what he is, a techno-barbarian who worships the black man and gives his consent to all the barbaric rituals that go along with racial Babylon.

The scientific man believes he is facing reality by staring at nature and then anointing the black man as king of the natural world. The European man, the man who sees through the natural world, sees life as a quest. The natural world simply provides the raw material, the background for the hero's journey through the labyrinth of existence. And as Shakespeare so rightly observes, the labyrinth of existence is the human heart, and we must constantly strip off the outer layers to get to the core. And then we discover the person who is the object of the quest: "And thou, all they, hast all the all of me."

There is no such thing as a merely passive virtue or just an active virtue. The internal process of stripping away the false layers in our hearts corresponds with our refusal to accept, and our battles against, the false concepts of reality which the scientific men, the men of unreality, try to stuff down our throats. The reason the non-elite are powerless to resist the scientific men of unreality is because they have not cleaned the sludge from their hearts. They don't really believe in the new black faith of the elite, but since they can't see any other reality – and they do see that the new faith is the ruling power – they acquiesce.

We must ask ourselves, "Is this the promised end?" Does Jimmy Carter speak for white Christians? The European who still has a heart of flesh will not accept the new faith and the new order. But are there any Europeans left? There must be a few, and a few are enough. Christ triumphed over Satan and his legions, and so will the faithful few who see through the eyes of faith. +

(1) I'm not suggesting that the barbarians will spare the liberal's life, but in the liberal's abstracted fantasy faith he dreams of averting death by worshipping and appeasing the black man.

One Cure for Racial Anemia - SEPTEMBER 19, 2009

"They are like sheep penned up in the shambles, that the butcher may take his choice among them... so general is the depression, so universal the despair."

It is obvious to anyone who wants to see the obvious that the white European is suffering from racial anemia. He has no desire to defend his race or to see his race perpetuated. The liberal thinks that racial anemia is merely intellectual maturity, but of course the liberal is diseased and incapable of making a judgment on important matters. And racial suicide is an important matter.

The white, neo-pagan, nationalist cartel holds it as an article of faith that the Christian faith is the cause of racial anemia. The reasoning from that quarter, to the extent that one can find any reasoning in their anti-Christian diatribes, seems to go as follows: "The non-European races which do not have a Christian tradition do not have racial anemia, and the vast majority of the Mass-going and church-going, white Christians do have racial anemia. Therefore, the Christian faith and

those who adhere to it are the cause of white, racial anemia. If we eliminate Christianity and all white Christians, there will be no more racial anemia; there will be a small, elite band of superior white intellects that will have dominion over the face of the earth.”

The problem with the white neo-pagan is that he drinks from the same stream as the liberal, the stream of abstracted unreality. The waters do not have the same effect on each individual, but every individual that drinks from them becomes unable to see through the eye, past the material world, to the spiritual world behind the arras. In the case of the liberal, the waters make him deny the concrete spirit and blood Christianity for an abstracted religion of his own invention. With some variations, the liberal has chosen to worship the idea of the black man.

Like the liberal, the neo-pagan has rejected spirit and blood Christianity for an abstract religion of his own, but in the neo-pagan’s case (remember that the stream of unreality, like an LSD trip, inspires different visions of unreality) his drink from the stream of unreality causes him to worship the white Übermensch, the man with the superior intellect. However, divorced from God, the white Übermensch is a pathetic, hopeless creature, because the white man cannot, like the other races, make his race into his God. The white man needs depth. He must seek his beginning and his end.

Tho’ much is taken, much abides ; and tho’
We are not now that strength which in old days
Moved earth and heaven, that which we are, we are, --
One equal temper of heroic hearts,
Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.

“Is Christ risen?” must be the first question a European asks. If He is risen, then Christianity cannot be repudiated because it is “bad for white people.” The second question that needs to be asked is, “Must the white European commit racial suicide in order to be a Christian?” The liberal says yes, but the liberal’s answer is disingenuous because he no longer believes Christ is risen. He simply wants to use the old Christian faith to support his new, black-worshipping faith. And the neo-pagan accepts the liberal’s distortion of Christianity because he hates the white, Christian European just as much as his liberal counterpart does. He only loves the new European, the man of the future, who is devoid of faith, honor, and humanity.

What the neo-pagan and the liberal will not do, because both drink from the stream of unreality, is to honestly confront the white man’s past. Did the Christian men at Rorke’s Drift feel that surrender to the Zulus was the Christian thing to do? Did Alfred, on his deathbed, tell his sons to give England back to the pagans because he, Alfred, had done a terrible thing when he wrested England from the pagans? The only way you can claim that faith in Christ results in racial anemia is to claim that our European ancestors were not Christian. And that is what the liberals claim and that is what the neo-pagans claim. The liberals say that their abstracted Christ-less Christianity is the real thing, and the neo-pagans deny that the Europeans really believed in or took seriously the Christian faith. “It was their white genes that motivated them, not their professed faith.”

Let us leave the liberals and the neo-pagans at the stream of unreality and look at the reality. The white man’s racial anemia has one source, his lack of faith in Jesus Christ. Any white Christian who thinks that he can cure white racial anemia through alliances with pragmatic, “Let’s leave religion out of the picture” conservatives, or openly ‘hostile to Christianity’ neo-pagans is deluded. The only cure for a disease that stems from a lack of faith is faith. But of course neither I nor any other Christian European can make the modern European believe, as his ancestors once believed, in the God-Man, Jesus Christ. The Christian faith is not a suit of armor that can be used for the utilitarian purpose of fending off the barbarians and then discarded when the barbarian threat is gone. It is all or nothing. Either we believe in the white Christ and fight for His Europe, or we perish.

It is customary, when writing about the demise of the European people, to suggest some kind of five-point plan for a restoration. But I can’t even think of a one-point plan that will restore Christian Europe. I can only observe that the antique Europeans did not look on Christianity as a practical “guide to success” religion. They acted as they thought Christian men and women should act and left the rest to God. If we call that absence of a plan a plan and follow it, we will be more in line with the third dumb brother of fairy tale fame. And that brother, the brother with a heart united to His heart, always ends up inheriting a Kingdom.

If you want to have a really depressing experience, go get some of the old Protestant and Catholic works of apologetics. They never convinced anyone that Christ was the Son of God, but they did provide millions of men and women with an excuse for atheism or religious indifference. But while the rather childish turf wars went on between the Protestant and Catholic clerics, the Christian Everyman of Europe was doing the real missionary work. He was forging an apologetic work called European civilization which was built out of the European’s love for Christ.

I don't hold out any hope for European man in the 'catastrophe theory', which claims that when the barbarian hordes complete their conquest, or when the European economies fail, Europeans will come to their senses and unite. Suffering does change some noble souls for the better, like Alexander Solzhenitsyn, but more often than not it hardens the sufferer against all humanity. I take more hope from the fact that Walter Scott's Europe once existed. We have before our eyes, if we will just look into the past, the embodiment of the Christian faith in the lives of those ancient Europeans. Our fidelity to Scott's Europe will, in the long run, bring other Europeans back to the Europe that was built by the Christian Everyman. In the long run, we are not dead; in the long run there is life if the Last Europeans are steadfast.

The greatest dangers to the European who wants to remain steadfast against the liberals and the barbarians often are those dangers that need to be resisted by denial. Against the seductive democratic temptation – "don't go outside the democratic process" – and the clerical temptation – "Father Riley says don't worry, the Pope knows what he is doing, just don't use the word 'nigger' and pray for Obama and all will be well," we have our eternal 'no!' We can refuse to serve the liberals and those who would have us compromise with liberals. Such denials are part of the hero's quest. If he lets himself become ensnared by the dark ladies of democracy and clergy-worship, he will never have a chance to wield his sword against the dragon guarding the gates of liberalism.

There has never been a time in the European's history when the battle lines were so clearly delineated between good and evil. On the liberal's side is legalized abortion, the worship of black barbarism, homosexuality, feminism, and every satanic perversion of the good that Satan could stuff into the minds of his liberal minions. On our side is the Man of Sorrows, who looks at us as He looked at Peter after the third denial. It is a look of infinite mercy and compassion. If it had been a look of anger or rebuke, Peter would have been able to bear it. But to know that he had failed the God who could forgive and love those who denied Him thrice put fire into Peter's heart. And that same fire that kindled St. Peter's heart stirs our hearts. +

The Man on the White Horse - SEPTEMBER 11, 2009

And the armies which were in heaven followed him upon white horses, clothed in fine linen, white and clean – Rev 19: 14

A politically conservative newsletter recently ran the following report:

Over the next two decades, Europe will be transformed. The mass Third World immigration promoted by the West's political and commercial elites is changing the cradle of the modern West into a mixture of non-Western peoples. The transformation is already well underway, with world-historical consequences that will forever alter what is meant by "European" art, culture, language, religion, and society. With an estimated 23 million Muslims now living in the European Union, as well as many more non-Muslim Third Worlders, many of Europe's largest cities will fall under the political control of non-white majorities. Whites will be a minority in Birmingham, England, by 2026, and sooner in Leicester. By mid-century, Muslims are projected to outnumber non-Muslims in France. In Austria, where the population was 90 percent Catholic in the 20th century, Islam will be the religion of a majority of the country's teenagers by 2050 or sooner. In Cologne, Germany, two thirds of the population will be Muslim. There are 164 Mosques in Germany today, and 200 more are now under construction.

It certainly will be much worse when white people are an actual minority in the previously European countries. But the white Christian has been a minority in the European nations for the last fifty years. "European" art, culture, language, religion and society already have been obliterated in the name of liberalism. What the liberals do not realize, however, is that when whites become a small minority in European countries, liberalism, and liberals themselves, will cease to exist. The Muslims will kill them all.

The late Malcolm Muggeridge called the surrender of the liberals to Third World Muslims a death wish. I don't see it quite that way. The liberals desire the death of the older European culture and the white men who still claim allegiance to that culture, but they do not desire death. In fact, there has never been a people more afraid of death than white liberals. They became the first people to proclaim that "there is nothing worth fighting and dying for." The liberals will keep partying, like the characters in Edgar Allan Poe's "The Masque of the Red Death," until the Red Death of barbarism and Islam unmask, right in the middle of the revelry, and murders every last liberal.

The European Christian culture then is already gone. And the European Christian is already a minority. The actual physical destruction of the old European paintings, churches, books, and other ancient artifacts of European culture will occur when the European people are overwhelmed and swept off the face of the earth.

The practical conservative would like white people to "wake up" and vote to stop the death of white people. It is already much too late for that. Some have suggested that white people should learn, like the Jewish people learned, how to live as a tiny minority in nations with a large majority that is hostile to them. White Christians should learn to live as minorities, because that is what we are, but there is a fallacy in the reasoning of those who claim we can imitate the Jews. First, white

people do not have the same solidarity as the Jews have. Most white people deny that there is any such thing as 'white people.' And secondly, despite Jewish protests to the contrary, the Jews were treated kindly by Christian Europeans when they were a minority. They were allowed to remain separate and distinct and still be a part of European culture. This will not be the case when the rulers of European nations are Muslim. They will not allow Christian or Jewish minorities to exist. What every non-Muslim minority does not presently realize is that they need white Christian European men to act like white Christian European men if they are to survive.

The European seems to be in a hopeless situation. But the situation is only hopeless if we continue to be mesmerized by the 'democratic process.' That process is a giant anaconda that gradually squeezes the life out of the European man. In a democracy, the European's will to fight is destroyed, and he is isolated and eliminated by the democratic snake. A case in point: I entered the prolife movement some ten years after the legalization of abortion, but many of my fellow picketers had been on the picket lines since the beginning. I asked one of the veterans if they had ever considered, at the onset, blowing up the first clinic in order to nip the plague right from the start. I'll paraphrase his answer:

"You know I suggested we do just that. I told Father _____ that I had over 200 men willing to meet here at midnight and burn the clinic to the ground."

"What did Father _____ say?"

"He told us that was not the proper spirit. We were Americans and Americans do things democratically."

The two fatal weaknesses of the European are illustrated in that exchange. The European has been neutered by the democratic process, and the European has a blasphemous respect for Christian clergymen who only represent the faith, but are not the faith itself.

In a novel by Ralph McInerny (I forget which), he has a woman enter the confessional and present Father Dowling with a difficult problem in practical moral theology:

"I never got my first marriage annulled and now I'm no longer living with my second husband. Am I allowed to have relations with my first husband, since I was never really married to my second husband?"

Father Dowling replies, "I think you know the answer to that yourself."

"Yes, Father, I suppose I do."

Father Dowling is relieved because he doesn't know the answer to the question.

I often think of that fictional exchange between the woman and the priest when I read the practical, get-out-the-vote, conservative publications. They tell us to fight (democratically, of course) for the white culture, but they never say exactly what that white culture is. I think, like Father Dowling, they want us to come up with an answer because they really don't have a clue as to what white culture is. So let me tell them.

The culture of the white European is the culture of the Man on the White Horse. That man is not a Greco-Roman sage, he is not a Germanic or Celtic warrior, he is not a neo-pagan Nazi, and above all, he is not a modern, democratic-process man. He is a Christian man who knows not Kismet, who knows not fate.

The older Europeans believed in the 'Man on the White Horse' solution to national and local problems because the God they believed in was a man on a white horse. Hence whenever the need arose, the Europeans looked to a Tell, an Alfred, a Roland, a Wallace, to aid them in their darkest hour. Every European instinctively, because of the legacy of The God-Man on the white horse, sought to aid his people by becoming, or else following, a man on the white horse. And as the European's faith in Christ waned so did his faith in the Man on the White Horse. Now the European is a pathetic weakling, who can only hope, with Patrick Buchanan – and it is a futile hope – that the barbarian conquerors will be kind to him.

I first heard the story of Richard the Lionheart's sword vs. Saladin's scimitar from my 9th grade history teacher. Richard had an anvil brought into his tent and right in front of Saladin split the anvil with his broadsword. Saladin then tossed a piece of silk in the air and cut it in two with his scimitar. So who was the superior warrior? When I told the story to my younger brother after school there was no question in his mind who the superior warrior was. "How can you even compare the two? Who wouldn't prefer to be able to split an anvil with a broadsword rather than cut a hanky in half with a scimitar?"

And likewise, who doesn't prefer the older European culture of the man on the white horse to the suicidal, anemic, democratic culture of the modern European or the merciless, cruel culture of Islam? The conviction that only a man on a

white horse can save us is in our blood. Why not listen to our blood? The democratic culture is the culture of numbers: “The white European will soon be outnumbered, one thousand to one; the battle is over before it begins. The Muslims win.” But the European is losing now even when he outnumbers the Muslims in Europe, and he was victorious in the past when he was in a minority. So it is not superior numbers that bring victory. Faith brings victory. Our faith is in the God-Man, Jesus of Nazareth.

At present all Europeans who wish to remain European are Highlanders in spirit. We are part of a clan that exists within a country, but we are not of that country. Our loyalty is to the clan, to the men and women of our own blood. And in our case, which is infinitely more just than that of the Highlanders of old, we serve a different God than our enemies. If we clear away the democratic sludge from our eyes, we can see our Lord in the mists, riding on a white horse. He bids us “rise and ride.” +

The Outlawed European and the Practical Conservative - SEPTEMBER 05, 2009

“He was cold and phlegmatic, and utterly devoid of that sacred fire which is the incentive to noble deeds...”

In Shakespeare’s *Richard III*, Buckingham, having done every dirty deed that Richard asked him to do, balks at the suggestion that he kill the young sons of Edward, the former king. Buckingham felt he had done enough; he helped Richard become king by treachery and murder, and now he wanted his reward, a dukedom and the lands and revenue of those he killed. But Richard of Gloucester didn’t see things that way. Having become king by foul means, he needed to maintain his kingdom by foul means. His friends are those who do his bidding, and his enemies are those who will not do his bidding. So Buckingham, despite his former services, becomes a proscribed traitor.

Buckingham, like Macbeth, thought he could use the devil for his own ends and then opt out of the devil’s service. Likewise the modern conservative-liberal. He thought he could go along with part of the liberal agenda and then opt out of the parts of liberalism that he found offensive. It doesn’t work that way.

First the conservative-liberal caved in on segregation. “That’s not essential – in fact it’s antithetical -- to our vision of a democratic society.” Then came feminism and its logical consequence, legalized abortion. “Full equality between men and women is certainly compatible with democratic egalitarianism, and legalized abortion is something we will permit so long as there are laws that sanction it. Nothing should ever impinge on the democratic process.” And once you’ve made your peace with feminists, it’s only a matter of time before you must accommodate the homosexuals. Having made the commitment to liberalism, you can’t flinch at any of your rulers’ commands.

The practical conservative-liberal is the Christian European’s greatest roadblock, because Mr. Practical Conservative wants to make the war between liberalism and Christendom into a family quarrel within liberalism. In point of fact, Mr. Practical Conservative dislikes terms like liberalism and Christendom. He is a no-nonsense, meat-and-potatoes man who simply wants white people to have their own culture within liberalism. What, however, is the white man’s culture? What does it mean to be white? It wasn’t a complicated issue until the latter half of the 20th century. To be white meant to be Christian. The terms were synonymous. But practical conservative man doesn’t want to hear such nonsense. In his practical mind, the white man is a biological entity who supports the democratic process, tax cuts, and organized, integrated sports.

How practical is the practical, conservative man? For years he ranted at the European separatists, who told him that there was no hope for European man within the democratic process, that talk of separation was surrender. But who turned out to be correct? Practical, conservative man or the European Christian? What has ‘get out the vote, don’t be impractical’ accomplished? It has brought the European to the block, that’s what it has accomplished.

The practical conservatism that either treats Christianity as a small cog in the great Greco-Roman, Germanic wheel, or that dismisses it altogether, is not practical. It is not practical because it treats the most essential issue, “Did Christ rise from the dead?” as a side issue of no particular concern for practical men. How can white men band together without a spiritual connection? What is the common culture they are trying to preserve? Capitalism? Agrarianism? No, there was only one fire inside European man, the Christian fire. And when that fire went out, the European did not actually physically die, but nothing resembling life remained in his heart. It doesn’t matter which European country you look at – Sweden, Britain, the United States – they are all helpless in the face of barbarism. Why? Because they have lost their faith. Liberalism isn’t a faith; it’s an absence of faith, pure negation, or at least the negation of everything the European Christian once believed. So, how can a European stay connected to liberalism and remain a European? He can’t.

The practical, conservative men always point out the futility of an armed, separatist attack on the liberal leviathan, but such an attack is not the essence of a European separatist movement. A final Armageddon-type battle may well be the final outcome of a separatist movement, but the separatist movement is first and foremost a spiritual movement. "I shall serve Christian Europe; I shall not serve satanic liberalism." That internal determination is the heart and soul of the separatist, European movement. If a European separatist actually has enough money to buy some land and physically separate himself from liberalism, then God bless him. But most of us do not have the financial means to make that kind of a separation from liberalism. Most of us have to live and work in liberalism, but that should not deter us from being European separatists. We are among them, but not of them. We are outlawed men, and we shall do whatever we can to undermine and ultimately destroy liberalism. Geoffrey Household once wrote an excellent novel called *Rogue Male*. The main character no longer accepted his nation's definition of morality. He set out, in defiance of his country's moral standards, to kill the dictator who killed the woman he loved. The liberals have killed the culture we loved, and they are killing, through their barbarian henchmen, the people who constitute the remnant of the civilization we loved. Should we ask the liberals, ever so politely, to let us live in liberalism? Would it do any good to make such a plea? There shall be no mercy for the white man. Then let us take heart and make a virtue of necessity. We are outlaws, so be it; at least we can be men again, no longer bound by the satanic rules of liberalism and no longer bound to meekly demure and confine our protests to angry letters when our fellow Europeans are despoiled of their lands and murdered in the streets.

The advocates of practical conservatism have undermined European man in two ways.

- 1) They have wasted his spiritual energy by getting him to focus on equal representation within liberalism rather than focusing on resistance to liberalism.
- 2) By denying the existence of a spiritual dimension to life, they have given the European the false impression that only the empirical matters. No movement which only acknowledges empirical results will ever be successful. When Claus von Stauffenberg made the decision, quite correctly in my opinion, to kill Adolf Hitler, he wanted the plan to succeed, and he did everything in the practical realm to make the plan succeed. But he didn't view the assassination attempt as just a 'practical' step to insure that Germany got a more competent leader. Von Stauffenberg believed in a mystical, Christian Germany. He believed that the fact that there were Germans willing to oppose Hitler made even more difference in the spiritual realm than the actual success or failure of the assassination attempt. This might be impossible for a practical, conservative liberal, raised on think-tanks and opinion polls, to understand, but I understand von Stauffenberg, and so does every European who still remains European.

I once read a criticism of Whittaker Chambers by a leading proponent of the white, anti-immigration, practical conservative movement. He criticized Chambers for not leaving behind some program for white people to follow instead of some metaphysical mumbo-jumbo. Well, having read Chambers' works and the works of the Mr. Practical Conservative, I can say that Mr. Practical's works did nothing for white people compared to Chambers' works. Chambers bore witness to the light, the light that inspired white people to fight for the people Mr. Practical Conservative claims to care about. To what did Mr. Practical bear witness? What inspiration can we take from empiricism?

One could, from the practical conservative's standpoint, say the same thing about Alexander Solzhenitsyn that was said about Whittaker Chambers: "He didn't leave behind a practical program." No, he didn't. Is it really necessary to point out that he left behind something more precious and spiritually practical than a plan to capture an electoral victory?

The conservative-liberal movement failed because the leaders of the movement had the same beliefs as the liberal-liberals. Both groups rejected the Christian European view of man. The antique European believed that each soul counted, that what happened to every single human being had eternal significance: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." Hence it followed from that quaint belief of the older Europeans that every Christian act of mercy, every Christian act in defense of other Christians, made a difference no matter how insignificant it might seem to the empiricist who sees only the aggregate herd and not individual human beings. Any movement that discourages the European from those 'insignificant' acts of mercy and those insignificant acts in defense of, is a movement that beckons us to hell.

We have forgotten what Hamlet learned through suffering and travail. It is not given to us to know the future or to know what effect our individual acts will have on the future.

Not a whit; we defy augury. There's a special providence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be now, 'tis not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now; if it be not now, yet it will come; the readiness is all. Since no man has aught of what he leaves, what is't to leave betimes? [Let be.]

It is only given to us to know what our blood tells us. He will not leave us bereft of comfort, and He does not want us to become practical, conservative empiricists. "Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more."

The God of Children - AUGUST 29, 2009

"There's none can save you now, missy," Mullins hissed jeeringly.

"There's one," replied the figure.

"Who's that?"

"Peter Pan the avenger!" came the terrible answer; and as he spoke Peter flung off his cloak. Then they all knew who 'twas that had been undoing them in the cabin, and twice Hook essayed to speak and twice he failed. In that frightful moment I think his fierce heart broke.

I saw the interview which mad-dog, liberal Rachel Maddow did with Frank Schaeffer, the son of the late Francis Schaeffer. Frank Schaeffer, formerly a fundamentalist, then a member of the Orthodox Church, and now a mad-dog liberal himself, condemned his father for equating abortionists with Hitler and asserted his support for The Obama and pro-choice mad-dogs of liberalism. Despite his detestation of Christian values, Schaeffer still asserted his fervent belief in all the tenets of Christianity. Is it possible that a man could hold the views expressed by Frank Schaeffer and still be a Christian? No, it is not. We can say with absolute certainty that Frank Schaeffer is not a Christian. We can say that Frank Schaeffer has faith in an intellectual construct that he calls Christianity, but this is different from a faith in Christ.

P. C. Wren can help us understand the difference between faith in an intellectual construct and faith in a person. In his novel *Beau Geste*, the three Geste brothers all join the foreign legion to cover up what appears to be a theft by one of the brothers of the 'Blue Water' diamond from the family estate. At no time, despite compelling evidence to the contrary, do any of the brothers suspect the other brothers of any wrongdoing. They all think that either the other two brothers are guiltless of the theft or that the brother who took the Blue Water did so for noble reasons. And of course the brothers Geste are right. (1)

The Geste brothers have a faith that is deeper than an intellectual construct. Their faith is grounded in spirit and blood. When brothers are bound by those ties there is no need for a philosophy of brotherhood; the silken thread of sympathy is stronger than an ironclad syllogism.

The ancient Europeans knew Christ as the Geste brothers knew each other. Sin the European might, drift away from his brotherly father he might, but once having seen and felt the divine tenderness no European could fail to know His will and what He would have him do when facing life's complexities. It is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than it is for a man to know God through the abstracted intellect. Let us stop debating with the likes of Frank Schaeffer, Billy Graham, and all professed Christians who claim that satanic liberalism comes from Christ. Such "Christians" have a faith, but it is not a faith derived from a spirit and blood connection to Jesus of Nazareth.

It is important to know that professed Christians who support liberalism are not Christian, because liberals have one passion, the desire to eradicate Christian Europeans. When we see the Frank Schaeffers standing with liberals, we know that we must protect our people and our faith against him just as we would against a Stalin or a Hitler.

St. Paul tells us that even if an angel from heaven were to come down and tell us something in contradiction to the teaching of the men connected to Christ in spirit and blood, we are not to believe them. (Gal. 1:6 - But though we, or an angel from heaven, preach any other gospel unto you than that which we have preached unto you, let him be accursed.) How can we call a pope like John XXIII, who forgave the barbarous torture and murder of his own people before the blood on the barbarians' knives was dry, a Christian? How can we call Pope John Paul II, who regularly begged clemency for child-molesters and child-torturers, a Christian? And how can we call the black-worshipping, pro-choice Frank Schaeffer a Christian?

Professed atheists such as Madeline Murray O'Hare are very rare, but intellectual atheists, those who worship their own abstraction of God, are legion. In fact, abstracted atheism is the religion of the modern European. And at the root of modern, abstracted atheism is intellectual pride. European man is suffering from the effect of a second fall. He is unable to accept that a true God would reveal His divinity through His humanity. Satan has once again appealed to man's intellect (and the European Christian man was the only man Satan needed to worry about) in order to get the European to renounce Jesus of Nazareth. Satan got the European to believe that a human God was a lesser God.

A few years back I came across a book, written by one of Satan's legion, which expressed in a nutshell modern man's quest for an intellectual system as a substitute for God. The book was called *Denial of the Soul* and the author was M. Scott Peck. I read some reviews of the book, and I wondered if the reviewers and I had read the same book. The *Publishers Weekly* reviewer claimed Peck "camps firmly on Biblical grounds." What Bible? It is true that Peck came out quite tentatively against euthanasia and in favor of the soul, but he concedes that he might change his views on euthanasia should he get a terminal, painful illness. And his belief in the soul is a type of Jungian belief in the over-soul. He refers to God as a "She"

and rates traditionally religious people as lower on the evolutionary scale than liberal humanists. Peck, of course, places his own beliefs (a pastiche of Greek pantheism mixed with psychological Zen) at the top of the evolutionary ladder.

Peck's four stages of religious or spiritual development are these:

- Stage 1 - Chaotic, Antisocial. In this most primitive stage, people may appear either religious or secular, but either way, their belief system is profoundly superficial. It may be thought of as a stage of lawlessness.
- Stage 2 - Formal, Institutional. This is a stage of the 'letter of the law' in which religious fundamentalists (meaning most religious people) are to be found.
- Stage 3 - Skeptic, Individual. Here is where the majority of secularists are situated. People in this stage are usually scientific-minded, rational, moral, and humane. Their outlook is predominantly materialistic. They tend to be not only skeptical of the spiritual but uninterested in anything that cannot be proven.
- Stage 4 - Mystical, Communal. In this most mature stage of religious development, which may be thought of as one of 'the spirit of the law', women and men are rational but do not make a fetish of rationalism. They have begun to doubt their own doubts. They feel deeply connected to an unseen order of things, although they cannot fully define it. They are comfortable with the mystery of the sacred.

Although Peck does use terms like 'soul' and 'God', he is, in Christian terms, an atheist. To quote: "Although I consider myself a middle-of-the-road Christian, I do not believe in the doctrine of the resurrection of the body. It seems to me to confuse bodies and souls. They are not the same thing at all."

There are some practical points in the book – for example, how to cope with illness and what painkilling drugs to use – that seem sound, but the underlying philosophy of this book is blasphemous and philosophically unsound. There is no real comfort in the face of our own sufferings and death outside of the traditional Christian faith, which Dr. Peck derides in the name of his new Dr. M. Scott Peck religion.

And outside of Christianity, there is no reason to be against euthanasia. In fact, if one believed what Peck believed, I would think one would be so depressed one would commit suicide.

If you are impressed by Karl Jung and Ralph Waldo Emerson – two men who tried to maintain Christian ethics while denying the transcendental truths of the Christian faith – you will be in tune with Dr. M. Scott Peck's new interpretation of Christianity. But there is nothing really new under the sun, as the Preacher says. Mr. Peck's beliefs are very close to those of the ancient Gnostics. The modern liberal thinks he is forging a brave new world, when in reality he is just a pygmy heretic spouting the cosmic blasphemies of his heretic progenitors.

It is always to a cosmic, impersonal force or an abstract, cosmic Christ that the liberal appeals. And this is why the New Age Christians are always allied with the barbarians of color. The barbarians also reject the God-Man and worship the impersonal gods of nature and the cosmos. The liberals frequently talk about compassion, but the most striking thing about their new world is the absence of compassion. We see this in the wholesale slaughter of the weakest members of the brave new world, the very young and the very old. Is this not the old paganism in a new, technocratic guise? Shall there be mercy for the destroyers of mercy? That will be up to the God of Mercy.

Leaving the ultimate disposition of souls to God we can and must make a judgment on the words and actions of the anti-Christian Christians like Frank Schaeffer. He has chosen to fly under Satan's banner, and he should be dealt with as Peter Pan dealt with Captain Hook: "Hook or me this time!"

I vividly recall a time in my earlier twenties when I was chided by a professor for having a 'Peter Pan complex' because I refused to 'grow up' and adopt a 'realistic, grown-up religion' instead of the religion of Christ. My inarticulate answer was that if I had to abandon Christ in order to grow up, I preferred to remain a child. But then every European I admire, Shakespeare, Scott, Le Fanu, had the faith of a child. I'll stay with them and their God, come dungeon, fire, and sword.+

(1) My most dear and admired Aunt Patricia,

When you get this, I shall be dead, and when you have read it I shall be forgiven, I hope, for I did what I thought was best, and what would, in a small measure, repay you for some of your great goodness to me and my brothers.

My dear Aunt, I knew you had sold the 'Blue Water' to the Maharajah (for the benefit of the tenants and the estate), and I knew you must dread the return of Sir Hector, and his discovery of the fact, sooner or later.

I was inside one of the suits of armour when you handed the 'Blue Water' over to the vizier or agent of the Maharajah. I heard everything, and when once you had said what you said and I had heard it—it was pointless for me to confess that I knew—but when I found that you had a duplicate made, I thought what a splendid thing it would be if only we had a burglary and the 'blue Water' substitute were stolen! The thieves would be nicely done in the eye, and your sale of the stone would never be discovered by Sir Hector.

Had I known how to get into the Priests' Hole and open the safe, I would have burgled it for you.

Then Sir Hector's letter came, announcing his return, and I knew that things were desperate and the matter urgent. So I spirited away that clever piece of glass or quartz or whatever it is, and I herewith return it (with apologies). I nearly put it back after all, the same night, but I'm glad I didn't (Tell John this.)

Now I do beg and pray you to let Sir Hector go on thinking that I am a common thief and stole the 'Blue Water' –or all this bother that everybody has had will be all for nothing, and I shall have failed to shield you from trouble and annoyance.

If it is not impertinent, may I say that I think you were absolutely right to sell it, and that the value is a jolly sight better applied to the health and happiness of the tenants and villagers and to the productiveness of the arms, than locked up in a safe in the form of a shinning stone that is of no earthly benefit to anyone.

It nearly made me regret what I had done, when those asses, Digby and John, had the cheek to bolt too. Honestly, it never occurred to me that they would do anything so silly. But I suppose it is selfish of me to want all the blame and all the fun and pleasure of doing a little job for you.

I do so hope that all has gone well and turned out as I planned. I bet Uncle Hector was sick!

Well, my dear Aunt, I can only pray that I have helped you a little.

With sincerest gratitude for all you have done for us,

Your loving and admiring nephew,

'Beau' Geste

"A beau geste, indeed," said Aunt Patricia, and for the only time in my life, I saw her put a handkerchief to her eyes.

The End of Liberalism - AUGUST 21, 2009

'Tis a consummation,
Devoutly to be wished.

The conservative-liberals do not like the mad-dog liberals' health care plan. "It is socialism, pure and simple," they say. And of course the conservative liberal critique of the Obama healthcare plan, to the extent that such a mish-mash can be called a plan, is quite justified. However, the mad-dog liberal healthcare plan is just one aspect of liberalism. The conservative-liberals might manage to stop passage of the plan, but they will not stop the liberal locomotive from hurtling forward at breakneck speed toward Suicide Pass. The conservative liberals won't stop the locomotive because they don't want to stop it; they simply want to replace the mad-dog liberal engineers of the democratic locomotive with engineers of their own choosing. But whether conservative-liberal engineers or mad-dog liberal engineers drive the locomotive is of little consequence. The train needs more than a change in engineers; it needs to be derailed.

At the core of every culture is a faith that sustains that culture. And it appears that every culture has a tipping point. When enough people cease to believe in the sustaining faith of their culture, that culture ceases to exist. The sustaining faith of Europeans prior to the 20th century was Christianity; the sustaining faith of the European people since the early 20th century is science. And liberal democracy is an essential part of the new faith. Monarchy, clans, blood ties, feudal oaths all seem so unscientific, so unclean to modern, scientific man. Democracy seems so much more up-to-date and independent. A man who no longer bends his knee to God certainly has no need to bend his knee to a king or a clan leader. "So, let's all be democratic and king of ourselves."

The synthesis of science and democracy has a name; it's called liberalism. And Rush Limbaugh and Hillary Clinton are both enamored of it. Their quarrels are internecine quarrels. I want to see white Europeans start to attack both the Rush Limbaugh and the Hillary Clinton camp of liberals. An attack on just one group is not an attack on liberalism, which was, is, and always shall be, the object of a Christian European's wrath.

Let's look at a case study. Meet the average white Joe. Joe didn't like it when Obama and company labeled all the healthcare protestors (he was one) as "angry, racist, white people." "I'm not racist," Joe said with tears in his eyes; "I just don't agree with the new healthcare plan." Indeed, Joe is not racist; he has a picture of Jackie Robinson in his den, and he regularly watches and supports all the local sport teams with colored athletes on them. But Joe's protests will not avail him. He would have more luck standing "upon the beach and bid the main flood bate his usual height" than he would have in convincing the liberal he is not evil because he is white. Joe, because he has not repudiated liberalism, remains

confused about liberalism. He thinks he can appeal to the liberal's humanity, his sense of fair play. But humanity and fair play come from Christianity. The liberal is committed to a hatred of Christianity. And who were the people who placed Christianity at the core of their culture, the very culture that they, the liberals, have supplanted? White people, of course. The liberal must denounce and disenfranchise white people; such a denouncement and disenfranchisement is the essence of applied liberalism.

Still Joe is confused. "Why," Joe asks, "are liberals against white people? Are they not white themselves?" Ah, that's a good question. The answer to it can be found in Alice in Wonderland. Humpty Dumpty tells Alice that, "When I use a word, it means anything I want it to mean." When philosophical speculation about Christianity prevailed in the Christian churches over revealed heart-and-blood Christianity, the road was made clear for the unreality of abstracted thought. Race is just an abstraction to the liberal, a "social construct." When they want to demonize someone for having white skin, they make skin color a reality. When they contemplate their own adored faces in the mirror, skin color doesn't exist; they are just 'human beings,' albeit marvelous human beings. The wheel turns again when the liberal needs to 'help' a poor darkie so that the darkie can worship the liberal. Then skin color comes alive again. Reality depends on the abstracted whim of the liberal. In Joe's case, his skin color will always be a concrete evil so long as he voices any objections to one single part of the liberal's vision of utopia.

Because the conservative-liberal has the same core faith as the mad-dog liberal, he will never get off nor seek to derail the democratic locomotive. He will continue to accept (in contrast to white, Christian Europeans) an aborting, black-worshipping, pornographic society, because he places adherence to scientific democracy as a value above all other values; it is his faith.

There are two groups of people who do not believe in scientific democracy or, to use its more common name, liberalism. The first group of non-believers is the barbarians of color. They adhere to liberalism in the countries where they are not strong enough to oppose it, but when they are in power they do not set up little wine-and-cheese party states. Missionary stew is more to their liking. Only liberals who live in an abstracted la-la land could work so hard for the enfranchisement of a people with values opposed to their own. Will the barbarians respect homosexual rights, women's rights, or the right of white liberals to sit in upper-class suburbia and contemplate their fat navels? No, I don't think so. But the white liberal will continue to support the colored barbarian right up to the moment that the barbarian cuts the white liberal's throat, because the black barbarian hates the same God that the liberals hate, the white Christ.

The second group opposed to the liberals is of course the throne-and-altar-and-blood Europeans. I always call such men a 'group' with caution; I'm not sure there are enough of them to even call them a group. I know, from reading old novels and old history books, that there used to be millions of throne-and-altar-and-blood Europeans. But now? I don't know. Most of the world seems to be either engulfed in the black night of barbarism or the even darker night of liberaldom. The barbarian is back where he started from before the light of Christ's love entered the world, and the white liberal is worse than ere he was, because having rejected the light to which his blood ancestors swore fealty, he stands to reap the satanic whirlwind that comes with a rejection of Christ.

It's difficult to fathom why the liberals hate Christian Europe and love liberaldom. I know my feelings about liberaldom are at one with the English Women. One of the women, with whom I completely identified, told of watching an old movie with some friends. During the movie she felt quite at home and comfortable. But when the movie ended and a commercial came on, she felt like she was in an alien world. I don't think Christian Europe will ever, like Arthur, return, until Europeans feel that liberal, scientific democracy and barbarism are unwanted, alien entities that must be conquered.

In many countries where coal was once king, there are underground fires that, once started, were never put out. They just keep burning and spreading underground, making the regions above them uninhabitable. Liberalism started out as a small underground fire and has spread across the earth. It seems like a hopeless task to put such a fire out. And it is hopeless if the European of the old stock tries to do it all at once or if he tries to counter liberalism with just another hybrid form of liberalism, like countering Russian communism with American democracy. Which is more soul-killing and dangerous? Both. It always comes back to "who moved the stone?" If Christ moved the stone, as the white Europeans once believed, then nothing is impossible for Europeans who are wedded to Christ. Every faithful European heart will become a fire that will eventually, when united with other fiery hearts, engulf and destroy the satanic fires of liberaldom. But there must be that fire in the European heart.

When Pistol, Falstaff's fellow, low-life companion thinks all of England will be his plaything because Prince Hal has become Henry V, he dreams of "Africa and golden joys." We have seen what the liberals dream of. The embodiment of their dreams can be seen throughout Europe and the United States. Is such a nightmare world to be tolerated? Is liberalism the final act in the drama of European man? That vision thing, which George Bush Sr. despised, must be brought into play. In his mind's eye, the European sees a small child being born in Bethlehem, and he sees that child grow up and become The Hero who slays the greatest dragon of them all, the great dragon, Death.

There is a cottage in the European woods. In that cottage is a European fire tended by a faithful woodsman. Many years ago, the woodsman's Master told him to keep the fire burning until He returned. The woodsman was a young man then, and now he is an old man, yet still he keeps the fire going. All true Europeans have a fire to tend until the Master returns. Such fires are the hope of Europe and the scourge of liberalism.

The Young Drummer Returns - SATURDAY, AUGUST 15, 2009

Many years ago a village stood in the hollow which is now filled up by the mere. But the inhabitants were a wicked race... they scorned to bend the knee, save in mockery, to the White Christ who had died to save their souls. – “Bomere Pool” from *English Folk and Fairy Tales*

Interviewer: There is a moment in C. S. Lewis's novel *The Silver Chair* in which the two children begin to doubt the existence of Narnia. Puddleglum, however, pulls them through:

“One word, Ma'am,” he said, coming back from the fire; limping, because of the pail. “One word. All you've been saying is quite right, I shouldn't wonder. I'm a chap who always liked to know the worst and then put the best face I can on it. So I won't deny any of what you said. But there's one thing more to be said, even so. Suppose we have only dreamed, or made up, all those things—trees and grass and sun and moon and stars and Aslan himself. Suppose we have. Then all I can say is that, in that case, the made-up things seem a good deal more important than the real ones. Suppose this black pit of a kingdom of yours is the only world. Well, it strikes me as a pretty poor one. And that's a funny thing, when you come to think of it. We're just babies making up a game, if you're right. But four babies playing a game can make a play-world which licks your real world hollow. That's why I'm going to stand by the play-world.

If two modern children were to ask you if Christian Europe ever existed, what would you tell them?

Young Drummer: I would tell them a story – actually, I would tell them many stories – of a time when the European's heart was a flame and he blended his blood and soul with Jesus Christ. I would not read to the children from a philosophical treatise; if I did that, I would be placing them in the hands of the Gnostics, because nothing delights the Gnostic more than to turn everything into philosophical speculation.

Many white moments from the European story-telling tradition – those moments of white heat which enable us to recognize our Lord in the faces of His creatures – parallel incidents from the Gospel. What could be more natural since Western Culture was formed by Christianity?

One of my favorite Gospel stories is the account of the redemption of the good thief. What a moment! “Today shalt thou be with me in paradise.” And the good thief didn't win his salvation on the cheap, simply catching our Lord in one of those weak, sentimental moments that the Gnostics deplore. No, there had to have been something monumental going on in Dismas's soul that enabled him to see that Christ was something more than mere man. Dismas had pity for Jesus the man, suffering on the cross unjustly, and he had faith in Jesus the Lord: “Remember me when you shall come into your kingdom.”

It is usually pity, compassion, or love for an individual human being that awakens the soul of a sinner and inspires him to heroic efforts and to a heroic faith in Him, who enjoined us to have pity, compassion, and love for our fellow human beings. The modern liberal, the Gnostic, by attempting to bypass humanity, never really knows the God who saved and pardoned Dismas. We are saved because our humanity reaches out to respond to Christ's humanity. That human embrace allows us to touch the divine; without it, there can be no redemption.

Sidney Carton in *A Tale of Two Cities* finds redemption for a sinful wasted life by voluntarily taking the place of another man destined for the guillotine. On the way to the guillotine Carton also comforts a young woman, destined, like Carton, for Madame Guillotine.

"Do you think:" the uncomplaining eyes in which there is so much endurance, fill with tears, and the lips part a little more and tremble: "that it will seem long to me, while I wait for her in the better land where I trust both you and I will be mercifully sheltered?"

"It cannot be, my child; there is no Time there, and no trouble there."

"You comfort me so much! I am so ignorant. Am I to kiss you now? Is the moment come?"

"Yes."

She kisses his lips; he kisses hers; they solemnly bless each other. The spare hand does not tremble as he releases it; nothing worse than a sweet, bright constancy is in the patient face. She goes next before him--is gone; the knitting-women count Twenty-Two.

"I am the Resurrection and the Life, saith the Lord: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die."

The murmuring of many voices, the upturning of many faces, the pressing on of many footsteps in the outskirts of the crowd, so that it swells forward in a mass, like one great heave of water, all flashes away. Twenty-Three.

Rake Windermere, in the poem of the same name, like Sidney Carton, also "steps out," and finds redemption:

'RAKE' WINDERMERE

Disgrace he'd brought on an ancient name
A smirch on an honoured crest
He'd blotted the page of glorious fame
That his family once possessed
Eton he'd left beneath a cloud
And left in the greatest haste
He'd proceeded whilst there in revels loud
Life's choicest hours to waste.

Sent down from Oxford next was he
The result of orgies wild
He'd filled the cup of vice with glee
And a noble stock defiled
A nickname he'd earned by his acts of shame
'Mong comrades of many a bout
From the broken shell of his own true name
"Rake" Windermere stepped out.

As a fitting end to a family scene,
He had quitted the family home
With a tearless eye and a smile serene
He had started the world to roam
Still lower he'd sunk than ever before
And never a vice he'd shun
Till even his roystering friends of yore
Forsook him one by one.

He'd drifted at length with a tourist band
To the land of the war-like Moor
And there on the dreary desert sand
Had disaster attacked the tour
Approached by a tribe of bandit brand
The party had turned and fled
But first a shot, fired by some foolish hand
Had pierced a Moorish head.

Besieged for a week on a mound of stone
And with water getting low
The bandit chief appeared alone and said
"Thou art free to go.
If thou deliverest first up to me
Of thy number any one
So that True Believer's blood may be
Avenged ere tomorrow's sun."

Each looked at each as he rode away
Grim silence reigned supreme
The sun went down, and the Moon held sway
Flooding all with silver stream
Then a muffled form crept down the mound
With a wistful glance about
Then with head erect, but without a sound
"Rake" Windermere stepped out.

We must return to Charles Dickens for an incredible moment of redemption for two sinners. Pip's "great expectations" have raised his material prospects in life but degraded his soul. He is deteriorating inwardly from overweening pride even as he learns more and more of the outward habits of a gentleman. It is only when he realizes that his great expectations come from the blood and sweat of Magwitch, an "exiled for life" convict, that he begins to understand that true gentlemanliness comes from within and works its way outward, not vice versa.

Magwitch, another sinner like the good thief, finds redemption through his love for Pip. And Pip finds redemption by overcoming his initial revulsion for Magwitch by pledging that:

'I will never stir from your side,' said I, 'when I am suffered to be near you. Please God, I will be as true to you as you have been to me!'

And both sinners are permanently bound to each other in Christ when Pip commends the dying Magwitch's soul to God:

Mindful, then, of what we had read together, I thought of the two men who went up into the Temple to pray, and I knew there were no better words that I could say beside his bed, than 'O Lord, be merciful to him a sinner!'

Such white moments come only from a storytelling heritage steeped in the Gospel of Christ.

St. Paul tells us that the last enemy to be defeated is death. Even in Christian circles these days there is grave doubt that the "fell sergeant" will truly be defeated. But in the storytelling tradition of the West, a belief is firmly ingrained that at the last trump, in the twinkling of an eye, we shall be delivered from the clutches of death. The great fairy tales speak to this hope.

Two excellent fairy stories that end with glorious white moments of deliverance are *The March of the Wooden Soldiers* with Laurel and Hardy, and the 1954 "children's" opera-musical of the Grimm's fairy tale, *Hansel and Gretel*.

In *The March of the Wooden Soldiers* (a movie that defies classification, being part opera, part musical, part epic, and all fairy tale), the bogeymen, led by the wicked Barnaby, are invading Toyland. The situation seems hopeless, but two inept toy makers, Laurel and Hardy, suddenly remember that because of their ineptness, 100 six-foot-tall toy soldiers are on hand. They quickly wind the soldiers up, and in a magnificent ending, the wooden soldiers drive the bogeymen into the sea.

Is this a prefiguration of the final fight between good and evil and Christ's destruction of that last enemy called death? Yes! I also think it is entirely in keeping with divine metaphysics that two bumbling, but pure of heart, toy makers are used by God to combat evil. "What your wisdoms could not discover, these shallow fools have brought to light."

In the 1954 production of *Hansel and Gretel* (adapted for the screen by Padraic Colum and composed by Engelbert Humperdinck) the father, who has been searching through the woods for his lost children, sums up the miracle of Hansel and Gretel's triumph over the witch in his song:

And so you see that Heaven will bend
And to evil make an end
And when hope is nearly gone
God's relief to us is surely won.

And when hope is nearly gone
God's relief by us is won.

There is a spiritual virility represented by the words of Hansel and Gretel's father that we have lost. And we won't regain it by listening to the siren song of the Gnostics.

"Heaven will bend." Everything is contained in that line. A belief that heaven will bend connotes a childlike faith in our blessed Lord. When we face our final hour we need to believe, like Hansel and Gretel's father, that our Holy Savior will bend and make an end to that last great enemy.

Since I am a mortal man who fears death, and since I don't possess any secret documents containing inside information about the afterlife, it is indeed a comfort to know that we need not know of hidden things on secret scrolls, we need only a childlike faith in Christ. Jesus, at the hour of my death and that of my loved ones, please bend.

Another theme that we see represented in the storytelling tradition of the West has its origins in the 'Lord of the Sabbath' incident in the Gospels. In it, the Pharisees rebuke Christ for disobeying the law and healing on the Sabbath.

And certain of the Pharisees said unto them, Why do ye that which is not lawful to do on the sabbath days?

And Jesus answering them said, Have ye not read so much as this, what David did, when himself was a hungered, and they which were with him;

How he went into the house of God, and did take and eat the shewbread, and gave also to them that were with him; which it is not lawful to eat but for the priests alone?

And he said unto them, That the Son of Man is Lord also of the sabbath. (6 Luke: 2-5)

The Pharisees, like all formalists, were unimpressed.

There is an exquisite balance in all of Christ's actions. He follows most of the older Jewish laws, even assuring his followers that He comes not to destroy the law but to fulfill it. But the laws are made for man, by God, out of love. They are His laws; He can abrogate or bend any one of them. In point of fact, when He does abrogate or bend a law, it is always out of charity. And it is our Lord Himself who tells us that charity is the essence of all true laws.

I have quoted from the story *The King of the Golden River* before and will continue to do so because it speaks so directly against the Gnostics, the Feeneyites, and all those who would deny that Christ is Lord even of the sabbath day.

The two cruel brothers in the story follow all of the rules; they even possess the holy water necessary to obtain the riches from the Golden River. And yet, they are turned to stone! On this earth the cruel brothers who follow the formula while violating the laws of charity usually win. But in the European fairy tales that prefigure the Kingdom of Heaven, they lose.

The King of the Golden River speaks in the language of the Gospels and St. Paul when he says, "...the water which has been refused to the cry of the weary and dying, is unholy, though it has been blessed by every saint in heaven; and the water which is found in the vessel of mercy is holy, though it had been defiled with corpses."

God bless Gluck, the third "dumb" brother. May we all be filled with such holy dumbness.

And Gluck went out and dwelt in the valley, and the poor were never driven from his door; so that his barns became full of corn, and his house of treasure. And, for him, the river had, according to the dwarf's promise, become a River of Gold.

In the 1954 movie *Brigadoon*, we also see the theme of God making a rule for the good of His people, and then bending that rule for the benefit of an individual, or (in this case) for two individual human beings.

The beautiful Scottish village of Brigadoon and its inhabitants have been preserved from corruption because of a special prayer request: Their village and its inhabitants come to life only one day in each century, thereby avoiding the special corruptions of any one century.

But what if a poor weary traveler from the 20th century happens upon the village during the one day it appears in the 20th century? And what if he falls in love with a Scottish lass from the village of Brigadoon and she with him?

Well, we know what a Gnostic would do. He would sneer at and condemn the very notion that romantic love can be a source of divine grace. But Christ, who blessed the married couple at Cana, does not disdain legitimate romantic love. When heaven bends at the foot bridge of Brigadoon, it is a glorious white moment.

Scenes of genuine forgiveness always remind us of our Lord's divine mercy and His very human compassion, thus striking a blow against the entire Gnostic tradition and the modern hate-filled destroyers of white Christian Europe. Where will mercy be found now that Christian Europe is gone? Only in the European mists.

Genuine forgiveness doesn't mean liberal forgiveness: "I forgive you for murdering Charlie, whom I didn't really care for anyway because he was overweight and politically incorrect." Genuine European, Christian forgiveness consists of Cordelia's forgiveness of her father, King Lear.

Cordelia: O, look upon me, sir,
And hold your hands in benediction o'er me.
No, sir, you must not kneel.

Lear: Pray, do not mock me.
I am a very foolish fond old man,
Fourscore and upward, not an hour more nor less;
And, to deal plainly,
I fear I am not in my perfect mind.
Methinks I should know you, and know this man;
Yet I am doubtful; for I am mainly ignorant
What place this is; and all the skill I have
Remembers not these garments; nor I know not
Where I did lodge last night. Do not laugh at me;
For (as I am a man) I think this lady
To be my child Cordelia.

Cordelia: And so I am! I am!

Lear: Be your tears wet? Yes, faith. I pray weep not.
If you have poison for me, I will drink it.
I know you do not love me; for your sisters
Have, as I do remember, done me wrong.
You have some cause, they have not.

Cordelia: No cause, no cause.

And genuine forgiveness is also shown by Prospero in *The Tempest*. He renounces magic and pardons the deceiver – and prays to the God of mercy, who has taught us to render the deeds of mercy.

Now my charms are all overthrown,
And what strength I have's mine own,
Which is most faint. Now 'tis true
I must be here confined by you,
Or sent to Naples. Let me not,
Since I have my dukedom got
And pardoned the deceiver, dwell
In this bare island by your spell;
But release me from my bands
With the help of your good hands.
Gentle breath of yours my sails
Must fill, or else my project fails,
Which was to please. Now I want
Spirits to enforce, art to enchant;
And my ending is despair,
Unless I be relieved by prayer,
Which pierces so, that it assaults
Mercy itself, and frees all faults.
As you from crimes would pardoned be,
Let your indulgence set me free.

Shortly after the reconciliation scene between Prince Hal and his father Henry IV, there is another reconciliation scene between Prince Hal (now Henry V) and the Lord Chief Justice, which highlights the difference between the pagan and the Christian. The one knows nothing of mercy and the other has it in his blood.

Having rebuked Prince Hal quite justly when he was a young, riotous youth, the Chief Justice now has reason to fear the new king's wrath. But a Christian king, which Prince Hal is determined to be, knows the difference between the English and the Turkish courts. He knows he must not only forgive the Lord Chief Justice's rebukes of his own youthful miscreant person, he must also commend his actions as befitting the Chief Justice of a Christian king:

KING. No?

How might a prince of my great hopes forget
So great indignities you laid upon me?
What, rate, rebuke, and roughly send to prison,
Th' immediate heir of England! Was this easy?
May this be wash'd in Lethe and forgotten?

CHIEF JUSTICE. I then did use the person of your father;
The image of his power lay then in me;
And in th' administration of his law,
Whiles I was busy for the commonwealth,
Your Highness pleased to forget my place,
The majesty and power of law and justice,
The image of the King whom I presented,
And struck me in my very seat of judgment;
Whereon, as an offender to your father,
I gave bold way to my authority
And did commit you. If the deed were ill,
Be you contented, wearing now the garland,
To have a son set your decrees at nought,
To pluck down justice from your awful bench,
To trip the course of law, and blunt the sword
That guards the peace and safety of your person;
Nay, more, to spurn at your most royal image,
And mock your workings in a second body.
Question your royal thoughts, make the case yours;
Be now the father, and propose a son;
Hear your own dignity so much profan'd,
See your most dreadful laws so loosely slighted,
Behold yourself so by a son disdain'd;
And then imagine me taking your part
And, in your power, soft silencing your son.
After this cold consideration, sentence me;
And, as you are a king, speak in your state
What I have done that misbecame my place,
My person, or my liege's sovereignty.

KING. You are right, Justice, and you weigh this well;
...
And I will stoop and humble my intents
To your well-practis'd wise directions.

A king that can “stoop and humble” his intents to wise direction follows the way of the cross. He is Christlike in that he willingly chooses to hide the outward shows of majesty so that the inner majesty, the real majesty of kingship, will show itself the more brightly.

Let me also point out to the children another white moment from the Chronicles of Narnia in the seventh book, *The Last Battle*. (Incidentally, it is in the realm of so-called children's literature that the best writing in the 20th century has been done. When we try to write like adults, we write like rationalists, without hope or joy.)

The Narnian white moment occurs when Peter, Lucy, Edmund, and the whole Narnian cast are getting ready to embark on the 'real' journey. (Lewis has the metaphysical virility to hope for the giddiest of happy endings; it is more and more difficult to maintain such a hope, in the face of Gnostic modernity, but the men of the Christian West used to have it.)

“No fear of that,” said Aslan. “Have you not guessed?”

Their hearts leaped and a wild hope rose within them.

“There was a real railway accident,” said Aslan softly. “Your father and mother and all of you are—as you used to call it in the Shadow-Lands—dead. The term is over: the holidays have begun. The dream is ended: this is the morning.”

And as He spoke He no longer looked to them like a lion; but the things that began to happen after that were so great and beautiful that I cannot write them. And for us this is the end of all the stories, and we can most truly say that they all lived happily ever after. But for them it was only the beginning of the real story. All their life in this world and all their adventures in Narnia had only been the cover and the title page: now at last they were beginning Chapter One of the Great Story, which no one on earth has read: which goes on for every: in which every chapter is better than the one before.

Are white moments from the Western tradition merely false shadows? Or are they prefigurations of the Kingdom of Heaven? Dear children, I believe they are not false shadows; they emanate from the depths of human hearts connected to His Heart.

They must be real. It is the Gnostic's promise of salvation through the intellectual knowledge of God's divinity alone, divorced from His humanity, that is an illusion.

That, or something like it, is what I would say to modern children who have never known Christian Europe.

Interviewer: Would it do any good? Aren't the stories from Christian Europe as alien to modern children as hieroglyphics are to the non-Egyptian?

Young Drummer: Quite probably. But that's the only approach I know. And maybe my approach will be just foolish enough to work.

Interviewer: "What your wisdoms could not discover, these shallow fools have brought to light?"

Young Drummer: Precisely, it takes a wise man to play the fool. The European people, the Christ-bearing Europeans, were foolish, from a worldly perspective, to carry the Christ child on their shoulders, but if those modern European children could just see a glimmer of what their ancestors saw, they would be on their way to the castle of the King of Fairyland, the Knight Errant of Heaven, who, in direct contrast to Midas, turns every heart He touches into a burning flame of charity. Those foolish Europeans who saw beauty on a cross were wiser than the geniuses of Liberalism who have no honor, no faith, and no vision. We will not perish so long as their vision of His Europe remains our vision. +

In Loving Tribute to Sir Walter Scott on His Birthday, August 15th, 1771

He was Christian Europe's greatest spokesman. A man incapable of lying, of meanness, or anything that was less than Christian. He took the chivalric code of the medieval ages, lying in disuse in the dustbin of history, and revived it for a whole generation of Europeans. But Scott's chivalry was much deeper than the chivalry of the medieval knights and squires. Scott was a proponent of a chivalry of the heart that belongs to all Europeans who see Christ in the European mists. Braver than the bravest, the truest, most valiant heart in Christendom: that was and is Sir Walter Scott.

Hymn for the Dead

The day of wrath, that dreadful day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
What power shall be the sinner's stay?
How shall he meet that dreadful day?

When, shriveling like a parched scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll;
When louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead,

Oh! on that day, that wrathful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay
Be THOU the trembling sinner's stay,
Though heaven and earth shall pass away.

Hush'd is the harp—the Minstrel gone,
And did he wander forth alone?
Alone, in indigence and age,
To linger out his pilgrimage?
No; close beneath proud Newark's tower,
Arose the Minstrel's lowly bower;
A simple hut; but there was seen
The little garden hedged with green,
The cheerful hearth, and lattice clean.
There shelter'd wanderers, by the blaze,
Oft heard the tale of other days;
For much he loved to ope his door,
And give the aid he begg'd before.

So pass'd the winter's day; but still,
 When summer smiled on sweet Bowhill,
 And July's eve, with balmy breath,
 Waved the blue-bells on Newark heath;
 When throstles sung in Hareheadshaw,
 And corn was green on Carterhaugh,
 And flourish'd, broad, Blackandro's oak,
 The aged Harper's soul awoke!
 Then would he sing achievements high,
 And circumstance of chivalry.
 Till the rapt traveler would stay,
 Forgetful of the closing day;
 And noble youths, the strain to hear,
 Forsook the hunting of the deer;
 And Yarrow, as he roll'd along,
 Bore burden to the Minstrel's song.

-- from The Lay of the Last Minstrel

Facing the enemy - AUGUST 09, 2009

In the morning after he had said his prayers, he sat himself down to his work; when, to his great wonder, there stood the shoes all ready made, upon the table.

If you recall the old fairy tale of the shoemaker and the elves, you know that the shoemaker was not incompetent, dishonest, or lazy. He was a good man and a hard worker, but in this world goodness and hard work do not always result in financial success. This is why the elves stepped in from that other world and aided the shoemaker. The shoemaker felt he had done nothing to warrant the aid of the elves, but of course he had done something. Simply by being the good and true shoemaker, he placed himself in a position to be the recipient of divine aid. And therein lies the problem with the modern world: there are no more cobblers or cobbler's shops; our shoes are made in factories by anonymous workers, who are legion. How can we be the recipients of divine aid if we have not ordered our lives in accord with His will, or – to put it another way – we cannot live in a soul-dead, Wal-Mart world and expect to hear the sound of that great 'amen.' List all the sins of the old Europeans, and they will be more numerous than the sands of the desert. However, having listed the sins of the older Europeans, let it then be said that they, and they alone, were the good cobblers who, through their labor of love, elicited a divine blessing from the God of love.

Against the world of the good shoemakers is the world of the liberals. Lincoln spoke for all the liberals throughout the world in his Gettysburg address. Could a world conceived by Satan and dedicated to the eradication of Christianity long endure? Yes, it has long endured. Much too long. It has endured because the liberals have invoked Satan as their guardian angel. And in saying that they have called on Satan, I do not mean to suggest that liberals en masse have formally called on Satan in satanic rites. But they have, in their hearts, rejected the ancient faith of the Europeans who believed that Christ, the Son of God, was at war with Satan, the fallen angel who prowls about the world seeking the ruin of souls.

The liberals' rejection of the belief that human beings are in essence spiritual beings, not materials beings, does not change reality. This world and its inhabitants are animated by the spirit. If you reject Christ as true God and true Man, you will belong to Satan and adhere to satanic principles whether you believe in Satan or not. Satan, unlike Christ, does not want to be loved by mankind; he merely wants mankind to serve him in his war against God. Since man is a spiritual creature, if he is not animated by Christ the vacuum in his soul will be filled by Satan. In a very real sense the liberals are possessed; they are the devils of which Dostoevsky wrote.

The satanically inspired, liberal devils have used a favorite trick of the devil in order to build liberaldom over the grave of Christendom:

But 'tis strange;
 And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
 The instruments of darkness tell us truths,
 Win us with honest trifles, to betray's
 In deepest consequence

Every single satanic edifice of liberaldom begins as an honest trifle and then turns into a stone pillar of Satanism to stand in complete contrast to every principle of Christendom. Halfway-house Christians tell us that race-mixing, feminism, and

equalitarian democracy all stem from the Christian belief that all men are created by God. But does that mean we should make no distinctions between barbarism and Christianity, worship black men, allow women to kill their babies, and “divert, crack, rend and deracinate” every ancient tradition of the Christian European? Of course it doesn’t. And no Christian European with any blood left in him would be deceived by Satan’s honest trifles no matter how well they were disguised. There’s the rub: when the European exchanged his blood faith for a philosophical system, he lost the ability to recognize the difference between Satan’s clever trifles and the real things of consequence that flow from a heartfelt faith in the God-Man.

The vast majority of white Europeans have gone over, body and soul, to Satan’s kingdom on earth. They belong to liberaldom and will never leave it. What is left is only a small minority, perhaps too small to be called even a minority, of blood, throne and altar Europeans who oppose the liberals. But there is a sizable minority of white Europeans who are neither fish nor fowl. They want the benefits that come from a Christ-centered culture, but they also want to be stroked, petted, and financially rewarded by the powers that be. The halfway-house Christian who deplores legalized abortion but eschews any opposition to abortion that is violent or undemocratic belongs in the no-man’s land between liberaldom and Christendom, and likewise, the Bob Jones University Christians, who want the freedom to preach the parts of the Gospel they like but are willing to tolerate race-mixing in order to appease the liberals. I personally have never known a halfway-house Christian who has joined the ranks of the ancient Europeans, but I have known many who have joined the liberals.

The European who still clings to the blood faith of his ancestors seems doomed to a very lonely existence, but is the last European really as lonely as the liberal and the halfway-house Christian? Granted, the European is lonelier as regards the day-to-day comforts which the liberals and halfway-house Christians enjoy. There are no social gatherings at which the European can talk freely. There are no organizations clamoring for his input, but man is a creature of the depths whether the liberals and the halfway-house Christians acknowledge it or not. The liberal stares at the ocean and declares all that exists is on the surface. The halfway-house Christian says there are some interesting sea creatures to be found some two feet below the surface. But it is only the European who knows that the ocean’s greatest mysteries are in its depths, the depths which the liberal says do not exist and the halfway-house Christian claims to know all about, even though he has never gone more than two feet below the surface.

Lonely? Yes, the European is lonely in those moments when, surrounded by liberals who deny the existence of a spiritual dimension to life and by halfway-house Christians devoid of vision, he wonders if there are no depths to life. Then he remembers: he has plunged the depths; below the surface of life there is someone who comforts the sick at heart and eases the pain of loneliness. The liberal who has sought comfort from the devil, and the halfway-house Christian who seeks comfort from the liberal will ultimately be betrayed in deepest consequence.

We are back with the old shoemaker. The miracle of the shoes occurred because the shoemaker didn’t regard the appearance of the shoes as something extraordinary. Hadn’t the God he believed in sent His only Son to die on the cross, in the ultimate act of charity? Why should a lesser act of charity surprise the shoemaker who believed in the greatest of all acts of charity?

The shoemaker, because he lived in Christian Europe, viewed the spiritual dimension of life as a concrete, tangible reality, just as we, in the post-Christian era, view the existence of the North American continent as a concrete, tangible reality. The shoemaker’s Europe was constructed to let the light of His world illuminate the spiritual dimensions of this world. The veil of the material world was pulled aside and the European saw his beginning and his end.

In contrast, liberaldom was built to shut out the light. With a satanic, maniacal consistency, every aspect of the older European culture has been deracinated and condemned. How is it possible for a European to believe that he can come to some amicable working arrangement with the rulers of liberaldom? “You can stay godless and liberal, but please refrain from abortion.” “You may worship the black man, but don’t force us to integrate.” Liberals will never compromise on one single point of their satanic agenda, and they will never allow one single Christian European to be left unmolested and unregulated in their satanic kingdom.

One thing is crystal clear. Liberaldom was built and is sustained by Satan. And Satan will never be defeated by any force that comes from within the system which he, Satan, created. “Conservative” think tanks and “grass roots” movements are all part of Satan’s kingdom. He not only permits but encourages everyone to participate in the democratic process, because there is nothing within that closed system that does not ultimately serve the needs of Satan.

It seems like the last post for those of us who side with the shoemakers of old Europe. But it isn’t the last post if we step outside liberaldom and attack the liberals right in the middle of their premature victory parties. “Among them but not of them.” From a strictly materialist standpoint, we can’t be in liberaldom and launch an attack from outside of liberaldom, but spiritually we do stand outside of liberaldom. And the spirit above the dust He revealed to us is the only reality. From that metaphysically solid ground we can and will launch our attack. Every war the European has ever fought was just a

minor skirmish compared to the coming battle with liberaldom. Hell is indeed empty and all the devils are here to fight against the last Europeans. Sword, gun, or pen; each man will use the weapon he was born to use. The readiness is all: the Europeans still connected to the shoemaker's Europe are ready to turn and face the enemy.

Eve's Unequal Children
by Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm

When Adam and Eve were driven from paradise, they were forced to build a house for themselves on barren ground, and eat their bread by the sweat of their brow. Adam hoed the field, and Eve spun the wool. Every year Eve brought a child into the world, but the children were unlike each other. Some were good looking, and some ugly.

After a considerable time had gone by, God sent an angel to them to announce that He himself was coming to inspect their household. Eve, delighted that the Lord should be so gracious, cleaned her house diligently, decorated it with flowers, and spread rushes on the floor. Then she brought in her children, but only the good-looking ones. She washed and bathed them, combed their hair, put freshly laundered shirts on them, and cautioned them to be polite and well-behaved in the presence of the Lord. They were to bow down before Him courteously, offer to shake hands, and to answer His questions modestly and intelligently.

The ugly children, however, were not to let themselves be seen. She hid one of them beneath the hay, another in the attic, the third in the straw, the fourth in the stove, the fifth in the cellar, the sixth under a tub, the seventh beneath the wine barrel, the eighth under an old pelt, the ninth and tenth beneath the cloth from which she made their clothes, and the eleventh and twelfth under the leather from which she cut their shoes.

She had just finished when someone knocked at the front door. Adam looked through a crack, and saw that it was the Lord. He opened the door reverently, and the Heavenly Father entered. There stood the good-looking children all in a row. They bowed before Him, offered to shake hands, and knelt down.

The Lord began to bless them. He laid his hands on the first, saying, "You shall be a powerful king," did the same thing to the second, saying, "You a prince," to the third, "You a count," to the fourth, "You a knight," to the fifth, "You a nobleman," to the sixth, "You a burgher," to the seventh, "You a merchant," to the eighth, "You a scholar." Thus He bestowed his richest blessings upon them all.

When Eve saw that the Lord was so mild and gracious, she thought, "I will bring forth my ugly children as well. Perhaps He will bestow his blessings on them too." So she ran and fetched them from the hay, the straw, the stove, and wherever else they were hidden away. In they came, the whole coarse, dirty, scabby, sooty lot of them.

The Lord smiled, looked at them all, and said, "I will bless these as well."

He laid his hands on the first and said to him, "You shall be a peasant," to the second, "You a fisherman," to the third, "You a smith," to the fourth, "You a tanner," to the fifth, "You a weaver," to the sixth, "You a shoemaker," to the seventh, "You a tailor," to the eighth, "You a potter," to the ninth, "You a teamster," to the tenth, "You a sailor," to the eleventh, "You a messenger," to the twelfth, "You a household servant, all the days of your life."

When Eve had heard all this she said, "Lord, how unequally you divide your blessings. All of them are my children, whom I have brought into the world. You should favor them all equally."

But God replied, "Eve, you do not understand. It is right and necessary that the entire world should be served by your children. If they were all princes and lords, who would plant grain, thresh it, grind and bake it? Who would forge iron, weave cloth, build houses, plant crops, dig ditches, and cut out and sew clothing? Each shall stay in his own place, so that one shall support the other, and all shall be fed like the parts of a body."

Then Eve answered, "Oh, Lord, forgive me, I spoke too quickly to you. Let your divine will be done with my children as well."

Democratic Bloodbaths - AUGUST 02, 2009

Then fell on Merlin a great melancholy;
He walk'd with dreams and darkness, and he found
A doom that ever poised itself to fall,
An ever-moaning battle in the mist,
World-war of dying flesh against the life,
Death in all life and lying in all love,
The meanest having power upon the highest,
And the high purpose broken by the worm.

I believe it was Metternich who said, “Whenever I hear the word, democracy, I know a bloodbath is coming.” The truth of Metternich’s words was brought home to me while reading *The Last Days of Innocence* by Meirion and Susie Harries. The book is about World War I, the war we fought to make the world “safe for democracy.”

It is the authors’ contention that World War I is largely ignored by most Americans because we have blocked out an unpleasant memory. We lost our innocence in that war, and no one likes to think about such a loss. What emerges from the book is a portrait of a nation that desperately wanted to stay out of World War I. Indeed, Wilson, the pacifist, won reelection because “he kept us out of war.” But, as the Harries tell it, the money men wanted the war, and they usually get what they want.

Once America was in the war, the German people had to be demonized. It is an article of the Puritan creed that a righteous nation doesn’t go to war except in a righteous cause. Wilson’s P.R. people did a splendid job in demonizing Germany. The Harries even suggest that Prohibition was passed to punish German beer makers and to stop German-Americans from meeting in beer halls. But the anti-German propaganda back-fired on Wilson. When the war ended and Wilson tried to get American support for his “peace without victory” plan, the American people were in no mood to forgive the baby-eating Huns. Nor were the French and English in any mood to forgive. The Germans were forced to accept complete blame for the war. An Austrian corporal was later able to set Europe on fire by harnessing German rage at the “stab in the back” treaty.

When reading of the battles, I was reminded of *All Quiet on the Western Front*. It is indeed a sad paradox that the democratization of Europe, which made every man his own king and killed the idea of a limited war between knights, brought about a democratic blood-bath to make the world safe for democracy. Chivalry suffered a severe blow in our own Civil War, and it received its death blow in World War I.

At the book’s end, Wilson dies a broken man, feminism rears its ugly head (women who took men’s jobs during the war did not give them up at the war’s end), and returning veterans tried to tell American citizens about “the horror, the horror,” but no one wanted to listen to them. So America be-bopped into the twenties, as the money men who brought about the war were preparing the way for the Great Depression.

To the Harries’ credit, they end their book on a sad note:

Saddest of all, perhaps, was the fate of Major Charles Whittlesey. The agony of his ‘Lost Battalion’ stayed with him; he was decorated for his astonishing bravery and endurance, but the burden of suffering he had imposed on his men was too much for him to bear. In 1926, eight years after leading the pathetic remnants of his unit out of their death-trap in the Argonne Forest, he put his affairs in order and boarded a boat for Cuba; in mid-ocean he disappeared from the vessel – one more victim of this most terrible of wars.

And one more victim, I might add, of the democratization of Europe and the death of Christendom. But let me come back to the link between the American Civil War and World War I. Both wars were fought in defense of egalitarian democracy, and in both wars white European males were killed in larger percentages and numbers than in any previous war between Europeans. Did this end the European American’s and the European’s love affair with egalitarian democracy? No, it did not. The carnage of those two wars, fought in the name of democracy, only intensified the Europeans’ love for democracy. Why? Because having lost his faith in Christianity, the European had to cling to his new-found faith no matter what the cost in human lives. “Better that millions perish than I should give up my faith in egalitarian democracy,” became the implicit credo of the post-Christian European.

It was inevitable that the black man would become the god of the democracy-loving Europeans, because the satanic logic of the democratic heresy says that if a black man can attain equality with the European, the new faith works. We can all dance around the bonfire of Western culture and sing praises to the new faith. The Obama coronation in this country was a religious ceremony in which liberals throughout America and Europe saw their god in the flesh.

Of course, it could have been any black man who was crowned, because the liberals’ faith celebrates the generic over the individual. Remember when Pope Benedict XVI, then Cardinal Ratzinger, said that the next pope should be a black man? He did not mention a particular black man, he just wanted a black man, any black man.

Egalitarian democracy, like communism, is an impossibility. A hierarchal structure exists in every society, even if that society denies its existence. And post-Christian Europeans have retained the elements of a Christian society in a bastardized, demonic form. For instance, original sin still exists, but it resides only in white males. And their original sin was that they did not admit blacks into full equality with whites. Hence, it is necessary that white males perform their mea culpas on a daily basis and take their punishment in a humble and contrite manner. Likewise, the liberals still believe in saints. However, sainthood does not come as a result of an individual person cooperating with God’s grace; sainthood is

conferred on every member of the black race and by proxy to those members of the white race who support the sainted black race.

The halfway-house Christians tell us that egalitarian, black-worshipping democracy stems from the Christian belief that all men are created and loved by God. But why, if egalitarian democracy follows from Christianity, didn't the Europeans, when they were Christian, practice egalitarian democracy? No unbiased, sane human being could claim our current aborting, porno-crazed society is superior to the older European societies. Wouldn't it be more accurate to say that a Christian people segregates in order to protect their own from contamination, and they make distinctions between peoples in order to ensure that truth has a protected hearth in which to dwell? When the white race ceased to segregate and when they allowed truth to be trampled by barbarian hordes, they ceased to be Christian.

The "Lost Battalion" is the European people who have forsaken Christian Europe for egalitarian, black-worshipping democracy. And every single European who adheres to the egalitarian creed will suffer the same fate as Major Charles Whittlesey. When the battle is not fought in the name of the God who's love passeth all understanding, the battle and life itself seem futile. Does the struggle availeth, is the race worth running? It is, but only if He awards the laurel wreath.

The Ancient Faith - JULY 25, 2009

Racial segregation does not imply racial oppression or genocide or anything Communist like that, but means purely what it says. It means that the white race and the black race, the one advanced and the other primitive and polygamous, instead of mixing retain their widely disparate customs and identities. Basically it means only this: That the white race is determined to stay white. This, aside from the sheer impossibility of two such widely disparate races living on mixed, equal terms, is absolutely all that racial segregation means.

– *White Man, Think Again!* by Anthony Jacob

The Obama's recent apology tour around the world is reminiscent of the late John Paul II's famous apology tour. Like the late Pope, Obama is unapologetic for his own sins – indeed from his perspective he is without sin – but he is very apologetic for the sins that the American government and the American people have committed in the past.

Of course the sin that Obama and the liberals think America is guilty of is racism. It is the only sin that liberals believe in, and it is an unpardonable sin. Ethan Brand thought that he had found the unpardonable sin in the man of intellect who hardened his heart against all humanity. (1) But the liberals, being guilty of Ethan Brand's unpardonable sin, have redefined the unpardonable sin. If "conservative" politicians such as Trent Lott could grasp the fact that racism is the unpardonable sin, they could save themselves a lot of groveling after their "racist" gaffes. No amount of groveling can atone for the unpardonable sin.

Americans are guilty of many sins, the paramount one being the spread of the democratic heresy throughout the world, but the white European Americans are not guilty of racism as it is currently defined by the liberals. When the liberals label someone as a racist they are saying that such a person is a moral pariah outside the ken of humanity, who manically and irrationally hates people with a different skin color than his own. But what is at the heart of the white European American and the white European's "racism"? A love of his own kind and a love of Christ is at the heart of the European's alleged racism. The European sought to protect his own Christian people from heathendom so he built walls around his culture and placed sentries on the ramparts to guard that culture. His Lord enjoined him to "go ye forth into all the world and preach the Gospel to every living creature." And that he did. Works of mercy were seen by people who didn't even have a word for mercy in their language and the light of Christ's Gospel shone in the darkest regions of the earth. Of what then is the European guilty? Of not being perfect? Granted, he was not perfect, but has the Indian ever been helped by the Indian? The Negro by the Negro? The Asian by the Asian? No, every small step toward the light, not the false light of science and progress but the true light of Christ's love, which the colored tribes have made, was because of white Europeans. So, again I ask, why is the European pronounced guilty of racism? He is held to be guilty because he did not, when he was Christian, admit the colored races into a position of full equality with the white. But that would have been suicide for the white race as well as for the colored races. Should Satan be accorded a position above Christ? Where is mercy to be found, where is the light of Christ's love to be seen if the heathens are allowed to extinguish the light of white Europe? Thomas Nelson Page sums it up so well. Just substitute "Europe" for the word "South":

It has appeared to some that the South has not done its full duty by the negro. Perfection is, without doubt, a standard above humanity; but, at least, we of the South can say that we have done much for him; if we have not admitted him to social equality, it has been under an instinct stronger than reason, and in obedience to a law higher than is on the statute books: the law of self-preservation. Slavery, whatever its demerits, was not in its time the unmitigated evil it is fancied to have been. Its time has passed. No power could compel the South to have it back. But to the negro it was salvation. It found him a savage and a cannibal and in two hundred years gave seven millions of his race a civilization, the only civilization it has had since the dawn of history.

We have educated him; we have aided him; we have sustained him in all right directions. We are ready to continue our aid; but we will not be dominated by him. When we shall be, it is our settled conviction that we shall deserve the degradation into which we shall have sunk.” – The Old South

“...[W]e will not be dominated by him.” Ah, that is what is at the crux of this thing called racism. The colored savage, particularly the black, is the liberal’s new God. When a liberal calls a white man a racist he is calling him a blasphemer. And as a blasphemer, the white man is damned. But what is damnable in liberalism is salvation in Christendom. The white racist is the last knight of Europe. He is Galahad, he is Robin Hood, he is William Tell. What they call racism is European Christianity, the only hope for the white and the colored races.

There is a racism that is every bit as ugly as the racism the liberals claim they see in the culture of the white man. That is the racism of the colored races. The colored barbarians want their race to be powerful so they can be powerful. They have a very elemental, animalistic view of existence. With the white, Christian European it was different. The Europeans saw the continuance of their racial dominance as a sacred duty. They had to be dominant to protect their own from the merciless barbarians of color, and they had to be powerful to keep the stronger barbarians from destroying the weaker barbarians. In Mexico, in India, in Africa, and in North America it was the white European who saved the colored races by keeping tribal warfare in check. I know you can always find the white low-life who has the same view of race as the barbarian of color, but is such a person representative of white Europe? Let’s look at the European’s culture through glasses untainted with liberalism. When we do that we must conclude that outside of the old European culture, which the liberals and the barbarians have destroyed, there is no honor, no mercy, and no love. We see before us an endless night of barbarism.

Liberalism was not built in a day. It took years and years of preparation. Satan started small. He sought out men and women who hated humanity and the humane God as much as he did. He seemed to have had a sixth sense that told him who was a kindred spirit and could be openly courted and who was weak in spirit and could be easily seduced. Now he has reached the summit of his power; he has built liberalism over the ruins of Christendom. But uneasy lies the head that wears a crown. Satan still worries about those who will not serve in liberalism. He worries about the white European. “Are there any left?” he asks his minions every day. “Yes,” is the reply, “There are a few.”

“Then hunt them down.”

You see Satan is a racial profiler. He knows who can destroy his kingdom: the European who stands outside of liberalism and calls on Christ to save. The conservative white columnist who pleads for equal rights within liberalism, or the neo-pagan who demands to be part of liberalism, do not worry Satan. The man who stands with old Europe, that man worries Satan. So he cries, “For darkness, for liberalism and Satan,” While we Europeans cry, “For England, Harry, and St. George.”

The great historians are few and far between: Homer, Shakespeare, Scott, and Butterfield. They don’t look for isolated historical facts to prove a pet theory of theirs. Instead they make a visionary journey back in time in order to understand the past and form a sympathetic bond with the men and women of another time. The modern European who makes the visionary journey to the European past and truly feels with the heart of the ancient Europeans will find that nothing can sever him from the ancient Europeans or from their God.

All white men are called to be Knights of the White Cross. They are called to seek that ancient scroll of Europe that holds the secret to the destruction of liberalism and the restoration of Christian Europe. But the European must believe in ancient scrolls more than in liberalism, liberal conservatism, or neo-paganism. When he leaves those fiendish ideologies behind, he will be strong enough to face the ordeal. He’ll go through the valley of the shadow of death, he’ll face dragons, sirens, and sorcerers, but in the end he’ll find the ancient parchment. “Saved through the Cross, redeemed by the Blood, through the Blood and the Cross you shall conquer.” +

(1) The Idea that possessed his life had operated as a means of education; it had gone on cultivating his powers to the highest point of which they were susceptible; it had raised him from the level of an unlettered laborer to stand on a starlit eminence, whither the philosophers of the earth, laden with the lore of universities, might vainly strive to clamber after him. So much for the intellect! But where was the heart? That, indeed, had withered—had contracted—had hardened—had perished! It had ceased to partake of the universal throb. He had lost his hold of the magnetic chain of humanity. He was no longer a brother man, opening the chambers or the dungeons of our common nature by the key of holy sympathy, which give him a right to share in all its secrets; he was now a cold observer, looking on mankind as the subject of his experiment, and, at length, converting man and woman to be his puppets, and pulling the wires that moved them to such degrees of crime as were demanded for his study.

Thus Ethan Brand became a fiend. He began to be so from the moment that his moral nature had ceased to keep the pace of improvement with his intellect. And now, as his highest effort and inevitable development—as the bright and gorgeous flower, and rich, delicious fruit of his life’s labor—he had produced the Unpardonable Sin!

-- Nathaniel Hawthorne’s “Ethan Brand”

One Vision, One Faith, One Europe - JULY 18, 2009

There is hope in the blood. Christianity is in our blood, and a fierce, warlike defiance of heathenism is also in our blood. If we answer that call, there is no one who can predict with certainty that white Europe will die. That which comes from the spiritual dimension in man is not subject to the inexorable laws of math. -- CWNV

I grew up in a town that was all white. The town was not white because of a conscious attempt by the whites to keep blacks out; the town at that point in time was white because the black hordes hadn’t spread that far away from their urban bases. But by the time I had grown up and had children of my own, the white town I knew was gone. The old swimming hole, the nearby amusement park, the ball field, and the local basketball court (right next to an old-fashioned barber shop) had become colorized. Of course a liberal would applaud the colorization of my home town. He would call it progress. Why? The amusement park is defunct; nobody found it amusing to go to the park and be mugged by blacks. It is now too dangerous to swim at the old swimming hole, because black marauders, who don’t swim, hang around the area in order to rob and/or murder whites who are foolish enough to try and swim there. The ball fields and the basketball court feature an occasional game between drug deals, and the barber shop closed down after the owner was shot and killed by a “black youth.” The “progress” of my hometown is a microcosm of the progress of thousands upon thousands of small towns, boroughs, and cities throughout the United States.

Nowadays liberals don’t even try to answer someone like myself, who points out that blacks and violent crime go together. The liberals simply scream racist and have you fired or jailed. But in the 1960’s and 1970’s, liberals used to cite poverty as the reason for violent black crime -- the blacks didn’t really mean to murder and steal, it was poverty that made them do it. That argument fell by the wayside when racist whites pointed to Depression era white towns (my father grew up in one) where no one ever locked their doors at night and yet no one was ever robbed or murdered.

Let’s stop listening to liberal gas about blacks. They murder, rob and rape because it is in their nature to do so. And they will always rape, rob, and murder unless they are controlled by white people. Look at their history; look at countries that are ruled by blacks and cities that are populated by blacks.

The unbought grace of life, which was the patrimony of Europeans, has been foolishly thrown away in order to accommodate the liberals’ dystopian dream of a multi-racial world. Although liberals claim that they want to live in a world without boundaries, in reality they have set up a very definite boundary, the boundary of wealth. Liberals do not live with blacks. They actively seek the company of a few, select, wealthy blacks, who ape white liberalism (Obama is their ideal), but the natural black savage, whom the liberals claim to adore, is not permitted in their gated communities. It is lower-class whites, those without wealth, who must deal with the black savage. Having spent my adult life in the lower- to upper-levels of the lower class, I can relate from personal experience how whites at the lower stratum of society deal with the black problem. They either practice a guarded series of tactical retreats or else they blend with the black. Let me give one example from hundreds that I could give of what I mean by the ‘guarded tactical retreat’ approach to the black problem.

About 10 years ago, when my children ranged in age from 15 to 5, I took them to a local lake. It was not the lake of my childhood – white people had left that area, but a different lake where black people seldom came. My family and I used to get to the lake by 7:30 a.m. and leave by 11:30 a.m. in order to avoid the crowds. But on this particular day we left early. At about 9:30 a.m. a busload of summer campers arrived. Actually, the word ‘campers’ is inappropriate. It was a busload of about 35 “black youths” ranging in age from 8 to 16. The bus trip was part of a liberal campaign to expose blacks to the beauty of nature. But blacks don’t like nature nor do they like to swim. The black youths spent less than five minutes in the water. When they came out of the water, they picked up sticks and ran around the beach hitting each other. When one of the wonderful black savages got too close to my family, I took the stick from him and gave him a lecture on proper behavior. I knew it was futile, but whites are supposed to at least attempt to civilize blacks, are we not? The nun who was evidently in charge of the group hustled over and proceeded to give me a lecture about mistreating high-spirited black youths. I said a few words to the nun (I did not curse at her) about allowing her charges to run wild, and then I gathered up my family and left the beach. “Hardly an earth-shattering experience,” you say. Well, no, it wasn’t. But as I said earlier, it was only one of several hundred incidents I could cite. All of those incidents in their totality represent my attempt to give my children something of the European heritage that was bequeathed to me. Family reunions at public parks, walks

in the woods on hiking trails, and swimming in the nearby lake, without fear of molestation by black youths, were something I wanted to give to my children. And hopefully they were blissfully unaware that daddy had a snub-nosed .38 under his shirt while they went swimming. Philip Marlow once remarked that every time a client told him he didn't need a gun, he knew he needed a gun. Likewise with the liberals. Whenever they tell you that you needn't arm yourself to protect your family in the new, multi-racial world they are building, you know sure as the sun rises that you need guns, knives, swords, and every other weapon you can lay hands on.

Every decent lower-class white I meet has had similar experiences with blacks. But then there are the indecent lower-class whites who have taken another path. They have decided to become black. I believe the term used to describe them is 'wigger'. The white women wiggers have children by black men and become part of the black sub-culture. Or would it be more correct to say that the wiggers break from the white subculture and become part of the mainstream American culture? Yes, that would be more accurate.

I've only mentioned, in talking about the parks, playgrounds, and swimming holes, one thread in the seamless garment of European culture. The European garment has been torn to shreds by the storm troopers of liberalism. The entire cultural heritage of the European, his literature, his art, his history, and his religion has been destroyed in order to pave the way for a new Godless, racially egalitarian world.

In America and Western European, in contrast to the former Soviet Union, the destruction of Christendom was achieved through the seductive feminine method of coercion (see "The Gingerbread House"). The mailed fist was used when someone remained un-seduced, but in the main Europeans of the West willingly surrendered their heritage for the promise of a guilt-free, sexier existence in the new liberal utopia. But there has been a shift in recent years, in America particularly, but also throughout all of the formerly white Western European countries, from the seductive method of coercion to the mailed fist. I think this shift is a result of the complete ascendancy of the liberals. They no longer feel a need to seduce; their opposition is now so weak they feel they can crush it without resorting to their old seductive tricks. And they seem to enjoy the unadulterated thrill that the use of the mailed fist gives them.

The racial issue and the religious issue are one and the same. If Europeans believed in the risen Christ, they would not allow the culture based on that belief to be torn down by black savages working for satanic liberals. Blake was correct when he said that "Man must & will have Some Religion: if he has not the Religion of Jesus, he will have the Religion of Satan." It is unwise and futile to think we can appeal to the devil to eradicate the evils perpetuated by the devil. But this is what we do every time we ask liberals to be just and accord whites the same rights in utopia as blacks have. Whites who still believe they are white are an anathema to liberals; they are not going to accord them any rights. Nor should the European desire to be part of liberalism. The European will settle for nothing less than the destruction of liberalism and the restoration of Christendom. I think the European, vis-à-vis his government, is more in the position of Bonnie Prince Charlie than of William Jennings Bryant. We don't want to reform liberalism from within, we want to destroy it from without and then supplant it.

The utopian, one-race, no-God world of the liberals could only be spawned by a people who have turned their eyes away from the cross. I love the lines from "Men of Harlech": "Keep these fighting words before you: Cambria Will Not Yield." The European must keep the vision of His Europe before him and never yield to liberalism. Nobody can even predict with any certainty how a horse race or a local sporting contest will turn out, so why should we, the last Europeans, look on the ascendancy of the liberals as something permanent? Nothing is impossible if we are faithful to the European Christ. And nothing is possible if we break faith with Europe's Christ. Let me close with a quote from an old post called "Conversion by Spanish Cannon":

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

March or Die - JULY 11, 2009

"Shadow," said he,
"Where can it be
This land called El Dorado?"

Dostoevsky stated in his novel, *The Devils*, that the problem of faith was "whether a man, as a civilized being, as a European, can believe at all, believe that is, in the divinity of the son of god, Jesus Christ, for therein rests, strictly

speaking, the whole faith.” Dostoevsky was half right. It was necessary for Karl Adam, in his book *The Son of God*, to point out that modern man had also lost faith in Christ’s humanity as well as faith in His divinity. (1)

Karl Adam thought as a Roman Catholic priest that Catholicism, if rightly interpreted and practiced, would provide a faith in Christ as true God and true man. Dostoevsky thought a renewal of Russian Orthodoxy and Russian mysticism would restore Christ to His proper place as true God and true man. Both men, although correct in their belief in Christ as true God and true man, were incorrect about the source of an incorporate renewal of that Faith. Neither Roman Catholicism nor Russian Orthodoxy proved to be the answer.

It was no shock to me that Russian Orthodoxy did not incorporate the whole vision of Christ, since Russian Orthodoxy had no claim to universality. However, it was a shock to me, and remains a shock, that the Roman Catholic Church in its *Novus Ordo* guise denies the divinity of Christ, and in its Traditionalist guise denies the humanity of Christ. But a man can only remain staring at a dry oasis, where he expected to get life-sustaining water, for so long. Eventually he realizes that it is time to “march or die.”

And it is certainly no time for lies. I’ll have none of that nonsense: “Look, it says right here in the new catechism: ‘Christ is true God and true man,’” or: “The traditionalists say Christ is true God and true man.” The *Novus Ordo* liberals and the humanity-hating trads are Greeks. They will talk endlessly about God and invoke him for their pet policies, but in the end one is left with the depressing conclusion that “Here there is no faith.”

So finally one marches on. To the fundamentalists? No, they are not fundamental enough. They have forsaken the European cultural inheritance. And by doing so they have substituted a mode of thought for a blood faith. Perhaps then there is no oasis, no El Dorado. But if there is no El Dorado, why do I have such a longing for it?

If El Dorado exists, it is not to be found in the narrow confines of one particular Christian denomination. European Christianity as a whole – Protestant and Catholic – is Christianity, and all other cultures are Christian to the extent that they have Europeanized their own cultures. Latin and Central America Europeanized more than China, and China Europeanized more than Africa, but none have approached the deep levels of Christianity that the Europeans achieved. But it’s all gone. Why did it disappear?

If we distill the reason for the disappearance of the Faith, we see before us, in blazing technicolor, a film called “The Triumph of the Greeks.” In the film, we see Athena, the goddess of wisdom, springing newborn from the head of Zeus. We see poets, such as Sophocles, rejecting the wisdom of the isolated mind and following the way of the Cross. But the Greek mind prevails. Then we see the coming of the God-Man that Sophocles yearned for. The God-Man’s birth from the womb of a mortal woman reveals to us that wisdom resides not in the head but in the blood. Wisdom is not something that springs from pure mind but is instead something born through suffering and travail.

Then the assault begins: Satan tries to get Christ to abandon the way of the Cross, first on the mountaintop and then through St. Peter, but to no avail. Christ, the hero, is not to be deterred. No hero – and Christ is the hero – sits on the sidelines and plays mind-games while other poor saps fight the dragons and face the three challenges. It would be like Zorro delegating the final dueling scene to his servant while he, Zorro, gives directions from behind a bullet-proof and sword-proof screen. Likewise, picture the Scarlet Pimpernel sitting in a tailor shop in London directing rescue operations in France through the use of his cell phone: “Chauvelin got another agent. Oh well, I’ll have to come up with a better plan next time.” No, the way of the hero is not the way of the abstracted mind. But let us move on and keep viewing “The Triumph of the Greeks”.

We next see a large, rotund Dominican monk (with all the good intentions that the road to hell is paved with) devise a system which separates reason from revelation and elevates reason above the wisdom of the blood. Henceforth, in his system, God will be known only as a derivative product of reason, not as the personal God of Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, and St. Paul.

We fast-forward the picture and see rivers of blood being shed in the great Protestant revolt, and all for naught. The issue is never settled. It is not – or at least it should not be – a question of Protestant vs. Catholic. It is a battle between the blood Faith of the European and the Greek mind. For if we apprehend God by the Greek way, the way of the Scholastics, the way of the Bible exegetes, it simply doesn’t matter whether we go to Mass or go to Bible study; we will be Christian atheists either way.

Need we continue with the film? From the rotund monk, to the hard-eyed man of Geneva, to Ebenezer Scrooge as the embodiment of capitalism, it all ends with the white-coated scientist expertly dissecting and analyzing all of mankind and mankind’s God.

"Oh, for ten toes," Long John Silver cried. At least he knew he needed five more toes, but the modern atheist Christian doesn't even know he is without his faith. A man can smile and smile and be an errant knave, and man can go to Mass or go to church, and still be an ardent atheist. Indeed, the Catholic Church today is the leading purveyor of atheism, followed closely by the mainstream Protestant churches, which place second to the Catholic Church only because they lack Catholicism's formidable organization.

What then? "Where can it be, this land called El Dorado?" Perhaps it always existed and still exists for those who see "with blinding sight". Maybe the ordeal of fire is the inner struggle to strip away the external facade of a speculative faith in order to embrace a living faith. And it was the "racist" Europeans of the old stock who preserved a living faith for us to embrace. They did not leave Christ in the documents and the catechisms, they placed Him at the center of their culture. "For where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them."

The techno-barbarians of church and state have set us down in a huge desert, the Sahara of Philosophical Speculation. They have told us this desert is the Faith; there is nothing else. But our European ancestors tell us something different. "Beyond that desert is life, a land called El Dorado." In whom do we place our faith? I choose the Europeans of the old stock, because they and I are of the same blood. I do not speak the same language as the techno-barbarians, nor do I identify with their bloodless, soulless, impersonal vision of God.

The antique European has been tried and convicted at a trial he never attended. He has been convicted of racism, sexism, and obstructionism. The hunt is on in Liberalism for unrepentant, unreformed Europeans. The techno-barbarians with their colored lackeys are beating the bushes to find the last of them. They won't succeed. The European's heart was set on fire by His heart. Every time the techno-barbarian thinks he has killed the European fire, it flares up again in the heart of a European connected to white Europe. El Dorado is not a city of gold, it is something far more valuable. It is eternal Europe, a land where hearts of fire still keep their vows of fealty to their King and their God. And if our loyalty to eternal Europe makes us outlaws, then so be it. When Satan rules, the European must be an outlaw, the sign of contradiction to a world stewing in its own satanic juices. +

(1) "The Christian gospel announces primarily not an ascent of humanity to the heights of the divine in a transfiguration, an apotheosis, a deification of human nature, but a descent of the Godhead, of the divine Word, to the state of bondage of the purely human. This is the kernel of the primitive Christian message. 'The Word was made flesh and dwelt among us'; he 'emptied himself, taking the form of a servant, being made in the likeness of man, and in habit found as a man' (Phil. ii. 7) Hence it is just as important to establish that Christ is full and complete man, that for all the hypostatic union with the Godhead, he possessed not only a human body but also a purely human soul, a purely human will, a purely human consciousness, a purely human emotional life, that in the full and true sense he became as one of us, as it is to establish the other proposition, namely, that this man is God. Indeed, the doctrine of the divinity of Christ first acquires from the other doctrine—Christ is full and perfect man—its specifically Christian imprint and its specifically Christian form; its essential difference from all pagan apotheoses and savior gods." — Karl Adam in *The Son of God*

Full of Sound and Fury, Signifying Nothing - JULY 03, 2009

Nothing routs us but
The villainy of our fears.

The 4th of July holiday is a depressing one for me because I don't think a last-place team should be celebrating. And the U.S. is a last-place team. The European countries had many glory years before they hit decadence; the U. S. went straight to decadence. For the first time in history, a group of men decided to found a country without benefit of tradition and the wisdom of the ages. Solely through the power of enlightened minds, they were going to chart a new and better course for mankind.

The problem of the old world, the enlightened minds decided, was the throne-and-altar. By eliminating those two old pillars of society they thought something new and improved would emerge. Well, something new did emerge. But the enlightened minds did not solve the age-old problem of authority. They were still faced with the dilemma that Shakespeare's Coriolanus warned the Romans about:

They choose their magistrate;
And such a one as he, who puts his 'shall,'
His popular 'shall,' against a graver bench
Than ever frown'd in Greece. By Jove himself,
It makes the consuls base; and my soul aches
To know, when two authorities are up,
Neither supreme, how soon confusion

May enter 'twixt the gap of both and take
The one by th' other.

Andrew Lytle summed up our system of government quite well when he called it the “cynical balancing of powers.” The history of the English kings, and all of the kings of Europe for that matter, is a very depressing spectacle of chicanery and bloodshed. But one can always hope for a better King. There is no hope in a system where you are permanently locked into an endless cycle of sound and fury signifying nothing.

John Paul II's biographer, George Weigel, claimed the Pope's blessing for our democracy, and evangelical Protestants are always cranking out books equating American democracy and godliness. I could quote pre-Vatican II popes who say the reverse of Weigel and Wojtyla, and I could quote, against the evangelical Protestant, authors such as Fitzhugh who do not view the American Constitution as a sacred document. But there is no need to engage in a 'dueling documents' war. Instead, let's simply look at the fruits of American democracy. On whose watch did Christianity thrive? Under the blood, throne, and altar Europeans or under the egalitarian, democratic Americans? Case closed.

A spiritually healthy people will always crave a monarchy despite the many problems associated with it. There is no poetry in our democratic system. And where there is no poetry, there is no God.

I often fantasize about what would have happened if Jefferson Davis had had enough sense to tear up the Constitution, appoint Nathan Bedford Forrest the Warrior King of the South, and then resign. For the Southland was our only hope for a different form of government in this hemisphere. It had the peasantry, the yeomanry, and the princes. All it lacked was a King. King Forrest would have retreated to the Deep South and told the Yankees, “We do not seek a battle as we are, but as we are, we will not shun one.”

All right, it wouldn't have been that Shakespearean, but it would have amounted to the same thing. Forrest would not have made Brutus's mistake at Philippi. He would have made the Yankees come and get him. And after the South's victory? Industrial workers from the North, soon to be small farm owners, would have flocked to the South to become part of the Southern kingdom, and black serfs would have been sent back to Africa, a more humane fate than sending them North to work in the factories.

Well, it didn't happen like that. But if this anti-nation of ours ever does become a nation, it will be one with a Christian king ruling over a Christian people who can say with pride, “I serve the King, and the King serves Christ.” But in the meantime our democratic system creeps in this petty pace from day to day.

When we talk about American democracy and the modern European democracies, we are not talking about a band of stalwart Saxons gathering together to vote for their King, we are talking about a messianic faith. The modern liberal believes the democratic process, in and of itself, is something holy. Participation in the democratic process is seen as a purification, and non-participation is seen as ungodly.

Modern democracy is a death knell for the white man. He must not consent to be part of the democratic process or to allow the democratic plague to remain in the nations of the West. Democratic countries have no borders. Nor do democratic countries respect the distinctiveness of the white race and the Christian faith. The world is one, big, democratic, melting pot in the minds of the modern purveyors of democracy. On this 4th of July, let us make some very undemocratic vows. We will not blend with the great colored hordes nor will we bend our knee to the democratic process. We worship a different God.

Pietas - JUNE 28, 2009

Unbribed, unbought, our swords we draw,
To guard our king, to fence our law,
Nor shall their edge be vain.

The liberals are not overly concerned about the proliferation of pornography. Virtually everything is permitted in the porno-zones of our major cities, and virtually everything is permitted in our movies and in our television shows. There is however one significant exception. The real life torture murders and rapes of white people by black barbarians are not talked about or shown by the liberals. And of course we know why the black atrocities against white people are never reported or shown. The mad-dog liberals are committed to a new religion in which the Negro savage is the centerpiece. If the most obviously unequal of God's creatures can be made to appear equal, then the liberals' dream of one coffee-colored race and one Godless faith can be realized. So we are constantly barraged with false images of blacks on stage and screen,

in which they are depicted as kinder, nobler versions of white people. And upper and middle-class whites, who have very little contact with blacks other than with upper and middle-class ones who know how to work the system, by and large believe that the world should be one big, happy, racially blended family. But it is a different story in the white lower classes. They can't escape to gated communities and expensive high-rise apartments. They know what the presence of blacks in a community means. It means bestial torture, murder, rape, and robbery. The white liberals should forsake their liberal pomp and expose themselves to "to feel what wretches feel," but in order to do that the liberals would have to care about the plight of white people. And of course, they don't care.

This lack of concern for one's own kind was not always the mark of the European. In fact, the mark of a Christian European was his intense concern for his own. The relief of Lucknow was not one isolated incident; such concern for one's own was the rule, not the exception in Christian Europe. And the key word is 'Christian.' When the European was Christian, he cared about his people.

I think the event that indicated Christian Europe was no more took place in the 1960's when Pope John XXIII stated he had "no feeling of hatred, only loving charity and forgiveness" for the Congolese barbarians who tortured, mutilated, and killed nineteen missionary priests, and then raped, tortured, and killed the missionary nuns. If a people stand by and let such a thing happen to their own kind, can they be called Christian? Can they even be called human? No, they can't. They must be called what they have become: soulless robots who have banished the Man of Sorrows and replaced Him with the sterile ratiocinations of their own minds. Pope John didn't see actual white people being tortured and murdered, he saw in the white victims mere abstractions whose deaths gave him a chance for a P.R. coup: "I can appear saintly if I forgive their enemies." And he didn't see, in his mind's eye, hideous beasts straight from hell, when he thought about the Congolese natives who murdered the whites. He saw adoring noble savages who would fall down and worship him because of his great beneficence.

Pope John represented the new breed of bloodless, and therefore, soulless (because the soul of man resides in the blood) liberal whites who see life as an abstraction. The black is an abstract good, and the white is an abstract bad, so nothing that the black does to the white can be termed evil, because the white is evil and deserves to be punished. Voting for Obama or honoring Martin Luther King Jr.'s birthday is not sufficient punishment for white people. Only the daily sacrifice of whites to blacks will satisfy the bloodlust of the barbarians and the utopian dreams of the liberals.

Pope John was a prototype of the new, anti-white Christian. His hardhearted, callous unconcern for the suffering of his own kind, and his abstract love for the black race became the faithless credo of the white man. Why does a man adopt such a cruel, heartless faith? A man adopts a new faith when he has lost his old faith. In the Christian faith, and in no other faith, each individual soul has eternal significance. This is a very hard thing to believe when we look at the material world. Nature and nature's laws seem, as regards individual human beings, to be inhumane and unforgiving. But the Christian used to believe that man was something more than nature, because his God was something more than nature. The two faiths are coordinate. When one believes that his God is a distinct God above and separate from nature, then he believes that human beings created in that God's image are above and separate from nature. It was only after Christ, by His resurrection from the dead, asserted that God's love was stronger than nature's inexorable laws, that man started to see nature as something that could be studied and used in the service of man.

Modern science was made possible because Christ rose from the dead. But European man forgot who gave him sovereignty over nature. He placed Christ in a subordinate position to science. The end result of that betrayal has been the return of a gnawing fear in the heart of the white man. While passionately trying to scientize every aspect of his life, a small voice inside of him keeps telling him that he is once again naked before his greatest enemy. He thought science was leading him to paradise, not to the valley of the shadow of death.

The pagan has the usual pagan opiates of wine, women, and battle. But what does the white man have to sustain him in the face of death? Science has proven a false messiah, and he has only a dim memory of the reason why he once looked at life so fearlessly. So he takes refuge in his own mind. If he can abstract himself from existence, he can avoid the pain of existence.

The liberals will always have a maniacal hatred for the non-utopian, non-abstracted white man, because the existence of such men threatens the abstracted pleasure dome of the liberals. When a white man comes too close to the pleasure dome, the liberals sic their colored dogs on him. And for the moment, it seems that the dogs are keeping the white man at bay. But that is only because the remnant whites are irresolute. They are still mesmerized by the forces of modernity. When they step back into the role they were born to, the role of the Christ-bearers, all the seemingly insurmountable obstacles will be mere shadows on the wall that disappear in the light of day.

Nietzsche and Shaw both looked to the future in order to find a superhuman hero. Was there ever such a failure of vision? The superhuman heroes were all in the past, European men and women who consecrated their lives to The Hero. But the

obvious miracle of European civilization is cited, by the liberals, as an example of the evil of the white man. Even professed friends of the European, such as Pat Buchanan, routinely condemn the European for racism in the past and express their hope that the colored races will be kinder to the whites than the whites were to them. Yes, the blacks are a kind race of people; we can look forward to the time, under their regime, when murder, rape, and mayhem are the norm, and civilized behavior is considered an aberration. Actually, we don't have to look to the future to see such a dystopia: in Africa and our American cities, the savage new world is here.

When a European ceases to care about his own and transfers his allegiance and sympathy to the savages of color, then that man has ceased to be a European. He has become a man without a soul, a sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal. The white counter-attack against the liberals and the coloreds must come from pietas, from love of one's own. The man imbued with such a love will not be doctrinally non-violent in the face of barbarism. Nor will he place his faith in the democratic process or modern science. He will live and breathe the same rarified air of Tell and Wallace. And then he will have the strength and the faith to move mountains. A sword is just a weapon to the barbarian; he wields it in order to commit the usual atrocities. But to the Christian European the sword is a cross to be wielded in defense of His reign of charity.

The end of the liberals' reign has already begun. There are cracks in the pleasure dome. Europeans with hearts that still burn within them have turned away from the new Babylon. They seek the old Europe, His Europe. And when they find it, they will unsheathe their swords and use them in defense of their people and their God. That's the way it happens in all the fairy tales: at the last trump, the hero steps in and defeats the forces of evil. And we, as Christians, believe in The Fairy Tale. Christ is risen, and His Europe will triumph.

Against the Jackals - JUNE 20, 2009

As Christian – man, I needs must
keep the vow which I have plight...

--Scott

Simply being born in Europe or becoming a citizen of a European country does not make an individual a European. One must have white skin in order to be a European. Our skin color is part of our body, which houses our soul. Body and soul are not separate entities; they are inextricably linked. Prior to the 20th century, the great bulk of the European people believed as I do -- that one's skin color is part of a man's soul, which is a thing eternal. There certainly were Gnostic exceptions, but in the main the pre-20th century Europeans regarded skin color as an integral part of man's spirituality. Now, in this 21st century, the century of the Jackal, the exception has become the rule, and the European who still believes that a man's skin color is part of his soul is a tiny minority. Let's look at the Gnostic jackals.

1) Religious, conservative-liberals

From the Catholic side, the Gnostic attack is best exemplified by a remark of a famous Thomist: "Western civilization has nothing to do with race." The gentleman in question was quite a defender of Catholic Europe, particularly Catholic Spain, but he didn't think it mattered one iota whether Spain was inhabited by white people or by black people. Actually, that is not quite correct: the pro-Western, anti-white writer actually had great hopes that blacks would come to the faith in droves and create a new earthier and "sexier" Catholicism, so presumably he preferred a black Spain. Only an academic could nurse such fantasies.

Of course the cause of the academic's delusion was his Thomism. God is a disembodied idea to the Thomist, so it follows in the Thomist's mind that individual human beings are also disembodied ideas. And even though the Novus Ordo Catholics have denounced Aquinas, the main architect of idea-religion, they have not renounced idea-religion itself. This is why the most vehement anti-white hatred comes from the pulpits, from those who believe in an idea of God and in an idea of man.

Occasionally I have observed puzzled, white Kinists trying to figure out what the problem with Pat Buchanan is. Well, the problem with Pat is the problem with an idea-religion. Buchanan will always throw individual white men under the bus whenever individual white men get in the way of his propositional faith in generic, idea-democracy and generic idea-Christianity.

The same obsession with ideas about God rather than with God himself, which we find in medieval scholasticism and in modern Catholicism, has spread like wildfire in the Protestant churches, too. The clergy in those churches regularly hurl anathemas at anyone who dares to suggest there is any connection whatsoever between skin color and spirituality. But who is flying in the face of reality—the anti-white churchmen or the last Europeans? On the side of the churchmen is a Gnostic theory about God. It does not come from Scripture, nor does it come from the Church Fathers. It stems from the

scholastic tradition, which came to us from the Greeks. But there is no concrete reality to buttress up the “Western-civilization-has-nothing-to-do-with-race” theory. If the colored races can show us the face of Jesus Christ in their cultures, why have they not done so? Why are they unable to take even the smallest baby steps toward the light unless they are guided by white people? In contrast to the unreality of the churchmen stands the reality of Western civilization.

Few people live up to their creeds for good or ill. Many Marxists, for instance, who were opposed to Christian marriage, have been married in Christian churches. But a man’s stated creed still must be taken seriously. “Ideas have consequences.” And at the core of the pro-Western, anti-white Thomists and churchmen is pantheism, the worship of nature. While priding himself on his rejection of the bloody pagan religions, the modern, thinking churchman has reverted to the nature gods. With a mind untainted by contact with genuine human beings of flesh and blood, the modern “Christian” contemplates the natural world and sees in it natural savages who long to be controlled and enlightened by the Gnostic white man.

A European is not different from a pagan because the pagan has bloody sacrifices and the European uses his mind; the European differs from the pagan because he believes that God’s spirit dwells in the blood and not in nature. The pagan propitiates the gods of nature with his blood, and the conservative churchmen and Thomists worship their own minds through the good offices of the natural world.

2) Mad-dog liberals

The conservative-liberals still retain a respect for Western civilization while denying that the white man is necessary to Western civilization. They are liberals because they go against the traditional faith of the European people who thought their race was part of their very soul. But the spiritual children of the conservative-liberal take things a step further, which is why I designate them as mad-dog liberals.

The mad-dog liberals do not love Western civilization, they hate it. They find racism and sexism everywhere they look. So they hate the race that gave the world Western civilization. They are more consistent than the conservative-liberals who professed to love Western civilization while hating the white man. But before we award the mad-dogs the consistency ribbon, let’s look at their inconsistency. They feed off the fruit of the civilization they say they despise. They have their operations at hospitals started by Europeans who believed: “In so much as you have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, you have done it unto me.” They listen to music written by white men in tribute to the God of the white man. And on it goes. If they were consistent, they would all go to dog fights with Michael Vick and call it the apotheosis of their mad-dog lives.

While still being inconsistent in their use of the fringe benefits of Western civilization, the mad-dogs are taking what was implicit in the faith of the conservative-liberal Christians and making it explicit. The conservative-liberal still expressed his new faith in nature and the scientific method using old, Christian terms. The mad-dog has abandoned most of the old Christian terminology and has created a new faithless faith, a hodge-podge of Asian religions, Greek philosophers, and African voodoo cults. The old liberal-conservatives often clash with the new mad-dog liberals over such issues as abortion, but they are birds of the same feather. Their hatred for the older, flesh-and-blood faith of the European people is what unites them.

3) Neo-pagans

The neo-pagan hates white people in the same way that Hugh Hefner hates women: Hefner loves women as biological entities, but he hates femininity. In fact, Hefner denies that there is a spiritual, feminine component in a woman’s makeup just as he denies a spiritual, masculine component in men. Likewise the neo-pagan; he professes to love the white race, but he hates the spiritual essence of the white man, that which makes the white man distinct and unique. The neo-pagan would have the Christ-bearing race abandon Christ and simply look into the mirror above the computer or in the DNA lab when they want to worship. What a pathetic, soulless fate for the people who walked with God.

4) The colored hordes

The colored races share the liberal’s hatred of the white European. But the colored races do not believe, as the white liberal believes, that skin color is not a significant part of a man’s identity. The liberal, vis-à-vis the coloreds, is in the same position that Stalin was in with his own people during World War II. Stalin didn’t believe in Christianity, but a great portion of his people did believe in it, so he had to let a handful of Orthodox priests out of prison in order to bless the troops and rally the people to fight for good old Mother Russia.

The liberals invoke race when they want to rally their people (the colored tribes) to fight against their enemies (the recalcitrant Europeans). But it is always dangerous to stir up hatred against your own race, trusting that your colored allies will be satisfied with just the blood of your white enemies. Why should the coloreds be satisfied with only the blood of the old Europeans? If white is evil and whites are weak, why should any white people be left alive? The liberals’ faithless faith will leave them defenseless before the colored hordes.

White conservative-liberals and mad-dog liberals hurl the pride of race accusation at Christian Europeans of the old school. Let me throw that lie back in their faces. The old “racist” Europeans did not have the pride of race, which all other races have; instead, they accepted the burden of race, and that burden was a cross, the same cross that He carried on His way to Golgotha. The superiority of the European, his complete dominance throughout the world, came about because the European’s heart burned within him. He saw something more than nature in the person of Christ, and he felt compelled to enflesh, in his culture, the vision he saw with his heart. Can one see with one’s heart? Ask Gloucester: “I see life feelingly.”

The conservative-liberal, the mad-dog liberal, and the neo-pagan have replaced the burden of race, a sacred burden, with the pride of intellect. They flee, like Jonah, from their duty to God and take refuge in the belly of the liberal leviathan. From inside that whale, they hurl anathemas at the white people who are still listening to the call of the blood. “Never abandon the white cross,” that quiet, gentle voice tells us, “because that cross is your salvation.” Pride of race? No, a humble and grateful acceptance of the awesome responsibility of race. That is what I see in the lives of the old, racist Europeans. It is better to live in exile, with the vision of their Europe in our hearts, than to move one single infinitesimal hair in the direction of the anti-white, anti-Christian purveyors of satanic, one-world, one-race atheism.

So Long as the Blood Endures - JUNE 13, 2009

“They have chosen cunning instead of belief.” – Aslan

Hatred for the white male is the primary passion of the colored races, and hatred for the white male is also the primary passion of the white liberal. I need not give you, the reader, a detailed list of all the gory torture-murders (done with the full approval of white liberals) and of the many outrages perpetrated against whites by the coloreds. There are nationalist publications out there that give out that kind of information, so let’s take the liberals’ and coloreds’ hatred of the white male as a given and proceed from there.

I am deeply concerned that there has been no Christian response to the onslaught of the liberals and the colored barbarians. To date there have been two types of white males offering some ineffectual resistance to the liberal and barbarian assault. The first ineffectual resister is the American conservative. He thinks affirmative action is wrong as well as reverse discrimination. And he tells his liberal brethren about it: What is being done to Frank Ricci is exactly what was done to black folks for decades. Great black ballplayers who might have become legends like DiMaggio and Lou Gehrig never got the chance because they were black. Black students were denied admission to prep schools, colleges, and military academies because of their color. Now, what was done to them is being done to white folks. And it is just as wrong as it was then.

Such appeals are 1) completely ineffectual and 2) morally wrong. They are ineffectual because liberals do not believe in representative democracy; they believe in government by the elect (themselves) and in the extermination of the non-elect (white males). And such appeals are immoral because they perpetuate a blasphemous Tower of Babel idea of nationhood. It is a Christian people’s duty to keep their institutions free from the taint of barbarianism. It is not their duty to allow the barbarians through the gates of their city in the name of some satanic principle of equality.

The second ineffectual resister is the neo-pagan. His appeal, unlike that of the conservative, is not to the liberals but to the disenfranchised white electorate. “Vote white,” he urges.

“But why should I vote white?” the disenfranchised white asks. “Because you are white,” the neo-pagan replies. That answer is not enough to satisfy the white Everyman. He needs a metaphysic, and the neo-pagan has none to give him.

What is missing from the conservative and the neo-pagan is passion; not the passion which one associates with romance in the limited sense of the word, but the type of passion that Christ demonstrated on the cross. “This monster Death shall not prevail.” Christ’s passion was rooted in His love for suffering humanity. He did not leave us defenseless against the cruelest of all enemies or without hope in the face of death. The Spanish soldiers who witnessed the Aztecs tearing the hearts out of their victims felt Christ’s passion well up inside them, and they said, “This shall not go on.” And what, as we look at the history of the European people, has been the essential difference between the people of color and the Europeans? The difference is that the passion of Christ became the passion of the Europeans. When faced with devilish onslaughts against God’s reign of charity, such as African cannibalism and the Indian suttee, Europeans said what He would have said: “This shall not go on.” They didn’t take a poll to decide whether there was a consensus against cannibalism or the suttee, they simply put a stop to it.

The passion that comes from a blood connection to Christ is the only passion that produces heroes willing to fight the liberal and the colored. How did Kipling put it? “So long as the blood endures, I shall know that your good is mine: ye shall feel that my strength is yours.” If we sever our blood connection to Christ (and we have done just that), we will no longer know what good is, and we will no longer have the strength to fight the white techno-barbarians or the colored barbarians.

The American conservative has substituted an idea about God for a blood connection to God, so he lacks the knowledge and strength to champion the white man’s cause. And the neo-pagan has betrayed his blood because of his commitment to a future society where the best minds rule; he also lacks wisdom and has no strength. The weakness of the conservative and the neo-pagan shouldn’t be that hard to understand. Christ did not present us with a magic talisman; He gave us His blood on the cross. The type of heroism that defeats liberalism and barbarism came from Europeans who were connected to Him through the blood.

It is my contention that it was Europeans with the Blood Faith that kept the European garden free of colored vermin. Then, in a kind of magnified version of Ten Little Indians, the Europeans of The Blood started to disappear. And when the conservative-liberal and neo-pagan Men of the Mind replaced the Europeans of The Blood, Europe as Christendom, as a distinct, racial unit of people, died out.

The conservative, the liberal, and the neo-con all drink from the same liberal pool of the intellect, divorced from the blood. Their progenitor, the greatest exponent of the liberal religion of pure mind, was George Bernard Shaw. To him, the sacrifice at Calvary was pagan superstition; civilized men needed a more refined religion, a religion that celebrated and honored man’s intellect; they needed the Greek philosophers. Shaw and the Greeks did not believe that spirit and blood could mix. Wisdom had to come from pure mind. But the experience of the white man contradicts the Greek philosophers and shows that blood and spirit commingle in the body of man and in the body of the Man-God.

Satan built his kingdom on earth, piece by piece. Christian Europe was separated from Satan’s kingdoms of color by four enormous walls. Every defection from a spirit-and-blood faith to the propositional faith of the Greeks eroded the walls of Christian Europe. Finally, the walls crumbled.

It is absurd to expect to clear the rubble of liberalism and barbarism away from Europe with conservative, representative democracy or with neo-pagan Gnosticism. The cleansing of Europe needs heroes greater than Hercules; it requires Christians of The Blood. If we think about it logically it would seem that the Europe of Ratty, the Europe that I love, is dead forever. But man does not live by logic alone. The course of history is not always inexorable. And if it is twilight for the European people, there is still something left for the European to do. He can be faithful to Christ’s Europe until the end, as Tirian was faithful to Aslan’s Narnia until the end:

“Well done, last of the Kings of Narnia who stood firm at the darkest hour.”

We are the last Europeans; if we are faithful in Europe’s darkest hour, Our King, the real Aslan, will greet us as Aslan greeted Tirian.

The Buchananite conservative, the liberal, and the neo-pagan all look to a Europe that is different from the Europe where Christ dwelt. The Buchananite conservative wants the equality of the dung heap, where whites, who have sunk to the level of blacks, can work and play with their new equals. The liberal wants a mind-forged republic of superior intellects who rule over inferior intellects. Of course, the sign of an inferior intellect will be a belief in the fairy tale God of the white man. And the neo-pagan looks to a future where he, the disembodied, soulless automaton, rules an empty, soulless world with the power of his giant brain.

The barbarians of color have never believed that God’s spirit resides in the blood. For them the blood is something one gives to the gods as a sacrificial offering in order to propitiate them. They believe the spirit of the gods resides in the natural world. In a perverse aping of the good, Satan has very cleverly arranged a great wedding feast of the clever ones. The barbarian of color, the democracy-loving conservative, the liberal, and the neo-pagan all eat at Satan’s special banquet. The feast is for those too “vital and earthy” and for those too intelligent to believe in a God who took flesh, dwelt among us, and mixed His spirit with our blood. But He did precisely that, or so I believe, as did the Europeans of old, who were strong in defense of their kith and kin. Without the strength of a blood faith, we are helpless before our enemies. But with such a faith?+

I am going to be a storm – a flame—
I need to fight whole armies all alone.
I have ten hearts; I have a hundred arms;
I feel
Too strong to war with mortals—

The Mutual Flame - JUNE 07, 2009

So between them love did shine,
That the turtle saw his right
Flaming in the phoenix's sight;
Either was the other's mine.

--Shakespeare

Let's be clear about what the new Supreme Court nominee's condemnation of the white male means. She did not condemn white males for being too liberal, for ceding white civilization to the colored barbarians; she condemned everything associated with the white male of history, namely Western civilization and the God of that civilization. But she was careful to follow the proscribed liberal formula and leave the white female out of her condemnation.

Liberals have taken the Christian doctrine of original sin and made it applicable to only one sex and one race. All females and all non-whites are without sin. This is why the colored man takes race so seriously and the liberal white male denies the existence of race. As a member of the sinless race, the colored wants race to be the determining factor in everything. Then he will be granted sainted status in everything. The liberal white male, on the other hand, has a vested interest in maintaining the fiction that there is no such thing as race. In his world of pure mind, race doesn't exist. And in contrast to the colored male, the white male must always deny the existence of masculinity. The result of that denial is the end of chivalry. Instead of Beau Geste, the white Christian model of masculinity, we now see only colored masculinity which celebrates pure animal lust and barbarism. The white females need only refrain from marrying white men from the old European stock in order to avoid the taint of original sin. And the vast majority of white females have voluntarily refrained from marrying white Christian males. But I think a time is fast approaching when white Christian women will be forbidden to marry white Christian males.

The consistent liberal will rejoice that the Christian male is extinct (see "The Underground Men"), because he knows that Christianity is a patriarchal religion. If there is no patriarchy there can be no Christianity. But there are some halfway-house Christians who want to retain the benefits of living in a Christian society while supporting the principles of a primitive matriarchal society. The late John Paul II was a classic example of this type of religious schizophrenic. On the one hand, he condemned abortion, and on the other hand he supported feminism.

The late Pope praised the feminist movement, saying it had championed "the dignity of women." In his weekly audience of November 29, 1995, he called feminism "in great part legitimate," and said it had added to a more "balanced vision of the question of womanhood in the contemporary world." He further went on to say that feminism had reacted against everything that has "impeded the value and full development of the feminine personality" (from *Inside the Vatican*, January 1996).

We must make up our minds. Is the story of Adam and Eve true? If it is, then the responsibility for the original sin rests on the shoulders of the male and the female. In fact, the responsibility rests even more squarely on the female's shoulders. So if we exempt the female from original sin, we are not behaving like Christian gentlemen; we are behaving like the male devotees of the religions of Cybele and Isis.

The answer to any social ill is integral Christianity. You can't take just one aspect of Christianity, such as respect for women as the life-bearers and life-nurturers, and make it the whole of Christianity. David C. Reardon illustrates this half-way house Christian approach to women in his book, *Making Abortion Rare*.

Mr. Reardon says the pro-life movement failed because pro-lifers failed to make the movement a pro-woman movement. If we shift our focus from the harm abortion does to babies to the harm it does to women, Mr. Reardon says, we will win the support of Middle America and gradually win the abortion war.

Mr. Reardon suggests pro-lifers start initiating malpractice suits against abortion doctors for not following the guidelines of Roe vs. Wade. Doctors never inform women that abortion harms the woman having the abortion, nor do they inform the woman having the abortion of the emotional trauma her abortion will trigger. The doctors' failure to comply with the Roe v. Wade guidelines will leave them open to legal action and hurt them where it counts – in the pocketbooks.

The launching of malpractice suits against abortion doctors for cruelty to women and spending more money to tell women about what abortion does to them is not evil. But Reardon's strategy of appealing to the woman's self-interest and not to her soul has many holes in it.

First, he claims that the pro-life movement has been too judgmental about unmarried pregnancies. My wife and I spent a few years "sidewalk counseling" outside abortion clinics, and we did not detect the "judgmental" attitude among our fellow counselors that Mr. Reardon writes about.

Secondly, Mr. Reardon assumes that the pro-life movement was anti-woman in the past. Again, I don't see that. People I worked with did stress, rightly I think, that the baby was the primary victim; but pro-lifers have always stressed and been concerned about the physical and spiritual well-being of the woman having the abortion.

Thirdly, on the subject of free will and forgiveness, Mr. Reardon frequently makes statements like this one: "All too often pro-lifers have tended to characterize aborting women as selfish and immoral. A far more accurate generalization would be to portray aborting women as confused and driven by despair. This insight is a vital one to our pro-woman/pro-life strategy." He misses the point. An aborting woman is selfish and immoral, and there can be no forgiveness for her sin if the sin is never her fault, but only the result of confusion and despair.

Mr. Reardon further claims that we should let women who have had abortions know that God forgives them. No, that is bad theology. We should let them know that if they repent, God will forgive them. It seems to me to be a crucial distinction. Do we really want to treat women as inferior creatures who are incapable of sin because somebody else has forced them into their decision? Do we not then deny them the opportunity to, "Like Mary kneel, like Mary weep, 'Love much' and be forgiven"?

Mr. Reardon thinks his woman-based strategy will win over the 70% of Americans who are "personally opposed but..."; by making it a woman's rights issue, the 70% will turn against the abortion industry. Here I must ask: if we make it a woman's rights issue, are we not conceding that the baby in the womb has importance only if the woman says the baby has importance? If we say abortion is bad only because it harms the aborting woman, which it certainly does, and we enshrine that concept in law, haven't we permanently damned the unborn to a nebulous status? The unborn will exist only if women say they do.

Reardon's suggestion that we can make abortion illegal without restoring patriarchal Christianity is of course absurd. But there is also a dangerous reaction against the patriarchal pretensions of our current feminists that must be avoided, and which is exemplified by Patrick Mitchell in his book, *The Scandal of Gender: Early Christian Teaching on the Man and the Woman*. Mitchell's earlier book on the feminization of the military was quite good (the author wrote under the name Brian Mitchell); Mitchell was the only author I've come across who based his argument against women in the military on the Christian principle that women should not be in the military rather than on the merely pagan principle that they could not.

The case that Mitchell makes against Christian feminists is a pretty standard one, but it is a case seldom made these days. I felt, while reading it, a bit like I did when I read Mary Lefkowitz's *Not Out of Africa: How Afrocentrism Became an Excuse to Teach Myth As History*. It seemed ludicrous that anyone should have to write a book proving that Socrates, Beethoven, Cleopatra, etc., were not black, but nevertheless, the insanity of the modern world made it necessary. By corollary, it seems ludicrous that someone would have to write a book about Christianity being the patriarchal religion, but of course even John Paul II thought one could have a Christian feminism, so this book is a refreshing antidote to the current prevailing nonsense about gender.

Mitchell calls himself a "reader" rather than an "author." Presumably he does so because he merely cites Scripture and the Church Fathers on the subject of gender. To wit:

Within Christian teaching, loving one's wife cannot mean ceding to her the husband's headship or freeing her from her duty to obey and revere. This is the lie of the serpent by which both the man and the woman were and are undone. For while the women's deepest need is for communion in submission, ultimately to God, Satan deceives her into revolting against God with an offer of power in equality.

And:

No doubt our Christian Fathers would condemn the feminist reorganization of modern society, with its strenuous denial of sexual differences and coercive integration of women into all activities at all levels, on all three counts: (1) for turning the natural order upside down by making men subject to women and deposing husbands and fathers from their rightful headship in the home; (2) for opening the door to immorality by mixing men and women together as if sexual temptation were either easily avoided or not worth resisting; and (3) for obscuring the divinely ordained differences between the sexes so important to the social, sexual, and spiritual health of individual men and women.

There is yet a fourth charge the early Christians would bring against us for our disregard of the different duties of men and women. It is less obvious in early Christian teaching because of the assumption that mothers would always care for their children out of both social necessity and natural affection. It is now the case, however, that mothers are encouraged not to care for their children and instead to abandon them, at a very early age and for most of their waking hours, to the far inferior care of paid strangers. A powerful taboo in our society suppresses all criticism of mothers who do so, and fathers who let them. The Saints would not have been so sparing.

And also:

The prophecy of Adam that the woman was “bone of my bone and flesh of my flesh” was deeply meaningful to the Fathers. The woman was not a separate species, created from the earth as all other creatures were, as indeed Adam himself was. Alone among all creatures, the woman was created “from the man.” Her nature is derivative of the man’s. She participates “through the man” in both his earthy origin and his divine likeness.

There is a major weakness in the book, however; an irredeemable one, in my judgment. Heretics from the left de-emphasize or, more often, attempt to abolish structures and forms. They point to the ‘spirit’ of things and use words like ‘love’ and ‘charity’ out of context. Heretics from the right, on the other hand, tend to worship form and discipline and do not stress love and charity, fearing that such things lead to a lack of form and discipline, which will then lead to soft-headed liberalism. Mitchell falls prey to the latter, formalist heresy.

This blasphemous interpretation of the Apostle Paul is an example:

The Apostle Paul commands husbands to love their wives, but wives he commands not to love their husbands, but to obey and revere them. In doing so, he bids that wives render to their husbands that which is most needful and consistent with the natural headship of the man, for it is more important to the one in charge that he be obeyed and revered than he be loved. This truth we find also in the world around us, for in all human organizations it is indeed more necessary that the head be feared than loved. The beauty of the Christian order is that the head also loves the body, as Christ loves the Church.

One thinks after reading this of Shakespeare’s comment in *The Merchant of Venice*: “The devil can cite Scripture for his own purpose.” Scripture should be interpreted in its entirety. (St. Paul also had a memorable quote about charity superseding all other virtues.)

Should a marriage be primarily a military arrangement? I will concede that even the best of women need some fear of their husbands, but should that be their primary reason for obeying? No! Wives who are obedient only from fear and not from love are not real wives and will abandon their husbands once a stronger, more forceful warlord comes along. The true wife obeys because she loves; Katarina’s injunction to wives at the end of *The Taming of the Shrew* is an example:

Fie, fie! unknit that threatening unkind brow,
And dart not scornful glances from those eyes
To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor:
It blots thy beauty as frosts do bite the meads,
Confounds thy fame as whirlwinds shake fair buds,
And in no sense is meet or amiable.
A woman mov’d is like a fountain troubled,
Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty;
And while it is so, none so dry or thirsty
Will deign to sip or touch one drop of it.
Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,
Thy head, thy sovereign; one that cares for thee,
And for thy maintenance commits his body
To painful labour both by sea and land,
To watch the night in storms, the day in cold,
Whilst thou liest warm at home, secure and safe;
And craves no other tribute at thy hands
But love, fair looks, and true obedience;
Too little payment for so great a debt.
Such duty as the subject owes the prince,
Even such a woman oweth to her husband;
And when she is froward, peevish, sullen, sour,
And not obedient to his honest will,
What is she but a foul contending rebel
And graceless traitor to her loving lord? —
I am asham’d that women are so simple
To offer war where they should kneel for peace,
Or seek for rule, supremacy, and sway,
When they are bound to serve, love, and obey.

Why are our bodies soft and weak and smooth,
Unapt to toll and trouble in the world,
But that our soft conditions and our hearts
Should well agree with our external parts?
Come, come, you froward and unable worms!
My mind hath been as big as one of yours,
My heart as great, my reason haply more,
To bandy word for word and frown for frown;
But now I see our lances are but straws,
Our strength as weak, our weakness past compare,
That seeming to be most which we indeed least are.
Then vail your stomachs, for it is no boot,
And place your hands below your husband's foot:
In token of which duty, if he please,
My hand is ready; may it do him ease.

I see in Mitchell a man who has gone wrong by only a hair, but it is a significant hair. If we were to adopt Mitchell's interpretation of the Fathers and Scripture, we would have a religion "that have not charity." Fear is the beginning of wisdom, not the end result. I see in the tradition of chivalry that came to fruition in Europe an elevation of the Church's teaching on gender. Without abrogating any of the Church Fathers' teaching, the chivalric tradition shifted the balance in male-female relationships from fear to love, as Christianity shifted the focus from fear to love in man's relationship with God. When one truly appreciates the nature of the beloved, one only fears disappointing the beloved. One is not fearful of the painful consequences of disobedience for one's self.

The downside of the chivalric tradition is that the true knight's reverence for women, which is noble and uplifting when women are obedient as Mary was obedient, becomes blasphemous when women imitate Cybele rather than Mary. This habit of reverence for the female, rightly developed and cultivated in the traditions of chivalry, was continued in the European culture after the female went over to Cybele. Hence, the tradition which was the highest and purest embodiment of true masculinity and true femininity became the embodiment of all that is cowardly in the male and unfeminine in the female.

But the failure of that magnificent synergy between the sexes that was at the core of Western civilization should not force us to make the mistake of Reardon and the liberals, and exempt the woman from original sin. Nor should we settle for Mitchell's militaristic and juridical arrangement between the sexes. Instead, let us say with Unamuno that we will have all or nothing. We will have knights, chivalry, dragons, fair and virtuous ladies, and the God whose love passeth all understanding, in the civilization to which we bend our knee, or else we will not bend the knee.+

The European Stands Alone - MAY 31, 2009

From that wild scene of fiendish strife,
To light, to liberty, and life!

Time flies even when you're not having fun. This was borne home to me recently when I rediscovered a twenty-year old letter in my desk drawer. "Did that much time elapse already?" The letter was a not a fan letter. Some woman had glommed onto one sentence in an article I had written and decided on that basis that I was "racist." I was surprised, not because I had never been called a racist before but because the article she did not like was only tangentially about race. It was primarily about Christianity. The sentence that earned me the racist label was the one in which I linked the words "white" and "Christian." "What is your theory on race?" the woman demanded.

I answered the woman's letter and attempted to explain my theory on race. That was a mistake. It was a mistake because the woman had already made up her mind I was racist and therefore outside the ken of humanity. And it was also a mistake because in reality I had no theory on race. But I succumbed to the temptation of trying to combat modernism with the weapon of modernism, which was, and is, abstract theory. Modern man is in the grips of a very old heresy, which he thinks is quite new, the Greek heresy. The Greek philosophers thought wisdom could be put in a silver rod, and modern man, being quite unoriginal, thinks so too. Charles Dickens, in his masterpiece, *Great Expectations*, shows us the difficulties of proceeding through life without a theory:

By that time, I was staggering on the kitchen floor like a little drunkard, through having been newly set upon my feet, and through having been fast asleep, and through waking in the heat and lights and noise of tongues. As I came to myself... I found Joe telling them about the convict's confession, and all the visitors suggesting different ways by which he had got into the pantry. Mr. Pumblechook made out, after carefully surveying the premises, that he had first got upon the roof of the forge, and had then got upon the roof of the

house, and had then let himself down the kitchen chimney by a rope made of his bedding cut into strips; and as Mr. Pumblechook was very positive and drove his own chaise-cart - over everybody - it was agreed that it must be so. Mr. Wopsle, indeed, wildly cried out "No!" with the feeble malice of a tired man; but, as he had no theory, and no coat on, he was unanimously set at nought - not to mention his smoking hard behind, as he stood with his back to the kitchen fire to draw the damp out: which was not calculated to inspire confidence.

Nevertheless, even at the risk of being Wopsle-ized, a man should not pander to the theory-hungry mob by presenting them with another theory to kick around in their theoretical arena. Let me seek present redemption then by writing the letter that I should have written twenty years ago:

Dear Madame X,

I don't have a theory of race. I have some feelings about race, based on my intuitions about the nature of reality, but I do not have a theory on race. This might seem like splitting hairs but there is a crucial difference between theory and faith, at least the theory and faith I'm talking about. Modern man is trapped in a theoretical endgame. He has made an a priori decision that there is no world outside of his own mind. As a result of that decision modern man is blind. The physically blinded Gloucester sees reality clearly, in contrast to the morally blind Cornwall, because he sees the world "feelingly." When I step outside of the world of theory and see pre-modern European culture feelingly, I see in that culture a God of infinite mercy and compassion who sent His Son to suffer and die on a cross, only to rise again on the third day, all so we, His children, could see that "death but routs life into victory."

In no other culture besides the European culture do I see that vision of the true God. If you tell me that other cultures could have produced that vision, my response is, "I don't know if they could have produced such a vision; all I know is that they didn't." If you tell me that the sublime vision of the true God and true Man can, now that the Europeans have abandoned the vision, be maintained by another race of people, I reply, "They haven't yet picked up the vision." And finally, if you tell me that religious truth does not need to be embodied in a culture but can be passed on from one human mind to another human mind, I will tell you that, "God took flesh and dwelt among us because He knew that we needed to see the truth embodied; because we see life feelingly, not theoretically."

And that, Madame X, is why I don't have a theory about race. I have a love for the European people prior to their descent into the nether regions of theory. I don't believe, as you say I do, that Europeans and only Europeans have souls. I do say that only the Europeans, as a people, produced a culture in which we see the face of Jesus Christ. Individuals from other cultures have certainly risen to the status of Christian, but they did so by adhering to the values and beliefs of the European. They became, like Gunga Din, "clear, white inside." But if you had asked Gunga Din, prior to getting shot ("a bullet came an' drilled the beggar clean"), he would not have recommended that the white should meld with the colored. "Then there would be no people from whom I could learn how to be clear, white inside."

This concludes my letter to Madame X. I'm sure she would have been just as unconverted after my present letter as she was after my first, but at least I followed Edgar's injunction to "speak what we feel, not what we ought to say." The fight (in the full meaning of the word 'fight,' i.e., using temporal and spiritual weapons) for Christian Europe is the fight for the Faith. If the people who made Christ the center of their culture are rejected as evil racists and or stupid, then the Christian faith becomes evil and stupid. Behind the anti-European ranting of the New Age Christian rationalists is the dogmatic assertion that "Christ be not risen."

Let's put the modernist attack on the Faith in terms of a fable.

There is a land called Europia which contains white men and women who claim that God visited earth, suffered and died on a cross, and then rose from the dead. He did all of this to free mankind from the consequence of sin, which is death. In a myriad of ways, in their art, in the quiet consecrations to Him, made in their hearts, the Europeans showed their love of, and their faith in, Him.

Bordering the nation of Europia was the country of Yet-To-Be. In that country existed colored people who could only be described as half-devil and half-child. Occasionally they made warlike raids on Europia. The raids were not successful because the Europeans banded together to repulse the Yet-To-Be hordes.

But as time passed, a strange phenomenon occurred. Groups of Europeans started to band together discussing theories about their God. One group with a theory begot another group with a theory, and soon Europia was filled with contending factions, all advancing their theories about God. But amidst all the theorizing, Europia was still Europia, and its citizens still believed in their God. They even made forays into Yet-To-Be Land and made settlements there.

Many years passed and the theorizing continued. No one knows the exact moment it happened, but there came a time when most Europeans no longer believed in the old God of Europia. They now believed only in theory. In fact, the

Europeans claimed that there had never really been a God except in theory. And since all theories were of equal value, the Europeans saw no reason not to let the Yet-To-Be citizens into their nation.

As more time elapsed, the Europeans began to realize just how wrong they had been about God and about their treatment of Yet-To-Be citizens. Hence, they removed all the whites from Yet-To-Be land, renamed Europia 'Utopia,' and started to systemically eliminate all whites from the new-forged nation of Utopia. Some whites objected to being eliminated, but they objected not because they believed in the old God of the Europeans, but because they claimed they were intellectually superior to the Utopians and the Yet-To-Bes. The Utopians rejected their claims and eliminated them.

I am only a chronicler, and I am a white male. As such, my opinion is not valid in Utopia. But I must say that Utopia is not working. One gets the sense among the lower strata of white people (by lower strata, I mean those outside the liberal elite) that there is an incredible longing in their hearts. Are they suppressing something in their blood that must, simply must, be satisfied lest they die of longing? Dare we say that the something is faith?

Wine and cheese parties and a plethora of Obama coronations seem to be enough to fill the void in the liberal's soul. But will blood sports and porno keep the white grazers contented? We shall see. Satan is always true to his satanic nature, but his stance vis-à-vis the European changes according to the type of civilization the European maintains. When Europe was Christian, Satan was a radical, always fomenting change and chaos. But now that European civilization is satanic, Satan is a conservative. He used to prowl the world seeking the ruin of souls; now he prowls the world looking for individuals who might upset the satanic institutions of his kingdom of Satan on earth. He is always on the lookout for the man of vision, the man who still sees Christ on the cross and not a theory of atonement or a metaphor for suffering humanity. And when he sees such a man, the devil trembles and tries to get his minions to crush that man by whatever means necessary. Being unable to stand alone himself, the devil cannot conceive of a mortal man who will stand alone against him and his minions. But the devil has never been inspired by the cross of Christ. He has never experienced the ennobling power a man feels when he has joined his heart to His heart. Once the vision enters the blood, miracles occur. So it is always the last European, the man who has kept the vision of his Lord in his heart, who will stand firm while the men of color and the men of theory bend their knees to Satan and his surrogate rulers.

An entire people's fidelity to one God made European civilization. One hero's fidelity to the God of that ancient civilization can and shall be the beginning of a new birth of that ancient civilization. But the ethics of Fairy Land do demand that the hero must venture forth alone before he can receive God's grace. Scott gets it right in "Harold the Dauntless." When the Christian hero and the devil clash, the Hero always prevails:

XVI.

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

To Whom Shall We Bend the Knee? - MAY 22, 2009

"When hope seems nearly gone
God's relief to us
Is surely won."

The liberals were not satisfied with just one Obama coronation at the inauguration; they need to have a whole series of coronations in which they can genuflect to their god. The Notre Dame graduation was another Obama coronation. Such spectacles are helpful because a white European Christian, because he is a white European Christian, often tends to worry that he is being too harsh, too judgmental toward liberals. "Perhaps," he says to himself, "I can win them over with gentle

persuasion; it's not necessary to treat them as enemies who are beyond the ken of humanity." But when the Christian European sees the bedecked and begowned white liberals spitting on the cross of Christ by applauding a black barbarian baby killer, he knows that he dare not deal with liberals. They are beyond the ken by their own volition.

The liberals, and I include the neo-pagans in the ranks of the liberals, worship and respect only the species; they have no respect for the individual human personality. And this is because they have returned to the worship of impersonal nature. Nature is only concerned with the species, not with individual personalities. Christianity placed man in a world apart from nature, at the center of a universe governed not by nature's laws but by the law of a God above nature. In Shakespeare's play *The Tempest*, we get a glimpse of the spiritual reality behind the physical facade of the natural world. When Alonso sees how Prospero, through the power of his art, has made the entire island fall in line with the divine precept of "charity never faileth," he declares that, "there is in this business more than nature." The liberal has formed a different opinion. He feels no divine stirrings in his own heart and sees no spiritual dimension in his fellow man. His declaration is that "there is nothing more than nature." It is best that we know this about the liberal. He will always side with the generic herd against individual human beings. When Pope John Liberal refused to condemn the murder, by blacks, of individual Christian women, he was being true to the liberal faith. The black herd is more important than a human being. When the liberals applaud a pro-choice politician, they are again being true to their faith. The rights of generic womanhood are more important than individual babies inside the womb.

The liberal doesn't know why he hates white Christians of the old stock. If asked to explain his hatred, he would probably use such words as racist, fascist, and sexist to describe them. Racist because the white Christian does not worship the Negro, sexist because the white Christian does not revere Lady Macbeth and her feminist counterparts, and fascist because the white Christian does not believe God is a liberal democrat. But the real reason that liberals hate the European Christian is because the intransigent European of the old stock holds the belief that each individual soul is of "eternal moment"; that generic humanity is nothing when weighed in the balance against one distinct personality created in the image of God. "How can mankind progress?" the liberal asks, "if recalcitrant individuals, claiming to have immortal souls and obligations to a creator above nature, get in the way of the onward and upward march of humanity?" Christian eschatology separated from a belief in the risen Christ is a very dangerous force. The liberal's answer to his own question about recalcitrant Europeans is "death." The white man must be eliminated.

Melville likens souls in peril to drowning men in his novel *Pierre*:

"For in tremendous extremities human souls are like drowning men; well enough they know they are in peril; well enough they know the causes of that peril; nevertheless, the sea is the sea, and these drowning men do drown."

Is this our fate? We know we are in peril, but can we do nothing to avoid the inevitable death sentence? No, it is not our fate. Melville went on to write *Clarel: A Poem and Pilgrimage in the Holy Land*:

Then keep thy heart, though yet but ill-resigned --
Clarel, thy heart, the issues there but mind;
That like the crocus budding through the snow --
That like a swimmer rising from the deep --
That like a burning secret which doth go
Even from the bosom that would hoard and keep;
Emerge thou mayst from the last whelming sea,
And prove that death but routs life into victory.

The eyes of the existentialist cannot see past an ocean perishing, but what does the Christian European, who sees through the eyes of faith, see? He sees his Lord walking on water and bidding him rise and walk toward Him. Impossible? "We who are about to die demand a miracle."

The non-liberal European of the 21st century sees a different world than the European of the 1950s. Christianity was no longer the faith of the majority of white people in the 1950s, but the Christian walls of the European fort were still in place because satanic consistency takes a little time. One by one the walls were removed. The first to be dismantled was the outermost wall, the wall of faith. Philosophical speculation made that wall unnecessary. And since philosophical speculation made a wall of faith superfluous, there was no need to keep up a wall between the races. "There is no one true faith distinct from other faiths, so there is no need for a wall between people and cultures." And finally the innermost wall, the walls of the womb, were violated by the liberals. "Since each human being is not unique, it is the herd we must preserve, not the individual."

The symbolic leader of the liberal herd is now The Obama. He seems to be a mere caricature of a human being, but then so do all non-Christian, non-Europeans seem. They have no substance; they are merely shadows. But the liberals need a man without substance for a leader because they have rejected the God of substance and His people.

In my late teens, I went to one of Satan's universities. One course in particular stands out in my mind, a course in philosophy taught by a rather aggressive, secularized Jew. All the philosophers on the required reading list were militant atheists. Bertrand Russell was particularly loathsome, and I remember reacting strongly against him. He was so sure that no force of will, no sentimental invocation of a fairy tale god, could change the fact that man was alone in the universe and would turn to dust when his physical life on earth came to a close. I was a reluctant agnostic at the time, but Russell's confident, conceited assertions stirred my blood. If I were mere dust, then why the divine longings? And why did I see something more than dust in friends and family? And what about Him? We can't just dismiss Him.

My final push from agnosticism to the cross of Christ came when my philosophy teacher conducted a very aggressive assault on the "anthropomorphic" God of the Christians. If he had confined his criticisms to Christianity as an abstract system, or had he criticized Thomism or Calvinism or any of the other theological explanations of the Christ story, I might have remained in a religious limbo, but he went after Jesus. And that I could not abide. His attack on the divine personality of Christ put steel in my heart and killed my religious lethargy.

The great benefit of the Notre Dame coronation, in which Father Obama gave his blessing to his people, is that such a blasphemous attack on Christ can put steel into one's heart. Such a people who would denounce Him for Obama must be resisted, must be fought with, must not be allowed to prevail.

When God speaks to Saint Paul on the road to Damascus, He does not say to him, "I am Christianity," or "I am the force." He says, "I am Jesus, whom thou persecutest." The person of Christ! That is who the liberals want to keep out of their brave new world. And to insure that He stays out of their world, they must kill the memory of Christian Europe where His image shown so brightly. Because if the great unwashed, who have embraced liberalism because they know nothing else, could see the face of Christ they would turn from liberalism to Him.

There has been a great change in the liberals since the Obama coronation. They have taken off their masks. They no longer think it necessary to put a more pleasant face on Satanism. Is such confidence in the triumph of Satan warranted? Who rose from the dead? I don't think it was Satan. Ah, but liberals don't believe that Christ rose from the dead. But just as Christ burst from that dark tomb into the light, so will we, when hope seems nearly gone, witness the triumph of the cross. It's the little internal battles we fight in His name that will make the difference. So long as the battle is fought, and the prayer is uttered, "In Jesus' name," the European will prevail over what seems to be an all-triumphant legion. The true European knows not seems.

In Spite of Doom - MAY 15, 2009

The way is long, my children, long and rough –
The moors are dreary and the woods are dark;
But he that creeps from cradle on to grave,
Unskill'd save in the velvet course of fortune,
Hath missed the discipline of noble hearts.

-- Walter Scott

There is a point in Shakespeare's play, *King Lear*, when Edgar, the faithful son of Gloucester, feels that he has nothing left to fear from existence because he has reached the lowest rung on the existential ladder. And he has good cause to think as he does. He has, in a few short days, gone from a princely state to that of an outcast and a beggar.

Yet better thus, and known to be 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 has blown unto the worst
Owes nothing to thy blasts.
But then he sees his blind father, who, having had his eyes gouged out for loyalty to the King, is being led by an old man.
But who comes here?
My father, poorly led? World, world, O world!
But that thy strange mutations make us hate thee,
Life would not yield to age.

Edgar then concludes:
O gods! Who is't can say, "I am at the worst"?
I am worse than e'er I was.

With Edgar's wise observation before us, we will refrain from saying that the white, Christian, European has reached the depths of Godforsakenness. Instead, we will claim he is worse, much worse, than e'er he was. And where was the European?

The answer might surprise you. For approximately 1300 years prior to the 20th century the European lived in a fairy land. In this land, beautiful and virtuous princesses were rescued from fire-breathing dragons by handsome, brave knights. Third dumb brothers who were full of the charity that never faileth became rulers of kingdoms, and the Crowned King of Fairy Land, Jesus Christ, reigned in the hearts of His subjects.

Now, it would be quite easy to refute my preposterous assertion that European man lived in Fairy Land for 1300 years. One need merely cite the external evidence. During the years I claim the European lived in Fairy Land, we see, when we look with the eye, the all-too-familiar sins: murder, adultery, lust, theft, etc., ad nauseum. What then is different about the European? Well, nothing is different, according to a certain theological school which claims there is the city of God, which consists of the Christian Church, and there is the city of man, in which sinful men endure their brief tenure on earth. But that theory was hatched before the fairy tale began. Are not we, as Christians, obligated to abandon theoretical truth when it conflicts with actual truth? And the actual truth is, if we look at the internal evidence that can be seen by looking through the eye, that the European Fairy Land did exist. In the souls of the Europeans something was born that never existed in any people before or since. A faith was born and came to fruition.

Someone from completely outside the European tradition can see the distinctiveness of the European culture, although he wouldn't have any appreciation for it, and someone from within the European tradition can appreciate the distinctiveness of European culture. But those liberals who have retained the material comforts of European civilization while abandoning the ancient faith cannot see the Fairy Land at all.

God so loved the world that He gave us His only begotten Son. And that Son drank the cup to the dregs; He experienced everything that we experience, even the Godforsakenness of the world. But He overcame the Godforsakenness of the world through faith. And what the European tried to do was to build a civilization, despite the fact that the religious experts tell us there is no such thing as a Christian civilization, in which the feeling of Godforsakenness was transformed into faith. The European experience reads like a great religious novel. We see in the lives of ordinary Europeans and in the art of extraordinary Europeans the working of divine grace.

Now we come to the liberals. They no longer look at life through the eye. They see with the eye and they see only externals. Only the empirical, physical fact counts with them. They see no need to look for the Fairy Land behind the external world because they believe the external, natural world is all the world there is. And that world is Godforsaken. In fact, the liberals have institutionalized Godforsakenness, because a world founded on the a priori conviction that there is no personal God above nature is a closed world, devoid of God's grace.

Of course the European Fairy Land existed in the hearts of individual Christian Europeans. Outwardly, it appeared that they were like unto other non-European human beings. But when one sees some outward manifestation of the vision contained in their hearts, one realizes that the difference between the European and the non-European was a difference between heaven and hell. (1) And I say between heaven and hell rather than between heaven and earth, because after the coming of Christ there is no possibility of an intermediate pagan civilization such as the Greek worshippers are always trying to institute.

A people that will not have Christ will have Satan. Liberalism is a perfect example. What has been the end result of trying to find some kind of compromise god? We have Satan for a god, and he has bestowed his benediction on legalized abortion, the worship of the golden calf, and the worship of the colored races. Such is the modern world of liberalism.

There are times in a Christian's life when he feels an overwhelming sense of God's presence. But there are times when a Christian feels forsaken by God. Like the Ancient Mariner, he laments:

O Wedding-Guest! this soul hath been
Alone on a wide wide sea:
So lonely 'twas, that god himself
Scarce seemed there to be.

In a Christian society there are so many unseen forces at work, primarily other Christian souls in union with Him, that come like "ministering angels" to aid the Christian in his hour of need. And the struggling Christian emerges, with the aid

of often unseen and always unsung kindred Christian souls, from the dark night of the soul into the light of Christ's love. But when so many human souls have said in their hearts that Christ be not risen, a Christian who still clings to the faith inevitably spends a good deal of his time battling his feeling of the Godforsakenness of the world. He starts to feel like Tirian in C. S. Lewis's book, *The Last Battle*, who wonders why God's grace is not working as it's supposed to and as the old stories say it works:

He thought of other Kings who had lived and died in Narnia in old times and it seemed to him that none of them had ever been so unlucky as himself. He thought of his great-grandfather's great-grandfather King Rilian who had been stolen away by a Witch when he was only a young prince and kept hidden for years in the dark caves beneath the land of the Northern Giants. But then it had all come right in the end, for two mysterious children had suddenly appeared from the land beyond the world's end and had rescued him so that he came home to Narnia and had a long and prosperous reign. "It's not like that with me," said Tirian to himself. Then he went further back and thought about Rilian's father, Caspian the Seafarer, whose wicked uncle King Miraz had tried to murder him and how Caspian fled away into the woods and lived among the Dwarfs. But that story too had all come right in the end: for Caspian also had been helped by children—only there were four of them that time—who came from somewhere beyond the world and fought a great battle and set him on his father's throne. "But it was all long ago," said Tirian to himself. "That sort of thing doesn't happen now." And then he remembered (for he had always been good at history when he was a boy) how those same four children who had helped Caspian had been in Narnia over a thousand years before; and it was then that they had done the most remarkable thing of all. For then they had defeated the terrible White Witch and ended the Hundred Years of Winter, and after that they had reigned (all four of them together) at Cair Paravel, till they were no longer children but great Kings and lovely Queens, and their reign had been the golden age of Narnia. And Aslan had come into that story a lot. He had come into all the other stories too, as Tirian now remembered. "Aslan—and children from another world," thought Tirian. "They have always come in when things were at their worst. Oh, if only they could now."

Yes, that's it. If only we could say to ourselves – and believe it: "God's grace can work for us like it did for those other Europeans." I have before me one of those nationalist publications dating back to 1979. In one article the author confidently asserts that white people are waking up and are not going to tolerate the black invasion any longer. And still, some 29 years later white people have not stopped the black invasion. But what if white people were to open up those channels of grace that our ancestors used? Then slowly, but in countless unseen ways, the tide will begin to turn in America and throughout Europe. 'All things are possible in Him and through Him' was the motto of the European Fairy Land.

But we have to align ourselves with the ethics of Fairy Land if we would restore Christian Europe. In Fairy Land, which is the European's land, a man's whole life is a prayer to God. His political activity, his leisure activities are all forms of prayer. When the European broke with Fairy Land he left the integral prayer-filled life behind and became a dislocated man. You can't pray to liberals to save you from liberalism. And that is what the white neo-pagan and the conservative constitutionalists have been doing for the past 40 years. Prayers such as, "Let me be part of liberaldom," do not receive divine sanction. The Christian European's prayer is a different one: "Oh Lord, give us the strength and courage to restore Christian Europe." God's grace cannot be seen under a microscope, but it is the only remedy for European man. +

(1) If a man were to go back in time and observe William Shakespeare as he went about his day, I don't think he would observe Shakespeare doing anything different from other human beings. But of course Shakespeare was different; he was extraordinarily different because of his heart and because of his vision. And that is the case with the Europeans who lived during the Fairy Tale Era of Europe. They might appear to be similar to the men and women of color if one simply observed them going about their daily lives, but if one looks into their hearts and sees life through their eyes, then, oh what a difference there is between one people and another.

The Darkness of Liberalism - MAY 09, 2009

"You can't have just a little bit of liberalism..." CWNV

That their enemies are "hate-filled" is a favorite axiom of the liberals, but in reality the essence of liberalism is hatred. No white Christian can hate like a liberal. And Herbert Butterfield tells us why this is so in his book, *The Englishman and His History*:

When he has failed, or when he is in difficulties, the liberal of the continental type too often has only one thing left—his moral indignation. At this point he does indeed pick up the doctrine of sin, but it is important to note that he wears it with a difference; for, as we have seen he does not commence with it, as the Christian tradition had always done—he drags it from under his sleeve at a later point in the argument. Concerning the sin, of course, he is (as somebody wisely said) "against it": indeed he hates it, with the added frenzy of the partisan who has discovered here the totally unexpected obstacle. On this view of life the sinners are indeed fewer in number, but how much wickeder to make up for it! And none is so unforgiving to the transgressors as the person who does not believe in original sin. Here is a system which releases us from self-discipline, authorizing us to treat the political enemy as subhuman, irredeemable. In consequence the good are engaged against the wicked in a more irretrievable warfare, where the makeshift of the ballot-box may itself become intolerable, and nothing is left but the resort to force.

I think Butterfield has described the inner dynamic of liberalism. Liberals always hate those who oppose them, because if you oppose them you are standing in the way of the perfection of mankind. (1) They don't believe that all men are tainted with original sin; they only see sin in those who oppose liberalism. And there is no self-control in the liberal's makeup; being without sin he needs no self-discipline. Like a spoiled devil child he can indulge his every whim. And his whim is that his enemies must be eliminated at all costs.

We know who the liberal's enemies are. They are white Christians who believe in original sin and the rest of the Christian story. The escalating hatred of white people throughout the world is a direct consequence of the triumph of liberalism. Any white counter-attack, if it is to be successful, must be fought with an uncompromising faith in the whole Christian, European tradition and a clear understanding that liberals will never allow white Christians to live in liberalism, hence a Christian European's only defense is to destroy liberalism. But that is never seen as an option among the European people. Some group will emerge that doesn't like one aspect of liberalism, and they will try to change that one thing, but they will retain the essence of liberalism, which is a hatred of the white, European, Christian tradition. The groups that just want a little bit of liberalism, the liberalism that suits their fancy, are in many ways more dangerous than the total liberal, because the half-way house liberals are more deceptive. You think they can be your allies, but in the end their hatred of the white European Christian is just as intense as their liberal cousins. Let's look at two of the half-way house liberals.

1) The neo-pagans.

The neo-pagans are not the pagans of the stream, the field, and the hunt; they are not the pagans of old. If they were, a Christian could work with them. The old European pagans were willing to bend their knees to a God above the pagan gods, but the neo-pagans have no God. Most don't seem to feel the need for one. Others write articles about the need for a new religion for the white man. That type of thinking typifies the neo-pagans, who have no ties to the white European tradition and no ties to reality. Can you make any claim of solidarity with white people if you reject Christianity? And can you be taken seriously as a man if you think religious faith can simply be manufactured to serve as a motivational tool for the advancement of the white gene pool? Reading the writings of the neo-pagans is similar to looking at a surreal painting; there is no trace in either of beauty or truth. I recently read a self-promotional ad in one of the neo-pagan's publications; the author quoted Dostoyevsky's assertion that only "beauty could save us." But the neo-pagan neglected to say what Dostoyevsky considered beautiful. The Great Russian had one true love who combined, in His person, perfect beauty and complete truth: "... he passed through all the circles of human hell, one more terrible than the medieval hell of the Divine Comedy, and was not consumed in hell's flame: his duca e maestro was not Virgil, but 'the radiant image' of the Christ, love for whom was the greatest love of his whole life."

The more subtle of the neo-pagans include Christianity in the white man's history. They use phrases like, "Our Celtic, Saxon, Germanic, Greco-Roman, Christian heritage." But when you get past the clever phrasing you realize that the neo-pagan who talks about that kind of encyclopedic heritage thinks the European invented Christianity. To such a neo-pagan, Christianity is a reflection of the brilliant creativity of the European, but it is not true. The neo-pagan has already made the determination that the natural world is the only reality.

What does the neo-pagan look to as a substitute for God? He, like his liberal cousins whom he despises, looks to the future. In that world there will be no individuals, just an intellectually, biologically superior herd of white technocrats. The neo-pagan's dream is the same dream as the liberals: they too look to a future where the herd has triumphed over the individual. The two groups simply differ over the preferred color of the herd, but they are united in their common hatred of the white, Christian European.

2) The half-way house Christian Rationalists.

The neo-pagan wants to sever Christianity from the white European in order to save the white European, and the half-way house Christian rationalist wants to sever the white European from Christianity in order to save Christianity. But the half-way house Christian, in his rejection of "European Christianity," is really rejecting Christ. Let's look at this rejection more closely.

St. Paul tells us that neither the Greeks nor the Jews rejected the idea of God. They simply rejected the notion that Christ was God. To the Greeks the idea of an incarnate God was foolish, and to the Jews the idea of a suffering servant who came to them via the humble things and the meek and mild people of the earth was blasphemous. And we see this twofold rejection of the incarnate God in the half-way house Christians' rejection of white European culture. Do we need a historian from Mars to render an objective account of the European's history? Why is the obvious fact that pre-20th century Europe was a result of a particular peoples' love affair with Christ so difficult to see? And can the Christian faith be severed from those people and remain the Christian faith? I say no. A philosophical system can be passed from one mind to another mind. A scientific formula can be passed on from one scientist to another. But a faith? A faith is held in the heart and is passed on through the blood. Sever the white men from Christianity, and you have struck a blow at the heart

of Christianity. It can survive as a bloodless philosophy or as a utopian, feel-good universalism, but it will no longer be the faith that men wrote hymns about and martyrs died for.

Again I refer to St. Paul. "Who shall separate us from the love of Jesus Christ?" he asked. The liberals say, "We shall!" And they mean it, because they hate with a hate that is inspired by Satan. Satan knows that if he kills the connecting link to God, the white man's culture, he will separate mankind from God. The radical democrat, the neo-pagan, the half-way house Christian are in their liberalism all compact. They hate the white, Christian European, and will continue to hate him until they are converted or defeated.

Theoretically we all have homes, but the true, spiritual reality is that only a Christian European has a home he loves. The liberal, in his many guises, looks to the future when he will have his perfect home; then, he will love it. And the barbarian sees a home as something of merely external value, that one robs and plunders when it belongs to someone else and that a man uses until it becomes despoiled if it is his own. But here again he does not love his home. The Christian loves his home because He is there, and He has consecrated it with His love. The European home is the source of our strength and our faith. As the liberals' hate intensifies around us, we will cling to our European home, and surely the love that we have for our home will prevail over the liberals' hatred. +

(1) Robespierre was the quintessential liberal. He was an anti-capital punishment zealot who nevertheless ordered thousands of executions in order to build a perfect world where capital punishment was unnecessary.

Abide with Me - MAY 02, 2009

"When the philosophers abandon the metaphysical threshold, it falls to the poet to take upon himself the role of metaphysician: at such times it is poetry, not philosophy, that is revealed as the true 'Daughter of Wonder'..." -- St.-John Perse

The United States government's reaction to Mexican Swine Flu was, "We will not close off the borders." That reaction is the exact opposite reaction of my neighbor: "We should close off the borders." Why is there such a dichotomy? The dichotomy exists because the United States government is the official voice of Liberalism. And in Liberalism the death of individual white human beings is a consummation devoutly to be wished. The survival of the generic earth and generic humanity is the abstract good in which liberals believe. For this reason they will always be at odds with the Christian Everyman, who only respects, like his God, individual human beings.

The late Malcolm Muggeridge called liberalism a death wish. And it is, to a certain extent. The liberals wish for the death of individual white Christian Europeans, but they do not wish for their own deaths. Will the barbarians make the distinction between liberal and non-liberal white people? No, they will not, but the liberals think they will. The murder and torture of whites is taking place throughout liberalism, and the white hierarchies of liberalism rejoice at every murder. Nothing that happens to white people touches them.

The liberal's death wish is a wish for thy death, not his own. In fact, the liberal fears death more than any man has ever feared death before. That is why he has built a world of abstractions where death can be abstracted out of existence. If there is no such thing as a God-Man, then there is no such thing as a divine element within human beings. In such a case then there are no individual personalities with unique individual souls. There is only humanity in the aggregate. And mere humanity, without a soul, can be anesthetized. If one does not fear the extinction of the personality, if one does not long for the touch of a vanished hand and the sound of a voice that is still when a loved one dies, then there is only one reason left to fear death: pain.

And this is why science and the liberal are so inseparable. To a Christian the pain of death is caused by the extinction of a personality. The pain is lessened and then conquered through faith in the redeemer: "Death, where is thy sting?" The liberal has extinguished faith and lost his sense of the uniqueness of individual human beings. All he wants from God is a pain-free death and then oblivion. In return for a painless death, he worships the God called 'Science.' And that scientific God shows signs and wonders, in contrast to the Christian God who refused to show even His own Son one sign or wonder as He was dying on the cross. But the Europeans needed no outward sign or wonder, because He was that sign and wonder. The men of Europe need no scientific magic talisman; we need only His sacred heart.

The antique European is tempest toss'd. He needs a safe harbor, some place to recover from the slings and arrows of Liberalism. Then, having recovered, he can gird up his loins, shout 'Claymore,' and return to the battle. The poets of Europe know where the safe harbor is. It is in the human heart, connected to His heart.

Since “super Gnostic” liberalism has become the reigning philosophy in church and society, the Europeans with hearts that still live have been banished to the hinterlands. And the end result of the triumph of the Gnostics has been the end of charity. The initial wellspring of feeling comes from the heart, and that feeling tells us that the secret of existence is not locked in a secret scroll, but in the sacred heart of the God-Man. If man is cut off from that initial feeling or sentiment, he is cut off from God, the source of his being. No matter what philosophy he espouses or how clever and intelligent a man is, if he has severed his head from his heart his faith will be “as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal” because he has not charity. The desiccated brain alone cannot produce one infinitesimal impulse of charity from the soul of man.

The liberals have replaced the old faith in Christ with a new faith in science and abstract thought. We need to turn to the poets in order to see the old Europe that the liberals have forsaken, because in their works we see our true beginning and our end. The storytelling tradition of Europe is rooted in the marriage feast of Cana. At the feast, Christ, against the Gnostics, sanctified marriage and began his public mission by performing a miracle at a private and provincial party. The storytelling tradition of Europe is also joined, in spirit, to St. Paul and 1 Corinthians 13. All the great poets of Europe show us, in their visions, an image of Christ in His divinity and sacred humanity. Let me mention a few.

William Shakespeare

Shakespeare stands above all the other poets, not because of his rightly and often praised use of language, but because of his little credited and seldom lauded gentleness. At the heart of this magnificent poet is an unparalleled sympathy with human creatures that defies any rational explanation. From whence comes his incredible sympathy?

In one school where I taught, I showed some freshmen the Franco Zeffirelli version of Shakespeare’s *Romeo and Juliet*. Although the play is not one of my favorite Shakespearean drama, I still felt, as I followed the words and action of the play, as the two apostles had felt when they supped with Christ at the village of Emmaus: “And they said one to another, Did not our heart burn within us while he talked with us by the way...” My heart burned within me because I felt connected, through the sympathetic art of William Shakespeare, with the Divine Heart. Must not He feel that way toward His creatures? Could such a Heart ever fail to keep the appointment at the hour of our death? Melville asked the question, “Sentry, are you there?” Shakespeare gives us the answer.

Of course, the summit of all Shakespeare’s art, and of all art, is Lear holding Cordelia in his arms. One sees and feels at that moment of the play, with a certainty that transcends the imperfect rational certainty of apologetics, why and how the tragedy of the Crucifixion could be turned into a happy love story. For one blazing moment we see through that dark glass and understand why charity is the greatest of these, and we understand why He and only He gives us the hope that the fell sergeant Death will not have the final word.

Walter Scott

All the institutions of modern Satania are geared to turn man away from the affective, loving approach to God. When faith becomes a mind game, Satan always wins. Walter Scott can put us back on the path, away from the Gnostics, to the Man of Sorrows. He eschews the path of the illuminati poets and theologians who seek to shed external light on man’s existence. Instead, Scott gets to the divine heart through human hearts. And at the heart of Europe, Scott tells us through his heroes and heroines, is Christ’s animating spirit. It is not a little thing to have placed charity at the center of one’s work.

C. S. Lewis

There is much that I find uninspiring in C. S. Lewis’s work. In a good deal of it I see too much of the English don and not enough of the man underneath the don’s mask, but still I admire the man immensely because he was an Oxford don who managed to throw off a good deal of his donnishness. Born with a propensity for the Gnostic heresy, he conquers it in his greatest work, *The Chronicles of Narnia*. In that work, he, like Shakespeare and Scott, eschews the cosmic approach to God. Building on the ‘least of these thy brethren,’ he brings us into His presence. With the marvelous image of the wardrobe that is the passage to Narnia, Lewis makes us feel as the great saints feel. We feel that there is no great dichotomy between this world and the next; they are both part of eternity which is sustained by a Personality. And our permanent place in that eternity rests on the personal assurances of Him.

Lewis had a mind that could have created a complicated system of esoteric formulas leading to the Promised Land. And he might have even thrown Christ, in a Chardinian fashion, somewhere into the mix. But he chose to stress the personal and the sentimental way, which places a personal God at the center rather than on the periphery of human experience. The religious Gnostic and the secular Gnostic will talk about humanity, but it is always the impersonal and the esoteric that they stress. Lewis walked among those Gnostics without being of them. Therein lies his greatness.

Much has been written of Lewis’s failure to convert to Catholicism. His Ulster, anti-Catholic background is usually cited as the reason. But a man who could conquer his extreme Gnostic tendencies could certainly have overcome the effects of an Ulster upbringing. I would suggest another reason: Lewis intuited a submission to Rome might have caused him to succumb to the Gnosticism against which he had been fighting all his life. The reigning philosophy in the Catholic Church

during Lewis's lifetime was Thomism. Lewis was a very sociable fellow; he naturally, had he become a Catholic, would have sought out the company of other Catholics. Excessive contact with the Thomists could well have plunged him into the despair that plagued Allen Tate and Evelyn Waugh after their conversions. I think Lewis worried more about getting things right with Him than he did about fitting in with one particular branch of the Church.

Walt Disney

I grew up with watered-down, liberal, American Christianity on Sundays and public school filth on weekdays. My only exposure to the essential Europe came from the Walt Disney films I saw at the local theater in the 1960s. My later conversion to genuine Christianity was greatly aided by what I learned about the workings of the human heart from that great storyteller, Mr. Walt Disney.

Let there be no doubt who was the heart and soul of the studio who gave us *Snow White*, *Peter Pan*, *Fantasia*, *Dumbo*, *Pinocchio*, *Sleeping Beauty*, *Cinderella*, *Treasure Island*, *Kidnapped*, *Darby O'Gill and the Little People*, *Zorro*, *Swiss Family Robinson*, Mickey Mouse, Donald Duck, Goofy, and so on. Walt Disney was the heart and soul. He was the master storyteller who put it all together. Witness how quickly the studio deteriorated after Walt's death. The men with the technical abilities were still there, but without Walt, the soul was gone. The Walt Disney Company is now a major force for race-mixing, degeneracy, and Gnosticism.

Walt Disney's accomplishment was incredible. In an age when genuine human feeling was becoming extinct, Disney placed stories from the heart of the European tradition onto the screen. Which is why the anti-human highbrows in the liberal and the 'just-the-facts' conservative and traditionalist camps love to sneer at Disney. Disney knew they were sneering, but he persevered. He kept the faith in the fairy tale alive. And his faith was an organic faith. He didn't think fairy tales were something to be studied and dissected, he thought they should be loved and lived.

Although I love the image of the pilgrims with lighted candles singing 'Ave Maria' and so many other marvelous images that Disney brought to the screen, Mickey Mouse stands out for me as Disney's supreme creation. He is the ancient medieval knight, sallying forth against the forces of modernity. The outward costume has changed, but the chivalrous heart is still there. As the gallant tailor or as the mail pilot, Mickey goes forth, as Walt Disney did, against the forces of modernity, with only an intrepid heart and his faith in his Dulcinea, to sustain him.

Annette Funicello once told of her astonishment when she received a birthday present from Walt Disney when he was dying of cancer. There was no mention of his own health in the accompanying note, just a 'Happy Birthday' greeting for her.

Again, what did St. Paul say about charity: "Beareth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things." Disney's vision came from his great heart. It is a vision in line with Lewis, Scott, Shakespeare, St. Paul, and Him. I love the man.

Dostoevsky

Dostoevsky's vision is so wonderfully anti-Gnostic. He is centered on man's heart and its connecting link to the divine Heart. His life-long battle against the cosmic and materialist ideologies that reduce individual men and women to insignificant atoms comes to a final conclusion in a classic confrontation between Ivan and Alyosha Karamazov.

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

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

The Swine Flu may or may not be a serious problem. If it is not there will be other plagues, in the form of viruses or of invading barbarians. White Europeans can expect no help from liberals against plagues or barbarians. I never recommend surrender, but while we are doing what we can against the slings and arrows of the liberals, it is comforting to be in union with antique Europeans such as the Rev. Henry Francis Lyte who believed in someone of this world, and above this world.

Abide with Me

Abide with me; fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; Lord with me abide!
When other helpers fail and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me!

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;

Earth's joys grow dim; its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O Thou who changest not, abide with me!

Not a brief glance I beg, a passing word,
But as Thou dwell'st with Thy disciples, Lord--
Familiar, condescending, patient, free--
Come not to sojourn, but abide with me!

Come not in terrors, as the King of kings,
But kind and good, with healing on Thy wings,
Tears for all woes, a heart for every plea;
Come, Friend of sinners, thus abide with me!

Thou on my head in early youth didst smile;
And, though rebellious and perverse meanwhile,
Thou hast not left me, oft as I left Thee,
On to the close, O Lord, abide with me!

I need Thy presence every passing hour;
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who, like Thyself, my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me!

I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.
Where is death's sting? Where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me!

Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes,
Shine through the gloom and point me to the skies;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me. +

The Last Great Fight of All - APRIL 25, 2009

“Deeper than speech our love, stronger than life our tether...”

I don't follow the news on a daily basis, because it isn't very pleasant or necessary to witness every single dying gasp of a terminally ill nation. But I did see a snippet of one of the recent 'tea parties,' during which Glenn Beck interviewed a white Texan who had shot two illegals that were attempting to rob his neighbor's house. The Texan, I believe his name was Joe, seemed like a decent fellow who regretted that the housebreakers had made it necessary for him to shoot them, but he did not regret taking action against the banditos.

Beck quite rightly applauded Joe's actions, but then he moved on to interview someone else, a conservative pundit. The pundit and Beck talked about how wonderful the 'tea parties' were because they were lawful and non-violent, in contrast to those protests by radicals in the 1960's, which often were unlawful and violent. Does anyone see a problem with Beck's and the pundit's logic? First, did Joe defend his neighbor's property by taking a vote among his neighbors and presenting the results to the banditos? “Hey, you fellows, 92% of the residents think it is wrong for you to break into my neighbor's house, so will you please leave? If you don't, my neighbors and I will have a rally, at which we will wave signs around that say 'housebreaking is wrong'.”

I know the rejoinder to this: “Joe shot people who were breaking the law. You can't act unlawfully or violently against a lawful government.” But is self-defense and defense of one's kith and kin wrong if a man is defending kith and kin against the government? On his deathbed, Alfred the Great told his son to “govern himself by law.” But Alfred is referring to the law of God which he, Alfred, had made the law of the land. Is there any trace of Christianity left in the laws of the United States or the laws of the European countries? It seems to me that the formerly Christian nations of Europe and her offspring have institutionalized liberalism, which is to say they have institutionalized Satanism. Are we then obligated to meekly demure while the liberal governments systematically eradicate non-liberal, white Europeans?

And what about the Sixties' radicals that Beck and the pundit mentioned? Did their more violent and unlawful rallies work? Yes, they did. The demands of the radical blacks, the radical feminists, and every other radical group that broke the law and used or threatened to use violence became the law of the land.

The tea parties remind me of the Contract with America during the first years of the Clinton administration, a gimmick created by a Republican liberal to gain some leverage on a democratic liberal. But the Contract with America movement was a movement within liberalism. And so are the tea parties. There might be some genuine white, non-liberal Europeans at the tea parties, but the leaders of the tea parties are part of liberalism. The reason such leaders always fail while their more radical brethren, such as the feminists and the barbarians succeed is because of the Kerensky vs. Lenin phenomenon. When you are a radical, as Kerensky the socialist was, you have committed yourself and your followers to a vision of an ever-changing, ever-leftward and upward movement toward Utopia. But if upward and leftward is good, then even more upward and leftward is better. Lenin had the moral upper hand on Kerensky, just as the more radical liberal coalition of socialists, feminists, and black barbarians have the moral upper hand on the liberal capitalists. The Republicans want to stop at democratic capitalism while the radical liberals want to keep moving leftward and upward. The radicals always win such wars because their democratic capitalist opponents are always on the defensive. You can't stop and get off the liberal locomotive half-way or three quarters of the way before the final destination. If you want an economic system where no one has capital except capitalists, you must keep on the train until you come to the final stop where only the government has capital. If you want a democratic egalitarian system with tolerance for all religions, you can't stop the train from pulling into the abortuary at the end of the station. You can't have just a little bit of liberalism.

Fitzhugh correctly pointed out that we could, "Throw our paper platforms, preambles and resolutions, guaranties and constitutions into fire, and we should be none the worse off, provided we retained our institutions – and the necessities that begot and have, so far, continued them." Ah, there's the rub. We have lost our institutions and necessities that begot them. Our institutions were Christian institutions and the necessity that begot them was our faith in Jesus Christ. The tea party protestors are not meeting to demand that we place Christ at the center of a white European nation. There was no call for the deportation of colored barbarians. There was no call for the destruction of the abortuaries and the organizations that sustain them. I heard only a plea for economic justice, which is certainly a legitimate plea. But if the restoration of white Christian Europe doesn't take place first, how can there be any economic justice? Do you expect the minions of Satan to be just? Do you expect them to be merciful?

I spent some years of my youth involved in the pro-life movement. The movement was a failure because the leaders of the movement refused to treat the abortion issue as a war between Christ and Satan. They treated it as a misunderstanding, something that could be resolved within the framework of liberal democracy. "If we educate them about fetal life they'll understand." They do understand, just as the liberals understand that whites in South Africa and Rhodesia are being butchered like aborted babies in their mothers' wombs. The liberals know what they are doing; they are destroying the white race and they are taking control of the procreative process. They, not God, will decide who the chosen people are, and they, not God, will decide who dies in the womb and who sees the light of day.

And of course, the carnage in South Africa and Rhodesia has spread to all the formerly European nations. Can it be halted by any force within liberalism itself? No, of course not. Only men from the old Europe can stop the bloodletting. When white men meet, it should not be to wave protest signs and plead for inclusion into Satania; white men should meet to take oaths of fealty to a Europe that seems dead but is only sleeping:

Also, we will make promise. So long as The Blood endures,
I shall know that your good is mine: ye shall feel that my strength is yours:
In the day of Armageddon, at the last great fight of all,
That Our House stand together and the pillars do not fall.
Draw now the threefold knot firm on the ninefold bands,
And the Law that ye make shall be law after the rule of your lands.

The liberals have invoked Satan, and he has responded to their invocation. But he acts for his own ends not for theirs. What God should the white man invoke? If we throw off the false messiahs of science and democracy, we will find the same God our ancestors swore fealty to waiting to lead us against the satanic coalition of liberals and barbarians. Of course we can't merely state His name and make the liberals disappear. Divine grace does not work that way. But the cross is also a sword. If we join our hearts to His sacred heart, we will possess the only weapon capable of penetrating to the heart of the liberal dragon.+

White Hearts - APRIL 19, 2009

...that among the sundry and manifold changes of the world,
our hearts may surely there be fixed, where as true joys are to be found...

Of all the wise things Edmund Burke said, I've always thought that his statement, "The first liberal was the devil," was the wisest. Burke was not exaggerating to make a point; he was being quite serious when he identified the devil as the founder of liberalism. At the core of Satan's faith and the liberal's faith is a spirit of intellectual abstraction that abhors humanity. God loved mankind so much that He sent His only begotten Son, and Satan and the liberal hate mankind so much that they seek to make a world in opposition to God's out of the inhuman abstractions of their minds. And the liberals, with Satan's guidance, have done a pretty fair job of creating a world that is in complete opposition to the world our Lord would have us live in.

One can see in his mind's eye a minor devil coming to the devil somewhere in the early Middle Ages and asking for some advice:

Minor Devil: The Europeans are misbehaving. They are taking His incarnation quite seriously.

The Devil: I have one word for you: abstract.

MD: Could you elaborate on that?

TD: Encourage philosophical speculation.

MD: What's that?

TD: Where do such ignoramuses come from? Do I have to spell out everything for you? Get these stupid mortals to look at the natural world. Flatter them. Tell them they're brilliant, and their reason is the most exalted thing on earth. But never insult God directly. In fact, tell them that it is their abstracted reason alone with which they can know god.

MD: I don't see what good that will do.

TD: I do, and that should be enough for you. But if you must know, I'll tell you. They will soon stop looking to God for guidance, and they will look to nature and their own minds for guidance. And that's when I'll step in.

MD: It seems so futile.

TD: Patience, it will all work out. I see a time coming when the Europeans, who are our greatest enemies, will willingly sever all filial ties to Christ our enemy by making Christianity into an abstraction. And I see a time when the Europeans will sever all filial ties to their Christian past by blending with and worshipping the races of color.

MD: They will never do that; you're just dreaming.

TD: Shut up and do as I command; you're a stupid little devil who can be easily replaced.

Butterfield had a name for the liberals who tried to make individual human beings conform to the utopian abstractions of their minds. He called them "super Gnostics." But a liberal by any name will still stink of the sulphurous pit. The liberal has severed his mind from his heart and by doing so he has cut himself off from the heart of God. A man with a disembodied brain is a reed for every intellectual wind that Satan sends his way. But a man whose heart is joined with the Lord's heart is more than a match for the satanic winds.

The sign of the true God is His humanity. The mark of Satan is his inhumanity. And humanity is personal not generic. In fact, it is through generic humanity that Satan attacks individual human beings. Robespierre was a humanitarian, an anti-capital capital punishment zealot. In the name of humanity, he felt compelled to kill thousands of individual men and women. And in the 20th century, it was the satanic lovers of generic humanity that set up the Gulags and the abortuaries.

When the institutions of one's society are conservative, when they support the permanent things, a man should support his society. But when a society has institutionalized the satanic hatred of all things human, a man should be a counter-revolutionary. And the most counter-revolutionary thing a man can do is to cling to the "tilled field and hedgerow, linked to the plowed furrow, the frequented pasture, the lane of evening lingerings, the cultivated garden-plot;" the little things, the human things, that are our links to the incarnate God. Our race is important because it is part of our humanity which is connected to His sacred humanity. Our culture is important because it was a result of the union of our humanity with

His humanity. Satan bids us look away from the incarnational aspects of European culture in order to destroy our faith in God and our faith in our own humanity. In Satan's world, which is the modern world, God is an idea devoid of humanity, and man is a universal without a particular race or personality.

Throughout the old and new Testaments, God talks about those who have hardened their hearts against Him. It seems to be the one sin that cannot be forgiven, because the man with the hardened heart does not feel the need for forgiveness; he only sees other sinners who impede his attempts to make the world conform to his idea of a perfect universe. The liberal will always be at war with the Christian European because his world is Satan's world and the European's world is Christ's world. The merciless and the merciful will forever be in conflict.

There is no appeal to the merciless that will move them. They have hardened their hearts into finely chiseled granite. The conservative nationalist publications try to wake up liberals by showing them the results of their policies and their effect on individual human beings. That doesn't work because the liberals do not see or care about individual human beings. They don't care about the murder of white people. They care about the idea of the noble savage and the multi-colored society. In the face of the atrocities in the New Orleans Superdome, the liberals were not angered by the black savagery, they were only angry at the whites in the surrounding areas who armed themselves against the black barbarians. Such actions of self-defense are viewed by the liberals as heresy, because in the liberals' satanic utopia there are no bad black men, only racist whites.

Modern liberalism was built patiently and carefully by a satanic mind infinitely more brilliant than any mortal man. Miss Havisham in Dickens' novel *Great Expectations* educates Estella in exactly the same way Satan has educated the liberals.

'I begin to think,' said Estella, in a musing way, after another moment of calm wonder, 'that I almost understand how this comes about. If you had brought up your adopted daughter wholly in the dark confinement of these rooms, and had never let her know that there was such a thing as the daylight by which she has never once seen your face - if you had done that, and then, for a purpose had wanted her to understand the daylight and know all about it, you would have been disappointed and angry?'

Miss Havisham, with her head in her hands, sat making a low moaning, and swaying herself on her chair, but gave no answer.

'Or,' said Estella, '- which is a nearer case - if you had taught her, from the dawn of her intelligence, with your utmost energy and might, that there was such a thing as daylight, but that it was made to be her enemy and destroyer, and she must always turn against it, for it had blighted you and would else blight her; - if you had done this, and then, for a purpose, had wanted her to take naturally to the daylight and she could not do it, you would have been disappointed and angry?'

Of course Miss Havisham cannot be consistent; she wants Estella to be hard toward everyone and everything but her. Satan is consistent. He doesn't want the love of his liberal children; he only wants their obedience. And he has that.

No appeal to white self-interest will work, because liberals have no race or faith. Only a man who believes that his race is an element of his personality which is connected to his God cares about the extinction of his race. The white race did not conquer the world because individual whites were smarter, swifter, or stronger than the people of other races. They conquered because they loved their God while those of other races only propitiated their gods. The summons of the fiery cross will only be answered by men with hearts of fire. One particular, personal God, and only that God, is capable of setting hearts on fire. No matter how small the white remnant, and no matter how numerous the foe, the men with the hearts of fire will keep Satan at bay until He comes to lead the final charge.

I once, while traveling in England, attended an Anglican service in which the old Book of Common Prayer was still in use. One prayer in particular made a deep impression on me, because it expressed what I felt in my heart: the futility of philosophical speculation and the invincibility of a heart centered on Him.

Almighty God, which dost make the minds of all faithful men to be of one will: Grant unto thy people, that they may love the thing which thou commandest, and desire that which thou dost promise; that among the sundry and manifold changes of the world, our hearts may surely there be fixed, where as true joys are to be found; through Jesus Christ our Lord. +

Easter - APRIL 11, 2009

I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that He shall stand at the latter day upon the earth; And though worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God. For now is Christ risen from the dead, the first-fruits of them that sleep.

I see that the liberals of Newsweek, with the impeccable good taste we can expect from liberals, ran a lead article on the decline of Christianity. The "conservatives" immediately responded with their rebuttals, saying that "76% of Americans were still Christians." This is not a complex issue. Christianity is not just in decline, it no longer is the faith of more than a

small percentage of Europeans. I think the confusion arises when we simply count those who attend Christian churches and then proclaim the attendees Christians. But the rationalist Christianity of the churches is not Christianity. One frequently hears from such “Christians” that they don’t believe in Christ’s resurrection from the dead, original sin, or the divinity of Christ; nevertheless, they call themselves Christians. “After all, who’s to say what constitutes a Christian?”

There is no absolute date when Christianity ceased to be the faith of the European people. I use 1914 as the date when Christianity was no longer the faith of the vast majority of the Europeans, and 1965 as the date when the Europeans abandoned the morals, such as chastity and respect for life in the womb, which stemmed from a belief in Christianity. Every evil of the modern world – legalized abortion, sexual promiscuity, the West’s suicidal surrender to the colored races, the Moslemization of Europe – all stem from the fact that Europeans no longer believe that Christ rose from the dead.

There is no simple cure for the unbelief of the modern European. It’s not a case of handing out more Bibles or writing more books such as Frank Morrison’s magnificent *Who Moved the Stone*. The European’s heart is stone; he is not interested in hearing the case for Christ. Why? Shouldn’t everyone be interested in Christ’s resurrection from the dead? Is it not the only event in history that should command the attention and interest of the entire human race? In the face of death, what hope have we but our faith in Him and the resurrection of the dead?

Take, he said, the belief in immortality, which, according to some men, is a matter of mild indifference. It is really a belief which affects our whole conception of the human race. Consider, he said, the carnage of war, with its pile of unnumbered corpses. It must make some matter to us whether, according to our serious belief, each man has died like a dog, and left nothing in the way of a personal existence behind him, or “whether out of every Christian-named portion of that ruinous heap there has gone forth into the air and the dead-fallen smoke of battle some astonished condition of soul unwillingly released.”

- John Ruskin quoted in W. H. Mallock’s *Memoirs of Life and Literature*

What has happened in the past one hundred years to make Europeans discard the faith of their ancestors? Maybe we can answer that question if we ask the reverse question: What made the Europeans believe in Christ’s resurrection from the dead? They believed because they loved Him. He set their hearts on fire with His life and death. The Europeans ceased to believe when they lost the capacity to love. And we lose the capacity to love when we detach our minds from our hearts. Unamuno put it so well -- detached reason is indeed a whore. What was Satan, who roams the world seeking the ruin of souls, trying to accomplish by tempting Adam and Eve? He was trying to destroy the filial heart-to-heart relationship they had with God. And he succeeded. He got them to think about God as a competitor. He enjoined them to fix their minds on the forbidden fruits of the natural world in order to become God’s equal. The modern European has reverted to the ethos of the old Adam, and he has institutionalized original sin. Because he no longer believes in original sin, he is incapable of seeing the consequences of seeking to be God’s equal.

The older European civilization was not utopia. It was only a pale imitation of the kingdom of heaven. But it was in line with God’s kingdom. The values that Europeans held dear were the same values He held dear. Can the modern European make the same claim for the civilization which he has built? Is God a race-mixer, an abortionist, an atheist? What is the hymn of the modern European? His hymn is, “Science has spoken: The dead shall not be raised, and we have no need to be changed, for we are perfect. The corrupt are the recalcitrant Christians and they shall be changed or slain.”

In contrast, let’s listen to the voice of the antique European:

“The trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed. For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality.”

Let me close with a fragment from Andrew Lytle’s memoir, *A Wake for the Living*:

These men and my ancestors and their neighbors are all ghosts now. All of them await somewhere the union with their true substance. I have not in pagan fashion called their shades up to lap the blood of life and reveal secrets I would like to know. But I do ask of them a compassionate sympathy for my ignorance in recalling them to mind. I ask it in language I can never imitate but only invoke, for our inheritance in the life Everlasting.

"Bring us, O Lord God, at our last awakening into the house and gate of Heaven, to enter into that gate and dwell in that house, where there shall be no darkness nor dazzling, but one equal light, no noise nor silence but one equal music, no fears nor hopes but one equal possession, no ends nor beginning but one equal eternity, in the habitation of thy Majesty and thy glory, world without end. Amen."

Beyond the Cruel Thorns - APRIL 04, 2009

After many, many years a brave young prince came into that land. An old man told him the story of the thicket of thorns, and how a beautiful palace stood behind it in which a very beautiful princess, named Rosebud, lay sleeping along with all

her court. He told, too, how he had heard from his grandfather that many, many princes had come and had tried to break through the thicket, but had become entangled in the cruel thorns and perished.

But the young prince said, "I am not afraid. I will go and see this lovely sleeping beauty."

Writing in 1944 Herbert Butterfield made the point in *The Englishman and His History* that whenever the English had a revolution it was to restore their "ancient Saxon liberties." Butterfield goes on to say that no two Englishmen could agree on the exact starting date of the ancient Saxon liberties, nor could any two Englishmen agree on exactly what the ancient liberties were. Nevertheless, the English people always rebelled in the name of the ancient liberties. Butterfield thought that this uniquely English way of rebelling had been very beneficial to the English people, because by citing the ancient liberties when they revolted they always kept a bridge to the past. Dickens described the very conservative English style of change in *Nicholas Nickleby*:

The first act of Nicholas, when he became a rich and prosperous merchant, was to buy his father's old house. As time crept on, and there came gradually about him a group of lovely children, it was altered and enlarged; but none of the old rooms were ever pulled down, no old tree was ever rooted up, nothing with which there was any association of bygone times was ever removed or changed.

In contrast to the English, the French, in 1789, burnt all their bridges to the past. And in every subsequent revolution they revolted in the name of the future, not the past. The French revolutionists were the forerunners of the modern liberal who asks, "Why should we maintain bridges to the past?" We should not, if we believe as the liberals do that in the past is racism, sexism, puritanism, etc. But if we believe that the past contains the social customs and codes of behavior that stemmed from Christianity, then we as Christians should want to maintain the bridges to the past.

Unfortunately what Butterfield admired in the English people, an innate conservatism that kept them connected to the past, no longer exists in the English people. They have joined the French, the Americans, and the rest of the European people who have jettisoned their pasts in the name of an utopian future. The principles of the French revolution are now the principles of every European country.

The essence of the French Revolution was its godlessness. Reason, who, as Unamuno tells us, is always a whore, was made into a goddess, and abstract humanity was triumphant over the individual men of flesh, blood, and bone.⁽¹⁾ Speaking for the opposition was Edmund Burke: "I hate abstractions," and Sir Walter Scott:

An established system is not to be tried by those tests which may with perfect correctness be applied to a new theory. A civilized nation, long in possession of a code of law, under which, with all its inconveniences, they have found means to flourish, is not to be regarded as an infant colony, on which experiments in legislation may, without much danger of presumption, be hazarded. A philosopher is not entitled to investigate such a system by those ideas which he has fixed in his own mind as the standard of possible excellence. The only unerring test of every old establishment is the effect it has actually produced, for that must be held to be good, from whence good is derived. The people have, by degrees, moulded their habits to the law they are compelled to obey; for some of its imperfections, remedies have been found, to others they have reconciled themselves; till, at last, they have, from various causes, attained the object which the most sanguine visionary could promise to himself from his own perfect unembodied system. (cited in *The Conservative Mind* as: Lockhart, Scott, III, 305-6)

Whenever the satanic principles of the French Revolution predominate, there is race-mixing and atheism. They are inseparable, because Satan hates the incarnate, Christian culture of the European people. Faith cannot exist in the abstract. It must have a local habitation. It must take root in a people. If there is no such thing as a distinct people, then there can be no distinct God. Genuine, concrete, non-abstract human beings are the conduits for God's grace; generic humanity is without grace. The Europeans no longer see Christ as the one true God because they no longer see anything in the particular. Abstracted, desiccated liberals do not see Europeans as a unique people with a special heritage. And they do not see the Christian God as a unique God separate from all other gods. There are no distinctions! Everything and everybody has been blended into a universal melting pot. But of course "some are a little more equal." In the absence of Christianity, the unbrave rationalists rule without mercy or pity:

The Législatif had not been long in session when tidings of the great negro rising in San Domingo began to arrive in France; tidings coupled with frantic appeals for aid which grew in intensity and volume. Blanchelande's initial report on the situation estimated six thousand regular troops, fifteen thousand stand of arms, and an immense matériel of war as the absolute minimum required to save San Domingo from destruction. And these colonial appeals were vigorously endorsed by the Civil Commissioners recently sent from France. Their very first letter emphasized the need of large and speedy succors, and their recommendations grew more insistent with every despatch sent home. When on February 20, 1792, the Colonial Assembly drew up an appeal for twenty thousand troops, the Commissioners appended their earnest endorsement. "Twenty thousand men," it reads, -- "this figure, we certify, is but the absolute necessity."

But against these appeals the Jacobins and the “Amis des Noirs” set themselves like flint, and in fact succeeded in preventing the despatch of any real aid to San Domingo. They first denied the existence of the insurrection, declaring it a ruse to assure a Royalist asylum over-seas; then, when forced to admit the fact, they branded it as the work of émigrés. “The massacres,” cried Brissot triumphantly, “began on the 21st of August; -- just at the moment when the news had arrived of the King’s flight to Varennes. Evidently they were organized by the Counter-Revolutionists.” Month after month frantic letters and petitions poured by hundreds into the Hall of Assembly, and these not only from over-seas, but also from thousands of Frenchmen reduced to ruin and trembling for the lives of kindred in San Domingo. These appeals, coupled with the horrors contained in every report from the island, might well have moved hearts of stone; --but not the hearts of the Jacobin opposition. Time after time a grim tragi-comedy was enacted on the floor of the Assembly. Some fresh batch of reports and petitions on San Domingo would move moderate members to propose the sending of aid. Instantly the Jacobins would be upon their feet with a wealth of fine phrases, patriotic suspicions, and a whole armory of nullifying amendments and motions to adjourn; -- the whole backed by gallery threats to the moderate proponents. And in the end, nothing would be done.

-- *The French Revolution in San Domingo* by T. Lothrop Stoddard

The white liberals in America and Europe look at Obama’s ascendancy to the Presidency and say, “See, nothing bad happens when blacks rule; in fact, that good darkie is doing everything we tell him to do.” What the liberals (and I need not say ‘white liberals’ because liberalism is alien to every other race) fail to comprehend is that black people respect only power. They will go with whoever has power. And Obama realizes that white liberals are still the ruling power in the United States. So long as he goes along with what his white masters want, he will be petted and stroked, loved and worshipped by his indulgent white masters. But if you were to place the Obama in South Africa or Rhodesia, you would see exactly what the French witnessed in San Domingo and exactly what the white South Africans and white Rhodesians are witnessing now: the wholesale extermination of whites. The American and European liberals who are now over 60 years of age will probably never live to see the night of sorrows when their “good” darkies take off their masks, but their “quality” children and grandchildren will. And then, those children and grandchildren will call upon white men to save them. Will there be any left by that time? There will be if we, the white Christian remnant, have left behind sons who believe in the non-abstracted Europe of Walter Scott and Edmund Burke, and not the abstract, dystopian Europe of Liberalism.

Of course there may never be a dramatic apocalyptic extermination of the whites. There is already an incremental extermination going on now which might be sufficient. We are seeing, in this monster called the modern world, cruelty beyond anything the world has ever witnessed before. On the one hand the barbarians are loose again, after centuries of being restrained by Christian Europeans. And on the other hand, in addition to the barbarian cruelty, is the cruelty of the new white techno-barbarian. He doesn’t kill with the blood lust of the barbarian. He kills with cold, bloodless detachment. His new religion of reason is beyond love and mercy. He can consign a whole race, his own race, to death and oblivion. He can consign millions upon millions of babies to die in abortuaries. And he can calmly watch millions of ‘collateral damage’ human beings be executed in saturation bombing raids. All this the modern techno-barbarian can do because he is no longer a European; he is an inhuman man of the future. He is the Übermensch of Nietzsche’s demented dream.

Against the nightmare world of modernity stands the last European, the Christian hero. He is now a rogue male. His hand is against every man and every man’s hand is against him. Since he has not burnt his bridges to the past, he is in possession of a secret that the barbarian and the liberal and even Satan himself can never possess. The Christian hero knows that the hopeless causes are not hopeless. They only appear hopeless to those who see Christianity from the outside. The prince in the fairy tale story of “Sleeping Beauty” is undeterred by the thicket of thorns because he possesses the knowledge of all Christian heroes: his King and kinsman will never abandon him; ‘Lo, I am with you always even unto the end of the world.’ +

(1) “Whatever Reason may tell us—that great liar who has invented, for the consolation of failures, the doctrine of the golden mean, the aurea mediocritas, the ‘neither envied nor envying’ and other such nonsense—whatever Reason may tell us—and she is not only a liar but a great whore—in our innermost soul, which we now call the Unconscious, with a capital U, in the depths of our spirit, we know that in order to avoid becoming, sooner or later, nothing, the best course to follow is to attempt to become all.”

-- *Abel Sanchez* by Miguel de Unamuno

So Ancient and So New - MARCH 29, 2009

“The water which has been refused to the cry of the weary and dying, is unholy, though it had been blessed by every saint in heaven; and the water which is found in the vessel of mercy is holy, though it had been defiled with corpses.” – *The King of the Golden River*

There are things we understand organically, things that are inside of us, and other things we can only comprehend from the outside, by observation. Let me use the example of homosexuality. When I was a young man, thankfully homosexual men were still in the closet. In fact, I don't think in my teen years I could have given an accurate definition of a homosexual. By the time I entered my college years, however, homosexuals were being encouraged to come out of their closets, and I was then forced to acknowledge that, strange as it might seem to me, there were men who desired to be with men in the way I desired to be with women. But as a heterosexual I was not a minority of one, so I don't recall being particularly upset that some men were not heterosexual.

It was a different case with my religious orientation. I lost and regained my childhood faith while in the belly of the beast called academia. My "teachers" undermined Christianity, but in the Library there were antique books that existed side by side with those of the despoilers. Men like Walter Scott, William Shakespeare, and Le Fanu told a different story than the philosophical speculators. My nihilism then gave way to the very elemental faith -- let's call it the 'Little Town of Bethlehem' faith -- of my European ancestors. (1)

Man is a very social animal. Having come to believe in that faith which is "so ancient and so new," I sought fellowship, not only in church but in society. And in both church and society I had to confront the fact that what I believed about God and the European culture, which showed me the face of Christ, was not the organic belief of any of my fellow Europeans.

The new Europeans had broken with the past that was the source of my new found faith. The Europeans of the older times looked on the Christian faith as an epic poem with Christ as the Hero. Through His incarnation, crucifixion, death, and resurrection, He revealed to men the humanity of God and the divine element of humanity. Man was the centerpiece of God's creation, a personality of infinite value. But in the new Christianity, which cut across all denominational lines, Christ was the great Illuminator; He came not to set hearts on fire, but to enlighten men's minds. The new Christianity was a mathematical system, and the elect were the men who could figure that system out.

I've never been able to understand, from inside, why mathematical, cosmic Christianity is more appealing to modern Europeans than the poetic, fairy tale Christianity of the Europeans of the past. But I have to acknowledge that it is because that is the faith they preach and practice.

Let's place the faith of our European ancestors up against the faith of the modern Europeans. Our ancestors believed that heaven visited earth in the form of Jesus Christ, and through a divine act of charity He bound our hearts to His heart. All that we know of God and our fellow man comes from our hearts which He set on fire. This is why the folktales of the European people always stress the miraculous powers of a human heart that is connected to the divine heart: "Charity never faileth."

In contrast to the way of charity, the way of the Third Dumb Brother of the European fairy tale, is a religion that exalts the superior intellect. God does not impart to human hearts, He enlightens human minds, or at least some human minds. "You too can become one of the illuminated" is the call to which modern Christians respond. And in such a religion there is no need to stay connected to a particular people's past. In fact there is no such thing as a people, either as a group or as individuals; there is only illuminated minds connected to other illuminated minds. The white man is not committing suicide because he has lost his mind; he is committing suicide because he has lost his heart. It is in the coffin he built for the fairy tale faith of his European ancestors.

I found the folklorists of Europe left a trail of bread crumbs that led back to the cottage of the Son of God. Their apologetics of the hearth and the heart was the same as the one He used when He walked the earth. His apologetics consisted of a story about a hero (our Lord was the hero of His story) woven around dogmas illustrated by stories.

Why does the use of stories and parables mark a work as inferior apologetics and lacking in serious moral purpose? In illuminated circles such a work is labeled "natural" and thus inferior to the supernatural works of the Doctors of Theology, but by such a standard the Gospels would be considered inferior apologetics, and Christ a second-rate theologian.

The false assumption of the illuminated apologist is that reason alone stands unpolluted by original sin. This is false. Our reason is not meant to be separated from the rest of our being; it is only when we seek Christ with our heart, soul, and mind, that we can attain a vision (through a glass darkly) of the true God.

Genuine apologetics must be like the old apologetics of our Lord, showing us a vision of the true God through the use of parable, story, and the image of the Hero. When the central dogma of Christ incarnate, Christ crucified, Christ risen is still strongly present in the consciousness of the reader, the story of the Christ-like hero (such as Zorro or the Scarlet Pimpernel) is sufficient without the dogma. But when the central dogma of Western civilization has receded from the consciousness of men, the dogma must be more explicit. C. S. Lewis, in his *Chronicles of Narnia*, gives us the new-old

apologetics for the 21st century. He makes explicit what writers such as Kenneth Grahame, Walter Scott, and Joseph Le Fanu were saying implicitly.

There will be many who will quarrel over the artistic merits of a work of literature that makes such an explicit case for the Christian Faith. But such individuals do not understand that all art is religious. There is no such thing as a work of art without a religious vision. The vision is the work of art. What makes a work of art didactic in the pejorative sense is the nature of the religious vision conveyed. Frances Hodgson Burnett's novel, *The Secret Garden*, is not offensive because she writes about God; her novel is offensive because her god is a pantheistic, Buddha-type of God.

Many Catholics are particularly hostile to fairy tale apologetics. The reason Tolkien thought Narnia childish and vulgar was because he was raised in the "old" Catholic school (which was of course really a very modern school), which taught that art and religion were in separate categories, the one in the natural order, and the other in the supernatural order. But that is a false division. God does not just exist on the Mt. Sinai of the theologians, nor should apologetics be left to the professionals.

C. S. Lewis's regress was a regress to fairy tale Christianity. After discovering the limitations of the more traditional apologetics, which he did quite well, he wrote the great work of Christian apologetics in Narnia. He broke through the Thomistic separation of the natural and the supernatural and told us a really true fairy tale of how we can learn to love God in this world and live happily ever after with Him in the next. He kept it simple for the peasants like myself, without compromising the dogma.

There is nothing written in stone that says apologetics must be dull, mathematical, unmetaphorical, unimaginative, and unintelligible. The use of parables and stories in one's apologetics should not disqualify a work from the ranks of "serious" apologetics. In fact, it is my contention that a really effective apologia for the Faith should incorporate the heroic fairy tale traditions of Europe and the Gospels. And because our current anti-civilization does not consciously recognize the central dogma of our old civilization, the new apologetics will make it clear for whom the cross on the knight's breastplate stands. It stands for the Christ, who was and is the source of the blood faith of the non-illuminated European people. +

(1) There are two types of faith that I can honestly say entered my blood. The first was the fairy tale Christianity of my childhood and my adulthood, and the second was nihilism, which is more an absence of faith, of my late teens and early twenties. All other modes of thought and feeling I understand as an outside observer.

Rationalist Christianity does not move me in the slightest. Nor do the various nature religions. And neo-paganism? If man is merely a biological specimen as the neo-pagans maintain, then why should I care whether white or black vegetable matter predominates over the other? A person's skin color matters only if his racial identity is part of his soul, which is a thing divine and which belongs to God. "Nearer My Genes to Me" is not a very inspiring hymn.

At the Last Trump - MARCH 21, 2009

All torment, trouble, wonder, and amazement,
Inhabits here. Some heavenly power guide us
Out of this fearful country!

"We are enow yet living in the field, To smother up the English in our throngs, if any order might be thought upon." Thus spoke the Duke of Orleans at the battle of Agincourt, but of course no order was thought upon, and the French suffered one of the biggest 'upset' losses in military history.

The cry of the conservative, nationalists for the past thirty years has been the same as that of the Duke of Orleans: "There are still enough white people left to turn back the colored tide if whites will only band together as a racial unit and vote white." And if wishes were horses, then beggars would ride. White people are not going to band together and act as a racial unit, because they are a unique race of people; they, and they alone, built a Christian civilization, and they, and they alone, have built a post-Christian civilization. No white solidarity movement can be successful that does not take the white man's religion into account. You can't simply condemn it, as the neo-pagans do, nor can you leave it aside and put your faith in the democratic process, as the 'Founding Father' type conservatives do. Christ is our Promethean fire; without Him there is no hearth for the European.

The difference between a pagan's love for his own race and a Christian's love for his own race is a difference in intensity. Just as shame turns to guilt and kindness to charity in a Christian culture, so does pride of race turn to love of race in a Christian culture. What is missing in the pagans' pride of race is a fully developed appreciation for the human personality.

Only the Christian can be fully aware of the divinity within man, because only the Christian is linked to the divine personality.

Even though there are great differences in degree between the white pagan gods and the black barbarian gods, they all, in the end, are of the same kind: they are nature gods. Pagan man is ultimately alone in the jungle. He has the sun in the morning and moon at night, but he has no personal God who cares whether he lives or dies. Love for one's race under such a canopy is a futile, desperate, despairing love. "I can't survive death, but my race will survive and keep my name alive." Who cares about such a survival? Only the incredibly superficial. The men of depth, such as Sophocles, say, "It is better never to have been born than to suffer such a fate."

The white man could not rest content with paganism. He stepped away from the heathen gods and went looking for the God above the gods. The blind Oedipus called his brethren to see beyond Mt. Olympus, beyond Aristotle, beyond Plato, to the God who set the apostles' hearts on fire on the road to Emmaus. The traditional faith of the European, and still the faith of the traditional European, was that He and He alone is waiting for us at the crossroad of life and death. As Le Fanu so eloquently says, we have only His promise and no other. The nature gods, seemingly so full of life and vitality when we are full of life and vitality, are lifeless and mute when our life's blood has ebbed and we are in our death agony. Then it is only His life and His vitality that sustains us and His voice that we hear, which brings us to the great divide. The Thomistic revolt, as the great Russian Vladimir Solovyov pointed out, is a return to nature; the revolt constitutes a denial of the link between God and man. God is no longer in man; He is in nature. And man is once again alone with only nature as his comforter. Of course man still has the idea of God, but he no longer possesses God. God still imparts to human hearts, but if men's hearts are closed because their minds are bound by nature, He cannot enter in.

The modern anti-white, anti-Christian Christian is simply carrying the logic of scholasticism to its ultimate conclusion. One doesn't have to reject God in order to be a modern Christian atheist. One merely has to reserve the right to make God anything which the individual, autonomous man wants Him to be. And man also becomes whatever the modern scholastic wants him to be. I was forced to confront this type of post-Christian Christianity when I was involved in the pro-life movement. If one took a Christian peasant's view of the matter, the abortion issue was quite simple: abortion was murder. "I was cast upon thee from the womb: thou art my God from my mother's belly." But to a Thomist who has no touchstone of reality, no blood relationship with God, but has only his unaided, rational contemplation of the natural world, it is not simple. Let's listen to a "conservative" Thomist, Will Lester S. J., using Aquinas to justify legalized abortion:

The traditional, philosophical argument for man's life beginning at the moment of fertilization centers around the theory that the "form" of the material being, which gives the body life and guides it through development, must be one and the same throughout the beings' existence. But since the "form" of the developed man is demonstrably the intellectual soul, that soul must be present from the moment of fertilization and that moment must mark the beginning of man's life as a human with all his rights. However, I am inclined to deny the need for a material being having one and the same soul throughout its existence. Rather I think Aquinas was correct in saying, "At first the embryo has a soul which is merely sensitive (capable of sense perception) and when this is taken away, it is supplanted by a more perfect soul which is both sensitive and intellectual." (*Summa*, I, q. 76, a.3, ad 3...)

It is certain of course, that an intellectual soul is immaterial and subsistent and therefore cannot be generated; it can only be created. A sensitive soul, though, can be generated. Now, it seems to me that a sensitive soul, generated by humans, should suffice for human bodily development; then, after the brain developed sufficiently, the sensitive soul would be supplanted by an intellectual one bringing human life.

For one thing, it seems unreasonable that an intellectual soul which needs a material brain for its peculiar activity would be present before the brain would be usable even for the most rudimentary tasks. But without an activity peculiar to itself, the soul would have no sufficient reason for existence and therefore could not exist. The fact, too, that identical twins are formed by the splitting of what was once a one-cell, fertilized ovum argues against the one-cell zygote having intellectual soul. After all, an intellectual soul can neither co-inform the same body with another intellectual soul nor be split into two.

Also, the supplanting of a less perfect soul for the more perfect is consonant with the theory, which seems to be definitely true, that brain death constitutes the death of man. Except the process is in reverse. When the body can no longer be useful to the intellectual soul, that soul leaves; yet the body still accommodates a less perfect soul capable, at least, of nourishment.

Supplanting also appears to be accepted on principle by traditional theologians who rather unanimously allow for a limited evolution. They work on the supposition that if evolution were a fact and man evolved from an animal, the souls of a male and female near-human animal were finally supplanted by two intellectual souls and the resulting two persons became the parents of us all.

Furthermore, scientists Arthur Hertig and John Rock tell us, and their statements seem to be scientifically accurate, that 58% of all fertilized human eggs are lost within the first two weeks. They simply do not make it down the fallopian tubes or are not properly implanted on the wall of the uterus. (Later some 11% more are lost. Only 31% actually come to birth.) Now it seems unbecoming God's providence that all those one-cell and few-celled beings which are lost should be immortal humans.

If my conclusions are correct, then direct, intentional abortion at the earliest stages of development would not be the moral evil of murder but of illicit birth control.

--from *Morality Anyone?* by William Lester, S. J., Arlington House, 1975

Contained in Lester's convoluted justification of abortion is the reason why the white race is committing suicide. The mind of man, when detached from the Promethean heat of Christ's loving heart, can and does make itself an artificial fantasy world. Reality is what the mind of man says it is. If autonomous man declares a baby is not a baby, then it is not a baby. And conversely, if autonomous man says there is no such thing as race, then there is no such thing as race. Babies and white people can be summoned or eliminated at a whim. When a baby is chosen, then it exists. When it is not chosen, it is a fetus. White people are a race when liberals want a race to blame the ills of mankind on; white people are not a race when liberals want to integrate schools and intermarry. Then, of course, there is no such thing as race. It's all quite neat, if you're a modern, post-Christian rationalist. Your fantasy world is the world.

Where does all this leave the European, incarnational Christian who knows that babies are babies no matter how un-intellectual they are; and that race does matter just as Christ's incarnation matters? It leaves him on the outside fringes of the civilization built by his ancestors, who believed as he did about race and about God. And nothing will make the incarnational Christian an insider again. White Christian Europe is no more. It is no longer the eleventh hour; the clock has struck midnight. Antique Europeans are now a minority in a new Babylon.

To say I bleed and weep for the death of Christian Europe would be a gross understatement. I have no words to describe my feelings on the subject. But no amount of bleeding or weeping on my part will bring Europe back. Or will it? Is there really a distinction between the poetic realm and the practical realm? In the poetic realm, His realm, nothing that is eternal dies. So Europe still lives just as Professor Kirk's old home in the country still lives:

"Why!" exclaimed Peter. "It's England. And that's the house itself—Professor Kirk's old home in the country where all our adventures began!"

"I thought that house had been destroyed," said Edmund.

"So it was," said the Faun. "But you are now looking at the England within England, the real England just as this is the real Narnia. And in that inner England no good thing is destroyed."

By declaring that eternal Europe still lives I am not in any way trying to diminish the tragedy of the emergence of a new Babylon where Europe once was. But I am pointing out that there is no conflict between the practical measures a white European should pursue in order to cleanse his nation of liberals and barbarians and the poetic connection he should maintain to eternal Europe. The European must see the conflict in its entirety, as a war against principalities and powers. While doing everything he can in the temporal realm, he must realize that no matter how outwardly unsuccessful his efforts may seem it is of eternal significance that he remain faithful in his heart and soul to eternal Europe. Never abandon the white plume, because it is through the white plume of Europe that we stay connected to Christ. (1)

The neo-pagan, the conservative nationalist, and the liberal have all returned to the worship of Baal. The two former groups want to dispute turf rights with the barbarians of color while the latter group wants to blend with them. But all three groups have left Christian Europe behind. The good Christian Duke and his loyal followers have been banished to the Forest of Arden, where they are beginning to learn that "Sweet are the uses of adversity..." It is better to stand with a few kindred spirits, or even to stand alone, than to worship the merciless gods of nature.

Love cannot be forced, and the sad fact is that the modern European detests the God whom his ancestors loved. One can try to excuse them by saying the churches misrepresented Christ and it is only the misrepresentation which the modern European hates. But the true face of Christ is present in the culture of the older white Europeans, and modern Europeans hate that culture. So we are faced with a tragedy. The Europeans were the true Jews, the faithful remnant who saw Christ and believed. Now they have become the pharisaical Jews who have hardened their hearts against Him. What chance does an incarnational Christian have against such implacable foes? Well, what chance did He have against the same foes? And are we not His people? Surely if we are as faithful to His Europe as Ratty is to the European river we will not be forsaken. (2) There is no ultimate conflict between practical truth and poetic truth; the two seemingly contradictory modes of existence are blended together in the beautiful poetry of the Christian faith, which begins in a lowly manger and ends in His heavenly Kingdom. +

(1)
CYRANO. I can see him there -- he grins --
He is looking at my nose -- that skeleton--
What's that you say? Hopeless? -- Why, very well!

--But a man does not fight merely to win!
 No -- no -- better to know one fights in vain!
 ...You there -- Who are you?
 A hundred against one --I know them now, my ancient enemies--
 [He lunges at the empty air.]
 Falsehood! ... There! There! Prejudice --
 Compromise --Cowardice -- [Thrusting]
 What's that? No! Surrender?
 No! Never -- never!
 ... Ah, you too, Vanity!
 I knew you would overthrow me in the end --
 No! I fight on! I fight on! I fight on!
 [He swings the blade in great circles, then pauses, gasping.
 When he speaks again, it is in another tone.]
 Yes, all my laurels you have riven away
 And all my roses; yet in spite of you,
 There is one crown I bear away with me,
 And to-night, when I enter before God,
 My salute shall sweep all the stars away
 From the blue threshold! One thing without stain,
 Unspotted from the world, in spite of doom
 Mine own!—
 [He springs forward, his sword aloft.]

[The sword escapes from his hand; he totters, and
 falls into the arms of LE BRET and RAGUENEAU.]

ROXANE. [Bends over him and kisses him on the forehead.] --That is...

CYRANO. [Opens his eyes and smiles up at her.]
 My white plume...

(2)
 "I beg your pardon," said the Mole, pulling himself together with an effort. "You must think me very rude; but all this is so new to me. So—this—is—a—River!"
 "The River," corrected the Rat.
 "And you really live by the river? What a jolly life!"
 "By it and with it and on it and in it," said the Rat. "It's brother and sister to me, and aunts, and company, and food and drink, and (naturally) washing. It's my world, and I don't want any other. What it hasn't got is not worth having, and what it doesn't know is not worth knowing."

The Fiery Furnace - MARCH 14, 2009

It is requir'd
 You do awake your faith. Then all stand still;

The very best way to discern whether one belongs in a particular Christian organization is to determine whether the organization's image of Christ is compatible with your own. "What think ye of Christ?" is indeed the question of these wars. When the dialectal approach to religion rules as it currently does in the organized churches, it becomes very hard not to choose the lesser of two evils because two false evil images of Christ are the only images presented. I found that I was not in sympathy with the liberal Catholics or with the traditionalist Catholics. The liberals claim Christ is like Mr. Softie (of ice cream fame), and the traditionalists claim he is like Mr. Murdstone of *David Copperfield*. But is He with either of these groups?

The liberals would have Him be soft on sexual license, soft on non-believers, and soft on them. But they do make one exception: when people do not accept their vision of a 'Mr. Softie' Christ, the liberals demand that 'Mr. Softie' hurl the non-believers into outer darkness.

The problem with the 'Mr. Softie' Christ is that He ends up not being strong enough to raise Himself or His followers from the dead. He becomes a kind of Great Gatsby: the nicest man in the world, but a hopeless, powerless figure. This type of Christ suits the liberals' purposes until they are faced with a situation, such as their own death, or the desired condemnation of a conservative creed, at which time they are left out in the cold by their image of Christ.

What the liberals fail to see is that there are occasions when Christ must be tough in order to protect the soft. Those who are soft in their faith must be protected from aggressive Jews, Muslims, neo-pagans, secularists, etc. Hence the ecumenism of a John Paul II-type is a base betrayal of the flock. The physically soft, such as babies in the womb, must also be protected. To fail to be tough in order to protect their softness would run counter to the true image of Christ. He would be tough in their defense. But the liberal Christian will not accept toughness (except when dealing with those with conservative creeds) from their 'Mr. Softie' Christ.

The traditionalists commit a grave error on the other side of the spectrum. Their God is certainly tough. He doesn't take any stuff and nonsense from anyone. And they, in imitation of their God, are tough guys too. They are not 'nice guys' – in fact their lack of 'niceness' is their badge of honor. But just as niceness without doctrinal firmness makes the liberal Christ a 'softie', so does firmness without charity make the traditionalist Christ an anti-Christ, because what the traditionalists fail to comprehend is that Christ was tough for a soft reason.

The liberals are partly right: Christ is merciful, He is forgiving. He did come to save and not to condemn. And yes, the traditionalist is right about Christ's toughness: He did come to define, condemn, and judge. The traditionalist doesn't err because he claims those tough attributes belong to Christ, he errs when he designates the softer qualities as liberal and therefore not part of Christianity.

Is it so difficult to comprehend that the Man-God is tough and strong because he is meek and mild? Yes, it is too difficult, I have noticed, so long as one clings to the dialectic: If $A=B$, and $B=C$, then $C=A$. To the dialectician, bent over his computer, toughness and softness do not compute. Either God is tough with all the attributes of toughness, or He is soft with all the attributes of softness.

But in real life, as distinct from the dialectic, it is quite easy to comprehend a tough God who is soft. We can comprehend such a God by examining our own striving for the heroic ideal. Melville, in his magnificent novel *Pierre*, has his hero, who is about to be married, exert himself in various manly exercises, imagining as he does so, that he might be called upon in the future to protect his meek and mild bride-to-be.

Once more, the sweet unconditional thought of Lucy slid wholly into his soul, dislodging thence all such phantom occupants. Once more he rode, he walked, he swam, he vaulted; and with new zest threw himself into the glowing practice of all those manly exercises, he so dearly loved. It almost seemed in him, that ere promising forever to protect, as well as eternally to love, his Lucy, he must first completely invigorate and embrown himself into the possession of such a noble muscular manliness, that he might champion Lucy against the whole physical world.

One can see that Pierre is trying to become tough for gentle reasons.

Chesterton tells us in one of his works that on his wedding day he went out and purchased a revolver. What an excellent instinct! Like Pierre, Chesterton had the desire to be tough in order to protect softness.

What the liberal Catholic and the traditionalist both try to do is banish all decent Christian feelings from our hearts and souls so that they may plant their new religions in our minds. The liberal Catholic tries to convince us that our nobler instincts to fight for and protect the soft are base, un-ecumenical, and pagan, while the traditionalist tries to tell us that all those Pickwickian instincts of love and charity have nothing to do with Christianity. We must work, we are told, to squash such instincts and cultivate the toughness of a 'tough guy' God. (Although I must note that the traditionalists, like the liberals, permit one exemption from their creed. The traditionalists prefer a tough God until they need mercy and forgiveness, and then, they too want 'Mr. Softie'.)

Now the devil would like us to choose between traditionalist (always distinct from traditional) and liberal Christianity because both versions of Christianity present a distorted view of Christ that serves the devil's purposes. He preys on spiritually sick individuals who have no blood faith and hence no touchstone of reality. He is like an evil conman hanging around the lonely hearts' clubs hoping to bilk lonely women out of their savings. And it is quite lonely without a church, without community. But if one's church and community is without Christ, won't our loneliness in such a church and such a community be all the more acute?

Loneliness is now the permanent condition of an incarnational Christian in the modern world. There is no remedy for it. But the Christian's loneliness can be lessened if he stays connected to the traditional, nonsectarian faith of the European people. The reason the traditionalist and liberal churches cannot support a Christian is because they have abandoned tradition. The traditionalists think tradition consists of Church documents and the works of older theologians. And they cite those documents and those theologians against the liberals' new documents and new theologians. But tradition means so much more than one theologian's ideas or one set of documents. Tradition is the faith of a people in its entirety.

The people's art, their loves, their social structures all express how they feel about God. If a modern Christian finds the older European tradition to be in line with his faith, he should cling to that tradition and reject the Christ-less faith of liberal Christianity and modern traditionalist Christianity. He will still feel lonely, but he will no longer feel God-forsaken. And in traditional European Christianity, there is no Mr. Softie or Mr. Tough Guy. There is only Jesus, true God and true man. His power and his mercy are indivisible and infinite.

I think that the distorted portraits of Christ painted by the modern liberals and the modern traditionalists are the end result of a change in the soul of the European. The focus in a healthy, functioning, Christian soul is on the God-Man, but in a sick, unhealthy soul the focus is on oneself, particularly on those aspects of one's life that shows one to be of the elect. The modern Christian is constantly checking the list to make sure he is fit, tanned, and chosen, because a man who has been dialectically severed from the inner life of God has only outward signs to convince him that he lives in the light. The only difference between the various denominations is with what they choose to verify their elect status.

Thus liberal Catholics are very concerned with having correct opinions on the subject of Negroes and women's rights, but they are very little concerned with adultery and abortion. The conservative Catholics are very concerned about obedience to the Pope, but they are not in the least concerned about the rights of Christ the King or the defense of kith and kin. And the traditionalists are very concerned about the rite of the Mass, but they are not in the least concerned about their inhumane, Christ-insulting creed. It is the feeling of election which has become paramount, and not a respect and love for the living God.

But if modern Christians would look to the older European culture, they would find a remedy for their sick souls. In the traditions of maidenly virtue and hierarchically structured institutions, the liberals would find an answer to their problems of gender and race. In the chivalric traditions of Europe, the conservatives would see how one can be martial yet gentle. And in the daily lives of the European folk, the traditionalists would find a burning light of charity to ward off the dark Nestorian night.

The European people, in structuring a society around the idea of the God-Man, put their faith to the test in the furnace of reality. When their faith came out unscathed, it gave us a touchstone of reality that we avoid at our peril.

True Europeans are in line with Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego:

Then Nebuchadnezzar came near to the mouth of the burning furnace, and spake, and said, Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, ye servants of the most high God come forth, and come hither. Then Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, came forth of the midst of the fire.

What is the unique feature in that account? Is it the fact that the three men were willing to face fire for their God? No, that is a rare thing but not unique. The heathen have courageous men among their ranks who will face fire for their gods. The unique feature in the account is, of course, that Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego did not burn. Their faith withstood the test of fire. This so impressed Nebuchadnezzar (apparently he was more easily impressed than modern churchmen) that he proclaimed:

Therefore I make a decree. That every people, nation, and language, which speak anything amiss against the God of Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, shall be cut in pieces, and their houses shall be made a dunghill: because there is no other god that can deliver after this sort.

Well said, Mr. Nebuchadnezzar. He has punctuated a point that is overlooked by modern Christians: One's faith must be based on reality. Feel-good slogans geared to convince us of our elect status won't cut it. Nebuchadnezzar used to run around with banners about the sun god's warmth and beneficence, but after witnessing Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego's astonishing survival, he became a raging, un-ecumenical convert to the true faith.

Existence is a fiery furnace. We can put our faith to the test during our lives here on earth, like our European forefathers, or we can 'Skip to the Lou' and hide from reality with feel-good slogans. But at the hour of our deaths we will still have to face the fire we avoided our entire lives. King Lear, after living a life based on the wisdom of Hallmark greeting cards, had to face the fire:

You do me wrong to take me out o' the grave—Thou art a soul in bliss; but I am bound, Upon a wheel of fire, that mine own tears do scald like molten lead. +

Thy Life's a Miracle - MARCH 07, 2009

Men must endure,

Their going hence
even as their coming hither;

In the great debate between the Franciscan Bonaventure and the Dominican Aquinas, I stand with the Franciscan. St. Francis's way to God, through vision, through a heart-to-heart relationship with Christ our brother, trumps Aquinas's system (inferring the existence of God through the contemplation of the natural world) every time. And I have noted that the British writers who came from a nation that successfully resisted the over-legalistic and overly rationalistic Roman system were the most Franciscan of all the great writers. (1) The works of Shakespeare, La Fanu, and Scott, for example, are the embodiment of the visionary, heart-to-heart response to God and to God's world that St. Francis espoused. The tragedy of the modern European is that he has abandoned the affective, sympathetic way, or what I call the fairy tale mode of apprehension, for the intellectual, Gnostic approach to existence. Even at this late date if we shift our focus and pay attention to our forefathers, those British Franciscans, we can overcome the Gnosticism of the modern age. (2)

Every Christian century has had its Hamlets, men who were willing to risk everything in combating the Gnostic dragon of modernity. But by the twentieth century the Gnostic dragon had grown to such proportion that the combat against him seemed almost hopeless. Boris Pasternak's character, Dr. Zhivago, is much like Shakespeare's Hamlet, but Zhivago lacks Hamlet's vitality. Zhivago faces a world that is in an advanced stage of Gnostic trichinosis. The people around Zhivago no longer even remember what a non-Gnostic world or a non-Gnostic person was like. And we can't look on Soviet Russia as something separate from the rest of the democratic West. The underlying philosophy of East and West is the same: Gnosticism.

Zhivago is an unlikely hero, being an adulterer and a derelict, but Pasternak is not making a case for adultery or sloth. Zhivago is a moral hero because, despite his sins, he is still trying to hold onto a vision of humanity that holds the particular human person above the abstract principle of humanity. This makes him an unfit companion for the walking, talking, cardboard humans that inhabit his world. He tells them:

"Microscopic forms of cardiac hemorrhages have become very frequent in recent years. They are not always fatal. Some people get over them. It's a typical modern disease. I think its causes are of a moral order. The great majority of us are required to live a life of constant, systematic duplicity. Your health is bound to be affected if, day after day, you say the opposite of what you feel, if you grovel before what you dislike and rejoice at what brings you nothing but misfortune. Our nervous system isn't just a fiction, it's a part of our physical body, and our soul exists in space and is inside us, like the teeth in our mouth. It can't be forever violated with impunity. I found it painful to listen to you, Innokentii, when you told us how you were re-educated and became mature in jail. It was like listening to a circus horse describing how it broke itself in."

"I must stand up for Dudorov," said Gordon. "You've got unused to simple human words, they don't reach you any more."

"It may very well be, Misha. But in any case, you must let me go now. I can hardly breathe. I swear, I'm not exaggerating."

The modern world has institutionalized the worldview of Hamlet's archenemy, Claudius, who thought that the mystery of man could be solved by intellectual dissection. If Claudius were alive today, he would send Hamlet to two psychiatrists called Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

If I were to claim that Freud is psychiatry and psychiatry is Freud, most modern psychiatrists would disagree. They would cite their rejection of the Oedipus complex, penis envy, and Freud's extreme emphasis on the early childhood years. But Freud's essential premise, that man is a glorified ape that can be examined, probed, and analyzed like a laboratory specimen in order to be "cured," is the same as that of all the psychiatrists and psychoanalysts that now say they reject Freud.

And because of Freud's atheistic rationalism, I do not think it is possible to fuse incarnational Christianity and psychology. I know Isaac Stern, the psychiatrist and Roman Catholic convert, advocated such a fusion in his work, *The Third Revolution: A Study of Psychiatry and Religion*, but I do not think the Church's attempt to fuse the two has produced anything beneficial to Christendom. In fact, I think the contrary has been the case. The Church has, under the influence of the psychoanalytic movement, overestimated the healing powers of reason and the conscious mind, which is why the late John Paul II consistently claimed that murderers and child molesters could be rehabilitated.

In addition, the Church's concept that the individual is responsible for his own sin has been, under the influence of psychology, seriously undermined. Instead of blaming an individual for his sin, we now blame social pressures, and/or family influences. I don't deny that individuals have gone to psychiatrists and been helped with some personal problem, but those individuals were helped because the psychiatrist or psychologist overcame the limitations of his discipline to reach out and help a fellow human being. But I completely reject the notion that an individual could be helped in any way, except to slide more easily down to hell, by a trained psychiatrist or psychoanalyst using the insights of his profession.

I think we must, when talking about psychiatry, go beyond the essentially evil condemnation we would hurl at the computer or the automobile, and label the science of psychology as intrinsically evil.

Nor do I think Jung is a psychologist who is “friendly” to Christianity. He was a Freudian, who studied under Freud and then broke with him. And the cause of the break was interesting. It was on the subject of religious dreams and imagery. Freud maintained that all religious belief, especially belief in the Jewish or Christian Faith, was a sickness. He developed this point brilliantly in his book *Moses and Monotheism*. As a story, the book makes for an incredible read, but it so obviously intentionally malicious and lacking in rationality that one stands aghast and asks, “How can a man who claims to believe in scientific objectivity have written such an emotionally charged, fictitious critique of Judaism and Christianity? This man obviously needs psychoanalysis himself.”

You know the thesis that Freud put forward to explain away Judaism and Christianity: A tribe of young men, existing in the primeval mists of time, got together, killed their father and then slept with their mother.

The Jews, Freud contends, repeated primeval man’s sin by killing their father, Moses, in the desert. Christianity was successful, again according to Freud, because it allowed for the relief of the guilt complex from which mankind suffered for the primeval killing of the father. The son died at the request of the father, thus making up for the initial murder of the father.

Of course, Freud’s whole theory falls apart when one simply asks the question, “Why the initial guilt? Why, if man is only a glorified ape, should he feel guilty about killing his father and sleeping with his mother?” When Freud projects a feeling of guilt onto primeval man, he assumes a spiritual dimension to man’s existence that is derived from the religion which he says is a sick delusion.

While still accepting most of Freud’s theories, Jung rejected the notion that religious belief was necessarily a neurosis. He found in his study of dreams that all people had dreams with religious symbols in them. Was everybody then neurotic? Yes, Freud said. No, Jung said.

On the face of it, it would seem that Jung is the friend of religious faith, and that the believer and the seeker can cozy up to him for warmth and protection. “There, there, you are not neurotic or sick like Grandpa Freud says. It is perfectly all right to believe what you believe. Just trust Papa Jung. Here is a candy bar.” And indeed, many Catholic priests and Protestant ministers have cozied up to Jung.

But I would rather have an enemy like Freud than a friend like Jung. I’ll never forget the excitement with which I read Jung’s book, *Modern Man in Search of a Soul*, and that by his disciple, Joseph Campbell, *The Hero with a Thousand Faces*. Nor will I ever forget my disappointment – actually ‘depression’ would describe it better – when I finished the books. Jungian psychology is just pantheism. “Your religion is okay, Mr. Hindu, and yours, Mr. Christian, and yours, Mr. Moslem, and everybody else’s. We are all part of the great cosmic force...” Blah, blah, blah. Just another form of atheism, but more dangerous than Freud’s because it presents itself as benign. I remember screaming at Jung, after reading *Modern Man in Search of a Soul*: “Are you not man like me, subject to death and decay like me? What think you of Christ and His claim, ‘I am the resurrection, and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: And whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die’?”

And to Campbell: “If Christ is not the Hero, above all other heroes, the one to whom the rest of the heroes point, of what use is the hero’s journey? For what purpose does he sally forth?”

Jung and the Jungians are a pantheistic dead end. There is no personal element in their ‘cosmic force,’ and hence no real religion either; nor is there any real religion in all of the psychiatric desert.

It’s all a closed world if we allow the Claudiuses of psychiatry, of philosophy, of theology, of science to assign us a part in their kingdom of the dead. The purveyors of modern Gnosticism come in diverse colors. But they all come from the same multi-colored, seamless garment. The propositional Christian, the Jew, the neo-pagan, and the black barbarian are all united in their hatred of incarnational Christianity, which was not only the religion of St. Francis and Shakespeare, it was the religion of the ordinary European for thousands of years. I don’t see what new revelation the current bred of Gnostics are in possession of to make me or any other European reject the God who took flesh and dwelt among us.

(1) And, therefore, once the Roman conquerors had glutted their first rage for plunder, their main effort was to induce their Western subjects to assimilate Latin life in all its aspects. Their success with the Gauls was permanent, and became the starting point of modern

European history. But in Britain, after a great initial success, they had complete ultimate failure. 'From the Romans who once ruled Britain,' wrote Haverfield, the great student of the archaeology of the occupation, 'we Britons have inherited practically nothing.'

(2) I love the British Franciscans because they seem so focused on Christianity as an incarnational faith rather than as a dialectical philosophy. So many seemingly insoluble problems of dialectical philosophy, such as how God can be both universal and particular, and how He can be both God and Man, are resolved in the person of Christ. Le Fanu expresses this so well in his novel *Uncle Silas*:

"Next day was the funeral, that appalling necessity; smuggled away in whispers, by black familiars, unresisting, the beloved one leaves home, without a farewell, to darken those doors no more; henceforward to lie outside, far away, and forsaken, through the drowsy heats of summer, through days of snow and nights of tempest, without light or warmth, without a voice near. Oh, Death, king of terrors! The body quakes and the spirit faints before thee. It is vain, with hands clasped over our eyes, to scream our reclamation; the horrible image will not be excluded. We have just the word spoken eighteen hundred years ago, and our trembling faith. And through the broken vault the gleam of the Star of Bethlehem. The psalmist reminds us that we walk through the Valley of the Shadow of Death. The saints and poets of incarnational Europe show us that He walks with us through that Valley to the Mountains beyond it."

Breaking the Chains of Superficiality - FEBRUARY 27, 2009

"For the victory of battle standeth not in the multitude of an host, but strength cometh from heaven."

This past summer I got the news that my best friend from my grammar and high school days had died. I was of course surprised and saddened. I hadn't seen Chris or spoken to him since the summer of our senior year in high school when he was on his way to France and I was off to college. On the surface we were rather unlikely friends. He was an honor student, I was not. I was an athlete, he was not. But we shared a certain contempt for, what I shall call it? Let's call it a contempt for the Thomas Gradgrind, 'just-the-facts-ma'am,' educational establishment, and we also shared a love for the poets of print and stage.

I don't remember if it was one of the last times or the very last time I talked with Chris, but I do recall that we had differed on the issue of radicalism. In his senior year Chris had gotten heavily involved with radical politics. He even wore an anti-Vietnam War armband at graduation. In contrast, I did not have the slightest interest in politics. I was too young to see the difference between us then, but looking back on our friendship now I realize that Chris was more of a 'True Believer' than I was. He believed, or wanted to believe, in the radical 'isms'. But I had the same contempt for the Left as I did for what passed as the conservative establishment. In other words, my temptation was nihilism while his was utopianism. But I was very fond of Chris, probably fonder of him than he was of me. He was the type of person who made friends easily.

I heard of Chris now and then through his brother and some mutual friends. He did the Henry Miller routine, living the avant-garde life for many years. About the time of my marriage, I heard he was back in the United States. I was anything but a radical by then, so I thought I would give him some time to divest himself of his avant-garde ways and then I would contact him and talk about how we had both come to believe in the King of Poets, the Christ.

But it was not to be. I got immensely busy raising a family and never did contact him. When I learned of his death, I desperately wanted to find out something about his later life. Against all reason, I just knew that in his later years Chris had become a believer in the Christ of antique Europe. When he had time to reflect on who it was that inspired so many of the poets of Europe, he would, I told myself, most certainly have become a believer. Well, there is always the hope something miraculous went on between Chris and God during his final hours, but the exterior evidence, the organizations to which he belonged, the job he held, all indicated that he had stayed a clichéd radical all of his days.

His death saddened me, but the fact that he had not become what I just knew he would become, was beyond sad. It was devastating. I've had this experience twice now in my life, when I thought that I was heart-and-soul in union with a friend, and then found out we were miles and miles apart. How does that happen? I don't know. I do know that there can be no true friendship if one has not gone through what Thomas Hughes describes in *Tom Brown's School Days*:

"However, you'll all find, if you haven't found it out already, that a time comes in every human friendship when you must go down into the depths of yourself, and lay bare what is there to your friend, and wait in fear for his answer. A few moments may do it; and it may be (most likely will be, as you are English boys) that you never do it but once. But done it must be, if the friendship is to be worth the name. You must find what is there, at the very root and bottom of one another's hearts; and if you are at one there, nothing on earth can, or at least ought to, sunder you."

Of course there was a huge difference between Hughes' traditional society and the one in which Chris and I grew up. In Hughes' world, which was passing away when he wrote *Tom Brown's School Days*, there was no such thing as the adolescent or 'teen' years. You had your boyhood and then manhood. At some time in your boyhood, you had to decide for good or evil. Were you going to adhere to the principles taught in your boyhood or were you going to go against those

principles and forge a new lifestyle and a new faith different from that of your kith and kin? In contrast, the society in which Chris and I grew up did not encourage going down to the depths of one's soul to see what was there. We were encouraged to make career decisions that were practical but not to make those ultimate decisions that turn a boy into a man. "Be true to the dreams of your youth," Melville wrote. And he was right, in the context of a traditional society. In such societies boys form the ideals and beliefs that they will carry into adulthood. But in a non-traditional society, the final years of boyhood are called adolescence, and a boy is encouraged to believe that his childhood was a lie and his manhood will be a sham if he gives up the narcissistic dreams of his adolescence. And no true friendship can be formed when one or both of the friends are in a permanent state of adolescence. If I had not been an adolescent, I would have seen that Chris and I were miles apart, as far apart as Tolstoy, whom he adored, and Dostoyevsky, whom I idolized. But of course we both lacked the necessary powers of discernment to realize that.

It is not a little thing, this failure to get to the heart of oneself and to the heart of those we would call our friends. It is a tragedy. And when we perpetuate adolescence into our adulthood, as King Lear did, our personal tragedy has a ripple effect in society and spawns an infinitude of personal tragedies. The adolescent utopian, when he becomes a teacher, creates more utopian adolescents. And the adolescent, utopian politician creates a whole class of adolescent, utopian adults and calls them his constituents. And on it goes until a society becomes an organized state of permanent adolescence that has no principle to live by except the principle of superficiality. Depth in thought and feeling is forbidden. Any religion is tolerated so long as there is no depth to it. So all religions are tolerated except the one true religion, and all cultures are tolerated except the one culture based on the religion of depth.

And it is not only genuine friendships that disappear under organized, adolescent superficiality. Marriages based on love disappear. There is no "secret sympathy, The silver link, the silken tie, Which heart to heart, and mind to mind, In body and in soul can bind."

How can a man or a woman raised to believe life is an eternal, superficial adolescence unite in a marriage that means something?

The European Christian, the incarnational Christian, must be very careful about this modern business of uniting with a non-Christian, superficial group in order to combat a common enemy. It's a fearful thing to face a multitude of enemies alone, but if we water down our faith, our religion of depth, to be more compatible with our unfriendly allies, won't we lose God's aid in the battle and our souls as well? Organizational, 'idea' Christianity, neo-paganism, organized Jewry, and black barbarism, are all opposed to European, incarnational Christianity. If we pick one anti-Christian group to help us against another anti-Christian group, what have we gained?

I'm not very computer savvy, so I don't always see everything that is put out by white Europeans, but I recently saw an article on the *Vanishing American* blog with which I wholeheartedly agree. In fact, it was the only article I've seen in many years with which I could wholeheartedly agree. And I think that is because there are very few incarnational Christians left and because those incarnational Christians still living and breathing do not use the Internet.

The *Vanishing American* quotes Drew Fraser as saying that spiritual problems must have spiritual remedies, not political ones:

It is high time for Anglo-Saxons to secede culturally, economically, spiritually, and theopolitically from the transnational corporate welfare state. It makes far more strategic sense for Anglo-Saxons to reclaim control over the Anglican Church from the neo-communists who presently infest it than to waste time, energy, and other scarce resources breeding a new generation of power-hungry white nationalist politicians.

Anglo-Saxons have been brought low, turned into the pathetic practitioners of the WASP lifestyle, by the spiritual disorder I call Anglo-Saxon Anglophobia. Spiritual problems require a spiritual remedy; they cannot be solved by political action. For Anglo-Saxons, an excessive faith in political theology is a large part of our problem.

The ethnoregenesis of the Anglo-Saxons presupposes their spiritual regeneration, in England and throughout the Diaspora. The Church of England created the English nation in the Dark Ages of medieval Europe. In the new Dark Age it must fall to the Church to save the Anglo-Saxon peoples around the world from the satanic forces to which they have become enslaved.

To wage that battle the Church will have to become the nucleus around which an regenerated Anglo-Saxon ethnoreligious community can begin to crystallize. The Church would have to embrace not just those who pray but also those who work to feed, clothe, and shelter their Anglo-Saxon co-ethnics as well as those who fight to defend the territorial and ethnocultural integrity of the Anglo-Saxon race against its enemies."

Amen to that.

And I applaud the author's awareness of the fact that our pagan "allies" are not really our allies:

But I find this growing movement in opposition to Christianity among many nationalists and ethnoconservatives to be troubling. I find it so not just because I take the attacks on my God, my faith and the faith of my ancestors personally, but also because it is harmful to our cause. Would the anti-Christians purge us from their number because we don't toe the secularist or post-Christian or neo-pagan party line? Would they take action against Christians should they ever attain power? I am beginning to think the answer is "yes" because of the vitriolic nature of their diatribes against Christianity. For some of them, Christianity is the object of hatred because it is said to be an 'alien, Semitic religion', not one intrinsic to Europe. This is the line Nietzsche used, if I remember correctly.

It is more than troubling, it is a call to arms. It always is a mistake to assume people can't possibly mean what they say because what they say is too stupid or too horrendous. The true hearts among the neo-pagans will, like Harold the Dauntless, find their way, like all noble souls do, to Christ. But there is nothing a Christian European can gain by allying himself with neo-pagans. If the neo-pagans settle for neo-paganism because they claim Christians are weak, they are settling for that superficial reading of history because they want to settle for it. Mere fighting is not anything special. Every race, religion, and country has fighting men. It is what a Christian fights for that makes him unique. But the evidence is there for anyone who wants to look at history objectively; when Christians have to fight they are quite capable of fighting:

In these days when our wise generation, weighed down with wealth and its handmaid vices on the one hand, and exhilarated by some tiny steps it has managed to make on the threshold of physical knowledge of various kinds on the other, would seem to be bent on ignoring its Creator and God altogether—or at least of utterly denying that He has revealed, or is revealing Himself, unless it be through the laws of Nature—one of the commonest demurrers to Christianity has been, that it is no faith for fighters, for the men who have to do the roughest and hardest work for the world. I fear that some sections of Christians have been too ready to allow this demurrer, and fall back on the Quaker doctrines; admitting thereby that such "Gospel of the kingdom of heaven" as they can for their part heartily believe in, and live up to, is after all only a poor cash-gospel, and cannot bear the dust and dint, the glare and horror, of battle-fields. Those of us who hold that man was sent into this earth for the express purpose of fighting—of uncompromising and unending fighting with body, intellect, spirit, against whomsoever or whatsoever causeth or maketh a lie, and therefore, alas! too often against his brother man—would, of course, have to give up Christianity if this were true; nay, if they did not believe that precisely the contrary of this is true, that Christ can call them as plainly in the drum beating to battle, as in the bell calling to prayer, can and will be as surely with them in the shock of angry hosts as in the gathering before the altar. But without entering further into the great controversy here, I would ask readers fairly and calmly to consider whether all the greatest fighting that has been done in the world has not been done by men who believed, and showed by their lives that they believed, they had a direct call from God to do it, and that He was present with them in their work. -- *Alfred the Great* by Thomas Hughes

There is currently no Christian opposition to the Leviathan. Coalition groups led by neo-pagan and/or 'get out the vote, write letters' men do not constitute an opposition. In their desire to be 'practical,' in their desire to be 'realistic,' they are the most impractical and unrealistic men alive. They are not practical because they keep screaming at the powerless to wake up and do something. The powerless are fully awake, but they need a leader to lead them, not a hysterical screamer telling them to wake up. And the neopagan and letter-writing groups are unrealistic because in their efforts to be realistic, and therefore democratic and inclusive, they have cut themselves and their would-be followers off from the wellspring of life. Before Christianity became a propositional faith for the European he based all of his actions on his faith. If he fought it was in the name of his faith, and when he set up a government he modeled his government on his faith. It is not realistic to have a government independent from the faith of its people. Europeans would be much better off if we chose a Christian king and started to rebuild from that base than we will be trying to put Christian square pegs into the round holes of democratic capitalism of the state and corporate variety.

Unrealistic and impractical you say? No, if a people have the faith to choose a Christian king it will be a sign that they have the faith to follow a Christian king:

But what if the special function of the king is precisely this of sympathy with the masses? Our biblical training surely would seem to teach that it is. When all people are to bow before the king, all nations to do him service, it is because "he shall deliver the poor when he crieth, the needy also, and him that hath no helper." When the king prays for the judgments and righteousness of God, it is in order that "he may judge Thy people according unto right, and defend the poor." When the king sits in judgment, the reason of his sentence, whether of approval or condemnation, turns upon this same point of sympathy with the poor and weak,—"Inasmuch as ye have done it, or not done it, to the least of these my brethren." From one end to the other of the Bible we are face to face with these words, "king" and "kingdom;" from the first word to the last the same idea of the king's work, the king's functions, runs through history, poem, parable, statute, and binds them together...

To those who look on the Hebrew scriptures as mere ancient Asian records, which have been luckily preserved, and are perhaps as valuable as the Talmud or the Vedas, this peculiarity in them will seem of little moment. To those who believe otherwise—who hold that these same scriptures contain the revelation of God to the family of mankind so far as words can reveal Him—the fact is one which deserves and must claim their most serious thought. If they desire to be honest with themselves, they will not play fast and loose with the words, or the ideas; will rather face them, and grudge no effort to get at what real meaning or force lies for themselves in that which the Bible says as to kings and kingdom... -- *Alfred the Great*

Life, the Christian always believes, has a deeper meaning than can be seen on the surface. If a man, a Christian man, settles for the superficiality of modernity, or even if he plays fast and loose with the truth by hedging his bets and spending half his time with modernity and the other half with Christianity, he will succumb to the modernist sickness.

Often, when we have recovered from a long illness but are still very weak from the effects of the illness, we feel better than we felt before the illness. The exhilaration of finally being well and whole again more than offsets the fact that it will be some time before we have regained our full strength. That is how the European will feel when he recovers from his illness. He was sick from a surfeit of superficiality in his religion, in his politics, in his culture. When he returns to the deeper things, he will start to regain his strength.

In the avant-garde world of superficiality there is no reverence, no pietas, no respect for the deeper things. But in Christian Europe (before Christ became an idea instead of a God), the King, the sword, and the woods were sacred. The King and the sword served Him, and the European woods sprang from the same wood that He consecrated with His blood. We haven't gotten smarter because we no longer believe in kings, swords, or sacred woods. Quite the contrary, our brains can still tabulate the amount of facts we know about the natural world, but we no longer can see past our noses because the heart, having been treated like a poor relation for so many years, is no longer connected to the brain.

There is a wonderful scene in the 1930's version of *Mutiny on the Bounty* when Fletcher Christian (played by Clark Gable), having taken all and more than a man should take from a tyrant, says, "We'll be men again if we hang for it." Wouldn't we, the European males, like to be integral men again? It's not impractical or suicidal to walk away from the soulless, superficial world of the modern automatons. We will never 'win them over' or be allowed to live in their world, and we will lose our souls. If we refuse to live in their world and struggle to regain the strength that our ancestors once had, we may perish in the struggle (though it is by no means certain that we shall), but we will have saved our souls. On the one hand, there is certain physical and spiritual death. On the other hand, there is possible physical death and certain spiritual life. Let us listen to King Alfred on his deathbed, speaking to his son:

"My dear son, sit thou now beside me, and I will deliver thee true instruction. My son, I feel that my hour is near, my face is pale, my days are nearly run. We must soon part. I shall to another world, and thou shalt be left alone with all my wealth. I pray thee, for thou art my dear child, strive to be a father and a lord to thy people; be thou the children's father, and the widow's friend; comfort thou the poor and shelter the weak, and with all thy might right that which is wrong. And, my son, govern thyself by law, then shall the Lord love thee, and God above all things shall be thy reward. Call thou upon Him to advise thee in all thy need, and so He shall help thee the better to compass that which thou wouldest."

We are his sons. +

Winning Friends and Influencing People - FEBRUARY 20, 2009

"Alone, yes! – But why stand against the world?"

Over the years I've mostly received negative feedback on the articles that I write, which is one of the reasons I am always surprised when I get a complimentary letter. But complimentary or negative, I always used to respond to every letter I received when I was a young man. I now only acknowledge the complimentary letters, and I ignore the critical ones. I do this for three reasons.

1) When I was young, I had a much greater respect for the rational, argumentative, dialectical type of apologetics. Now, I've come to believe that such debates are futile.

2) There is simply not enough time to write and then spend four to five extra hours a week responding to criticisms of what I have written.

3) In the Internet age, there are more 'skim readers' than ever before (quite possibly there are no human beings under 40 who have actually read a book or even an article from beginning to end). Someone will read two sentences of an article and, based on that reading, will fire off a skim-reader hate letter. I think we all would prefer to be liked, or even adored, rather than hated, but I am quite willing to be hated for my beliefs. What is intolerable is to be hated for something that I don't believe but that a skim reader thinks I believe based on his two-sentence reading of something I wrote.

So let me launch into a summation of the major criticisms I've received over the years, which won't clarify anything, because the skim readers who I am addressing won't read more than two sentences of what I write. In fact, they haven't read this far. Then why bother writing? Because I am headstrong, romantical and most unwise.

I like to think of myself as a man of the right. It sounds solid, substantial, and principled. But judging by the criticisms I get from the right wing, I think I'll find another moniker.

Complaint #1: "You are weak on the Jewish issue."

One irate woman even told me once that I was a Jew, which was news to me, because I always thought I was of Welsh-German descent without any Jewish ancestry. But weak on the Jewish issue? What do my right wing critics mean? As near as I can gather, it is a combination of my oft-stated assertion that the Jews were not and are not the greatest threat to Christian Europe; my reluctance to give unequivocal support to the 'no ovens' theory; my refusal to view the Arabs as the 'good guys' in the Jewish and Muslim dispute; and my insistence on regarding Jewishness as a spiritual state rather than biological destiny.

Wow, those are some indictments. And I probably haven't covered them all. Let's start with the 'Jews are not the greatest enemy' assertion: I think that organized Jewry in its modern secularized form and in its more Orthodox religious form has always been a major threat to Christian Europe. One need only mention the Jewish strangleholds on the banks in Europe and America to prove that the Jews have an inordinate, an instinctual hatred of Christian Europe. But I think an avowed, even a maniacally hostile enemy in front of you is preferable to the wolf in sheep's clothing in back of you. The greatest enemy of Christian Europe is now the Christian churches. The Jews would not have sufficient power to destroy individual Christians and Christian institutions if Christians had not become more hostile to Christianity than the Jews are. I've noticed that liberal southerners now hate the old white South more than northerners do; so it is with liberal Christians. In compensation for their old Christian days, they hate Christians even more than the Jews. And I do make a distinction between secularized Jews and Orthodox Jews. The vast majority of Orthodox Jews hate Christian Europe, but there seem to be more Orthodox Jews, such as the late Will Herberg, willing to support Christian Europe than there are "Christians" willing to support Christian Europe.

The 'no ovens' theory refers to the Holocaust problem. I don't see why the right wing is so obsessed with proving that there were no ovens used to kill Jews. That terrible barbarities were done to Jews and to Christians, who were not guilty of anything other than being Jews and Christians, is (or so it seems to me) undeniable. That the Jews have lied about the number of Jews killed; that the Jews have been unconcerned about all the Christians killed; that the Jews have made, and are still making political hay over their "victim" status also seems to be undeniable. But whether Jews were beaten to death or gassed in ovens, or whether the Jews were starved to death or gassed in ovens, does not change the fact that barbarities were committed against them at the command of an anti-Christian, neo-pagan named Adolf Hitler.

The United States at the behest of Israel committed, and is still committing, terrible atrocities in Iraq. The Jews have committed and are still committing terrible atrocities in Palestine against the Moslems. But isn't this a case of a big bully picking on a little bully? Are the Arabs a benign, peaceful people? Is Islam a faith of charity and mercy? Where, in the right wing, is the traditional, Christian European antipathy for Islam? Why is support for the Arabs any less repulsive than support for Israel? Does anyone doubt for a second that if the Moslems could gain the upper hand in Palestine they would commit the same atrocities on the Jews that the Jews are currently inflicting on them? What is sadly lacking in the Palestine dilemma is a Christian presence. If there was such a thing as Christian Europe and it was still strong, this is what Christian Europe would say to the Muslims and the Jews: "Neither of you have a right to Palestine. It belongs to Christ. But as a concession to erring human nature, we will permit both of you to live and worship in Palestine, providing you follow our rules." You can fill in the rules yourself.

And if there was a Christian Europe but Europeans were not strong enough to control the Moslems and Jews? Then the European states, which would include the United States, would simply say, "A plague on both your houses." But a Christian monarch would no more support the Moslems against the Jews than he would support the Jews against the Muslims. The modern television evangelists who think that the interests of Israel and Christendom are one and the same are insane, but so are the right-wingers who think Islam and the Christian West can become two peas in a pod.

I've noticed that almost all the pagan right-wingers and a sizable amount of the Christian right-wingers take the view that once you are born a Jew, you stay a Jew no matter if you claim to have converted to Christianity or not. A traditionalist priest, as distinct from a traditional Christian, once condemned a Christian author I was fond of, because he claimed the man had a Jewish ancestor some eight generations back.

Shakespeare, often condemned for anti-Semitism because of his play, *The Merchant of Venice*, actually gives us the traditional Christian view of the Jew, which differs markedly from the views of the right-wing Christians and the New Age, right-wing pagans. Shakespeare shows us what a man becomes who belongs to a religious sect that has hardened itself against the God of mercy. He hates The Light and those who worship The Light: "I hate him for he is a Christian." But Shakespeare also emphasizes that there is redemption for the Jew if he will become a Christian. Jewishness does not have to be a permanent condition. In the play, Launcelot, who impregnates a negress, presents the literalist interpretation of Jewishness, while Jessica gives the traditional Christian view:

Launcelot Gobbo. Yes, truly; for, look you, the sins of the father are to be laid upon the children: therefore, I promise ye, I fear you. I was always plain with you, and so now I speak my agitation of the matter: therefore be o' good cheer, for truly I think you are damn'd. There is but one hope in it that can do you any good; and that is but a kind of bastard hope neither.

Jessica. And what hope is that, I pray thee?

Launcelot Gobbo. Marry, you may partly hope that your father got you not, that you are not the Jew's daughter.

Jessica. That were a kind of bastard hope, indeed. So the sins of my mother should be visited upon me.

Launcelot Gobbo. Truly then I fear you are damn'd both by father and mother: thus when I shun Scylla, your father, I fall into Charybdis, your mother. Well, you are gone both ways.

Jessica. I shall be saved by my husband; he hath made me a Christian.

What is the key element of Judaism? Their hatred for Christ and the people who built a civilization based on their love for Christ. The New Age pagan, the Christian rationalist, as well as the post-Christian rationalists of the Catholic and Protestant bodies, all hate Christ and the Europeans who still honor His civilization. So who is the unredeemed Jew? Shylock and the modern Christ-hating Christians, but not Jessica. (1)

Complaint #2: "You hate Catholicism."

Let us first be clear about the difference between a Christian's hate and the barbarian's hate. If I say I hate Bernard Shaw, which I do, it does not mean that if he were alive today I would want to kill him or torture him, as a Negro barbarian would want to do to his enemy. Now if Bernard Shaw led an army that was determined to force the Shavian faith on me by violence, then I would respond with violence. But in the absence of a declared war on his part, my response to Shaw's evil religion would be a spiritual one since my hatred of him was, and is, a metaphysical hatred, which is much stronger than a barbarian's hatred, but not as bloody.

With that qualification, let me say that yes, I do hate Catholicism in its modern Novus Ordo form and in its traditionalist form. Is there any other kind of Catholicism? I think there is if one looks to the Christian Church prior to the medieval ages and to the Anglican Church prior to the 20th century. But let us leave that alone for the present. (2) Why the hatred for the two modern manifestations of Catholicism? The Novus Ordo church is the end result of nontraditional traditionalism, so let me start with the traditionalists. What the 'trads' are preserving and espousing is the doctrine that spawned Vatican II, that made the Protestant Reformation necessary, and that has given birth to modern liberalism (see 'The Lost Thread' and 'The Scholastic Heresy'). They have institutionalized the sin of the old Adam and made it the Christian faith. In their view the Church as an institution does not preserve the deposit of the Faith handed down by the apostles. It does something entirely different. By ignoring its own tenets it placed an inordinate amount of responsibility on one man. Karl Adam was absolutely correct when he said that the Church should not be dependent on that one chosen theologian to explain the Faith. (3) And I would add that what the Church did, when they traded Christ for St. Thomas Aquinas, was the same as what Adam and Eve did. Satan told Adam and Eve that true wisdom did not come from an intimate relationship with God, it came from pure reason's contemplation of the natural world. And that satanic doctrine, through the good offices of St. Thomas, became the primary doctrine of the Catholic Church. The Novus Ordo church was simply the result of following the Thomist formula to its logical conclusion that would have horrified St. Thomas: the mind of Man is God. How can you not hate such a doctrine?

Complaint #3: "You are hostile to Protestantism."

Yes, in my zealous Catholic days, I was hostile to Protestantism, but I must emphasize that I was never a Feeneyite, nor will I ever become a Protestant version of a Feeneyite. (4) What I am in absolute sympathy with is the Protestantism of Lady Alice Avenel as depicted in Walter Scott's novel, *The Monastery*. She doesn't know about John Calvin or Martin Luther; all she wants is to get closer to Christ. And she reads the forbidden book, the Gospel of Christ. For this she is reprimanded and denied the Gospel of Christ.

Alice of Avenel represents what is good in the Protestant Reformation. And unfortunately a reformation was needed, because the Church authorities of that time did not have the sense to simply form another order as they had done with St. Francis of Assisi.

But what of John Calvin? I have never known a good Christian who was a strict Calvinist. The good ones modify his doctrines and place Christ's gospel above John Calvin, while the mad-dog lunatics who look and act like John Brown of Harper's Ferry fame follow the logic of total depravity to its ultimate hellish conclusions.

Without a doubt Calvin's total depravity doctrine was a reaction to the semipelagianism of St. Aquinas. Both theologies are monuments of "egregious folly." Thankfully the Christian folk of Europe have rejected both follies.

The complex problems, such as the place of Mary in the Church, and the meaning of such terms as 'transubstantiation,' will never be solved by the theologians. They will be solved by the Christian folk who genuinely seek Him in their hearts.

Complaint #4: "Fairy tales and poets and all that literary nonsense has nothing to do with religious faith."

First, fairy and folk tales of the Europeans are a very good source of religious faith. They represent the only true form of democracy, the democracy of tradition.

And secondly, a great poet such as Walter Scott gives us not only his own vision of the Faith, he also depicts for us the religious vision of his people.

In contrast the theologian does not give us a vision, he provides us with his thoughts about God. And it is just one particular man's thoughts about God. He speaks for no one but himself and demands that every man, woman, and child should adhere to his philosophy of God.

The non-integral, rationalistic, theological Christianity of the schools has rendered Christians defenseless against the organized onslaught of the Jews and the Christ-hating Christians. And Christians are helpless because the philosophical undergirding of both the Protestant and Catholic churches denies that there is any indwelling grace within man. He has only dumb nature as his guide, which is the liberals' guide as well. When the theological Christian quarrels with the liberal post-Christian, they are quarrelling over trifles; they really agree on the essentials. The men of faith are never theologians or theological Christians. They are Europeans who see Christ's banner and no other, and they have already overcome the world because they, like Ratty, have never left their home. "Through Him, with Him, and in Him..." +

(1) In the recent conflict between the grand inquisitor bishop of the SSPX and the liberal, Jewish inquisitors I see that it is indeed true that the devil never rests. (I wish he would take a break now and then.) "Choose," the devil says. I choose neither. But for the same reason Whittaker Chambers thought the convicted communist Alger Hiss should not be denied a passport because he was a convicted communist, I do not think the SSPX bishop should be denied the right to "deny the Holocaust." As some blogger recently stated, "The Jews are not that smart." If they were they would realize that by calling attention to a marginalized bishop within a marginalized sect of the Catholic Church, you only give a sectarian, religious zealot celebrity status far beyond anything he ever had before.

It is not for denial of the Holocaust that the bishop should be anathematized. He and his whole organization should be anathematized for denying the humanity of God. The Jews, having abandoned their faith, now have only one faith, the Holocaust. And they protect their new faith. Where are the Christian voices that protect their faith? Why was the SSPX never condemned for the right reasons, for their refusal to acknowledge that God has a human face and a human heart?

"The Christian gospel announces primarily not an ascent of humanity to the heights of the divine in a transfiguration, an apotheosis, a deification of human nature, but a descent of the Godhead, of the divine Word, to the state of bondage of the purely human. This is the kernel of the primitive Christian message. "The Word was made flesh and dwelt among us"; he "emptied himself, taking the form of a servant, being made in the likeness of man, and in habit found as a man" (Phil. ii. 7). Hence it is just as important to establish that Christ is full and complete man, that for all the hypostatic union with the Godhead, he possessed not only a human body but also a purely human soul, a purely human will, a purely human consciousness, a purely human emotional life, that in the full and true sense he became as one of us, as it is to establish the other proposition, namely, that this man is God. Indeed, the doctrine of the divinity of Christ first acquires from the other doctrine—Christ is full and perfect man—its specifically Christian imprint and its specifically Christian form; its essential difference from all pagan apotheoses and saviour gods." --from *The Son of God* by Karl Adam

I've grown up reading all the ecumenical books that say a Christian should make alliances with every organization that affirms God. That's too broad of a tent for me. Such a tent includes Muslims, SSPXers, Druids, African voodoo devotees, and so on. But if we limit the tent to those who believe in the divinity of God and His humanity, we won't have an overwhelming coalition of numbers but men and women with faith in the one true God.

One final note on this SSPX-Rome-Jew conflict. To the Pope: Williamson never hid his views on the Holocaust. If you didn't want him and his organization back in the Church, you should not have lifted the excommunication. But having once welcomed the unrepentant sinner back to the fold, you should not then have immediately thrown him to the wolves.

To the SSPX: What kind of organization sells out their own for a paltry pat on the head from the liberal powers that be? A lap-dog, soulless organization.

To Williamson: Abandon the God of the SSPX and appeal to the God-Man of Christianity, the only one to whom we can turn for mercy when a Christ-forsaking, Christ-hating world no longer even knows the meaning of the word.

(2) It's more than interesting that the British people, after the terrible debacle of Henry VIII and his wives, when forced to decide about the best means to inspire devotion to Him, chose to link to the early Church fathers rather than the scholastics, and to stress the Gospels over the Church fathers.

I think this was a wise choice, because the Scholastics were the wise men who told us we needn't enter the dark woods; we needed only their wise heads. In contrast, the early Church fathers only advised us about the journey; they didn't tell us that it was unnecessary. They would not have been in the least offended therefore that the Gospels were given priority over their advice.

When I was a young man, I thought that the source of modernity was Protestantism. When I became an older man, I realized that scholasticism was the source of modernity. When Protestants also abandon the Gospels, they become scholastics and therefore modernists, which is why I have always claimed that the conflict is not between Catholic vs. Protestant but between peasant vs. wizard.

(3) "Too little attention has been paid to what Etienne Gilson, in his great book *La Philosophie de S. Bonaventure*, has told us about the literally passionate hostility shown by that brilliant Franciscan towards the Aristotelian epistemology taken over by SS. Albert and Thomas Aquinas. At that time in the fight against the Platonist-Augustinian illumination theory, which referred every ultimate and absolute certainty to an inflowing of divine light, and thus linked in the most intimate union created and divine knowledge, human perception was thrown on its own resources, and consequently knowledge and faith, the natural and supernatural, were neatly separated, and it was then that the primary conditions were created in which a world, which was more and more rapidly breaking loose from the primacy of faith, could emancipate all human thought from the creative thought of God. Men artificially mapped out a particular field of reality and called it Nature. They thus awakened and encouraged the evil illusion that the other reality, that of the supernatural, of God, had been brought into apposition with it from without, and that it was a more or less secondary reality. Nature was secularized by being released – from the epistemological standpoint—from its actual union with the supernatural, and the fiction was favoured that Nature was a thing per se capable of complete explanation independently of any outside factor. Thus we have all become secularized in our thought and we have schemata in our hands, or rather in our minds, which do not lead to the divine, to Christ, but away from him...

"Western eyes are grown old, and can no longer see the whole reality; or rather they have been ruined by long and bad usage. By having been concentrated on the world of mere phenomena their capacity to see the superterrestrial and the Divine has been weakened. Hence the evil does not so much lie in our bad will, certainly not in the difficulty of the Object, in the mysterious, paradoxical nature of the Christian message, but in the fundamental make-up of the modern European. He has forgotten how to see." --from *The Son of God* by Karl Adam

George Macdonald put it more simply and more poetically:

"I will go further: To arouse the hope that there may be a God with a heart like our own is more for the humanity in us than to produce the absolute conviction that there is a being who made the heaven and the earth and the sea and the fountains of waters. Jesus is the express image of God's substance, and in him we know the heart of God. To nourish faith in himself was the best thing he could do for the man."

And Shakespeare puts it better still:
Thy bosom is 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.

(4) Father Feeney was a Catholic priest who claimed there was no salvation outside the Church. He was excommunicated by Pius XII, and his excommunication was lifted by Paul VI. I'm sure Protestants have Father Feeney types in their respective churches as well, men and women who take one small aspect of the faith and make it the cornerstone of a new, cruel religion. In Father Feeney's case, he took "Pharisaism to a new level of genius."

Love Talks with Better Knowledge - FEBRUARY 15, 2009

I try not to think of the Catholic traditionalists (who are not traditional) very often, because they are such a depressing bunch of post-Christian Christians. But I often get drawn into indirect contact with them in the form of a phone call or letter from an old acquaintance still connected to the movement. This last time, however, it was a front page article in the local newspaper that brought back all my old memories of the 'trads.' (1)

The article reported that a local traditionalist group was alleged to be involved in financial chicanery and unspeakable sexual practices. I believe the accusations because I know the trads, but accusations are not proof. One should shun the trads because of their anti-Christian theology, not because of unproven accusations about their sex lives.

And the essence of trad ideology, whether it be that of Lefebvre, the Fraternity of St. Peter, the Society of St. John, or Mr. Independent Trad, consists of the elevation of human reason to a pinnacle above revelation and the elimination of the humanity of Christ.

When Uncle Andrew, the evil magician in C. S. Lewis's *The Magician's Nephew*, dreams of remaking Narnia over in his own image, he knows there is only one obstacle in his way: Aslan, the Christ Figure. "The first thing is to get that brute shot."

"To get that brute shot": that is the essence of traditionalism. Christ is the brute who stands in the way of the rule of the magicians. And that is all religion means to the traditionalists: "Who shall be master?"

Traditionalism, like modern, Novus Ordo Catholicism, is not based on Christianity but on modern Gnosticism wherein technique replaces religious faith.

The Dutch fairy tale, "The Two Wishes," retold with slight variations in other European fairy tales, illustrates the traditionalist heresy quite well.

In the tale, Saint Peter comes back to earth to take a walk among the Dutch villages and see how the "people are faring." On this particular Christmas Eve night, St. Peter knocks at the door of a prosperous-looking house. A middle-aged woman opens the door and quickly slams it again in St. Peter's face.

"Beggars! I'm tired of answering the door to beggars!"

St. Peter trudges on through the snow until he finds a humbler thatched cottage. A bent little woman answers the door.

"Good woman"—Saint Peter began.

Before he could go on, she cried, "Oh, you poor soul! Your shoes are wet and there's snow on your shoulders. You must be cold to the bone. Come in! I've a bit of a peat fire, and a pot of broth—not much to offer you on a night like this, but you're welcome to what I have."

Saint Peter went into the small room where a meager fire burned on the hearth. But it was warm and pleasant, and the little old woman bustled about her kitchen, pouring the broth into an earthen bowl, cutting a slice from a homemade loaf, and bringing a pair of old slippers for Saint Peter to put on while she dried his shoes beside the fire.

After a while, he got up to go, but she said warmly, "Oh, no, you can't go out in this weather! Wait till morning—perhaps the snow will have stopped by then, and the sun will warm you. My son is away; you can have his bed. Come, I'll light the way."

Saint Peter could not persuade her to let him go on. She saw to it that he was comfortable, and then went to put more peats on the fire.

In the morning she gave him breakfast, and before he left her he said, "You have been very good to me and made me welcome. I cannot repay you, but I can grant you a wish."

"Oh, sir!" she cried.

But he held up his hand. "Do not make your wish now. Think about it a while, and when you have a good wish, say it aloud, and it shall be granted."

With that he was gone, and the poor woman spent half the morning trying to think about what she would wish for. Then her eyes fell on the big, old-fashioned loom in the corner of the room. Her husband, who was dead, had been a weaver, and there was still a piece of unfinished cloth on the loom, just as he had left it.

"I ought to measure that cloth," she thought. "I wish I knew how much there is." Then she stood still. There was her wish. She said aloud, "May the work I begin tomorrow morning continue all day."

Next morning she began to measure the cloth. When she had twelve yards, she cut it off and rolled it up neatly. Then she saw that the pattern had changed, and the colors were different. She measured that, and there was another twelve yards. She cut it off and rolled it up neatly and set it beside the first roll. She measured and measured—every twelve yards there was a different texture, a different pattern, a different color. The rolls grew and grew. She stacked them along the wall and then in piles on the floor.

The neighbors who came to see what she was doing could hardly get the door open. All day she measured and measured, and the cloth continued to roll from the loom. By nightfall the cottage was so full that she could scarcely get from the loom to the stove. There was

enough cloth to last a lifetime. There was enough to sell in all the neighboring villages and towns. She would never want for money the rest of her life.

When the cranky rich woman hears about the good fortune of the poor widow, she is envious. She waits till the next Christmas Eve, determined that this time St. Peter will get a different reception from her.

It was Christmas Eve again when he returned. The moment she heard a knock that snowy evening the woman was sure it was the stranger. She flung open the door before he could do more than knock once.

“Come in, come in!” she cried. Her house was swept and garnished and polished. A delicious meal was cooking on the stove. “It’s a bad night to be out. You must rest before the fire, and have supper with us... This is my husband. See, he will take your cloak and dry it. Dirk, get some more fuel for the fire, and set another place at the table, and see that the big bed in the guest room is warmed.”

Saint Peter said he really could not stay. “I only stopped to ask my way,” he said.

But she would not hear of his leaving. “In the morning will be time enough. It’s dark; you would not be able to see the path. Supper is ready, and it’s a cold night.”

So Saint Peter stayed, and the next morning he thanked her. “I cannot pay you,” he said, “but whatever you do first tomorrow will last all day.”

The woman fairly danced with joy. She ran back into the house. “He said that whatever I do first tomorrow will last all day! This is what I hoped for! Oh, that foolish widow—measuring cloth! I will count money. There will be so much money before the end of the day that we shall be rich forevermore! First, though, I must make bags to put it in. If I get up right after midnight to make the bags I can begin counting my money by daybreak.”

She could hardly sleep for excitement. As soon as the clock struck midnight she leaped out of bed and put on her clothes and grabbed her scissors. She would have to work fast to make enough bags to hold all the money she intended to count.

As soon as she had cut up some old material she began on another piece, and when she had enough pieces she decided to sew them up at once. But, oddly enough, she couldn’t stop cutting! She took the sheets off the bed and cut them up, and the curtains from the windows. Her husband hurried out, “Woman, have you gone crazy?”

“I can’t stop,” she answered him. “I can’t keep these scissors from cutting!”

She cut up the bedspreads and the rugs and the tablecloths. She cut up her petticoats. Then she took her husband’s suits, one by one, and cut those to pieces. The poor man ran about, begging her to stop, but nothing could stop her. She snipped off her bonnet strings and then cut up the bonnet itself. She opened her wardrobe and cut up all her dresses. The napkins went next, and the towels, and the aprons, and the downstairs curtains. She wept in anger; her husband was bellowing in rage. But all day long, as long as there was anything to cut, she cut it up.

“Now I know what that stranger meant!” he shouted at her. “The first thing you did today—and you, you stupid, began the minute after midnight!”

Of course the moral here—the moral of many great fairy tales—is that the inmost heart, not the outward show, is what counts. One cannot substitute technique and intellectual acumen for the virtues of the heart.

To those who have become used to dueling-documents apologetics, it seems frivolous to bring fairy tales into a religious debate. But the European fairy tales represent the wisdom of our race. If the inner logic of the traditionalist movement goes against that wisdom, can the movement really be traditional?

The great deceit of traditionalist priests is that they outwardly try to appear anti-modern yet continue to infect their parishioners with the modernist mindset necessary for their successful triumph. They must inject into their adherents the Uncle Andrew virus: “The first thing is to get that brute shot.” All neophytes must empty themselves of all humanity and learn to look on God as devoid of all humanity as well. At that point, they will be ready to receive the true wisdom from the traditionalist gurus.

The true test comes when the trads speak of Him, the great lover, as the great hater—of the marriage bond, of the possibility of the salvation of more than a few, of all things human. If the neophyte swallows this he is no longer a neophyte but a traditionalist.

The great folklorist, William Shakespeare, speaks to the traditionalists in *Measure for Measure*. In the play, the Duke, in disguise, listens to the rogue, Lucio, defame him.

LUCIO.

Who, not the duke? yes, your beggar of fifty; and his use was to put a ducat in her clack-dish: the duke had crotchets in him. He would be drunk too; that let me inform you.

DUKE VINCENTIO.
You do him wrong, surely.

LUCIO.
Sir, I was an inward of his. A shy fellow was the duke: and I believe I know the cause of his withdrawing.

DUKE VINCENTIO.
What, I prithee, might be the cause?

LUCIO.
No, pardon; 'tis a secret must be locked within the teeth and the lips: but this I can let you understand, the greater file of the subject held the duke to be wise.

DUKE VINCENTIO.
Wise! why, no question but he was.

LUCIO.
A very superficial, ignorant, unweighing fellow.

DUKE VINCENTIO.
Either this is the envy in you, folly, or mistaking: the very stream of his life and the business he hath helmed must upon a warranted need give him a better proclamation. Let him be but testimonied in his own bringings-forth, and he shall appear to the envious a scholar, a statesman and a soldier. Therefore you speak unskillfully: or if your knowledge be more it is much darken'd in your malice.

LUCIO.
Sir, I know him, and I love him.

DUKE VINCENTIO.
Love talks with better knowledge, and knowledge with dearer love.

Yes, no matter what traditional forms cloak traditionalism's sinister doctrines, love talks with better knowledge and knowledge with dearer love. +

(1) When you make a mistake as big as I did, in becoming associated with the trad Catholics, it is quite easy to become a Montaigne skeptic: "Since I have been certain I was right in the past and then discovered I was wrong, I cannot be certain that any decision I make in the future is correct." That type of reasoning is a satanic trap. The devil wants us to think we can never really know what is true and what is false.

But we can know; God has not left us bereft of guidance. Christ is at the center of our hearts. He is our touchstone of reality. I joined the traditionalists because of the liberalism of the Novus Ordo, not because I loved their church. When I saw how satanic the trads were and how they sneered at the Man of Sorrows, I left their church.

The answer to Vatican II liberalism is not traditionalism, nor, in my opinion, should we renounce all of Catholic history as un-Christian. In my heart I feel that the Catholic and Protestant churches are like a husband and wife who have separated but have not sought a divorce because they know in their hearts that they are mystically united. This is not the ecumenism of "You abandon your faith and I'll abandon mine and then we can be united in our disbelief." It is the ecumenism that says all things are possible for those who believe in the Lord. I have no faith in denominations, but every faith that the men and women who genuinely seek Him shall ultimately be united in Him.

Sir Walter Scott Again - FEBRUARY 15, 2009

I recently saw a recommended reading list put out by some organization that purported to be Christian. Walter Scott was not on the list. Such an admission is... Well, I'm at a loss for an adequate analogy, so I'll have to settle for some inadequate ones. It would be like leaving Babe Ruth off the list of great homerun hitters or leaving Saint Francis of Assisi off the list of great saints.

Scott, like P. C. Wren, is undervalued as a writer because he believed in chivalry, a code replaced in modern times by psychology. Scott never takes sides against the Catholic Stuarts and for the King George Protestants, nor against the Covenanters and for the King George Anglicans. He lets the reader take sides, but Scott's authorial voice does take sides on the issue of chivalry. The noble characters have it, and the bad ones don't.

Scott is credited with inventing the historical novel, but that is a mere literary trifle compared to his real achievement. Scott's achievement consists of the Christian vision conveyed in the totality of his novels and poetry. His Christianity is strikingly pure and elemental. The villainous characters pursue knowledge, wealth, and power, while the heroic characters cling to the intangible values of loyalty, love, and charity. Throughout his novels and poetry we see the words of St. Paul embodied: "The letter killeth and the spirit giveth life." Scott always looks backward to a nobler time when antique Christian virtues were practiced. In contrast, the new age that Scott describes is dominated by lawyers and Pharisees. And by 'lawyers,' Scott means those with a lawyer's mentality; for not all lawyers in Scott's works have a lawyer's mentality.

I think Scott, like Shakespeare, will always need to be read by Christians. He shuns the merely theological Christianity for the deeper incarnational Christianity. His Christianity is organic; he gets to Christ through the human.

Scott is often depicted as the conservative in contrast to Dickens, the radical. But this is incorrect. Both writers are conservative in the good sense, in that they espoused a basic non-modern Christianity and opposed the new order of capitalist greed and avarice. It is just that by the time Dickens was writing, capitalism had become so entrenched that opposition to it seemed more like radicalism than in Scott's time.

My favorite work of Walter Scott is whatever book of his I am reading currently. But if pressed to come up with favorites, I would say that "Harold the Dauntless" is my favorite of the epic poems, and *The Antiquary*, *The Heart of Midlothian*, and *Quentin Durward* are my favorites among the novels.

Scott, in his numerous novels about the ill-fated Stuart kings, gives us a very poignant and moving depiction of the heart-rending desolation of exile. Take the novel *Redgauntlet* for example. When the Great Cause is truly lost, the title character leaves Scotland forever, still loyal to his lawful King. One does not have to be a Jacobite to identify with Redgauntlet. Cannot we, the Christian remnant, see ourselves in the present day as being in the same position as Redgauntlet? Having championed the cause of the old antique Christianity, a Christianity where race and kinship mean something, are we not exiles from our own Church just as Redgauntlet was an exile from Scotland? When looked at in this light, Redgauntlet's parting is particularly poignant.

The general drew a little aloof, and signed to Redgauntlet to speak with him while this scene proceeded. 'It is now all over,' he said, 'and Jacobite will be henceforward no longer a party name. When you tire of foreign parts, and wish to make your peace, let me know. Your restless zeal alone has impeded your pardon hitherto.'

'And now I shall not need it,' said Redgauntlet. 'I leave England for ever; but I am not displeased that you should hear my family adieus.--Nephew, come hither. In presence of General Campbell, I tell you, that though to breed you up in my own political opinions has been for many years my anxious wish, I am now glad that it could not be accomplished. You pass under the service of the reigning monarch without the necessity of changing your allegiance--a change, however,' he added, looking around him, 'which sits more easy on honourable men than I could have anticipated; but some wear the badge of their loyalty on their sleeve, and others in the heart. You will, from henceforth, be uncontrolled master of all the property of which forfeiture could not deprive your father--of all that belonged to him--excepting this, his good sword' (laying his hand on the weapon he wore), 'which shall never fight for the House of Hanover; and as my hand will never draw weapon more, I shall sink it forty fathoms deep in the wide ocean. Bless you, young man! If I have dealt harshly with you, forgive me. I had set my whole desires on one point,--God knows, with no selfish purpose; and I am justly punished by this final termination of my views, for having been too little scrupulous in the means by which I pursued them.--Niece, farewell, and may God bless you also!'

And God bless you, noble Redgauntlet!

And who but a real Christian, a Christian in the blood, could write so well of true love?

But earthly spirit could not tell
The heart of them that loved so well.

True love's the gift which God has given

To man alone beneath the heaven.

It is not fantasy's hot fire,
Whose wishes, soon as granted, fly;

It liveth not in fierce desire,

With dead desire it doth not die;
It is the secret sympathy,
The silver link, the silken tie,
Which heart to heart, and mind to mind,
In body and in soul can bind.

--from "Lay of the Last Minstrel"

It has been said that all English literature is a footnote to Shakespeare. Sir Walter Scott would not disagree; his work is filled with Shakespearean references and Shakespearean themes. But I would add that Scott makes a magnificent footnote and a necessary companion to the great bard. +

P. C. Wren Again - FEBRUARY 15, 2009

I love P. C. Wren because I love Otho Belleme. And I know that P. C. Wren poured his soul into that character. We first meet Otho as a young child in the book, *Soldiers of Misfortune*, and we follow him from childhood to young manhood in *Soldiers of Misfortune* and in the sequel, *Valiant Dust*. Prophetically, Otho fights against two of the greatest enemies of Christian Europe. In *Soldiers of Misfortune*, he fights in the boxing arena a colossal black barbarian who has been trained by a white turncoat to show the world what great soldiers the black Senegalese can be. The fight scene marks what is probably the last time a European writer presents a conflict between a black and a white as a conflict between two spiritually antithetical forces, with the white man representing the forces of good and the black man representing the forces of evil. Otho is aware of the metaphysical nature of the fight.

Still, one might take heart from that, and hope to distress and bother him again, even to the point of administering the coup de grâce... and perhaps this M'bongu, while a marvel at fighting a winning fight, might not be so good in a losing one? There might be more lion-like élan than bull-dog tenacity in his make-up... possibly "more teeth and claws than guts," as Joe would say.

Yes, there was a hope that though an English gentleman's strength and insensibility might be inferior to those of a Negro, his spirit might be superior...

Yes, Otho and the men of Rourke's Drift knew how to fight barbarism.

In *Valiant Dust*, Otho must fight the Muslims. And he fights them without becoming like unto them. Nothing, not the desert, the Arabs, nor the black Sengalese can change or alter the innate chivalry of the English Otho Belleme.

Wren is an amazing man. It was extraordinary when Scott picked up the gauntlet and charged through the early 19th century like a medieval knight-errant, but to champion chivalry in the 20th century, as Wren does, is miraculous.

All heresies stemming from Christianity seek to replace the incarnational apologetics—in which the Divine reaches out to man through his humanity, and man gets to the Divine through His humanity—with corporate systems-analysis apologetics. In corporate systems-analysis apologetics, man reaches the divine through a superior system of reasoning. The great value of an author like Wren or Scott is that they put us back on course. We get to God through man. And if we see a character in a novel striving for the heroic, and if that striving strikes a chord in our own hearts, well, then we feel connected to Him. We do not feel connected to Him if we read a corporate spreadsheet, put out by a theologian, which tells us the universe is being run by a CEO named God. +

The European Woods - FEBRUARY 07, 2009

"Warrior! thou, whose dauntless heart
Gives us from our ward to part.
Be as strong in future trial,
Where resistance is denial."

The most striking thing to me about the liberal Protestant, the fundamentalist Protestant, the Novus Ordo Catholic, the traditionalist Catholic, and the white neo-pagan groups is the one common faith they all share. This belief transcends their

differences and keeps them from ever really diverging too far from modernity. Their commonly held faith is a belief in experts.

What has disappeared from all three camps, Protestant, Catholic, and neo-pagan, is a very European way of facing the numinous. It is true Europeans of old had their scholarly experts, their theologians, men who lived apart and studied the sacred books, but those experts did not determine what belief should be, nor did they mistake their own expert commentary (at least the non-heretical ones did not) on the Deposit of the Faith to be the Faith itself. The scholars of yore were kept in place by a religious peasantry, from whose ranks the scholars themselves often came, that placed a greater priority on the journey itself than on travelogues about the journey.

With the demise of the European peasantry, the reign of the experts began. The Christian Faith became a second-hand thing. It now only exists to the extent and in the way the experts say it does. And the modern European, lacking a blood faith, is at the mercy of the experts without any means of escape.

When I speak of the faith of a peasant I do not mean to suggest that only those who till the soil can possess such a faith. I am referring to all Europeans who experience the Faith firsthand. They have never come to believe, as Quentin's father in *The Sound and the Fury* believes, that all tragedy is secondhand. The peasant journeys into the dark woods of existence with the intuitive knowledge that he will most certainly meet with witches, goblins, and other fiendish creatures. But he also knows, in his blood, that if he perseveres, he will see a light in the forest that will lead him to The Light; therefore, journey through the dark woods he must.

The modern European is a reed for every speculative philosophic wind that blows past the window of his brain. Because he no longer journeys through the dark woods, he is dependent on the experts. If he wants to receive knowledge of the light he must find an expert on the subject of "The Dark Woods." But the experts have never gone through the woods themselves; they have second-hand knowledge of the woods based on their speculative theories about the nature of the woods. The modern Christian everyman takes the findings of his special, denominational expert and declares his tentative faith, pending further research by his experts, in the light that shineth in the dark woods.

And what killed the peasant faith (the only type of faith worth having) of Western man? It was the serpent of philosophical speculation:

"The vain pride of attempting to improve Christianity in the external exhibition of it in the churches, that it might vie in splendor with the pompous exhibition of the Jewish and pagan religions, and the presumptuous folly of explaining its mysteries according to the notions of the heathen philosophy, and, finally, of reducing the whole subject of Divine revelation into the form of a rational, systematic science, an attempt this, which rendered it as unfit for its primary purpose, the salvation of mankind, as the chemical process of distillation does our vegetable productions for the sustentation of animal life. The sublime productions of Aquinas, Maestrich, and Turrentine, are exquisite monuments of this egregious folly. As well might we attempt to imbibe vital heat by embracing a corpse, as to derive spiritual life, light, or comfort, from the perusal of those voluminous works.

– from "Christianity is Neither a Theory Nor a Philosophy" by Father Campbell

The pagan peasant climbed the cosmic tree that connected heaven to earth. But his connection was only to something cosmic and impersonal, to some Star Wars-type of 'force.' It was Christ who personalized the pagan cosmic tree by submitting to a crucifixion upon that tree. After Christ, faith is always personal; it is never cosmic or derivative. It is always down the 'mean streets' or through the dark woods that a man must go. He must imitate in some fashion the example of his Lord.

As I mentioned in a previous article, "The Poetic Core of Western Civilization," the shift from a fairy-tale appreciation of the Faith as a concrete, personal, earth-shattering experience, to a derivative, philosophical system is subtle and slow but devastating in its effects when it takes hold. Only a small remnant of the ancient Jews recognized Christ as the Savior because only a small remnant had a blood connection with their own Jewish faith which He could develop into a burning flame. The Pharisees were not atheists. In fact, they were 'experts' on God. Should not that give us pause when we hand ourselves over so willingly to the "religious" experts of today? (1)

I come back to my original assertion that all the neo-pagan, and Christian organizations, liberal, conservative, and traditionalist, have abandoned the integral European response to existence. "Since truth is a given," they say, "we do not have to look for it. The journey through the dark woods is unnecessary." Literature is no longer a shared journey with a fellow traveler through the dark woods; it is simply a poetic rendering of truths already known. And psychology, moral theology, and scholastic philosophy have removed the necessity of a more affective study of the human heart." This is a complete reversal! There has never been anything like it before in the history of Western culture.

In healthy Christian times, the peasant hero often consults with a wise magician before entering the woods, but he knows that ultimately it is he and not the magician who must face the witch, the ogre, or the dragon. All the wisdom of the wise magician cannot equal the wisdom gained by the Young Drummers and Amadans of the Dough, who venture into the dark woods and down the 'mean streets.' The truths of revelation must be put to the test. Are they true or mere abstractions? We will never know for sure if we don't break free of the experts and start the journey through the woods. Yes, they are often dark and foreboding, but the peasant senses that the darkness leads to a light that provides a warmth never felt or even hinted at by the experts.

Flannery O'Connor once made a statement that speaks to this 'peasant vs. expert' issue. She said that it was professors of literature who most often failed to understand her stories. I have noticed this phenomenon myself. It is professors of literature, for instance, who most consistently misunderstand Shakespeare. Even some of those who appreciate him, like Allan Bloom, Harold Bloom, Bernard Levin and Goddard, generally do not understand his works.

And I would add a corollary (which Flannery O'Connor should have taken note of, because it might have kept her from a misplaced admiration for Teilhard de Chardin). The corollary is that professors of theology (the experts), both clerical and lay, are generally the people who least understand religion. Why is this? Because religion, like literature, is a complete worldview. It cannot be studied in a compartmentalized way. One cannot approach the religious experience with only the analytical burner turned on in one's brain. One must approach it with one's whole heart, mind, and soul. (Who once said something about loving with one's whole heart and mind and soul?) But the religious experts, like the literary ones, do not approach their subject with the integrality necessary to give an accurate depiction of the religious experience. We receive from them a distorted view of religious faith. And we desperately need to see the Faith whole and unperverted.

Norman Cantor, in his book *Medieval History*, points out that the modern world begins in the medieval age. He thinks that fact is a credit to the much-maligned medieval age. I think it is a damning indictment. But Cantor is right; the modern world does begin in the medieval ages for it is in the medieval ages that the reign of the expert begins.

Three radical changes were necessary to prepare the way for the expert. First, reason had to be freed from original sin so that a reasoning class of men could rule. Theoretically all were still infected with original sin, but in practice the thinkers, the reasoners, were free of it because they used their minds – in contrast to the peasants, who were full of all sorts of emotions and passions that rendered them incapable of knowing God without the aid of the reasoning men.

Once freed from original sin, the reasoning men needed something to analyze, which brings us to the second part of the modernist revolution – the separation of reason from revelation. No longer is revelation something that is seen in its entirety, inspiring love and awe. It now must be filtered through the analytical lens of the reasoning men, who will point out the rational, practical, and necessary parts of it to the peasants.

And what then occurs, when the reasoning men take over, is a Christianity that rejects Christ. Dostoyevsky depicts this type of Christianity in the 'Grand Inquisitor' chapter in *The Brothers Karamazov*. The Inquisitor's essential complaint against Christ is that His religion of freely given love is too impractical, too irrational. He, the Grand Inquisitor, has improved Christianity – he has made it rational and practical. But the rational, practical quid pro quo religion of the Grand Inquisitor is not His religion and it is not ultimately satisfying to men and women with souls. The Inquisitor's religion is a good solid religion for the practical everyday necessities of life, but it leaves the soul without the white moments that it needs for survival.

Now, I know the response of the Javerts in the various Christian churches: "Our Lord set up a hierarchical structure of reasoning men to hand revelation down to the faithful." A hierarchical structure, yes, but was it meant to be a hierarchical structure of Pharisees and technocrats? I don't think so. Our Lord founded His Church on third dumb brothers. He knew the Pharisees were too "educated" and too practical to accept Him. St. Paul, the greatest of the apostles and a highly educated one as well, was a great persecutor of Christians until Christ's revelation turned him into a third dumb brother. There has been a satanic reversal in the Church. Pure intellect alone will always focus on Satan and turn men's eyes away from the Redeemer.

The third change that completed the medieval revolt (it would be more accurate to say the Thomistic revolt) was the separation of grace and nature. When men were seen as having separate spiritual and physical natures, the door was opened to study men as mere biological specimens only. Man's physical nature could now be studied as if it had no animating spiritual principle. True, the Thomists didn't deny God, but by denying a divine link between God and man's human nature, they sowed the seeds of modern man's isolation from God. The existentialist revolt of the 20th century was a necessary revolt against the disembodied, computerized God of the scholastics. Where the existentialists erred was in rejecting the Christ, who alone can save us from the inhumanity of the computer god.

There can be no faith in men without faith in God. And there can be no faith in God unless one views existence as a fairy tale journey through the mysterious dark woods rather than as a classroom filled with experts on God dispensing information about His nature. One can find the devil as well as God in the woods, but that is the chance one takes if he wants to see the living God. In the expert-dominated classroom, there is never a genuine encounter with God. And in the 21st century, the great mass of people exists without any contact with God. In earlier centuries it was only some isolated intellectuals who lived, like Malvolio, in prisons of their own minds, but now the great mass of people have become intellectualized (which is entirely different from becoming wise) and live enslaved by “mind-forged manacles.”

Of what does the glory of the West consist? Is it really the rationalist heritage of Greece and St. Thomas? No, that heritage seems too similar to the ‘you shall be as gods’ heritage of the old Adam. The Old Testament prophets, the apostles, and the European poets all point to a different heritage, the heritage of the third dumb brothers, the fools for God.

I once had a professor in college, a lapsed Jew, who was always lamenting the fact that he, and all of us, had lost our sense of the sacred. “But what can we do about it,” he would always add; “We are all Hegelian rationalists now.” But are we? I certainly acknowledge that we live in a world that is imprisoned by Thomistic-Hegelian rationalism. But there is the poetic revolt. Existence contradicts the religious rationalists such as St. Thomas and the secularized rationalists such as Hegel. If the trip through the dark woods reveals that there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in their rational systems, are we not then entitled to assume that the rational schemes are mere fictions and the fairy tales are the reality?

At least my Jewish professor lamented the loss of the sacred. The current breed of post-Christian, modern pagan, and Christian rationalists, who have replaced Christ with a rational system (even if He figures somewhere in the system) are worse than my former professor. And they have taken on all of the secularized Jews’ instinctive hatred for the culture of the European who still has a fairy tale connection to Christ. This is why you see creatures such as Thomas Fleming reserving his venom for Kinist-type Christians. His faith is in a rational system, so he hates all those who view God in poetic rather than in rational terms. To an antique European, Christ is Hero, Liege Lord, Blood Brother, and King. He is not an emaciated accountant who merely rubber-stamps his approval on a series of documents drawn up by the experts.

The “problem” of the modern European is one of vision. He needs to see that the fairy tale mode of existence is true. Then he will start to behave like the heroes of old Europe behaved, before the Europeans became too intelligent to believe in fairy stories about enchanted cottages in the woods and a God-Man who sanctified the woods with His blood.

1) Heresies always come from the academy. It is a delusion of the various religious bodies that they can create their own academies that are devoid of heresy. Whether they be Protestant or Catholic, they always end in heresy, because they start out with the false assumption that wisdom can indeed be put in a silver rod.

Of Decadence and Decay - JANUARY 31, 2009

“The love of woman and womanliness is a masculine characteristic, and the love of man and manliness is a feminine characteristic... [I]t is almost impossible for a woman to irritate a real man, and as to the woman, a man is never quite contemptible, never altogether rejectable, as long as he remains a man.” -- Isak Dinesen

That our society is decadent is self-evident. But if the question, “Is our society decadent?,” were put to the American public, you would get an assortment of answers, ranging from, “Hell, no,” to, “The polls say that 90% of all Americans believe in God,” to, “70% of the American people believe promiscuity and stealing are wrong.” In short, there would be no agreement on the subject of decadence. Which is, of course, what one would expect; no society, having achieved decadence (maybe ‘dis-achieve’ would be a better word), is able to identify decadence. To the decadent, health is sickness and sickness is health.

Climbing out of the mire of decadence is not easy for an individual. And it is even more difficult for a society, because a decadent society has lost all connection to reality. The nerve endings are dead. Faith is gone and hence all the sentiments that elevate the human soul are gone as well. An individual living in a decadent society, who has managed to take his first baby steps out of the decadent swamp, will find himself isolated, marginalized, and possibly institutionalized. He will find individuals willing to criticize symptoms of the disease, such as child porn and legalized abortion, but those same individuals will draw back in shocked dismay if he criticizes modernity itself. That we are marching ever onward toward the light, despite some unpleasant detours, is an article of faith for modern man.

Satan is a very clever fellow. He does not make societies decadent by attacking God directly; instead he attacks the connecting links God has to His creatures. And one of the primary links is the divinely ordained, differentiated sex roles.

Indeed, a significant indication of a decadent society is the complete blurring of the sex roles, and one of the key signs of a civilized, Christian society is clearly defined sex roles designed to support the patriarchal family.

The patriarchal society was in fact the creator of those moral ideas which have entered so deeply into the texture of civilization that they have become a part of our thought. Not only the names of piety and chastity, honour and modesty, but the values for which they stand are derived from this source, so that even where the patriarchal family has passed away we are still dependent on the moral tradition that it created. – Christopher Dawson in *The Dynamics of World History*

I don't think it's possible to overestimate the evils that are wrought in a society when God's benevolent ordering of the sex roles is put aside in favor of liberal utopianism. And it is halfway-house Christians who want to retain a faith in God, while destroying all of mankind's connecting links to God, who allow the liberals to substitute Cybele for Christ.

The late John Paul II was a textbook case of the schizophrenia of half-way house Christians. The late Pope praised the feminist movement, saying it had championed "the dignity of women." In his weekly audience of November 29, 1995, he called feminism "in great part legitimate," and said it had added to a more "balanced vision of the question of womanhood in the contemporary world." He further went on to say that feminism had reacted against everything that has "impeded the value and full development of the feminine personality" (from *Inside the Vatican*, January 1996). Gloria Steinem couldn't have said it better.

Let me defend my critique of the halfway-house Christians, such as John Paul II, who support feminism. Who was the human conduit Satan used to transmit his evil to Adam? Eve, of course. She fell because she made a bargain with the devil, who claimed he could make her equal to God. And Adam fell because he feared the loss of Eve's love so much that he was willing to love her outside of God's love.

Staying true to his poetic nature, the Lord God counter-balanced Adam and Eve's sins with the faithfulness of the Virgin Mary and Christ. Eve was a conduit for Satan, and Mary was a conduit for Christ. Mary, in contrast to Eve, who desired equality with God, desired only to be the handmaid of the Lord. Christ, in contrast to Adam, never consented to any request outside of God's orbit. "Get thee behind me, Satan: for thou savourest not the things that be of God, but the things that be of men."

Who is a man imitating when he calls our attention to the "great contributions of the feminist movement"? He is imitating the old Adam. His love for the feminists is illicit; it debases him and the feminists because it separates both from God's love. Feminism in its very essence goes back to the old Eve. The spirit behind the movement is a desire to make a deal with the devil in order to obtain equality with God. It is positively ludicrous to mildly chide the feminists for their stand on abortion and then go on to praise feminism to the skies, as if abortion is just an inconsequential part of the feminists' agenda. Abortion is the feminist agenda! How can they obtain equality with God if they do not control life in the womb? Their soul mate is Satan, who promises them divine equality if they will do his bidding and unsex themselves. Lady Macbeth -- "Unsex me here!" -- is the patron saint of the feminists.

The triumph of feminism in society and church has left society and church without any moral authority, because there can be no authority without masculinity. And ironically, there can be no femininity either, because femininity needs masculinity to survive, just as masculinity needs femininity. All decadent societies (Sophocles, Virgil, and Shakespeare wrote eloquently on this topic) lose the ability to distinguish between a man's and a woman's divinely appointed sex roles. It is Satan's wish that such divine distinctions be blurred, because once the blurring takes place, a society becomes decadent and loses all sense of God's redemptive grace.

As with all modern innovations, we must ask who is being served by feminism? Are Christian men and women benefiting from feminism? Certainly not. Are the feminists benefiting? Of course not. Nothing, not the right to kill their children in the womb or the right to hold jobs formerly reserved for men, will appease them or make them happy. They denounced their souls when they became feminists, and only a 'road to Damascus' experience can release them from the feminist hell in which they live and in which they expect others to live as well.

A story from the Brothers Grimm, "The Fisherman and His Wife," reveals the true aims of feminism, and man's inability to ever make women happy by appeasement.

As you recall, a fisherman catches an enchanted fish. The fish begs the fisherman to put him back in the water. The fisherman, being a kind-hearted soul, throws the fish back. But upon his return home and after telling the story to his wife, the fisherman is berated by his wife for not demanding a wish from the fish. So, the fisherman returns to the sea and repeating the sin of Adam calls, "Flounder, flounder of the sea, Come, for I am calling thee! My wife, whose name is Isabel, Has a wish against my will."

Each subsequent wish is granted, and every wish is not good enough for the fisherman's wife. She goes from a cottage to a palace, and from being a fisherman's wife to Queen, Emperor, and Pope. With her last wish, she demands to be God. Presto chango! She lands back in her shack and is once again just a fisherman's wife.

Of course we all know the reason a man acquiesces to a woman, even though he knows, in his heart, that she is wrong. Chaucer's Wife of Bath lays it right out in the open. But every Christian male knows that he can't do the bidding of a Lady Macbeth, no matter how compelling the reward for acquiescing, and no matter how unpleasant the punishment for a refusal, because to do so places his soul and the woman's soul into Satan's realm. Patriarchy and Christianity are of necessity linked. Feminism and Satan are irretrievably linked as well. The former link must be restored, and the latter must be destroyed.

Feminism, like so many of the heretical -isms, had always lurked on the outskirts of Christendom. You could find its adherents in witch's covens and the surviving underground cults of Cybele. But in the later half of the 20th century, feminism became mainstream, and patriarchal Christianity became an underground, proscribed religion. And it is significant that institutional feminism had its roots in the 'civil rights' movements of the late 1950s and 1960s. Radical women working in the civil rights movements saw themselves as even more disenfranchised than the black man. But because the black man was also 'victimized' by the white male, the feminists always reserved their criticisms for the white Christian male rather than the black male. The feminist silence during the O. J. Simpson trial was deafening.

If we just look at the stated beliefs of the feminists, their alliance with the black males seems ludicrous and inconsistent. If they are against masculinity, shouldn't they be against every single male, no matter what the color? But when dealing with men, and even more so with women, we must, if we want to truly understand them, go beneath the surface of their stated beliefs to the spirit that motivates them. And at the spiritual level, the feminists and the blacks are united. Both groups despise femininity and worship pagan masculinity. We are back with Lady Macbeth. She asks Satan to "unsex her" and make her heart as cold and merciless as a pagan male warrior. And she will only give her husband conjugal rights if he forsakes his Christian masculinity for a perverted and savage pagan masculinity.

MACBETH: We will proceed no further in this business:
He hath honour'd me of late; and I have bought
Golden opinions from all sorts of people,
Which would be worn now in their newest gloss,
Not cast aside so soon.

LADY MACBETH: Was the hope drunk
Wherein you dress'd yourself? Hath it slept since?
And wakes it now, to look so green and pale
At what it did so freely? From this time
Such I account thy love. Art thou afeard
To be the same in thine own act and valour
As thou art in desire? Wouldst thou have that
Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,
And live a coward in thine own esteem,
Letting 'I dare not' wait upon 'I would,'
'Like the poor cat i' the adage?

MACBETH: Prithee, peace:
I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares do more is none.

LADY MACBETH: What beast was't, then,
That made you break this enterprise to me?
When you durst do it, then you were a man;
And, to be more than what you were, you would
Be so much more the man. Nor time nor place
Did then adhere, and yet you would make both:
They have made themselves, and that their fitness now
Does unmake you. I have given suck, and know
How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me:
I would, while it was smiling in my face,
Have pluck'd my nipple from his boneless gums,
And dash'd the brains out, had I so sworn as you
Have done to this.

So true femininity, the type of femininity that Christian European poets used to rhapsodize about, is demonized along with the masculinity of men like Alfred and Tell, who fought and killed in defense of, rather than out of blood lust or desire for material gain. Only pagan masculinity remains, in the blacks, in the feminist Lady Macbeths, and in the white males who kill in the abortuaries at the behest of the feminist Lady Macbeths.

The black and the feminist revolts are compact in their ideological roots. Both movements are anti-European and anti-reality. The black revolution runs counter to the traditional Christian European view of the black man as the descendant of Ham, the lascivious son of Noah, who needed to be held in check by his more godly brothers. And the black movements which advocate black supremacy, under the guise of racial equality, directly contradict the historical reality that whenever blacks rule, Satan reigns. The pigmentation of the black's skin is not just an insignificant coloring. It is a warning from God; we dare not let darkness rule the light.

The contrast between the traditional European view of women as the life-bearers and life-nurturers, and the modern view of women as masculine pagans with female body parts is best exemplified by the contrast between the Virgin Mary nursing our Lord and the rock singer Madonna... well, we know what she does. It is not possible to be reconciled to, or to live with, people who prefer the later image of women to the former. And which image conforms to reality? Is Madonna the end product of the liberal's utopian dream?

The assault on Christian Europe is diverse, but the source of the assault is not diverse. There is one, demonic personality behind each assault. Only a people connected to Him can resist the assaults of that other 'he,' the malevolent 'he.' When we refuse to sever our links to Him, by resisting the new feminist and black ideologies, we are fighting the good fight and being true to Christian Europe. +

Serious Play - JANUARY 24, 2009

"Disparage not the faith thou dost not know,
Lest to thy peril thou aby it dear."

-- Shakespeare

When my children were younger and my mother still alive we used to play, whenever we visited Nana and Pop-pop, what we called the 'mountain lion game.' My mother would put on a yellow sweat suit and chase the children, who were supposed to be baby mountain goats, around the playground. At a crucial point in the drama, when hope seemed nearly gone, the daddy mountain goat (I got to play that role) would come forward and drive the mountain lion off the cliff. Of course to my mother and me it was a game, but not to my children. They had looks of abject terror on their faces when the mountain lion was closing in on them and looks of ecstatic joy when the daddy mountain goat drove the lion off the cliff. On some level of my children's consciousness they surely knew that their Nana was not a deadly mountain lion and their father was not a large mountain goat, but the overwhelming reality for them during the duration of the game was that Nana was a mountain lion and I was the daddy mountain goat. So what was a game to me was serious play to them.

And it struck me back then, and even more so now, that their serious play was a reflection of the way they viewed existence. There were very deadly monsters in the world who meant them harm, and father figures who could keep them safe from harm. They always wanted to play the mountain lion game, despite their terror during the initial attack of the lion, because they believed that the daddy mountain goat would ultimately defeat the mountain lion.

We don't change much when we go from children to adults, not in our essential personalities. "Adults" do what my children did: we engage in serious play in which we act out our vision of existence. A crisis occurs in a culture when what used to be serious play to a people becomes meaningless prattle to their descendants. Such a crisis, I would argue, has occurred in European civilization. Great works of art such as Michelangelo's Sistine Chapel and Shakespeare's *King Lear* are no longer treated as the serious play of the European people. They are regarded in much the same way that our European ancestors used to regard Egyptian hieroglyphics or the Hanging Gardens of Babylon: interesting artifacts of a past civilization but not something that touches the inner man. I first became aware of the dichotomy between the pre-modern Europeans and the modern Europeans when I majored in English literature at a modern university. Works that made me weep were treated by the professors of literature as examples of a particular era when people said such and such things and believed certain things, but they did not touch the modern man; he followed a different drummer.

It took me a number of years to realize what should have been obvious to me. The entire artistic output of European man, the serious play, is either implicitly or explicitly about the birth, life, death, and resurrection of Jesus Christ. If you no

longer believe that Christ is exactly who He said He was, the serious play of the people who did believe in Christ will strike you as a mere frivolity or a topic for abstract study.

Of course as C. S. Lewis pointed out, the liberals do have their own sentimental values or serious play that has replaced the serious play of their European ancestors. (1) In literature, for instance, works that reflected a Christian worldview were relegated to artifact status, and the social novel became the serious play of the liberals. A totally different view of existence emerged from the new serious play.

If all mankind is tainted with original sin, there is an element of humility in every social movement. A man realizes that he, as well as those opposed to him, are human and fallible. So there is some mercy, even for his opponents, in a man who believes in the whole Christian story. Not so with the modern liberal. If there is no original sin shared by all mankind then the happiness of mankind is being impeded by one particular group of people. Such a people must be opposed and eradicated so the perfection of mankind can take place. The white Christian male has become, to the white liberal, the fount of all evil in the world.

The faith in the perfectibility of mankind once antique Christianity and the white Christian males are eliminated has become the unquestioned Orthodoxy of the modern world. But like any new ideology it needed its apologists and its proselytizers. Novelists such as Sinclair Lewis and John Steinbeck articulated the new religion while the academics became the conduits for the new faith. And artifact literature is seen as relevant to the extent it supports the new Orthodoxy. Thus a work like Charles Dickens' *Hard Times* is praised for its critique of white capitalists, but the book's critique of Marxism and the main character's belief in Christianity is thrown into the garbage bin of irrelevancy. Likewise, *Uncle Silas*, one of the great works of Christian literature, is called "a Gothic horror story" because that is the only aspect of the book that a modern post-Christian rationalist can take seriously. The ancient faith of the white race is not something that a post-Christian rationalist takes seriously.

The serious play of the new liberal is a seamless garment. In the visual arts, everything that depicts man as an autonomous, isolated atom in a meaningless universe is praised, while magnificent works of art like Michelangelo's *Pieta* are praised for their technical virtuosity but still relegated to the artifact category in terms of social relevance. I had an experience in my junior high school art class that's a perfect example of the new play vs. the old play. My art teacher was fresh out of art school and imbued with all the latest ideas about what constituted good art. She gave me and the rest of her students three months to come up with a creative masterpiece. She was available to advise us if we felt the need for advice, but we were encouraged to be "creative" and "self-reliant." I frittered away my time in class, talking about sports and playing 'hangmen' with some other students. Suddenly, or so it seemed to me, the three months were up and I had one 45-minute period in which to come up with a masterpiece. I splattered some paint on a canvas, with an emphasis on the more somber colors, and called my 'painting' "The Void." Without much hope of getting even a D- on the painting, I handed it in. But lo and behold I received an A+ for my magnificent work! The teacher couldn't praise me enough. It was a work of "surrealistic genius." I blush to acknowledge it, but for one fleeting moment I came close to believing my teacher. Maybe I was a genius. But when I saw the painting another student had done, I knew with absolute certainty that my painting was garbage. Kathy (I've forgotten her last name) had turned in a wonderful painting of a local pond she often visited with her family. The various members of her family were depicted in the picture, fishing, spreading out a picnic lunch, and so on. It was a beautiful painting. Kathy had a real gift. She received a B- for her efforts. The teacher told her that her painting lacked creativity. I wonder if Kathy believed her and learned how to become an avant-garde painter of garbage. As for my masterpiece? I threw it away in the trashcan on the way home from school.

Is it even necessary to talk about the revolution in music? Let one example suffice. I think Bach, with the possible exception of Handel, is the most explicitly Christian of the great composers. I remember one Christmas looking for a copy of Bach's *Christmas Oratorio* for a friend who I thought would appreciate it. When I found a copy I was delighted. But the blurb on the back of the album, written I'm sure by a musical 'expert,' was quite offensive. The expert praised Bach's music to the skies but then threw in a little editorial: "We need not share Bach's faith in order to appreciate his music." Oh really? Can a spiritual eunuch appreciate a Christmas oratorio? Bach's Christian faith inspired him to compose his music. The post-Christian rationalist's desire to have an aesthetic experience inspires him to listen to Bach. The two feelings are not compatible; serious play is antithetical to intellectual masturbation.

The Brit who said that the Battle of Waterloo was won on the playing fields of Eton was correct. Sport is part of the serious play that defines and forms the soul of a nation. Thomas Hughes vividly depicts, in *Tom Brown's Schooldays*, the inspirational potential of sport when it is superintended by Christian men such as Arnold of Rugby. The young men of Britain during the time of Thomas Hughes learned the code of chivalry in their athletic contests. That type of serious play produced heroes such as Henry Havelock, the liberator of Lucknow. (2) Duty, Honor, Faith; such was the code. But such heroes are no longer honored today because our serious sporting-type play encourages different values. We honor racial diversity, androgyny, capitalism, and barbarism in our sport.

The most striking aspect of the new play of white liberals is the unreality of it all. Negro savages are given the parts of statesmen, women are assigned the parts formerly reserved for men, and the personal God, the God of Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, and St. Paul, is replaced by nature. The liberals have codified the surreal. And because their world is so unreal, they must suppress every manifestation of reality. Everything from the European past is put in a museum and labeled racist and/or sexist. If a white man tries to bring the values and the faith of old Europe out of the museum and into the light of day, the reigning liberals will suppress, by whatever means necessary, the antique white man's attempt to interject European reality into the kingdom of liberal surrealism.

In the European fairy tales the knight, armed with the sword of truth and the shield of virtue, prevails against the witches, the wizards, and the dragons. He prevails because his faith, the ancestral faith of the European, provides him with a sword and shield. If he had proceeded against the wizards, witches, and dragons, with the sword of Thor and the shield of democracy, the sword would not have been able to penetrate to the dragon's heart, and his shield would have withered in his hand. What does the psalmist say? "Gird thy sword upon thy thigh, O most mighty, with thy glory and thy majesty. And in thy majesty ride prosperously because of truth and meekness and righteousness; and thy right hand shall teach thee terrible things. Thine arrows are sharp in the heart of the king's enemies; whereby the people fall under thee."

Our ancestors, in the serious play of their art, their literature, their music and their folklore, bequeathed us a sacred treasure, a treasure much more precious than gold. They left us a vision of the one true God, and neither He nor His culture is meant to be a museum piece. "Having eyes, see ye not? and having ears, hear ye not? and do ye not remember?" Can't we see the Hero through the mists? And can't we hear His voice calling from the mountain top? And don't we remember that our ancestors were the Christ bearers? If we see what they did, and hear what they heard, how can we not respond? I can hear the voice of Henry Havelock again: "Over two-hundred of our race are still alive in Cawnpore; with God's help we shall save them or die." There are thousands upon thousands of our race with souls that yearn for the lost Europe. With God's help we shall restore it to them or die.+

(1) "A great many of those who 'debunk' traditional or (as they would say) 'sentimental' values have in the background values of their own which they believe to be immune from the debunking process." – C. S. Lewis in *The Abolition of Man*

(2) After taking Cawnpore, where they found the whites had been murdered to the last man, woman and child, Havelock and his men went on to Lucknow where thankfully they were not too late, as depicted in this poem by Robert Traill Spence Lowell:

"The Relief of Lucknow"

Oh, that last day in Lucknow fort!
We knew that it was the last;
That the enemy's lines crept surely on,
And the end was coming fast.

To yield to that foe meant worse than death;
And the men and we all worked on;
It was one day more of smoke and roar,
And then it would all be done.

There was one of us, a corporal's wife,
A fair, young, gentle thing,
Wasted with fever in the siege,
And her mind was wandering.

She lay on the ground, in her Scottish plaid,
And I took her head on my knee;
"When my father comes hame frae the pleugh," she said,
"Oh, then please wauken me."

She slept like a child on her father's floor,
In the flecking of woodbine-shade,
When the house-dog sprawls by the open door,
And the mother's wheel is stayed.

It was smoke and roar and powder-stench,
And hopeless waiting for death;
And the soldier's wife, like a full-tired child,
Seemed scarce to draw her breath.

I sank to sleep; and I had my dream

Of an English village-lane,
And wall and garden; but one wild scream
Brought me back to the roar again.

There Jessie Brown stood listening
Till a sudden gladness broke
All over her face; and she caught my hand
And drew me near as she spoke:

"The Hielanders! Oh, dinna ye hear
The slogan far awa?
The McGregor's? Oh! I ken it weel;
It's the grandest o' them a'!

"God bless the bonny Hielanders !
We're saved! we're saved!" she cried;
And fell on her knees; and thanks to God
Flowed forth like a full flood-tide.

Along the battery-line her cry
Had fallen among the men,
And they started back; -- they were there to die;
But was life so near them, then?

They listened for life; the rattling fire
Far off, and that far-off roar,
Were all, and the colonel shook his head,
And they turned to their guns once more.

But Jessie said, "The slogan's done;
But can ye hear it noo?
"The Campbells are coming'? It's no a dream;
Our succors hae broken through!"

We heard the roar and the rattle afar,
But the pipes we could not hear;
So the men plied their work of hopeless war,
And knew that the end was near.

It was not long ere it made its way,
A thrilling, ceaseless sound:
It was no noise from the strife afar,
Or the sappers under ground.

It was the pipes of the Highlanders!
And now they played "Auld Lang Syne."
It came to our men like the voice of God,
And they shouted along the line.

And they wept, and shook one another's hands,
And the women sobbed in a crowd;
And every one knelt down where he stood,
And we all thanked God aloud.

That happy time, when we welcomed them,
Our men put Jessie first;
And the general gave her his hand, and cheers
Like a storm from the soldiers burst.

And the pipers' ribbons and tartan streamed,
Marching round and round our line;
And our joyful cheers were broken with tears,
As the pipes played "Auld Lang Syne."

Havelock died shortly after the liberation of Lucknow. He was always the perfect example of a Christian soldier. When his dear friend, Outram, asked if he needed anything to ease his pain, Havelock replied, "I have for forty years so ruled my life that when death came I might face it without fear." He died, not knowing that he had become a legend in Britain:

Guarded to a soldier's grave
By the bravest of the brave,
He hath gained a nobler tomb
Than an old cathedral gloom.
Nobler mourners paid the rite
Than the crowd that craves a sight;
England's banners o'er him waved,
Dead he keeps the realm he saved.

In 1901 Archibald Forbes wrote these words about Henry Havelock:

"So long as the memory of great deeds, and high courage, and spotless self-devotion is cherished among his countrymen, so long will Havelock's lonely grave beneath the scorching Eastern sky, hard by the vast city, the scene alike of his toil, his triumph, and his death, be regarded as one of the most holy of the countless spots where Britain's patriot soldiers lie."

Needless to say, Britons no longer regard the grave of a 'racist imperialist' as sacred. But I do, and I'm sure He does. And He is the only one Havelock ever sought to please.

Once Upon A Time - JANUARY 16, 2009

"Since you have a good heart, and are willing to divide what you have, I will give you good luck." – from "The Golden Goose"

For most Europeans born before 1960, the fairy tales of the Brothers Grimm were an integral part of their lives. My mother owned a large set of children's books and the Grimm fairy tales figured prominently in those books. When my mother died, my father asked me if there was anything I wanted among my mother's possessions. Yes, there was. It was the books with the fairy tales of the Brothers Grimm.

I think the story of Wilhelm and Jacob Grimm reveals to us the reason for the demise of European civilization and also shows us the way to the full and complete restoration of European civilization. Both brothers were scholars who wrote books for other scholars, on such subjects as mathematics, grammar, and law. But the younger brother, Wilhelm, had a passion for the fairy tales of the Germanic folk tradition. He saw that the tradition was dying, so he set out to make a written record of the tales. His incredible efforts on behalf of that magnificent tradition were depicted in an excellent movie, produced before the decadent age of movies, called *The Wonderful World of the Brothers Grimm*. At the end of the movie the two brothers both journey to the city of Berlin, where the older brother Jacob is supposed to receive an award for his various scholarly works. Upon their arrival there is a small delegation of pompous-looking pedants waiting for Jacob, while thousands upon thousands of children line the streets waiting for Wilhelm and implore him to "tell us a story!" – which he does. The passing years have proved the wisdom of the children. Who remembers the scholarly works? It is the fairy tales that have endured.

What the children who greeted Wilhelm were doing, and what subsequent Europeans who preserved the fairy tales collected by Wilhelm Grimm and ignored the scholarly tomes were doing, was choosing "that good part." The Sons of Martha have always been dominant on a day to day basis in Western civilization, but the ethos of Mary, who loved much, was the spiritual undergirding of European culture. The Europeans were unique. At the core of their civilization was something that never existed before or since in any other civilization. There was a faith in a fairy-tale ending to life for the men and women with faithful hearts. At the last trump, in the twinkling of an eye, The Hero would step forward and defeat the forces of evil. The antique Europeans did not work on and on "waiting for the light." They had seen the light and they kept His promise, "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world," in their hearts.

The hope that life is truly a fairy tale with a happy ending belongs to the European alone. Other peoples have always been welcome to share that hope, but they have never chosen en masse to incorporate the light of Europe into their cultures. And "off this stage we have shown," (see "The White Cross") that the white liberal has kept a faith in the future but has divorced it from the faith in the God-Man. Such a faith is the complete antithesis of the fairy-tale faith of the Europeans, because without The Hero there can be no fairy-tale ending to our lives or to the historical process.

The European is in such a desperate plight today because he no longer believes that the world of the Brothers Grimm is the real world and the world of the scientist is the make-believe world. He has lost the ability to see past the physical façade of the natural world to the spiritual world behind the façade. Liberalism is a disease of the soul; it is a virus that destroys vision. "I see nothing at all," Hamlet's mother says while in the spiritual presence of her late husband, "yet all that is, I see." And the liberal sees no spiritual dimension in the culture of the European; he sees only racism and admires only science. The liberal and the barbarian are united in their blindness to the light and their hatred of the light. But they are different in a way that neither the barbarian nor the white liberal fully understand. The barbarian hates the white for the

simple reason that he is a barbarian. He has never known any world but the natural world. He has never known a God above the nature gods. But the white liberal cannot, by simply denying the existence of spirit and blood, change the fact that His spirit and blood were woven into the fabric of the white man's culture. Hence the liberal's hatred of the white is more intense than that of the barbarian. The liberal's hate is beyond a natural antipathy. His hatred is fueled by the satanic desire to eradicate that which can never be fully eradicated, the memory that the path through the European forest once led to an enchanted cottage blessed by the Son of God. The liberal's hate is unending, and his alliance with the colored races is unbreakable, because he must keep the image of the European forest and the God-Man who shed his beneficence upon it from ever coming back into his consciousness. The liberal's memory of his Christian antecedents must be ruthlessly and violently suppressed lest he be forced to see the God he dare not look upon.

The blood red tide that Yeats wrote about is cresting. A policeman in England is suspended for being a member of the British Nationalist Party. A teacher in Canada is fired because it is discovered that he is a Christian of the Old School. And in America, the first Western country to place a Mau Mau on the throne, when whites protest the torture-murder of white people by blacks, the U. S. government monitors the protesters. And so it goes, on and on to the Nth degree.

And yet the "practical" men of the Right urge us to petition, vote, and beg for mercy from the liberals and barbarians, in order to stop the white-hating mania of modern Satandom. "And God forbid," they scream at us, that we should try to separate from Satandom. "That would be giving up!" (1) But who is giving up? It is the practical men, the same men who would have dismissed the Grimm's fairy tales as mere frivolity and taken the grammar book to bed with them. The practical men suffer from the same disease as the liberals. If they were well, if they saw life in the fairy-tale mode, they would realize a religion which has no spiritual dimension cannot be defeated by democratic platforms also devoid of any spiritual dimension. They would also see that a people who have returned to the savage gods are never going to extend mercy to those who champion the God of Mercy. No, the practical right wingers of the pagan variety and the 'get out the vote and write letters' variety have not given up. They have never been in the fight. The fight is "against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of the world..." And it takes a man, a hero, who is wedded to sacred Christian Europe, body and soul, to do battle with and triumph over the powers of darkness.

The plight of the Christian European is worse than it seems, and it is better than it seems. It is worse because the Christian European's allies have the same 'this world only' philosophy that his enemies have. The right wing pagan invokes Thor and tells us that the older Christian European was either a fool, a dupe, or a coward (see "Christ or Thor"). The democratic conservative of the Middle American News variety worships the democratic process and sees no hope for the white man unless he can win liberal whites back and prevail at the ballot box. But Thor is simply a nature god; he is incapable of inspiring a counterrevolution. And since the liberals are not going to "come back," it would appear, by the lights of the Christian European's pagan and democratic allies, that the white man has fought his last battle. Just write 'Finis' on his gravestone.

Now, let us look at reality, which is always less depressing than the statistics of the materialists. The reality is that the European fairy tales, which tell us the natural world is merely a reflection of a deeper spiritual dimension to life, are true. There is a malevolent, evil, supernatural being who roams the earth seeking the ruin of souls. And there is a Hero who is God and Man who fights with us and for us, against the evil one.

It seems stunningly imbecilic to me that the modern European thinks that he is wiser to the extent that he distances himself from a fairy-tale understanding of, and a fairy-tale response to, existence. Fortunately there are still some Europeans who believe in fairy tales. Which is why things are not as dark as they seem. Numbers are not important to a hero from the Brothers Grimm stories. It wouldn't even occur to him to count how many liberals, Negroes, and Mexicans blocked his entrance to the castle in which the fair maiden was held captive. Nor would he wait until he had a large majority of supporters. The hero sees only what must be done and he ventures forth. "Let others follow if they choose!"

If you would like to believe in the fairy tale of a European resurrection but find it all too fantastical to believe, just look at the tapestry of Christian Europe. The liberals have woven their own satanic tapestry to replace the Christian one, but they cannot unweave the tapestry of Christian Europe. And that cloth tells a story of a people who were so inspired by The Hero that they built a civilization based on the unscientific belief that man is more than nature and divine charity can raise the dead.

For the sake of their souls, we wish white liberals would forsake liberalism and return to sacred Europe. But we don't need them in order to reconquer Europe. We need only to reject all magic talismans, whether pagan or democratic, and stay wedded to the really true fairy tale of the third dumb brother, who set out to make His fortune in the world while holding on to the rather quaint notion that charity never faileth. Against all odds He prevailed over ruin and death. And we shall also prevail if we look past the false materialist façade of the modern world and embrace the fairy-tale reality of the suffering servant who turned out to be the Crowned King of Fairyland.+

(1) If the European does not separate from mainstream liberalism in church as well as in society, he will be swallowed up by the leviathan and his children's children will not know there was once a non-materialist civilization consecrated to the God-Man. And we cannot merely campaign for an equal portion of the satanic pie. Satan does not permit diversity in his kingdom. The faithful whites must separate, grow strong in spirit, and then reconquer Europe for Christ the King.

Above the Sceptred Sway - JANUARY 09, 2009

Lord have mercy upon us.
Christ have mercy upon us.
Lord have mercy upon us.

Introduction

I'm more familiar with the Roman Catholic tradition than I am with the Protestant or Orthodox traditions, so I chose a Roman Catholic priest for the following interview. But I don't think the other Christian churches are devoid of their own Father Trendies. What I see in all the Christian churches is a battle between polytheistic atheists and halfway house Christians. The halfway house Christians don't like all the radical conclusions the Father Trendy types draw from the premises of halfway house Christianity, but once you go halfway down a slippery slope it is only a matter of time before you go all the way down. The antique European stays away from the slopes altogether.

This interview is a composite of actual opinions and statements of liberals that I've known and had inflicted on me over the years. Only the names have been changed, etc.

Father Trendy is 63 years old. He was ordained a priest in 1973. Five of his most famous books are: 1) *Vatican II: The Hope, the Promise, and the Call* (1980), 2) *I Jogged with God* (1983), 3) *Beyond Christianity: A Syncretistic Look at Buddhism and Christianity* (1990), 4) *Sodomy and the Catholic Tradition* (2001), and 5) *The Emerging Black Church* (2007)

Interviewer: In a recent article for *Radical Catholic* magazine, you stated that a spirit of conservatism was sweeping the Church. I do not see that spirit. Would you explain what you mean by 'a spirit of conservatism'?

Fr. Trendy: Pope Benedict still speaks in the language of what I call patriarchal Christianity. He still uses anarchic terms like 'God the Father' and 'Christ the Lord'. Those are tribal terms, not universal terms for modern man.

Int: I don't quite understand your meaning.

FT: The Bible, particularly the Old Testament, but also the New, is a reflection of a particular time period and a particular people's – a tribal, nomadic people – concept of god. It is not a magic book that is relevant, without modification, to modern man.

Int: So you reject the notion that the Bible is divinely inspired?

FT: I reject the traditional notion of divinely inspired scripture. I do not reject the notion that a life force inspires works of creative literature.

Int: And that is how you view the Bible, as a work of creative literature?

FT: Yes.

Int: If you reject the authority of the Bible, what is your touchstone of reality? Is it the Pope?

FT: No, of course not. Benedict is the head of an organization called the Roman Catholic Church, but he is not the head of the evolving church of the holy spirit.

Int: Who is the head of that church?

FT: There is no head of that church. We are all evolving to our own omega points. No bogeyman authority figure from the Dark Ages can guide an evolving human being. Pope John Paul II was beginning, at the time of his death, to understand that concept. The present Pope doesn't seem to grasp it.

Int: I must say that I don't grasp it either. The faith you describe sounds less substantial than Casper the Friendly Ghost.

FT: I'm afraid you just don't understand things of the spirit.

Int: Well, we'll let that alone for the present. Let me ask another question. Don't you ever get tired of trying to keep up with the latest trends in liturgy, theology, and sexual practices?

FT: It is difficult, but if one is to stay in touch with humanity, one must stay in touch with the times.

Int: I don't agree. There can be no humanity if there are no concrete men of flesh, blood, and spirit. The integral, true man does not drink from the well of modernity. He takes his life-sustaining drink from a well that is not subject to the ever-changing water of the ever-changing times.

FT: All things change. That is the law of life.

Int: I would call it a law of death. And didn't Christ conquer death?

FT: Evolve, evolve, evolve – that is our sublime mission.

Int: I refuse to evolve.

FT: Then you are doomed to extinction.

Int: If nature is supreme, as you seem to imply, then yes, I am doomed to extinction. But you are also doomed, aren't you? If Christ be not risen... You know the implication, don't you?

FT: No man will become extinct who is part of nature. He doesn't die, he simply returns to his source.

Int: Not to his Maker?

FT: No, that is a primitive, outdated concept.

Int: What is the significance of Jesus Christ to the Catholic Church?

FT: He was our founder. He taught us how to evolve.

Int: But you have evolved beyond Him now?

FT: You put it rather crudely, but yes, we have evolved beyond Christ. We still respect him for having shown us the way. But these concepts are probably new to you and therefore hard to grasp.

Int: No, they are not new. I've been through the university system. But while at the university, I also came across the European poets. And in their works, I saw the reflection of a face. Do you have any idea whose face I saw?

FT: You saw the face of a tribal god of one particular group of people who occupied a geographical region called Europe.

Int: No, I saw the face of the one true God. And having seen that face in European culture, I looked for confirmation of the truth I had seen. I went to a priest who was teaching at the university, and I asked him how I could verify the vision. The priest said something very interesting. He did not drag out the party line and tell me to read the Baltimore Catechism and the latest papal encyclical. He told me to read the Gospels. It was good advice, because the Christ of the Gospels and the Christ of the European people are one and the same. I don't think it is possible to evolve beyond that vision. That vision is reality.

FT: I would say that it is one man's fantasy.

Int: It is not just my vision.

FT: All right, I'll grant you that. It is a fantasy of a whole group of people who used to occupy the continent of Europe. They were a distinctly insular and cruel people.

Int: I know your views on the Europeans. But before we discuss your book, *The Emerging Black Church*, let me go back to a book you wrote in 2001 called *Sodomy and the Catholic Tradition*.

FT: All right.

Int: You stated in the book that sodomy could be very beneficial for one's soul under the right circumstances. Could you elaborate on that statement?

FT: I would be happy to. Sodomy is an expression of love. Love is from the divine essence. Love between consenting adults is always life-enhancing and, therefore, holy.

Int: That's a rather disgusting syllogism. Do you really believe it?

FT: Of course I do. It is the essence of the true Christianity.

Int: Sodomy?

FT: No, love.

Int: Then any physical act between two consenting adults is a life-enhancing, loving act, and therefore the act is Christian?

FT: Yes.

Int: Suppose a man decides he loves his neighbor's wife. And suppose that love is reciprocated. If they act on their mutual attraction, is that interaction life-enhancing and therefore Christian?

FT: Yes.

Int: But what if the woman's husband does not think his neighbor and wife have participated in a life-enhancing act? Suppose he thinks his neighbor is a scoundrel and his wife is a slut?

FT: The husband would be wrong. He would be looking at the whole thing from the antiquated prism of conventional non-evolutionary Christian morality. If he had a properly evolving Christian perspective, he would understand that the truly loving relationship does not entail the stifling of another's life-enhancing acts.

Int: But isn't the husband suffering when his neighbor sleeps with his wife? Can something be life-enhancing if it destroys the life of another human being?

FT: The husband only suffers when he sees life through a false prism.

Int: So it's his own fault if he suffers, because he doesn't see the world properly?

FT: I wouldn't put it quite like that, but, yes, that is essentially correct.

Int: How about rape, then? If a man rapes a woman, is that a life-enhancing act and therefore a Christian act?

FT: Most definitely not.

Int: But it is life-enhancing, is it not? Let's suppose the man loves the woman he raped.

FT: No, the act cannot be life-enhancing because the man did not get the woman's consent.

Int: But in the case of the adulterous couple, they did not get the husband's consent.

FT: That's different; the husband was not looking at life through the proper window.

Int: Well, couldn't we say that about the hypothetical rape victim, she was just not looking at life through the proper window?

FT: No, we couldn't; you're making a mockery of my words. I don't believe you really want to have a serious discussion.

Int: Is it possible to have a serious discussion with a man who could write this passage. I quote from a book you wrote called *Language and the Objective Correlative*: "There is no real connection between the words we use and objective reality, because there is no such thing as objective reality. All reality is relative. The spiritual principle of life is that the spirit is a relative concept. Words as they have been traditionally used are jailers, used to keep us prisoners in charnel houses of objectivity." End quote.

FT: I stand by those words. But I don't think that passage is relevant to the issue of sodomy, which is what you said you wanted to discuss.

Int: I wouldn't think you would see the relevance of the passage. But it is relevant to everything we have been discussing. If we cannot know anything but our own ever-evolving minds, then we become shadows that simply pass over the earth like an evening mist. We are without a god, without an identity, and without human fellowship. But as a consolation, we can be sodomites and adulterers because in the land of pure, evolving mind, there is no such thing as sin.

FT: You have twisted everything I've said. The evolving minds that you deprecate have given us mercy. For the first time in the history of mankind, man, at least the evolving man, knows what it feels like to be free of guilt and free of a vengeful god that sees evil in every life-enhancing act.

Inter: You have no right to use the term 'mercy'. Mercy is only given to those who believe in the Christian God. What we always come up against is the essential question: Is Christ the Son of God? If He is, then far from being a vengeful, cruel, antiquated faith, orthodox Christianity is man's only hope to actually know what it is like to be loved by a merciful God. In your scheme of things, there can be no mercy because there is no God to extend mercy. But you do keep the concept of sin.

FT: That I categorically deny.

Int: Yes, you do. The sinners are the recalcitrant Christians, like the husband of the unfaithful wife, who still hold on to a belief in God, sin, and redemption.

FT: You're not going to try to justify the story of Adam and Eve and original sin?

Int: I don't have to justify it; the reality of life confirms it. Melville once remarked that modern man, in rejecting original sin, was rejecting the one tenet of Christianity that was most obviously true.

FT: Don't quote a white European to me.

Int: The white Europeans whom you deplore showed us the face of Jesus Christ. And that face is a merciful face. To whom can we turn for mercy if not to Christ? And to what people can we look, if not to the white Europeans, to see the mercy of God embodied in a culture? The barbarians have no mercy and the post-Christian rationalists like you have eliminated the divine source of mercy.

FT: I must stop you there. The white Europeans have defiled the earth. Our only hope is to embrace the black race and...

Int: I've read your book, you needn't go any further. But I wonder if you have ever looked at the Gospels with an open heart, or looked at the Western cultural heritage from any vantage point other than a hate-filled, Olympian vantage point. There is a remarkable synergy between the Gospels and the European poets who were inspired by His presence in their civilization. You claim that you and like-minded, evolving men invented mercy. The European tradition gives the lie to that blasphemous claim.

FT: Again, I must protest.

Int: No, you've had your say, in countless lectures which I've had to sit through.

FT: You've never attended one of my classes.

Int: Yes, I have, for you and your ilk are legion. You exist in every university throughout the Western world and you haunt the airwaves and print mediums of the world. So just this once, you're going to be lectured to.

In the deceptively simple parable of the prodigal son, we have all the elements of Christian drama. The drama of the Greeks was the drama of fate. Oedipus's triumph consisted of the way he played the cruel hand which fate dealt him. In Christian drama, the triumph and tragedy consist not in the drama of fate, but in the drama of free will. There are no

Grecian goddesses of the fates spinning our destinies; our wills are free, and we can send ourselves to perdition or be astounded into heaven. Such is the substance of Christian drama.

The prodigal son has lived all his life in his father's house but has never really known his father. If he had, he would never have left him. It is only when he is completely outside of his father's house that the prodigal son appreciates what he had but never knew. The prodigal's plight illustrates a point Chesterton made in his book, *The Everlasting Man*: "Now the best relation to our spiritual home is to be near enough to love it. But the next best is to be far enough away not to hate it."

So, the prodigal son returns. His father is not content to simply wait for his son to get to the house. When he sees him, "yet a great way off," the father runs to his son and showers him with kisses. The father is like our Lord, who is just waiting for us to make the slightest move in His direction, and He will pursue us as an ardent lover pursues his beloved. One can hear the father using the words Francis Thompson ascribes to Christ:

"All which thy child's mistake
Fancies as lost, I have stored for thee at home:
Rise, clasp My hand, and come!"

The prodigal son returns to his father's house with the love that "casteth out fear," and on bended knee with true contrition says, "I have sinned against heaven and before thee, I am not worthy to be called thy son." The father, much to the chagrin of animal rights' advocates, kills the fatted calf.

Our joy in the return of the prodigal son is mitigated by our sadness at the spiritual state of his brother. On merely face value, the brother seems in good shape. He, unlike his prodigal brother, has stayed in his father's house. He has not "devoured his substance with harlots," and he has kept the commandments. Yet his soul is a knot of vipers. He is angry with his father for celebrating his brother's return. His anger reveals that he does not love God or his neighbor. If he loved God, represented by the father, he would not think to have been separated from the father was a great joy for his brother; and if he had loved his neighbor, represented by his brother, he would rejoice that his brother was once more united with the father. I would not venture to say that the prodigal's brother is damned, but I do think we are meant to see that the brother's soul is in dire straits.

The prodigal's brother has been practicing only the externals of the Faith. There is nothing in his heart. It is a great error to sneer at any mention of the heart, as many traditionalist groups do, and falsely label the heart as an invention of the liberals. The liberals have hardened their hearts to Christ more thoroughly than any of the formalist religious sects that the liberals are so fond of caricaturing. But it is clear from the parable of the prodigal son and so many of Christ's other parables, that the heart, the interior soul, is central to a man's faith. If a man's heart is right, the externals will generally be there too. But all of the externals can be in place, and a man's heart can still be a knot of vipers. A house, no matter how beautiful its outside walls, is an empty shell without a hearth fire.

Let us proceed from the prodigal son to that heroic knight of charity: Mr. Samuel Pickwick, Esquire, the founder and President of the Pickwick Club. Mr. Pickwick, as we know, wandered throughout England accompanied by his trusty manservant, Sam Weller, and by his fellow Pickwickians, trying to extend the reign of charity throughout England. Mr. Pickwick's greatest adversary is Mr. Jingle. Jingle wanders throughout England cheating widows and fleecing the poor. Mr. Pickwick repeatedly tries to bring Mr. Jingle to justice and is repeatedly thwarted in his attempts. Toward the end of the book, Mr. Pickwick, who has been unjustly cast into prison by the law firm of Dodson and Fogg, meets Mr. Jingle; Jingle is a fellow prisoner. Mr. Pickwick has quite rightly sought to bring Jingle to justice, but when Pickwick perceives that Jingle has had more justice than even Jingle deserves, he forgives Jingle and saves him from starvation. Their meeting is worth witnessing:

'Come here, sir,' said Mr Pickwick, trying to look stern, with four large tears running down his waistcoat. 'Take that, sir.'

Take what? In the ordinary acceptation of such language, it should have been a blow. As the world runs, it ought to have been a sound, hearty cuff; for Mr Pickwick had been duped, deceived, and wronged by the destitute outcast who was now wholly in his power. Must we tell the truth? It was something from Mr Pickwick's waistcoat-pocket, which clinked as it was given into Job's hand, and the giving of which, somehow or other imparted a sparkle to the eye, and a swelling to the heart, of our excellent old friend, as he hurried away.

-- from *Pickwick Papers* by Charles Dickens

Mr. Pickwick, upon his own release from prison, facilitates Jingle's release, and procures a job for Jingle. Those of us who know Mr. Pickwick are not surprised, but it is an act of mercy that only a man of Pickwick's nobility would have performed. Just as Quixote rides on that lonely road in Spain, so does Mr. Pickwick ride the lonely roads of England; however, the roads are not as lonely because of Mr. Pickwick.

From England and Mr. Pickwick, we go to France and Jean Valjean. You know the story: Valjean serves nineteen years in prison for stealing a loaf of bread. When he gets out, he is an embittered, vengeful man. He stays the night at the home of a saintly cleric (there were a few back then) named Bishop Bienvenu. After dinner, he steals the bishop's silver plate and flees the house. A couple of gendarmes bring the captured Jean Valjean back to the bishop's house in the morning. The bishop, instead of renouncing Jean as a thief, asks him why he forgot to take the silver candlesticks, since he, the bishop, had given him both the plate and the candlesticks the night before. The gendarmes leave, and the bishop speaks to Jean Valjean:

"Forget not, never forget that you have promised me to use this silver to become an honest man."

Jean Valjean, who had no recollection of this promise, stood confounded. The bishop had laid much stress upon those words as he uttered them. He continued, solemnly:

"Jean Valjean, my brother; you belong no longer to evil, but to good. It is your soul that I am buying for you. I withdraw it from dark thoughts and from the spirit of perdition, and I give it to God."

-- from *Les Misérables* by Victor Hugo

The bishop is a truly remarkable man. But Jean Valjean proves to be an equally remarkable man. He responds to the mercy shown to him, by becoming, during the next forty years of his life, a dispenser of mercy. The transformation that takes place in Jean Valjean's soul illustrates a profound truth of the Christian Faith. In theory, it should be enough for all of us that our Lord, in the ultimate act of mercy, gave up his person to suffering and death to atone for our sins. But if one of the heirs of the apostles does not, at some time, show us mercy, we will never believe in the author of mercy. "See how they love one another," used to be said about the early Christians. It will always be a sign of a sect when the opposite is said, "See how they hate one another."

In the encounter between Bishop Bienvenu and Jean Valjean, the grace of God is triumphant because there is a willing dispenser of mercy and a repentant sinner. In the parable of the unmerciful servant (Matthew 18: 21-35), the grace of God is not triumphant because the servant who receives mercy -- "And the Lord of that servant being moved with pity, let him go and forgave him the debt" -- is not truly repentant. He thinks his master is a fool for forgiving him his debt. How do we know this? Because the servant goes out and demands a pitiful sum, in comparison to what he owed his master, from his fellow servant.

And his fellow servant, falling down, besought him, saying: Have patience with me, and I will pay thee all.
And he would not: but went and cast him into prison, till he paid the debt.
Now his fellow servants seeing what was done, were very much grieved, and they came and told their lord all that was done.

The unmerciful servant has nothing in his heart. He knows only the externals of the Faith. He knows how to go on bended knee to his lord to ask for a favor, but he has no idea of the meaning of a bended knee. As a result:

Then the lord called him; and said to him: Thou wicked servant, I forgave thee all the debt, because thou besoughtest me: Shouldst not thou then have had compassion also on thy fellow servant, even as I had compassion on thee?
And his lord being angry, delivered him to the torturers until he paid all the debt.
So also shall my heavenly Father do to you, if you forgive not every one his brother from your hearts.

There is a danger, in secular times like our own when the idea of God's judgment is laughable to most people, of over-emphasizing God's wrathful nature in order to compensate for the rampant secularism. One can see this overcompensating tendency in many of the traditionalist sects around today. Mere reaction, however, is never the answer to rampant secularism. The answer is always integral Christianity. The greatest act of mercy, especially in times of persecution, that our pastors can perform is to preach the pure and unmitigated Gospel of Christ. This point is illustrated for us in Henryk Sienkiewicz's magnificent novel, *Quo Vadis*.

The setting of the novel is Nero's Rome. Late in the book we witness the Christians, who have been herded together by Roman soldiers, about to face death in the arena. A precursor of the Jansenists, a priest named Crispus, speaks to the Christians.

"Bewail your sins for the hour has come. Behold, the Lord has sent down flames to destroy Babylon, the city of crime and shame. The hour of judgment has struck; the hour of wrath and disaster is here. The Lord promised to come, and He will soon be here. He will not come as a meek Lamb Who offered His blood for our sins, but He will come as a Judge Who in justice will hurl sinners and unbelievers into the pit. Woe to the world! Woe to sinners! There will be no mercy for them. I see You, Lord Christ! Stars are falling upon the earth, the sun is darkened, the earth opens its gaping maw, the dead rise from the graves but You are triumphant amid sounds of trumpet and legions of angels, amidst thunder and lightning. I see You, O lord, O Christ!"

Understandably, Crispus's words do not comfort the Christians. The ungodliness of the godly Crispus leads the Christians to despair. But suddenly the voice of Peter is heard.

At that moment a calm and reassuring voice was heard. "Peace be with you!"

It was the voice of Peter the Apostle who had entered the cave a moment earlier. At the sound of his voice terror dissipated as if by a miracle. People rose from the crowd. Those who were near the Apostle fell on their knees before him as if seeking protection. He stretched out his hands over them and cried, "Why are you troubled? Who can say when the final hour will strike. The Lord punished Babylon with fire but His mercy will be on those whom baptism has purified and you, whose sins are redeemed by the blood of the Lamb, will die with His name on your lips and peace in your hearts. Peace be with you!"

After the merciless words of Crispus, the words of Peter feel like a balm on all present. Not the fear of God but the love of God was more important to them now. These people loved Christ about Whom they had learned from the Apostle's narratives. Not a merciless judge but a mild and patient Lamb was their God. A God Whose mercy surpasses all understanding, surpasses all wickedness that man can perpetuate. This was great comfort to them all. A great solace and thankfulness filled their hearts.

In the exchange between Crispus and St. Peter, we can see vividly illustrated the difference between heresy and Christianity. The Christian preaches mercy to the repentant sinner, but the heretic preaches wrath and judgment for all but himself.

Closely allied to the Jansenist mentality which preaches hell with such joy, is the Feeneyite mentality. God's grace must work through the channels they demand or else He is no God. Christ's promise to the thief on the cross, "This day thou shalt be with me in paradise," stuffs the lie down the Feeneyites' throats. Christ cuts through all the red tape and takes the good thief to heaven with him. This does not negate the sacramental system, nor does it mean we should all plan on a deathbed conversion; it simply means that the ways of God are not the ways of man, and that one cannot put "love in a golden bowl."

If one looked only at the externals of the good thief's life, one certainly would never have known him. But Christ did know him. He knew of the titanic struggle that took place in the thief's heart. He knew of the subterranean current of grace that was hidden from the rest of mankind. The current was so strong that our Lord decided that the good thief belonged in heaven. Who are we, and who are the Feeneyites, that presume to judge our Lord? "This day thou shalt be with me in paradise."

I have refrained from using any images of mercy from the works of Shakespeare because that task would demand a separate book. But I would be remiss if I didn't quote Portia's immortal speech from the *Merchant of Venice*. She confronts the unrepentant Shylock with these words:

The quality of mercy is not strain'd,
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath: it is twice blest;
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes:
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest: it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown;
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above this sceptred sway;
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this,
That, in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy;
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy.

What Portia so eloquently explains, my poor, soul-dead Father Trendy, is that we see God most clearly when we practice the virtues that His only begotten Son taught us to practice. Tom Brown might have become a Viking-type pagan, or worse, a post-Christian rationalist, if he had not extended mercy and protection to a poor fatherless boy who was placed in the same dormitory with him. When Arthur's mother expresses her thanks to Tom, he understands the link between God, mercy, and the civilization of the white man, which you, Father Trendy, and your ilk have done so much to destroy.

Arthur's mother got up and walked with him to the door, and there gave him her hand again, and again his eyes met that deep, loving look, which was like a spell upon him. Her voice trembled slightly as she said, "Good night – You are one who knows what our Father has promised to the friend of the widow and the fatherless. May He deal with you as you have dealt with me and mine!"

-- from *Tom Brown's Schooldays*

I read that work once a year with my children, so I always know that passage is coming, yet still I can't hold back the tears.

And that, Father Trendy, to paraphrase Linus, is what Christianity and Western culture are all about.

FT: I'm not impressed by reactionary drivell... You struck me!

Int: There is no such thing as striking another person. You are trying to place me in a "charnel house of objectivity."

FT: It hurt!

Int: It was life enhancing for me; maybe you are not looking at life through the proper prism.

FT: I think I'll need dental work!

Int: Then, I guess the interview is over.

Polytheistic Hell - JANUARY 03, 2009

And he said unto them, Go. And when they were come out, they went into the herd of swine: and, behold, the whole herd of swine ran violently down a steep place into the sea, and perished in the waters. -- Matthew 8: 32

If we just look at the surface of organizational Christianity, the Christian faith seems to be alive, and if not prospering at least holding its own. But if we go just a little below the surfaces of the various Christian churches, we can see that the Christian faith is very far from thriving or holding its own. There has been an incredible shift in emphasis in the Christian churches. Every Christian church was originally founded on the belief that Jesus Christ's entrance onto the historical stage (birth, life, death and resurrection) was the colossal event of human history. All of mankind's existence hinged, Christians believed, on that earth-shattering event. But the new emphasis of the religious intelligentsia is on what Christianity has in common with other religions and what Jesus Christ has in common with other religious leaders. How often have we heard Christ lumped in with Gandhi, Socrates, or -- in the ultimate insult -- coupled with Nelson Mandela or Barack Obama? Christ's importance as a religious leader is not denied, but Christ's special identity as the Son of God, the Lord of history, is being denied. What has taken place in the latter half of the 20th century and in the beginning of the 21st century is a world-wide apostasy. The Europeans have returned to polytheistic atheism. They don't deny Christ; they simply place Him on an equal or subordinate level with other gods. And of course that type of non-denial is really the deepest, the most blasphemous denial of all. Christ is the one true God. He is not a religious leader or a great prophet.

The hierarchies of the Christian churches almost never say it explicitly, but what they imply by the causes they support and the people, such as Obama, whom they worship, is that the Christ story in its unadulterated form is too irrational and fantastical for a rational person to believe. They will place the man called Jesus in a place next to Gandhi and slightly below Obama, but they will not grant Him divine status. "The original, un-amended Christ story, you must know by now," they tell us, "is ridiculous; it's against nature." And that is really what is at the crux of the race issue. The white liberals want to return to nature and the polytheistic gods of the colored races.

When the white man believed his God was the true God, he was a racial segregationist. He sought to preserve the integrity of his race because in doing so he was preserving the integrity of his faith. When he ceased to believe that his God was the one true god, he sought to blend with the colored races in order to be part of a natural religion that appeared so much easier than Christianity.

It will not be tragic if the white man discovers that he can never really be happy in the natural, polytheistic world of the non-white races. The real tragedy would be if he was comfortable in their world, because if that becomes the case the white man will have lost his soul.

Right now the white liberals, who are legion, are imitating the swine that St. Matthew describes. They are rushing headlong for the cliff and an ocean perishing. And there is a dynamic energy to their insane rush that can only be resisted by a faith that is just as dynamic as their faith. Halfway-house Christians like the Bob Jones University potentates and the

late John Paul II, who think they can run with the swine right to the edge of the precipice and then turn back, will go over the cliff with the swine.

I don't think white people can ever be comfortable in the polytheistic religions of the "natural races." I think, for the white man, there is only Christ or the abyss. And it certainly seems like the white European has chosen the abyss. Maybe 'chosen' is not quite the proper word for it implies more of a conscious choice on the part of the white man. It would be more accurate to say that the white man feels compelled to plunge headlong into the abyss. Satan is obviously the one who is doing the compelling, but the post-Christian does not believe such stuff and nonsense. One thinks of the French writer André Gide, who remarked, 'I don't believe in the existence of the devil, but of course that is what the devil wants me to believe.'

I spent a number of years in the pro-life movement before I realized that abortion would remain legal until the white man repudiated the abortion which spawned legalized abortion. When the white man aborted Jesus Christ from the womb of European civilization, it made every womb a potential death chamber for God's children. Without a safe dwelling place in a culture that honors mercy and not sacrifice, the Son of Man cannot enter in. In the barbarian cultures He is relegated to the status of a minor deity.

For my entire adult life I have listened to the church men, conservative and liberal, tell us that it is no great tragedy that Europeans have abandoned the Christian faith. Asia and Africa will pick up where the Europeans left off. Is this the case? Organizational Christianity might have gained some converts in those continents, but can an honest man really claim that Asia or Africa have become Christian continents like Europe was once a Christian continent? No, an honest man cannot make such a claim. But a clergyman who has traded in his belief in Christ as the Son of God for a belief in Christ as a religious leader can and does make such a ridiculous claim. What the modern clergymen are telling us is that it is better that the whole world should be enveloped in a polytheistic hell than that they should be forced to give up their belief in a harmonious, one-world-one-race-and-many-gods faith. The post-Christian rationalists (PCR) talk about diversity, but the only type of diversity they support is a diversity of gods. Muhammad, Buddha, Obama, and Gandhi – we know the litany. Christ usually comes in somewhere in the lower tier because after many years of association with white Europeans, His reputation has been soiled in the eyes of the barbarians and the post-Christian rationalists.

Let us be clear about old Europe and the brave new world we are facing. The central event that created and sustained the European for centuries was the incarnation of Jesus Christ. The central event that sustains the new world order is the abortion of Jesus Christ from the womb of European civilization. We have not evolved to a higher form of Christianity. We have de-evolved. There is not and never shall be on this earth a purer, truer vision of Christ than the vision articulated by the hearts of Europeans who saw and believed. And I'm not referring to any one theologian or religious sect; I'm talking about the Europeans who saw through, not with the eye. To the barbarian and the PCR white, the Athenian woods are merely woods. To the European they are an enchanted forest containing fairies and spirits that come to life on a midsummer's night and carry out His command that charity and mercy shall hold sway in His civilization.

In the polytheistic world of the barbarians and the new age whites, individual men and women do not, once dead, come back to life. Nor do the natural gods of the heathens and PCR whites. They come back in different forms like the seasons but then they die again to be replaced by other gods. But in the Christian faith, the Christ, the God of the European, has broken the bonds of the natural cycle of birth, maturity, death and decay. He can once again become the center of European civilization because He is the only God who cannot die. Yes, the white man aborted Him, but He waits only for the faithful hearts to invite Him back. And He will come because He always responds to the cry from the depths of the human heart. He is one of us; He is our brother and our God.

We don't need great numbers to restore European civilization. God always works from the particular to the general. Adam stood in for all humanity. One small tribe of people was chosen to bring forth the Christ. And one God-Man was the redeemer of all mankind. It is fidelity to the faith that is needed, not a Mongol horde or a democratic majority.

Our race is the outward symbol of an inner spiritual dimension. It is not a mere pigmentation of the skin or an insignificant accident of nature: "...the child shall be a Nazarite unto God from the womb." The European has a destiny. He is the Christ-bearer. If he stays close to the incarnational things of Europe, his home, his race, and the non-polytheistic Christ of faith, he will emerge from the seemingly overwhelming tidal wave of color, tattered and scarred, but victorious.

Every modern heresy, such as race-mixing, abortion, and sodomy, has been sanctioned under the umbrella of an evolving democratic system that is supposed to be self-evidently the process by which mankind, minus the recalcitrant white Europeans, will enter into the secular kingdom of the god who is not a god. Even those evangelicals who reject ape-to-man evolution have accepted the premises of democratic evolution. It is the task of the European to repudiate every single link in the evolutionary, democratic chain. You can't take even one step with the swine. And why should we even consider it? Where is the evidence that the purveyors of democratic evolution have evolved to a higher stage of existence than our

European ancestors? Are the PCR whites and the races of color the end product of the evolutionary process? In any other aspect of life besides the accumulation of scientific facts has liberal democracy brought forth the promised demi-gods of the earth? Is the Obama superior to Gordon, Hillary Clinton to Florence Nightingale, Jackson Pollack to Michelangelo, the Beatles to Beethoven, and J. K. Rowling to Shakespeare? And on and on we could go. Our modern Babylon gives the lie to all those who would justify such blasphemies as race mixing under the guise of the evolving democratic process.

The polytheistic gods and their followers are like the swine. They are legion and they have no humanity. In contrast, the European's God is one God and He has a human heart. He is the soul of humanity. Certainly the antique European is recalcitrant; he refuses to run with the swine. And if he remains steadfast in that refusal, he will eventually see the triumph of His sacred humanity over the swinish herds of a polytheistic hell.+

The White Cross - DECEMBER 26, 2008

Woe to the clansman who shall view
This symbol of sepulchral yew,
Forgetful that its branches grew
Where weep the heavens their holiest dew
On Alpine's dwelling low.

The hope and expectation that the end of the historical process will have a happy ending is a uniquely Christian concept. It is in complete contrast to the cyclic world view of classical paganism. The post-Christian rationalist (PCR) who has jettisoned his belief in Jesus Christ as true God and true Man still holds to a view of history that could only come from a Christian culture. However, the post-Christian rationalist's faith in progress and the future is very different from the hope and expectation of a European Christian. The Christian hopes for the second coming of Christ in which individual persons will be saved or damned. The PCR white hopes for the perfection of mankind on this earth and the earthly damnation of all those who would impede mankind's progress toward a secular utopia.

The PCR white man has looked at the Christian faith and declared it null and void. And the Christian concedes that the Christian faith is beyond the purely rational. But is the liberal's faith in the perfection of mankind on this earth a rational belief? No, it is not. The consistent rationalist is Dostoyevsky's Stavrogin, who hangs himself, fully rational to the end. Unfortunately, or fortunately depending on what you think of liberals, most PCR whites do not follow their rationalist faith to its logical conclusion. They settle for a rationalist, fantasy faith in the progress of mankind, always moving onward. Toward what? "Toward the perfection of mankind," the liberals tell us.

When Christian eschatology becomes divorced from faith in Christ, the original inspiration for Christian eschatology, there is no limit to the evils that can spring from such a secularized process. It's not just communism that owes its inspiration to a secularized, historical schema. The democracy-worshipping, one-world, one-race liberals of the Western world also are inspired by the eschatology of a faith they have abandoned.

And it is important that European Christians see that the worship of the black man is part of the new Christ-less eschatology of the modern post-Christians. If mankind is to progress in the aggregate, everything that is personal and individual must be eradicated. In the liberal utopia, mankind has a soul but individuals do not. And what is more personal, more individual, than a man's ties to his own kith and kin? The destruction of the racial ties that bind human beings together is an essential part of the depersonalizing process of PCR whites. They must depersonalize every aspect of the white man's existence in order to form an impersonal, homogenized, multiracial utopia.

The worship of the soulless barbarian races is an essential part of the PCR's faith, because the barbarians are the shock troops for the new religion. Obama was not elected President because liberals were drawn to his personality, he was elected because of what he represented: the soulless, depersonalized face of the new world order.

In Shakespeare's play *Henry IV Part II*, the character Morton informs the Lord Northumberland that a second rebellion against the King has a better chance of success than the first because it has the support of a Bishop, who "turns insurrection to religion." This is what we should never forget about the PCR whites. They have turned insurrection against Christ into a religion, using the same eschatology and symbols of Christianity but for a wholly different and evil purpose.

The new Christ-less Christianity has been around long enough to have become the unspoken, instinctive faith of the liberal. Young liberals, who don't even know the meaning of the word eschatology, act according to the Christ-less eschatology of their satanic progenitors, such as Comte, Hegel, and Marx. Comte more than Marx or Hegel has been the model for the modern liberal. Comte thought the Catholic Church's organization and hopeful message of a happy ending to the historical process was something that was worthy of emulation. (He didn't like the Protestant version of Christianity

because of its “evangelical anarchy.”) But what he liked about Catholicism was its “system,” not its “Christianity.” Comte’s new faith is the faith of the modern liberal. The liberal believes in an organized social and political structure that promises present comfort and future earthly bliss for those who purge themselves of the unruly Christian aspects of Christianity. Although there are elements of the new faith that some churchmen are not fond of, they have never sought to be the dust in the gears of the new, mechanized church of Christ-without-Christ. They have accepted the basic secular premise of liberalism (“There is no God”) while remaining uneasy about some of its manifestations such as legalized abortion and legalized sodomy. But ultimately the churchmen are moving with the liberals to a secular Zion.

There is only one force on earth capable of defeating liberal zealots fueled with the enthusiasm of the ancient crusaders, without the faith of the ancient crusaders. That force is the man of Europe, the Christ-centered man. The pre-Christian Viking hero of the new age right-wingers is not the man to “set things right.” The pagan’s sword is sheathed when the pagan’s appetite for rapine and plunder is sated. The Christian hero’s sword is never sheathed until he has “built Jerusalem, In England’s green and pleasant land.”

My own views on the Scottish Jacobites are the same as Sir Walter Scott’s views. I admire their courage and their loyalty to their Chieftain, but ultimately it would not have been good for Britain to have had another Stuart monarch. The Stuarts did not have a gift for governing. But the Scottish cavaliers did leave the European with something of lasting value; they are a sterling example of fidelity. And now that the ranks of faithful Europeans have dwindled to numbers resembling a clan rather than a nation, we should support our clan with the same ferocious loyalty and courage with which the Scottish cavaliers supported their clan.

The Southern cavaliers of America took the Scottish Highlanders’ rallying symbol of the burning cross and made it their symbol. But it became more than just a rallying sign for one group of Scottish clansmen, it became a call for all faithful white men to stand and fight for the faith and the race. It was the Frenchmen in Haiti that first felt the brunt of the white rationalist and barbarian hatred of the white. They perished to the last man, woman, and child. Then the Southern men faced the hatred of the same satanic coalition of PCR whites and black barbarians. They prevailed against that coalition because they rallied to the cross of fire.

It is striking that no matter what European nation you look at, the problems are the same. White-hating white rationalists are uniting with the barbarians to destroy white European civilization. (Although it is probably more accurate to say the PCR whites and the barbarians are uniting to destroy the remaining Europeans. They have already destroyed European civilization.) Which indicates to me that no matter how far flung he is, by land or sea, the white European who still adheres to the faith of old Europe is a member of a clan. And if he is faithful to that clan, he will prevail over the forces of ruin and death. But he will not prevail if he leaves the European clan to become a Viking warrior, like the new age right-wingers, or to become a halfway-house Christian, like the Bob Jones University men. It must be all or nothing. The European must respond to the fiery cross if Europeans and Europe’s faith are to survive. The great Swedish playwright August Strindberg, who went through his own personal battle with the demon of rationalism, shows us the way. He had the words, “O Cross, Be Greeted, Our Only Hope” inscribed on his tombstone. The White man’s cross is his racial heritage. The PCR white, having abandoned that cross, insists that every white man do likewise. And our answer to that demand is, “Never.”

One Man’s Sentiments - DECEMBER 19, 2008

“A great many of those who ‘debunk’ traditional or (as they would say) ‘sentimental’ values have in the background values of their own which they believe to be immune from the debunking process.” – C. S. Lewis in *The Abolition of Man*

I majored in literature when in college because I liked literature. That of course was a very foolish thing to do. If you enjoy literature, the worst thing you can do is to make it your course of study at a university. The academics hate the antique authors of Europe and will do everything in their power to persuade the young student to give up reading such childish, sentimental authors as Walter Scott and Thomas Hughes and start reading the really ‘serious’ authors like Flaubert, Joyce, and Proust.

But what one very quickly notices about the liberals is that while they are making fun of Ivanhoe’s chivalry and Rowena’s purity, they are having wine and cheese parties for avant- garde poets who write page after page of drivel about their existential angst and their bathroom habits. The point being that the liberals who deride my sentiments about old Europe get all sentimental and gooey about some contemporary, anti-white white poet or a Third World savage.

The liberals are currently getting bedecked and begowned for the coronation ceremony of a black Mau Mau. They will weep great tears of joy and recommend that all those who do not share in the joy of Obama’s coronation be cast into outer

darkness. But it is they who have cast themselves into outer darkness. I'll stay with the God of Tiny Tim, the God who made the blind see and the lame walk.

Obama's Black Night

It was the night before the coronation
And throughout every liberal house,
Every white-hating white was excited and waiting,
Lest he be called a racist louse.
The Obama posters were hung by the widescreen TV with care,
In the hopes that the Obama
Would soon appear there.

Two quality, white, liberal children rested in their beds,
While visions of the black messiah
Whirled in their heads:
Two freeze-dried hippies called 'Mom' and 'Dad'
Took long drags on the weed,
And felt quite glad;
It seemed like they had only dozed for the length of a slight faint,
When there came upon the widescreen TV a brown man,
With a face like a saint.
Away to the window Mom and Dad flew like the wind,
"He is here!" they both yelled,
(Both were quite stoned), "Now our lives can begin,"
And being stoned can make one feel gloom,
But the sight of Obama's smile
Cheered up the whole room.

As his coronation speech ended,
Obama said with a jeer,
"The white God is dead,
It is Satan's New Year.
This election has shown me you prefer me in His stead,
So settle yourselves to a long, hellish night."
The liberals all shouted with glee,
As Obama faded from sight,
"The Light was a fraud,
We prefer Obama's black night!"

Then those words appeared on the screen,
Nobody knew where they came from,
No human agency could be seen:

"AND THE LIGHT SHINETH IN DARKNESS, AND THE DARKNESS COMPREHENDED IT NOT."

The City of David is the City of Europe - DECEMBER 14, 2008

It is certainly helpful, if one is a Christian and therefore an historian, to have some kind of dating system or chronology to distinguish one period from another. One can say to a fellow Christian, "I dislike the 18th century rationalists," and the fellow Christian will know what you are talking about. He will know that you are talking about a certain group of thinkers that spewed out nonsense between 1700 and 1800.

But historical dates can be misleading rather than helpful when they become magic symbols with a quasi-mystical significance, as the year 2000 became for many infidels and pseudo-Christians. In a normal reading of history, the event determines the significance of the date, not the reverse; that is, the date does not determine the meaning of the event.

I think it is significant that the leaders of the Christian world chose to end the century in which wizardry replaced Christianity, with a celebration of wizardry rather than Christianity. The churchmen paid homage to an age. I wish they had hurled their defiant 'no' to the century, but I was not asked for an opinion. Why do I say the churchmen have ceded Christianity's place on the royal throne to wizardry? I say this because the Christian churches have caved into the scientific view of the world. And the scientific view of the world is akin to the wizard's view of the world. The wizard and the churchmen seek to harness God's power through a technique rather than by loving God and seeking Him through the

quest. In the traditional way to God, the way of the West, the hero prevails because he has “that within which passeth show.” He helps the blind beggar; he kills the ogre that is persecuting the villagers; he responds to God’s grace in an integral way, the human way, the way of the Cross.

Contrast the old hero’s methods with those of the modern churchmen. In their view we can skip the quest. If we tap into the power of the universe by accepting a view of evolving mankind and the Church, we can become co-equals with God – we can be “masters of the universe” with greater strength and power than even a WWF wrestler. But haven’t we, if we accept the vision of the new churchmen, already said in our hearts, “There is no God”? Yes, we have. When one seeks God in the evolutionary process, one has left the Christian God behind. And outside of Christ there is no God. God is a personal God, the God of Abraham, the God of Isaac, the God of the Incarnation, the Crucifixion, and the Resurrection, or He is not God at all. The promise of harnessing the power of blind, dumb nature may excite modern man, but it should send cold chills down the spine of any Christian with even a remnant of faith left in his soul.

And please, let us not pretend the modern emperors of the Christian half-way houses are clothed. They still use traditional phrases, but their meaning when using them is something quite different from that of the saints of old. On every substantive issue, the modern clergy have departed from Christianity. And they justify each departure with the explanation, “We have evolved more.” Capital punishment is no longer necessary because we now have evolved beyond that point; Christian states are no longer necessary because we have evolved beyond the need to look on the Christian faith as the one true Faith that must be protected; borders in the Church and in nations are no longer necessary because the concept of white folk is racist; and feminism must be supported because it is better that millions of babies be aborted than one feminist should think the modern churches are not evolving institution that deplore patriarchy.

I recently, while shopping at a local grocery store, saw an all too familiar sign of the times. In front of me was a grotesquely fat white girl with four black and white children. She paid her bill with food stamps and labored her way out to her vehicle, a very expensive, new model van.

Now my white pagan neighbor, who regularly worships black athletes on T.V. and proudly declares his lack of any racist tendencies, would condemn the fat, white girl. He would condemn her for being on food stamps and driving an expensive van, which is clearly in violation of the food stamp program. And he would be mad at the government that allowed her to get away with it. But he would not be bothered about the mixed blood offspring.

My anger was directly related to the mixed blood concubinage. If I had seen a married white couple with four white children using food stamps, I would have been pleased to see that my government was actually doing something worthwhile, supporting white nuclear families, with our tax dollars. But of course, that is just a fantasy. Neither our local, state, or federal governments will ever again do anything to support white families.

When faith in Jesus Christ dies, the charitable impulses that went with that faith become demonic urges. Genuinely Christian welfare programs used to link the life sustaining necessities of food and shelter with moral regeneration. Our souls inhabit bodies so the body must be served, but it is ultimately the soul that we must claim for Christ; this was the motto of those old Salvation Army type churches.

‘Tis not so today. Since there is no sin, except the sin of white racism, there is no need for redemption in Christ. You can buy redemption on the cheap by simply renouncing, if you happen to be white, your whiteness. (If you are not white, then you are already a god and you have no need to renounce anything.) And having once renounced whiteness, you can become part of Satan’s kingdom -- after all, the U. S. Government is a very important limb of Satan – and start receiving the benefits of membership.

The Christmas season is a very depressing time of year for me. And that is not because of the “blatant materialism” of the stores such as Wal-Mart. Outright paganism of the Wal-Mart variety is not that depressing. It is the Christian clergy who have replaced faith in Christ with faith in social progress, which always translates to the worship of the black savage, that depress me. Christmas is a family and church affair. The family part I still have, but as regards the church, I cannot celebrate the birth of the God-man with a group of individuals who spend the other 364 days of the year asking – no, demanding – that I renounce my faith in a flesh-and-blood Messiah born in the city of David to the virgin Mary, in favor of a faith in a god of shadows and uncertain origin who appears only to condemn racism and then disappears again in the liberal mists.

Fitzhugh was right. The problems of existence are too complicated to solve with our minds. The peasant’s heart responds to the simple words of the apostle whom Christ loved: “And every spirit that confesseth not that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh is not of God: and this is that spirit of antichrist, whereof ye have heard...”

The story of Bethlehem was the guiding light of Europe for 1500 years. Why should I or any other white European forsake that light for the darkness of Satan's black hell?

Casey - DECEMBER 14, 2008

I have always hated the poem, "Casey at the Bat." I see, in the sneering mocking of the hero in that poem, the decadence of the liberal: "There are no heroes, only puffed up false ones."

Well, Casey, like "Rake" Windermere, comes back. In two poems, one by Grantland Rice, and one by Clarence P. McDonald, Casey shows himself to be the hero that I, and other children and childlike men, always knew him to be.

In Rice's poem, Casey has fallen into despondency after his famous failure.

He soon began to sulk and loaf, his batting eye went lame
No home runs on the score card now were chalked against his name
And the fans without exception gave the manager no peace,
As one and all kept clamoring for Casey's quick release.
Then the pitcher "who had fanned him in the pinches" comes to town.
No one expects anything from Casey when he steps to the plate, once again, with the game on the line.

The pitcher smiled and cut one loose- across the plate it sped;
Another hiss, another groan. "Strike one!" the umpire said.
Zip! Like a shot the second curve broke just below the knee.
"Strike two!" the umpire roared aloud; but Casey made no plea.

No roasting for the umpire now -- his was an easy lot;
But here the pitcher whirled again -- was that a rifle shot?
A whack, a crack, and out through the space the leather pellet flew,
A blot against the distant sky, a speck against the blue.

Above the fence in center field in rapid whirling flight
The sphere sailed on- the blot grew dim and then was lost to sight.
Ten thousand hats were thrown in air, ten thousand threw a fit,
But no one ever found the ball that mighty Casey hit.

O, somewhere in this favored land dark clouds may hide the sun,
And somewhere bands no longer play and children have no fun!
And somewhere over blighted lives there hangs a heavy pall,
But Mudville hearts are happy now, for Casey hit the ball.

L'Envoi

There is no sequel to this plot, except in Mudville's square
The bronze bust of a patriot -- arms crossed -- is planted there.
His cap is cocked above one eye -- and from his rugged face
The sneer still curls above the crowd -- across the marketplace.

And underneath, in solid bronze, these words are graven in flame --
"Here is a man who rose and fell -- and rose again to fame --
He blew a big one in the pinch -- but facing jeering throngs
He came through Hell to scramble back -- and prove a champ belongs."

My favorite Casey poem, however, is McDonald's, called "Casey, Twenty Years Later." In this poem, twenty years have passed. Casey's former team is playing, and losing, to a rival team. Due to injuries during the course of the game, Casey's old team finds itself short a player. They call for a volunteer from the stands. I love the last line of the poem:

"Is there within the grandstand here"- his voice rang loud and clear
"A man who has the sporting blood to be a volunteer?"

Again that awful silence settled o'er the multitude.
Was there a man among them with such recklessness imbued?
The captain stood with cap in hand, while hopeless was his glance,
And then a tall and stocky man cried out, "I'll take a chance!"

Into the field he bounded with a step both firm and light;

"Give me the mask and mitt," he said; "let's finish up the fight.
The game is now beyond recall; I'll last at least a round;
Although I'm ancient, you will find me muscular and sound."

His hair was sprinkled here and there with little streaks of gray;
Around his eyes and on his brow a bunch of wrinkles lay.
The captain smiled despairingly and slowly turned away.
"Why, he's all right!" one rooter yelled. Another, "Let him play!"

"All right, go on," the captain sighed. The stranger turned around,
Took off his coat and collar, too, and threw them on the ground.
The humor of the situation seemed to hit them all,
And as he donned the mask and mitt, the umpire called, "Play ball!"

Three balls the pitcher at him heaved, three balls of lightning speed.
The stranger caught them all with ease and did not seem to heed.
Each ball had been pronounced a strike, the side had been put out,
And as he walked in towards the bench, he heard the rooters shout.

One Mudville boy went out on strikes, and one was killed at first;
The captain saw them fail to hit, and gnashed his teeth and cursed.
The third man smashed a double and the fourth man swatted clear,
Then, in a thunder of applause, up came the volunteer.

His feet were planted in the earth, he swung a warlike club;
The captain saw his awkward pose and softly whispered, "Dub!"
The pitcher looked at him and grinned, then heaved a mighty ball;
The echo of that fearful swat still lingers with us all.

High, fast and far the spheroid flew; it sailed and sailed away;
It ne'er was found, so it's supposed it still floats on today.
Three runs came in, the pennant would be Mudville's for a year;
The fans and players gathered round to cheer the volunteer.

"What is your name?" the captain asked. "Tell us your name," cried all,
As down his cheeks great tears of joy were seen to run and fall.
For one brief moment he was still, then murmured soft and low:
"I'm the mighty Casey who struck out just twenty years ago."

An Unreasonable Proposal - DECEMBER 06, 2008

Yea, ape and angel, strife and old debate --
The harps of heaven and the dreary gongs of hell;
Science the feud can only aggravate --
No umpire she betwixt the chimes and knell:
The running battle of the star and clod
Shall run for ever -- if there be no God.

...
Then keep thy heart, though yet but ill-resigned --
Clarel, thy heart, the issues there but mind;
That like the crocus budding through the snow --
That like a swimmer rising from the deep --
That like a burning secret which doth go
Even from the bosom that would hoard and keep;
Emerge thou mayst from the last whelming sea,
And prove that death but routs life into victory.

--Herman Melville

I spoke with a conservative relative recently who told me an all-too-familiar story. He had sent his daughters to college and they became mad-dog radicals. Of course, I sympathized with my cousin, but I was rather surprised at his surprise. If you give someone an injection of the typhoid virus, aren't they going to come down with the disease?

When the AIDs epidemic hit, conservatives and right-wingers were quite properly outraged when the governments of the West refused to close down the gay theaters and bathhouses. “Isn’t it just common sense,” the conservatives argued, “to minimize the spread of a disease by destroying the breeding grounds for the disease?” But the powers that were, and are, could not bring themselves to discriminate against sodomites.

And yet the same conservative, who can look at life realistically enough to advocate the closing of the AIDs breeding grounds, would look on someone who advocated shutting down the whole educational establishment from grade school through college, including the surrogates for the academy, our churches, as mad.

I am such a madman. Originally our colleges were the churches, in that they were founded by different Christian sects to further their versions of the faith. The Lutherans had their colleges, the Baptists theirs, the Catholics theirs, and so on. But gradually, every single college founded by a Christian denomination became the ardent advocate for the religion of that guy with the horns and the tail. And the colleges extended their influence to their parent churches. So why should a parent be surprised when his children come back from college or church with academic AIDs? In most cases, the disease is fatal, although there have been some miracle cures.

For the past thirty years, I have heard the ‘Don’t give up! Keep writing those letters and voting’ conservatives say, “The hour is late, but we will win over the American electorate.” And yet they never talk about eliminating the breeding grounds of Negro-worship and radicalism. Does anyone seriously believe that white Christian Europeans can have any influence on society when the schools and churches preach a theology totally opposed to white Europeans? The English women of The English Magazine were right: nothing will change unless hearts and minds are changed. So we must eliminate the institutions that are destroying the hearts and minds of our young, and old, for that matter. (Everyone must go to church or college; don’t forget those night courses for Grandma.)

Of course you cannot, with a wave of a magic wand, disestablish the schools and churches of our land. But the beginning of their disestablishment begins with the conviction that they need to be dismantled. In the past, Europeans have done wonders when they saw what had to be done. I have every faith that if even a small minority of Europeans asked for Gods’ aid and then made a heart and soul commitment to destroy Satan’s schools and churches, they could do it. However, if there is no movement by the Europeans to destroy the schools and churches, nothing good will happen in the war against Satan and his liberal brethren.

It seems that the European has forgotten the wisdom of his race. When he believed in the story of Adam and Eve, he knew that man’s desire to attain equality with God through knowledge was the primary temptation of mankind. As his belief in original sin and his desire for a redeemer diminished, he replaced the love of God with the abstracted study of God. Then that study of God turned into the study of the natural world in which man was the superior of the fairy tale God of the Bible and a co-equal with the god called Nature.

The essential conflict between God and the devil has taken place over the Hebraic and the Greek concept of God. God wants us to look on Him as the hero of a fairy tale. Through great sacrifice and heroism, He saved us from the devil. In contrast, the devil wants us to look on God as the Greek philosophers looked on God – as an impersonal, remote force that reveals itself through nature and can be known by the study of the natural world. And throughout his history, the European has been close or distant from the Christian God to the extent that he was able to resist the Greek temptation. It all comes down to a very basic question: Do you believe in God’s fairy tale or in man’s science?

St. Augustine tells us in his Confessions that one of the biggest obstacles he had to surmount before converting to Christianity was his uneasy feeling that Christ’s Gospel was intellectually inferior to the philosophy of the Greeks and the theology of the Manicheans. This has always been the conflict inside of the European soul. The first Europeans who embraced Christ wrested Him from the clutches of those who thought they could make Christ into a rationalist. But the temptation to rationalize the living God and make Him part of the natural world, and therefore subordinate to the reasoning man who could master nature, has always lurked in the rationalist element of the European people.

Since the rationalist can see no other world but the natural world, his god must be of this world only. Which is why the French Jacobins chose a Parisian prostitute as their goddess, and the European people of today have chosen the collective black race as their god.

It seems as if the advocates of a natural, “rational” religion have won the day. And I certainly don’t expect to see the Europeans return to eternal Europe during my lifetime. But there is one factor that we shouldn’t overlook. There has been no real opposition to the rationalist, black-worshipping moderns. The only resistance to the rationalists has come from other rationalists. The ‘Write letters and vote’ conservatives have never seen existence in the Hebraic or fairy tale mode. “What rationalism has destroyed, rationalism can restore,” has been their mantra. The type of miracle that brings the dead

to life does not occur in a rationalist universe. We don't know what kind of wonders we might see if we break through the rationalist prison wall and step into the fairy land of our European forefathers.

Chesterton called Charles Dickens the last of the great men. What he meant by that was that Dickens still believed in an integral universe, where God was still God, and the ugly brothers, nihilism and rationalism, could only be seen cozying up with low lives on the fringes of civilization.

I disagree with Chesterton. Dickens was certainly a great man, but he was not great in the sense Chesterton meant. Dickens' faith, like Dostoyevsky's, had to pass through the rationalist furnace of doubt before it could come out into the light of day. And like Dostoyevsky, Dickens always retained an element of the rationalist in his soul. But such is the taint of every European of the 20th century. There is no shame in it. But if we are to successfully defeat the new satanic, multiracial forces arrayed against the European, we must leave every last trace of nihilistic rationalism behind.

The term, 'the last great man,' could be more appropriately applied to Sir Walter Scott. He lived and wrote when the twin devils of nihilism and rationalism had infected much of the intelligentsia. But he took his case to a Christian people, who still rejected rationalism and clung to the Christ of faith. Scott provided the type of leadership a Christian people needs. He didn't espouse a particular party platform but urged them, through his stories, to live life in the heroic vein. He single-handedly revived chivalry in the English-speaking world. And it was not a chivalry confined to one class or one profession. It was a profounder, cleaner chivalry of the heart. Jeanie Deans practiced it when she walked from Scotland to London to beg pardon for her sister, and Quentin Durward practiced it when he gave up military glory to aid a helpless matron.

That we are not called upon to study God in the abstract but to love Him by taking up our cross and following Him, is something every Scott hero and heroine has enshrined in their hearts. And the glorious cross all true Europeans carry is the cross of spirit and blood. All heathendom can live in blood orgies without the life sustaining spirit with which He infused all of Europe. And the rationalists of Christendom can live without the blood ties that make God a reality instead of an airy nothing without a local habitation and a name. But the European must and will have a civilization consecrated to Him, spirit and blood. Throw away all the charts and diagrams and polls that say the European must fade away and hand the world over to the multitudinous hordes of the devil. There is one thing missing in the charts, diagrams, and polls. No one can measure or quantify the effect of one human heart joining with the Divine Heart. That special synergy has, in the past, produced miracles that confounded the rationalist predictions of gloom and death. The men and women with the faithful hearts are the last Europeans. So long as there is one faithful heart left, Europe lives.

The Face of Jesus Christ - NOVEMBER 29, 2008

"But of what use is a sound currency if the people are lost? And what would be the point of defending the country against foreign attack if the people themselves had become foreign?" – A. Jacob

I want to focus on the recent apology for the "sin of segregation" by the Fundamentalists at Bob Jones University. They apologized for the sins of their fathers, which is always the easiest type of apology because you can condemn someone else while appearing humble and holy yourself.

Let us be clear about what the Bob Jonesers are saying. They are saying that the pro-abortion, pro-sodomy, anti-Christian liberals are wrong about those three moral issues, but they are right about the morality of race-mixing. And their ancestors, who were anti-abortion, anti-sodomy, and Christian, were wrong about segregation. Is that possible? No, it isn't. You must choose, Mr. Backsliding Fundamentalist. Either the faith of your ancestors is wrong and Satanism is right, or your ancestors were right: sodomy, abortion, and race-mixing are wrong and Christianity is true.

At least the liberals are consistent. They condemn all the white man's heritage and make it clear the world will be a better place when there are no white people left on the face of the earth. The Fundamentalists at Bob Jones University want to hold to part of the white man's heritage, whatever part of that heritage that makes them feel good about themselves, and jettison whatever part of the heritage that makes the liberals angry. "Please, Mr. Liberal, tell me I'm being good." And what do the liberals tell such fawning sycophants? They tell them, "That's a beginning, but keep on jettisoning." And eventually the Born-Again Integrationist can be seen wandering aimlessly through the desert, sighing wistfully and asking, "Whatever became of me?"

Of course things are even worse on the Catholic side of the coin. There we are forced to listen ad nauseum to creatures like Thomas Fleming explaining to us why we should hate our ancestors and subscribe to the new theology of Thomas Fleming.

What is the fatal flaw in the Bob Jonesers' and the Catholic partisans' way? The Fundamentalist says, "Give me my Bible and let the rest go. I don't need the cultural heritage of the European." The Catholic says, "Give me the Church documents and a traditional way of looking at the documents; everything else is dross." What is missing, when we subscribe to either way, is the face of Jesus Christ. Without the cultural heritage of the European, we do not know who or what God is. He doesn't come to us through parchment; He comes to us through humanity. We see His face through His people who joined their blood with His. It is when men give flesh to Holy Scripture and the Church documents that we come to know Christ. If we never saw a charitable act, could we believe in a charitable God? If we never knew a loving father, could we believe in God the Father who loved so much that He gave His only begotten Son?

This idea that the white man and his heritage can be eliminated and the Gospel of Christ maintained is an international phenomenon, not limited to the Catholic and Protestant churches of America. Wherever there are white clergymen, the new gospel that abominates the white and worships the black is proclaimed. And it is nothing more than a cowardly capitulation to the powers of this world. "Render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's and unto God the things that are God's." Surely the sacred heritage of a people who saw the face of Jesus Christ is not something that Caesar has a right to dispose of at his whim. That heritage comes from God and belongs only to Him.

This worldwide (and by worldwide, I mean the European world) black-worshipping frenzy runs directly contrary to everything white Christians used to believe. A friend, who is not a believing Christian but is very interested in the survival of the white race, recently asked me if I was in agreement with those who cited some medieval theologians that stated the black was not fully human, in order to justify abortion for blacks. My answer was that I didn't see why the matter was so difficult to understand. The Bible story of Noah's sons seems to be theologically sound and in accord with the realities of life. The sons of Ham are part of the human family, but their extreme proclivities toward the baser things of life must be held in check. They must be ruled by a more responsible and Godly race. So of course they are human, and of course they shouldn't be allowed to abort.

Whites shouldn't support the murder of black infants in the womb; they should build a society in which blacks are held in check by a dominant white Christian culture. The banned Disney movie (that is, the real Walt Disney) *The Song of the South*, which is admittedly highly idealized, demonstrates the way blacks, when subservient to a white Christian culture, can become decent, God-fearing individuals. If that movie were made today, Uncle Remus would have a white wife and go around molesting small children of both colors.

In this country prior to the Civil War, white liberals talked about liberating the black man so they could elevate him. And maybe some of those deluded souls believed such nonsense. But now it is apparent that the white liberals wanted to "liberate" the black in order to eradicate Christianity. They don't want to end the sex and blood orgies of the black man, they want to join in.

It's important that we don't let the white clergymen and their followers rest content in their palatial half-way houses. If they want race-mixing, then they, not us, should be forced to take the consequences. They should live without the sure and certain hope of the Resurrection. They should live without seeing the face of Christ in His people. And above all, they should live with the black man in the hellish nightmare world in which he feels quite at home.

The white man who still cherishes his heritage has spent the last fifty years trying to win the liberal whites back and convert the blacks. That strategy hasn't worked. And most whites whom I encounter that are not liberals have embraced suicidal despair because they think there is nothing left for the white man but death. But I think there is life for the white man if the remnant would stop buttressing up the black-and-white cookie civilization of the West. The black-and-white Church is not our church, because it is not a Christian church, and their nation is not our nation, because it is a multi-racial nation that belongs to Satan. Let Satan support his church, and his minions support his nation. It's time for the white liberal and the black man to worry about the white counter-revolutionary, and not for the white man to sit cowering in his house wondering when the multi-cultural police will come for him.

Every Thanksgiving Day my family and I watch the movie, *A Miracle on 34th Street* (1947), with Edmund Gwenn and Maureen O'Hara. The New York City that magically comes to life when Santa Claus walks among them is a white city. It is a city of almost every crime and every sin known to man, but there is redemption and grace in that city because there are white people there. And the one sin they are not guilty of is race-mixing. What does the poet say? "Say not that the struggle naught availeth." If we give up on the white race, we will never again see the face of Jesus Christ. He will become a phantom that haunts our nightly dreams but fades away in the light of day. +

Wanda Gág's Works - NOVEMBER 29, 2008

Book Review: *Snow White and the Seven Dwarves* (1938), *Tales from Grimm* (1936), and *More Tales from Grimm* (1947) by Wanda Gág

If I were forced to limit my library to a small core of books, I would choose the Bible (KJV), Shakespeare, Scott, Dickens, C. S. Lewis (the Narnia series), Grahame's *The Wind in the Willows*, and the collected works of the Brothers Grimm. All except the last work were originally written in English and need no translator. I would definitely choose Wanda Gág as my translator for the Brothers Grimm. She illustrated and translated a number of the Grimm's fairy tales.

Wanda Gág grew up in the German-speaking section of New Ulm, Minnesota. Her ancestors came from the very places in Germany where most of the Grimm's tales were born. She has, in my opinion, not only the genius to illustrate the tales but also the right spirit to translate them. In her own words, she tells us what the fairy tales mean to her:

The magic of Märchen is among my earliest recollections. The dictionary definitions – tale, fable, legend – are all inadequate when I think of my little German Märchenbuch and what it held for me. Often, usually at twilight, some grown-up would say, "Sit down, Wanda-chen, and I'll read you a Märchen." Then, as I settled down in my rocker, ready to abandon myself with the utmost credulity to whatever I might hear, everything was changed, exalted. A tingling, anything-may-happen feeling flowed over me, and I had the sensation of being about to bite into a big juicy pear.

When, four years ago, I was in the midst of a Hansel and Gretel drawing, the old Märchen magic gripped me again and I felt I could not rest until I had expressed in pictures all that Märchen meant to me.

In order to be influenced as directly as possible by the real spirit of these stories, I read them in the original German. I had at that time no idea of writing my own text but I soon found that I wanted to do this also.

After choosing a group of stories, I made literal translations of them. Some lent themselves easily to this method and came out practically as fresh and lively as they were in the original. This was especially true of those in dialect, for, because of their simple language and many repetitions, they were clear enough for any child to understand. Others, which were smooth, warm and colorful in the original, came out thin, lifeless and clumsy. It seemed evident that in the case of the latter, only a free translation could convey the true flavor of the originals. I hoped it might be possible – and thought it worth trying – to carry over into the English some of their intimate me-to-you quality, and that comforting solidity which makes their magic more, rather, than less, believable.

The fairy world in these stories, though properly weird and strange, has a convincing, three-dimensional character. There is magic, wonder, sorcery, but no vague airy-fairyness about it. The German witches are not wispy wraiths flying in the air—they usually live in neat cottages and wear starched bonnets and spotless aprons. The bear in *Snow White* and *Rose Red* is only outwardly bewitched, for a rent in the fur reveals him as a full dressed, flesh-and-blood Prince underneath. The story of the spindle, shuttle and needle is more airy than most, but even here the supernatural agents are not ballet-skirted fairies with wands, but three plain work-a-day objects. Aside from this, many of the stories are folk tales rather than fairy stories—and what could be more substantial than a peasant?

When Miss Gág says that the Grimm's tales do not have a vague airy-fairyness about them, she articulates why I have always preferred the Grimm's tales to the more modern fantasy stories. The European peasant's faith is an incarnational faith. No *Star Wars*-*Harry Potter* nonsense for him. And the Grimm's tales are tales for those who are children and peasants at heart.

My copy of *More Tales from Grimm* has the word, 'discard' stamped on the title page. Some modern library no longer wanted it. That speaks volumes about modern libraries and the modern world. +

An Integrated Sewer - NOVEMBER 22, 2008

Long before a people develop a constitution and written laws, they develop traditions and codes of behavior based on their religion. These traditions and codes of behavior are infinitely more important than the paper and ink that comes later in the form of constitutions and codified laws. Since a nation's tradition stems from the people's faith, any subsequent written law must conform to that sacred tradition if it is to be a valid law. Laws are not sacred because they are laws; they are sacred when they codify some aspect of a sacred tradition.

The problem that arises in nations with a long history of codified laws is that the people often retain a respect for the law when the laws of that nation no longer support the religious tradition that formed the nation. Worldly wise revolutionaries in the Western European countries have learned that it is far better to destroy a traditional culture through legal, lawful means than to throw bombs into government buildings. Through trial and error, the revolutionaries have learned that a revolution wrought by law takes longer but is more long-lasting because there is never any counter-revolutionary reaction. In fact, the most passive element of the populace will be the very people who would have opposed the revolution had the revolution been an old-fashioned, violent one. But having made a whitened sepulchre of the law, divorced from any religious tradition, the 'conservative' element of the populace simply acquiesces to every hideous aspect of the new, radical, lawful

regime. It is no coincidence that the United States, whose people pride themselves on their Constitution and their respect for law, now has the most radical, anti-Christian government on the face of the earth.

Satan does not require a majority or even a large minority to complete a successful revolution in a traditionally Christian nation. All Satan requires is a small minority completely dedicated to him and a lukewarm moral majority on the other side. We are told that the Lord vomits out the lukewarm. And if we look at the history of the Christian West, particularly the United States, we can see why. Satan's minions are the "worst" who are full of the "passionate intensity" that Yeats wrote about. And the "best" are the lukewarm ones who "lack all conviction." Satan's minions cannot be stopped by a middle-of-the-road, lukewarm faith. The devil can always make that type of faith work to his advantage. The abortion wars were a perfect example.

In the early 1970's there was a moral consensus against abortion. But the moral consensus came from a majority who were not intensely against the slaughter of innocents. They thought it was wrong but not all that wrong: "there are special circumstances under which..." We've all heard that song before. What Satan plays on so adroitly is the half-truth. He takes one part of Christianity and makes it the whole. In the case of legalized abortion, he focused on the chivalrous instincts of the European male. It is right to cede to the wishes of a Christian woman on all matters pertaining to the cradle, hearth, and kitchen. But when a woman steps away from the Christian hearth in defiance of God's law and becomes a Lady Macbeth, is it still Christian to acquiesce to her wishes? Of course not. And only a lukewarm Christian would step back and allow a Lady Macbeth to have her will.

Satandom, like Christendom, was not built overnight. The devil has chipped away at Christian Europe and gradually dismantled it. Having established his rule, he now needs to consolidate it. He is following the same procedure that the Christian Europeans followed. After establishing traditions and codes of behavior based on their religious principles, they then sought to codify those principles into law. Satan has been codifying, through his minions, his religion into law for the past fifty years. Abortion, sodomy, and race-mixing have all been enshrined in law in the Western world in direct contradiction to the sacred traditions and the laws based on those traditions of Christian Europe. (1)

If the virtuous majority had had the passionate intensity of the satanic minority, Satan would not now be the king of Western civilization. But now that he is king, it will take a passionate Christian minority to begin the long, arduous process of unseating Satan from his throne. "We few, we happy few, we band of brothers" are no longer fighting in defense of Christendom -- Christendom is dead -- we are now fighting an offensive war against Satandom.

The recent election of Barack Obama to the Presidency of the United States has enormous significance for people of European blood. The election represents a new stage in Satan's great consolidation effort. By giving sacred status to a mixed-blood Negro, the people of the United States have made a religion of race-mixing. If that new religion is followed to its ultimate conclusion, there will be no Europeans left to maintain a Christian counter-revolution.

There is another element in this ongoing satanic revolution that we must take note of. The worst, having achieved their satanic society without bloodshed because they thought the shedding of blood tactically unwise, will not be squeamish about shedding blood now that they have power. They will continue to preach nonviolence to the lukewarm in the increasingly unlikely probability that a few of the lukewarm might become intense; however, they, with the full weight of the government behind them, will become increasingly violent. And although we few, the last remnant of Europe, can occasionally adopt nonviolent means to counter the devil's consolidation plans, we cannot be dogmatically nonviolent as the leftists were in their revolutionary takeover, for the reason that the lefties knew Christian Europeans would not use violence against them so long as they invoked the word "law." But we know that quite the contrary is true for us. They will use violence against Europeans no matter what magic word we invoke. Anything that serves Satan is lawful to the liberal. We are at a disadvantage in that regard. But within the limits of Christian warfare, we should be violent when necessary. It is another trick of the devil to encourage, through our "Christian pastors," the belief that pacifism and a Buddhistic indifference in the face of evil are virtues.

There is one great advantage that a modern man of European blood has over a European of the 1950's. Now there is clarity. The European of the 1950's could walk out into the streets of his city and see movies that by and large still supported indirectly, and sometimes directly, the faith on which his nation's traditions and code of behavior were based. And whatever Christian church he entered would have still supported, at least in word, the faith that made Europe. But at the same time there was a disturbing undercurrent. The European man, in tune with the evening lingerings of European culture, could sense the dike was about to break and release a century's worth of satanic refuse on his beloved nation.

And now, when everything Europeans held sacred has been defiled, the battle lines are clearly drawn. The European knows what has to be done. He doesn't have to ask himself whether it is necessary to draw his sword. There is work enough for ten lifetimes before him. He can draw the sword and throw the sheath away.

I have read most of the 'Death of the West' books beginning with Spengler's, who first started the genre in the early 1900's. But there is only one author who correctly diagnosed the problem of the European. In his book, *White Man Think Again*, Anthony Jacob points out that the white man has not been defeated by an outside force, he has not been overwhelmed by the barbarians; he is in decline because of white liberalism. His destiny is in his own hands, or to be more precise, in his own soul. If he returns, in his heart, to the faith that transcends all constitutions and the historical process, he will once again be what he was meant to be, the Christ-Bearer. And then his children and his children's children will know what it means to live in a segregated culture consecrated to God, instead of in an integrated sewer that empties into hell. +

(1) The Fundamentalists from Bob Jones University recently issued an apology for their former strictures against integration and interracial dating. Their capitulation indicates to me the insufficiency of the Scripture-alone approach to Christianity. The devil can cite Scripture for his own purpose if he is allowed to quote Scripture independent of the tradition and culture of the people who made Christ their King and Kinsman.

To whom can we appeal if there are different interpretations of the Scriptures? To the Pope? That solution has its problems as well. The Novus Ordo Catholics and the Traditionalist Catholics are constantly fighting it out over the "which pope?" question. So while the Scripture-alone Protestants and the "Scripture and documents as interpreted by the Pope" Catholics are arguing, the Christian everyman needs a guide.

What seems like an insoluble dilemma when posed as a problem in theology is not so great a problem when we see it through the eyes of faith. It is not possible to look at segregated Christian Europe and our modern integrated Babylon and say that integration and Negro-worship is God's will. Is there one ounce of faith in the Protestant or the Catholic who makes such a blasphemous claim?

Well, they've flown their flag of Babylon. We will fly the colors of old Europe and "see them all to Davy Jones."

The Eyes of Faith - NOVEMBER 14, 2008

After the French Jacobins swept away the monarchy, Christianity, and the French nobility, they placed a Parisian prostitute on a pedestal and made her the goddess of reason. The symbolism of that act is perfect. When reason is divorced from revelation, reason becomes a whore.

It came home to me when I saw pictures of the Obama presidential celebrations on the college campuses and the streets of America that Americans are celebrating their own French revolution. They have divorced reason from revelation and gone a-whoring after the savage god. Nothing good can come from a people who celebrate the triumph of heathenism.

Thomas Molnar pointed out in his book *Counter-Revolution* that revolutions first succeed in the minds of the ruling but soon-to-be deposed governors. Years of propaganda from the revolutionaries make the rulers doubt their own legitimacy, and when the moment of crisis comes there is no one left to defend the regime. The triumph of the barbarian hordes took place because there was no one even remotely connected to the Republican Party who equated civilization with Christian Europe. The Republicans never once said they opposed Obama because it was blasphemous for a black barbarian to be president. They opposed him because they claimed they could provide more goods and services to black people with their free market policies than the Democrats could with their socialist policies.

But the Democratic Party was able to find a revolutionary god to go with their economic policy, thus providing their followers with a faith. The Republican Party will go into the dustbin of history because it never found a god. They will make all sorts of excuses for why they lost, and the Limbaugh crowd will plan their new strategies, but it will all come to naught, because they have no faith.

I can hear the liberal-conservative protest: "We go to church. How dare you say we have no faith." I'm sure most of the liberal-conservatives do go to church, as do most of the Obama-worshipping Democrats. But our churches are not Christian churches. They do not worship the living God in the Christian churches. They worship the civic-virtue god. The liberal-conservatives look on Christ as a hard-charging entrepreneur, very skilled but inferior in power and majesty to the market itself. And the Democrats look on Christ as the Great Gatsby – a nice guy who supports the liberal causes, but certainly inferior in power and majesty to the black man.

The Republicans will be planning their strategies to stage a comeback in 2012. And the Democrats will try to consolidate and extend their power, but both parties have the same goal: to establish a multi-racial, godless utopia. We know that such a utopia is not possible, and even if they were to succeed, the result would be a 1984-type of dystopia. But the white liberal will not be around to see the future, because where he envisions a utopia that includes his enlightened self, the black man envisions a future with a white man in every stew pot. Of course the black man will lose his sacred status when the white

man disappears, because the white man has always sustained the black man. Without the whites, blacks will return to the jungle and become the slaves of the Orientals.

If we follow only the Spenglerian logic of history, the European has very little time left. His day is done. He has only a few evening hours left before he must say goodbye, not only to the world stage but to life itself. That is according to Spenglerian logic. But Spengler represents the decadent part of the European's personality. He represents the analytical, speculative man. For such a man there is a discernible logic to the historical process that, once grasped, can be used as a crystal ball to see the future. And the Spenglerian European has been mesmerized by the historical process as a cobra is mesmerized by the snake-charmer's pipe. He sees the death of European man in his crystal ball, and he is incapable of doing anything to oppose what he thinks is the inevitability of history. The only thing he can do is to hasten his extinction by merging his identity with the historical process. Having lost his faith in a personal resurrection, he can at least be part of the historical process. The post-Christian rationalist is always moving onward – toward what?

The Spenglerian or Greek part of European man's soul has been so dominant for the past century that it is often difficult to believe that he has another side. But the European did not always hold speculative philosophy and mumbo-jumbo speculations about the historical process as the penultimate of Western man's achievement. The Hebraic European man who sees history through the eyes of faith is the true European. The words of a Welsh poem keep coming back to me: "Nothing can compare to the love that once was there." The European loved Christ. It was that simple. Picture the strong Germanic warrior, stronger than the Roman legionaries whom he had just defeated, listening to a monk tell the Christ story. He heard, he believed, and he loved. Clovis reportedly said, when he first heard the story of the Crucifixion, "Oh, if I had only been there with my Franks."

We are here, at the crucifixion of Christian civilization. The dancing in the streets over Obama's election is a celebration of the death of Christian Europe. It took a long time to die, too long in the opinion of the PCR whites and the colored races, but now that it is officially dead, Satan's minions think they are in for one huge satanic bacchanalia.

But suppose there are a few Europeans left who do not see history with the eyes of the Greeks, or with one eye of faith and one eye of reason. Suppose they see with both eyes, and both eyes are fixed on the Man of Sorrows? A different world can be seen with those eyes. In that world, nothing is written. There is no Kismet and no inexorable historical process that grinds to an inevitable conclusion. "Lazarus, come forth!" What a moment! The same God that raised Lazarus from the dead is perfectly capable of raising European civilization from the dead, provided we love like the men and women of eternal Europe once loved. Shakespeare's Henry V put it in good Anglo-Saxon terms when he declared that he and his men were ready for battle because, "our hearts are in the trim..."

Revolutions and counter-revolutions are won and lost in the human heart. Western civilization, the white man's civilization, was built because the European took Christ into his heart. The colored races have never heard the still, small voice that inspired the European. They only saw the outward prosperity of European civilization and sought to make that prosperity their own. This is why the blacks are celebrating the victory of Obama. They think the wealth of the West will be theirs if one of their own is the ruler of the West. Of course it is a delusion. If they truly achieve complete power without any liberal whites to help them, they will be impoverished, as the blacks in South Africa and Rhodesia have become impoverished.

And what are the whites celebrating? They also are celebrating the death of European civilization, but they are not celebrating because they will now become prosperous; most of them are prosperous enough. They want to kill, once and for all, that still, small voice that inspired the antique Europeans. If only that voice, which calls them to a higher destiny than the races of color, would cease, they could be happy. Christ haunts them. Every time they hear His voice, they remember the look He gave St. Peter after the third denial. That look of infinite compassion and love. And that look is something the PCR white wants to banish from the world. "I shall not serve," was Satan's proud boast, and "I don't need your love or compassion," is the white liberal's boast. Far better, the liberal thinks, to turn to a black god who promises deliverance from Christian Europe.

Why does the white liberal want to be delivered from Christian Europe? Because Christian Europe stinks of humanity. The white liberal, for all of his talk about loving mankind, really hates humanity. He believes, with Sartre, that hell is other people. That is why the liberal's utopia is devoid of those cradles of humanity so cherished by Christian Europeans. Babies are murdered in the womb, and patriarchal families are forbidden in the liberal utopia. The reason the liberals want to interject the black man into the classic stories and the traditional cultures of the European people is because Negroization destroys the humanity of a culture. Black integration always leads to the disintegration of a culture. If the liberal is to avoid the pain associated with humanity and be free to build his sterile, anesthetized utopia, he must kill everything European by blending the European with the black. "Who would be wedded to hell?" The white liberal would, and is, wedded to hell in the form of the black man.

Writing in 1949, Helmut Kuhn said that “Modern man sees with one eye of faith and one eye of reason.” I think since that time the second eye, the eye of faith, has closed. Modern man now sees only with the eyes of reason. And it seems rational to avoid pain. But the eyes of faith, the eyes of those first Europeans who wept when they heard the Christ story, can see that the pain and suffering of existence is lessened when we embrace our humanity, not when we seek to escape from it, because in the depths of our suffering humanity, He is there, and He is the only one of us who has truly triumphed over suffering and death. Through Him and in Him, we conquer those two impostors as well.

It is the mission of the remaining Europeans to keep both eyes focused on the Hero—God of our European ancestors. The black gods are devil gods and will take the white man down to an integrated hell. We can only defeat the devil’s integration plan by re-segregating Europe and re-consecrating it to Him. A Europe so segregated and so consecrated is the only Europe we should seek, because it is the only Europe worthy of our ancestors who rest in the arms of the Lord. +

The Mau Mau Who Would Be King - NOVEMBER 07, 2008

An Interview with the Young Drummer from the World of the Brothers Grimm, in Which We Discuss the Marxist Mau Mau Who Has Become King of Satania

Interviewer: Thank you for consenting to an interview on such short notice.

Young Drummer: That’s all right. I don’t get many requests for interviews. The Europe of the Brothers Grimm is out of fashion these days.

Int: But that is why I want to interview you. I want to see the modern world through the eyes of an antique European.

YD: And I’m that antique European?

Int: Yes.

YD: Go ahead with your questions.

Int: My country, which is a branch of Europe, recently elected a black man President. I don’t know that he will be any worse than the PCR (Post-Christian Rationalist) candidate he defeated or the PCR President he will be succeeding; however, I can’t help but be concerned at the symbolic aspect of a black man’s presidency. The sons of Ham are not supposed to rule over the sons of Japheth.

YD: It is one step closer to the incarnation of Satan when you actually install a black man as the head of your nation. But you must realize that the white man must have a religion. He has rejected Christianity, so what is there left for him? He must revere something. He feels he can’t revere Christ, but he can revere the black man.

Int: It wasn’t black men who elevated a black man to the Presidency of the United States. It was white people. How can anything good come out of a people that could do such a thing?

YD: Nothing good will come from such people. They are beyond the ken. You can only work with the tiny scattered remnant of Israel, the last Europeans. They aren’t going to announce themselves – it wouldn’t be safe – but there are a few left.

Int: Do you place much hope in the ‘Great Awakening’? Some of the more conservative white people have told me that the election of a black man to the Presidency will mobilize white people into action.

YD: Why, if the vast majority of white people stood by and watched blacks occupy their schools, their churches, and their homes, would they suddenly awaken when a black man occupies the Presidency?

Int: It doesn’t make much sense, does it?

YD: No, it doesn’t.

Int: So if there will be no awakening, what will there be -- mere oblivion?

YD: Looking at it rationally, yes, the white man is facing oblivion. But faith is beyond reason. The European who is still connected to sacred Europe feels with certainty that Christ's Europe cannot die any more than He can die. The white man believes the people of Christian Europe will triumph over black-worshipping Satania as long as they don't break faith.

Int: It is my contention that the white-hating liberals and their colored minions have not faced any opposition since the days of "Reconstruction." The 'write letters and vote' crowd does not constitute an opposition.

YD: I would agree with that. The problem with the right-wing, conservative opponents of Satania is that they have no religion to counter the liberals' black faith. They talk about democratic institutions and respecting European values, but they don't do the one thing that is needful. They don't swear on the Holy Rood that such things shall not be and then proceed to act like integral men. An integral man is not just a violent man; he knows that wars are won primarily with spiritual weapons, but he doesn't eschew violence when it is necessary. You can't always petition and vote your way out of a quagmire. I'm not talking about political assassination here, but I am talking about defending white people against the violent acts of the 'get whitey' savages who stalk the new diversified streets of the U. S. and Europe.

Int: Writing in 1887, Thomas Hughes expressed concern about the triumph of democracy. But he thought it could be turned to good account if the practitioners and advocates of democracy still held the Christian God to be sovereign over nations:

Are we, then, to rest contented with this ultimate regal power, to resign ourselves to the inevitable, and admit that for us, here at last in this nineteenth century, there is nothing higher or better to look for; and if we are to have a king at all, it must be king people or king mob, according to the mood in which our section of collective humanity happens to be? Surely we are not prepared for this any more than the Pope is. Many of us feel that Tudors, and Stuarts, and Oliver Cromwell, and cliques of Whig or Tory aristocrats, may have been bad enough; but that any tyranny under which England has groaned in the past has been light by the side of what we may come to, if we are to carry out the new political gospel to its logical conclusion, and surrender ourselves to government by the counting of heads, pure and simple.

— from *Alfred the Great*

Mobocracy could only be avoided if the purveyors of democracy acknowledged that "... there is one throne which they cannot pull down—the throne of righteousness, which is over all the nations; and one King whose rule they cannot throw off—the Son of God, and Son of Man, who will judge them as He has judged all kings and all governments before them."

But they have dethroned Him, and the right-wing conservatives don't even suggest enthroning Him again as a part of their "Great Awakening" program.

YD: The right-wing conservative who wants to restore European culture by returning to the Greeks is in the position of Jonah before he was thrown overboard in the storm. Like Jonah, he is trying to hide from his destiny. God made him the Christ-bearer. If he hides in the hull of the good ship Democracy or the Greco-Roman ship, he will not fulfill his destiny.

Int: I think any person who voted for McCain-Palin is a disordered human being, but I would not say he is devoid of grace. It was possible for a person to be deceived by them. They did put a veneer of religion and patriotism over their ideologies. But it was not possible for a person to be deceived by Obama or Biden. Their Satanism was completely out in the open. If a person voted for Obama-Biden, he is satanic.

YD: I agree.

Int: Then our young people, who voted in the vast majority for Obama-Biden, are satanic?

YD: Yes, they are. How could it be otherwise? Your schools, your churches, and your mass media have been preaching "Tower of Babel" race-mixing for the last sixty years.

Int: There is a small little church in our town, with the preacher's house right next to it. Now, you would think that the pastor would not want to alienate his congregation by choosing one candidate over another, but the pastor has a large Obama-Biden sign in his front yard.

YD: That's not surprising. It is Obama, the black man, who can provide the PCR with the faith he lacks. Do you remember when Pope Benedict XVI, then Cardinal Ratzinger, said that the next Pope should be black? They have all lost their faith, but they are still white men. And a white man needs some faith that transcends, at least in the articulation, mere self-interest. The black man is content with an openly selfish faith, and so is the Oriental and the men of the other non-white races. But the white man, because he once held the Christian faith, cannot be content without a faith that at least outwardly mimics the Christian faith.

Int: But why doesn't the white man simply hold to the Christian faith? Why should he forsake Christ for Obama and his ilk?

YD: Because the European no longer believes in the divinity of Christ. The scholastic revolt against God has come to fruition. Reason was left alone to defend the field against the onslaught of science, and he was not up to the task. Divorced from the wellsprings of the heart, he withered and died.

Int: The churches did not die, but faith in Christ as true God and true Man did die?

YD: Yes. And once faith in Christ dies there is no longer any reason to do the arduous things that such a faith demands.

Int: For instance?

YD: It is no longer necessary to refrain from, or feel guilty about, such sins as adultery, abortion, or a lack of charity. If one simply loves the black man with all one's heart and soul and mind, he need not worry about hating his fellow white man, murdering babies in the womb, or sleeping with his neighbor's wife. All actions that were once called sins, even sins that cry out to heaven for vengeance, are washed clean and even rendered virtuous if one simply loves the black man.

Int: Ten years ago I probably would have told you that assessment was too extreme, but I'm afraid I agree with you, particularly after witnessing the hysterical adulation that a two-bit Marxist Mau Mau has received from white people in my country and from people throughout the Western world. Even before he was elected President, he was received by European heads of state as if he were a god.

YD: He is a god to them.

Int: Well, he is not my God.

YD: Nor mine.

Int: Then let every white man who is still white, be he Saxon, Celt, Dane, and so on, say with one voice, "The white man will not bend his knee to the great black god. Christ and only Christ is my King."

YD: Amen to that.

Postscript: I think a traitor like McCain is worse than an outright enemy like Obama. So it is with no sympathy for McCain I mention that he probably won the election. There was unbelievable voter fraud, at least unbelievable for a country that prides itself on following the rule of law.

This should tell you why liberals always win and conservatives always lose. The liberals do not care about the rule of law when it involves their faith. "By any means necessary" was their only law when it came to electing Obama President. The liberal-conservatives are incapable of combating that type of zealous faith. They'll form a think-tank somewhere and prove that rigging elections is against the express wish of the Founding Fathers. That will fix those liberal-liberals!

The liberal-liberals, and the conservative-liberals for that matter, must be forced to deal with men who will also use any means necessary, within the European Christian tradition, to enthrone their God. Blake was right: man needs, at least the European man, a religion. The liberal-liberal has chosen Satan. The conservative-liberal, by not choosing Christ, has also chosen Satan. The real right-wing -- the European, Christian right-wing, has chosen as well. "Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more..."

Scott's Europe - NOVEMBER 01, 2008

"...you must think of your own household first, or else you are worse even than the infidels." – *The Heart of Midlothian*

In the 21st century, when it appears that men and women are mere robots controlled by some great computerized creature with a giant brain, it is often hard to imagine that mankind consists of individual personalities connected to a personal God. And of course that is what Satan wants. When the world is finally completely occupied by robotic humans, watching porno movies and blood sports with soulless eyes, he will be complete master.

There is no author who can be read and used as a magic talisman to protect one from the academics. All authors, in the hands of literary critics, can be made into forerunners of modernity. Having said that, let me hasten to add that there is one author, who, if read by a receptive reader genuinely wanting to be exposed to a vision contrary to modernity, can start a man on the path to the full-blooded integral faith of our European ancestors. That author is Walter Scott.

Scott's achievement is truly remarkable. With the exception of the Christian tragedy *Bride of Lammermoor*, he gives us Christian epics. And he gives us a genuine Christianity built from the ground up. He starts with individual personalities and builds up to a vision of a personal God that is the same God that St. Paul saw and wrote so eloquently about in 1 Corinthians 13. Unlike Dante, Scott does not start with an abstract, cruel idea of God and proceed to expound, as an expert does, on the various attributes of that cruel God. That is not Walter Scott's way. Scott writes as a fellow pilgrim. He doesn't expound a system; he exposes the heart of God by showing us the image of that heart in his Christian heroes and heroines. And through those heroes and heroines, we see a unique civilization that points to that other world, His world.

The liberals take a rather curious stance on the issue of the distinctiveness of Christian, European civilization. On the one hand, they deny that a distinct European civilization ever existed. "It is no different from any other civilization." Then in the next breath, the liberals tell you that the older European civilization was distinct – it was distinctly evil.

And the liberals are not the only group in denial. There is a segment of the religious community that also denies the distinctiveness of Christian, European civilization. They usually cite St. Augustine and tell you that there is no such thing as a Christian civilization. There is the City of God and the City of Man, and never the twain shall meet. But the trouble with that nose-in-the-air, Manichean assertion is that it denies reality. While acknowledging the incredible differences between a man-made civilization and the Kingdom of God, one must see, if he has eyes to see and a heart that still lives, that European civilization did, in contrast to every other civilization that ever existed on the face of the earth, allow mankind to see Christ through a glass darkly. And it needs to be stressed that a theologian who fails to distinguish between heathendom and Christendom, placing them both in the arbitrary category of 'the city of man', is more in line with Buddhism than he is with Christianity.

There is no question that Walter Scott's Christian Europe is the reality, while the liberal's brave new world and the theologians' abstract world are false. But they cling to their false worlds. Why?

The secular liberal clings to his brave new world because in that brave new world there is no judgment, because there is no God to judge. Of course there is no mercy either, because there is no God to extend mercy. The liberal has rejected that world of Adam and Eve, original sin and redemption. He thinks, like Shylock, that being free from original sin he has no need for God's mercy: "What judgment shall I dread, doing no wrong." And if the world is not wrong because of original sin, the liberals reason, then it must be wrong because non-liberals, namely white European Christians, are impeding the onward and upward march to Utopia. So white Europeans who are still European are dragged before the bar of Liberalism and found to be guilty of racism, which is the liberals' word for treason. But at the same time, the liberals assert that there really is no difference between the white and the black. "We are all God's children." Whoops, the liberal can't say that, so he backtracks: "We are all part of the brotherhood of man. But wait – the white man is not part of the brotherhood of man; he is an evil ..." It gets hard for the liberal. All those contradictions give him a headache.

And why does the theologian deny the distinctiveness of the Christian, European culture? The theologian makes his denial in order to preserve his power base. When the veil of the temple was rent, so were the Greek paradigms of thought. Wisdom was not to be found in the abstracted thought of Aristotle but in the sacred heart of Christ. So the folk wisdom of a people connected to the Heart of Christ is superior to the abstracted, cognitive thought of a great philosopher or theologian. The theologians cannot accept that, which is why they deny the reality and the possibility of a Christian culture. If there were such a thing, they would have to subordinate their abstractions to the hearts of a people united to Him.

The liberal and the theologian stumble over the human factor. They are unable to accept the fact that God always reveals Himself to man through humanity. He chose a particular people to carry out His divine plan, and His ultimate revelation was in the form of the God-Man. This goes against the expectations of the liberal and the theologian. In their minds, a God who cannot be known by the human mind through contemplation or the study of the natural or cosmic world ("May the force be with you") is not a real God.

Whether you believe the Europeans are the actual blood descendants of the people of Israel or their adoptive spiritual descendants, it is clear that only the European people took the incarnate God into their hearts and made Him their King and kinsman. Their civilization was the only civilization rooted in heaven. And now, when we face an election in this country (and similar elections are taking place throughout the European world) in which we are forced to choose between two leaders who despise Christian Europe, it is imperative that we affirm the reality of Walter Scott's Europe. We have

ventured much too far from it. It is the time to come home, to the ploughed furrow, the frequented pasture and the lane of evening lingerings.

All Through the Night

Sleep, my child, and peace attend thee
All through the night
Guardian angels God will send thee
All through the night
Soft the drowsy hours are creeping
Hill and dale in slumber sleeping
I my loving vigil keeping
All through the night

While the moon her watch is keeping
All through the night
While the weary world is sleeping
All through the night
O'er thy spirit gently stealing
Visions of delight revealing
Breathes a pure and holy feeling
All through the night

Love, to thee my thoughts are turning
All through the night
All for thee my heart is yearning,
All through the night.
Though sad fate our lives may sever
Parting will not last forever,
There's a hope that leaves me never,
All through the night.

In the Land of the Stranger - OCTOBER 25, 2008

Book Review: *Reflections on The Content of America's Character: Recovering Civic Virtue*, edited by Don Eberly

In the margin of Herman Melville's copy of *King Lear*, next to the passage in which Edmund, the bastard brother, defends bastards, Melville comments, "There is often a vitality to demonism that mere virtue lacks." The articles in this book underscore Melville's wise observation. After reading through these articles on virtue and character, one is forced to conclude that a person with character and virtue is as dull as a burned-out light bulb. Most of the articles read like chapters from Ph.D. dissertations, and indeed, most of the articles are written by Ph.Ds.

And therein lies the great dullness and weakness of most of the authors. So many of them, with the exception of Keith J. Pavlischek, advance Aristotle as our guide to recovering civic virtue. Here they make a crucial mistake. In an effort to find a non-Christian and therefore non-threatening guide to virtue, most of the authors seize on Aristotle. They forget an important fact: the Incarnation took place. One cannot go back to ethics without Christ once Christ has entered history. As wise as the Greco-Roman sages were, the final vision of their world, as depicted by Virgil, is despair. The "grandeur that was Greece and the glory that was Rome" is ashes without the God-Man. Dostoyevsky correctly diagnosed the problem of modern man when he stated, "Whether a man, as a civilised being, as a European, can believe at all, believe that is in the divinity of the Son of God, Jesus Christ..."

Only one author in this collection of essays faces this issue head-on. In Chapter 8, "The Religious Roots of Character," Keith Pavlischek contrasts Tocqueville's view of America in the 1830's with Solzhenitsyn's view in the 1970's. Tocqueville was amazed that a society with a government that espouses no particular religion should have a people that seemed very religious. Pavlischek quotes Solzhenitsyn, who saw a different America:

Every citizen has been granted the desired freedom and material goods in such quantity and of such quality as to guarantee in theory the achievement of happiness. In the process, however, one psychological detail has been overlooked: the constant desire to have still more things and a still better life and the struggle to maintain them imprints many Western faces with worry and even depression, though it is customary to conceal such feelings. Active and tense competition permeates all human thoughts without opening a way to free spiritual development.

Why the different views? Pavlischek suggests that what appeared to be our strength, the lack of a public religion in the 1830's, turned out to be the Achilles' heel of our Republic. The public orthodoxy that banished all religions gradually marginalized American Christians to the extent that Christianity now has no real influence on public life. This situation, according to Pavlischek, is intolerable:

Of course, a significant portion of the American public dissents from this view. Religions conviction continues to shape their lives and they are increasingly alienated from a legal and political system that trivializes those convictions. Over the next several decades Americans will be forced to reflect seriously on the words of Joseph Story: 'the promulgation of the great doctrines of religion... can never be a matter of indifference to any well ordered community.' Indeed, we may ask whether the real question is not if we will have a community that is well ordered, but, given the lack of a broad-based moral consensus, whether we can have any community at all.

It is impossible to have any community at all, if the individual members of a community do not have a common religion which they desire to see enshrined as the public orthodoxy. And that is why, independent of whether McCain wins the upcoming Presidential election, I think the liberal liberals who support Obama will ultimately win out over the Rush Limbaugh-type of conservative liberal, for the reason that the liberal-liberal has a religion and the Limbaugh liberal does not.

Having lost their faith in the God-Man (the modern liberal has answered Dostoevsky's question with a decisive 'no'), liberals have replaced Him with the black man. There is no escaping that fact. (1) The zeal with which the white establishment has responded to the Obama presidential run can only be described as a religious frenzy. The Limbaugh-neo-con appeal to avarice and greed has been a somewhat successful counter to the liberals' black worshipping faith, but because of his Christian past the white liberal needs a more unselfish sounding faith (and I stress the word 'sounding' because ultimately it is a very selfish faith) than the faith provided by the liberal conservatives.

The new-breed of white man has made his faith the public orthodoxy. A public-spirited citizen of the modern world must worship the black man. And a community organizer is a person who looks for pockets of resistance to the public orthodoxy so that he can eliminate those pockets of resistance. This state of affairs will only end when white people replace the great black god with the God-Man. Impersonal appeals to our Greco-Roman Christian heritage won't be effective. The new Europeans have their new god. We must cling to the old God and we must call on Him by name: "The Christ, the Son of the Living God."

The United States and the collective states of Europe have become the land of the stranger. The Christian European does not feel at home in what was once his homeland. And it is good that he does not feel at home, because this strange new world worships, in the form of the black man, Satan. I recall a Davy Crockett song I used to sing when I was a child. One line still comes to mind with overwhelming force: "In the land of the stranger, I rise or I fall." There is no room for us in this new world – who wants room in such a world? The black worshippers, who represent the new orthodoxy, want to eradicate all religions that are not black-worshipping religions. They will not be dissuaded by reason, by appeals for mercy, or by offers of compromise.

We are in for a long, bloody battle, which is not a very pleasant prospect. But the alternative is surrender to the forces of Satania. That might be less painful in the short run, but in the long run it would be, quite literally, hell.

(1) Once again, let's refer to Richard Weaver's book, *Visions of Order*. He points out that Socrates did undermine the Greek religion by talking about the Greek gods in an objective, analytical way rather than as an enthusiast. This is why you hear the various newscasters hurling jeremiads at anyone who does not wax rhapsodic about Obama. One should not, the liberal media tell us, talk about one's god in any terms except those of a laudatory psalmist. I agree with that sentiment, but I have a different God than the PCR whites.

A Different World - OCTOBER 18, 2008

It is really impossible to tell whether McCain, the white-hating, liberal, technocratic egomaniac, or Obama, the radical, white-hating Mau Mau, will do the most damage to white people. The one certain thing is that the anti-white agendas of the previous Republican and Democratic Presidents will be continued and broadened.

I do not believe that an Obama presidency will "mobilize white people." Why should it? From where will the pro-white, anti-Obama white people come? The churches? They were the first to succumb to the white-hating virus. From our public schools? That idea is laughable. Or possibly from the ranks of the average American Joe? The average American Joe has slid too far down the slippery slope. How are you going to mobilize a man, who regularly worships black people on the television set, into opposing the anti-white policies of a member of the same race that the average American Joe worships? No, counterrevolutions are not brought about by fat, contented hogs. They are brought about by a remnant band of lean

and hungry lions. Only those men who have rejected it all, American pie, rock and roll, and Amway, will be able to mount a charge against the liberal leviathan.

In the 1950's Herbert Butterfield correctly identified the problem with liberals. By cutting away the traditions and sentiments that came from Christianity, they were not, as they thought, moving mankind toward a brighter, purer world, but were in reality moving mankind toward a world in which only the devil, and those possessed by the devil, could feel at home.

The cutting and pruning has been going on continuously for the past fifty years and it is difficult for the liberals to find anything left to cut. But they must claim there is still some European, Christian 'undergrowth' left to be cut down, because if all the undergrowth is already gone, why is utopia not here?

St. Paul tells us that the last enemy that shall be destroyed is death. The Europeans made that Pauline belief the center of their culture. At the "last trump" at the "twinkling of an eye," the Hero will step in and defeat the last enemy: "And Death once dead, there's no more dying then." (1) The Europeans used to believe that.

In a satanic civilization everything is inverted. The antique Europeans celebrated the death of death at Easter, while the modern post-Christians celebrate the death of Christian culture by honoring the birthdays of satanic figures such as Nelson Mandela and Martin Luther King Jr. And every day is a macabre celebration of death in the satanic abortuaries throughout the Western world.

The liberals always react with glee every time they cut down another piece of Christian 'undergrowth' because they think, to the extent that they think at all, that doing so will bring mankind closer to a magnificent future. But it is not in the future that we can see the realization of the liberals' dream. It is in the past, the past of the non-European cultures. The non-European cultures had, and have, no faith, no hope, and no charity. One lives one's life in such cultures in a world without forgiveness, because there is no concept of sin, and without mercy, because there is no concept of a divine link between humanity and a merciful God. This is the end the liberals have promised us. And every Presidential election takes us closer to that end.

The liberal future, a world without mercy that worships death, is already here, with one exception. In the future there will be no white technocrats at the top of the food chain, because the white technocrat has made a crucial mistake. He thinks that by denying the existence of race he can remain in Satan's utopia. But the other races do not deny the existence of race, and the white technocrat will be replaced by the Asian. The orthodoxy of the Orient, the idea of the sovereignty of detached reason, was always the heterodoxy of the West. When that heterodoxy became the European's orthodoxy, the West became an intellectual counterpart of the Orient.

It is far from a certainty that the European will embrace Christian orthodoxy and rebuild Christian civilization. But it is a certainty that there will be no civilization, in the non-anthropological sense of the word, if the European does not rebuild Christian Europe.

In the current presidential election we are being asked which one of Satan's minions we want to rule us. We are not being asked, as both the Republican and Democratic parties would have us believe, to choose between good and evil. And we can never hope to run a white Christian European for elective office because no white male can run for office unless he denounces his Christianity, his maleness, and his race. (Soon even a white's denunciation of his whiteness will not avail him.)

I grew up in a post-Christian rationalist (PCR) household and went to a PCR school and a PCR church. But I was lucky. The 'Gingerbread House' technique did not work with me. I became exposed, through the works of authors, such as Shakespeare and Scott, to a world diametrically opposed to the PCR world in which I grew up. Once exposed to that different world, I could never go back to the post-Christian rationalist world. I don't know what percentage of the post-Christian rationalists live in Satania because they prefer it to that other Christian world and what percentage live in Satania because they don't know there is any other world. For that reason, I think the Christian soldier's fight is on two fronts. He must see that the other world, the Christian European world, is represented to the inhabitants of Satania, in order that those who might see and then believe can be converted. And he must fight those who have seen and prefer the darkness to the light.

The central fact, from the standpoint of an antique European, about the upcoming Presidential election (and every election in the Western world) is that the election is a celebration of the great satanic void. All the non-European tribes -- the liberal technocratic tribe, the black barbarian tribe, the Oriental tribe, etc. -- are meeting to celebrate the triumph of darkness over light. Christ's apostle, John, put it best when he said: "And the light shineth in darkness and the darkness comprehended it not." Men of our blood once did comprehend the light. That is why we must try to see with their eyes and

feel with their hearts, for that same beloved apostle John tells us that those who are united to His civilization in spirit and blood, “shall bring the glory and honour of the nations into it.” +

(1) Sonnet 146

Poor soul, the centre of my sinful earth,
[...] these rebel powers that thee array;
Why dost thou pine within and suffer dearth,
Painting thy outward walls so costly gay?
Why so large cost, having so short a lease,
Dost thou upon thy fading mansion spend?
Shall worms, inheritors of this excess,
Eat up thy charge? is this thy body's end?
Then soul, live thou upon thy servant's loss,
And let that pine to aggravate thy store;
Buy terms divine in selling hours of dross;
Within be fed, without be rich no more:
So shalt thou feed on Death, that feeds on men,
And Death once dead, there's no more dying then.

- Shakespeare

The Faith and the Race Are One - OCTOBER 10, 2008

I've had over 10 years now to adjust to the fact that I need glasses to read, but I still forget to take them with me when I go out. So if I need to read a label at a supermarket (to see how much food, if any, I'm getting with the chemical preservatives) or if I need to read the small print of a book at the bookstore, I have to ask for help from a person who did not forget to bring his glasses. But I'm lucky, considering that every other member of my family needed glasses from junior high school on. My older sister hated to wear her glasses. She believed the old adage that men don't make passes at girls who wear glasses. That little adage almost cost us both our lives the night my sister drove me to basketball practice.

My high school basketball coach thought that we should practice at the same time that we played our games, and we played our games at night. So one night when she needed the car, my sister drove me to practice. On the way, I noticed a car pulling out of a driveway approximately 25 yards ahead of us. I did not, like most people, appreciate back-seat drivers, whether in the front seat or the back seat, so I didn't say anything about the car to my sister. After all, it was a car, not a mouse; how could my sister not see it? Well, my sister was not wearing her glasses, and it seemed, by the rate of speed we were traveling, we were going to collide with the other car. I finally decided, at the risk of being called a back seat driver, that I should mention this fact. “Do you see that car in front of us?” No, she had not seen it. She slammed on the brakes, our car spun around, and we avoided a head-on collision by a hair's breadth.

Now, at this point, the reader, who has better things to do than read boring reminiscences of my high school days (wait till I tell you how I made the winning basket in the big game) is probably wondering what the point of this story is. “Does this lead up to anything?” Why, yes, it does. It is a preface to a reluctant criticism of the leadership of the white, right wing. I hope this criticism will be taken in the spirit in which it is given. We are members of the same family, in the same vehicle, and I would like to prevent the wreck I see coming. Although it is a recent article that has provoked this response, my comments are based on thirty years of observing the white, right wing movement in action.

The white, right wingers' fatal flaw is their lack of a religious vision. Now, I know the white, right wingers talk about our Germanic, Celtic, Greco-Roman, Christian heritage, but that kind of combo-sandwiching of traditions indicates the problem. The Europeans have only one tradition and one faith. When we make that faith and that tradition a side issue, or only one small component among other, more important components, like our genes, we are not responding to existence as the white Europeans of old responded to existence, and we cannot then claim any link to the white Europeans of the past.

It is ahistorical to ignore the white man's Christianity. The New Age white leaders act as though they woke up one morning and discovered they were white. Hence, they prefer the white to the colored race, but they have no appreciation of the white man's heritage, because they don't place any great emphasis on the only thing that ever mattered to the white man, his faith.

The lack of a religious vision has paralyzed the right wing. The reason they always prophesy that “white people are beginning to wake up,” and always are sadly mistaken in their prophetic utterances, is because they have been seduced by

one of the most seductive of all the sirens of modernity, the democratic siren. White Christians cannot campaign merely for equal rights within a secular, Godless utopia; they must rule in a Christian society.

If you try to micro-manage history for a purely secular result, history will always knock you flat on your back. The antique European, the Christian European, who took seriously our Lord's injunction to "Seek ye first the kingdom of God... and all these things shall be added unto you," was able to build Western civilization because his hope was not in this world only. That is the paradox. If you see only this world and act according to that vision, you will fail in this world, but if you act in accordance with Christ's injunction to "seek ye first," you will succeed in the things that really matter, to a far greater degree than the 'this world only' devotees. In this world only there is nothing but despair. Grim statistics are final and unalterable in such a world, barbarian hordes are invincible in such a world, and white and black, good and evil, are meaningless abstractions in such a world.

The right wingers need to step out of that world. But of course they cannot do so for merely pragmatic reasons. They must see what their European forefathers saw; they must see "their Master in the sky and call on Him to save." Vision cannot be forced; if they do not see, we cannot follow them, for "if the blind leadeth the blind, shall they not both fall in a ditch?"

The sad truth is that the right wing leaders are not sufficiently anti-modern. They differ from the white liberals, because they feel, correctly, that the white technocrat wants to exclude them from the brave new technocratic world of the future. Hence their leadership consists of programs to reawaken whites so they will fight (democratically of course) for their rights in a multi-racial culture.

But by so urging, the right wingers are asking the Christian European to walk away from his heritage. This he cannot do. The reason there is such a disconnect between the white leaders and the white Christian remnant is because the remnant senses the right wing leaders are just as lost in the slough of modernity as the liberals are.

Sometimes two groups can be united in their opposition to a particular group or -ism, but still be in complete disagreement regarding what they are for. Such is the case, for instance, with the Southern agrarian and the communist. Both oppose capitalism, but they differ greatly on the reasons for opposing capitalism, and they differ greatly in what they favor as an alternative to capitalism. Such is also the case with the white, New Age, right wing leadership and the antique Christian. In fact, the contrasts are quite striking.

1) Democratic Government – Christian Europeans adopted republican forms of government when they felt, quite possibly wrongly, that their rulers were insufficiently Christian. They did not view the bastardized corruption of republican government, secular democracy, as a magic talisman that was self-evidently the end of man's search for a perfect government. Far from it. The antique Christian knew that where God was not sovereign, there could be no true government.

2) Other Races. At first glance, the right wing leaders and the older Christian seem to be in agreement. The right wing opposes multi-culturalism and so does the Christian. So they are in agreement, right? No, they are not. The right wingers properly point out that multi-culturalism does not mean, "I'll respect your culture, and in return you respect mine"; it means that the white man must have no culture and must worship the colored cultures. On that there is agreement between the Christian and the right winger. But the right wing whites go on to claim that they believe that the colored has a right to his culture just as the white man has a right to his. All the right wingers are asking for, they tell us, is a niche for the white man in the great pyramid of cultures.

This is not what the Antique European is looking for. He knows that such a thing is impossible. The colored barbarians do not believe in respecting other cultures; they believe in conquering other cultures. If a white plays the 'respect other cultures' game, he will always be the only one playing. And he won't be playing for long.

There is another aspect of the 'respect other cultures' issue. In the modern, decadent social sciences, such as anthropology, we are informed it is wrong to say that someone or some group has no culture. "Everyone has a culture," we are told. But in the non-anthropological sense, there is only one culture. Only the Europeans made the attempt to weave faith, hope, and charity into their culture. From a Christian standpoint, it would be morally wrong to respect the "cultures" of the colored races. Did the Spanish respect the Aztec culture? Did the Brits respect the Hindu culture? No, they respected their God, who called all men to abandon heathen idols and come to Him, and they respected Him too much to leave individual heathens in perpetual darkness. To subdue and convert, to the extent that such a conversion was possible, was the way of the non-democratic, pre-20th century European. And he would rather fight to the last man than be part of a multi-colored, many-tiered pyramid of nations.

3) Democratic Quakers. I recently saw an article by one of the right-wing leaders in which he warned against the dangers of assassinating Barack Obama. I completely agree with the author on that issue. It would not aid white people if Obama

were assassinated. Tyrannicide is not outside the ken of the white European tradition, but Obama is not a tyrant whose death would bring great benefits to the white race. He is a small, little cog in the great liberal machine. Killing him would be harmful to whites.

However, the author in question goes on to condemn all violence under any circumstances. That type of thinking goes against our European Christian heritage. There are things so hideous, such as the murder of a baby in his mother's womb, the rape of our women, the torture-murder of innocent young people like Channon Christian and Christopher Newsome, that they cry out to heaven for redress. You cannot claim to respect the white European heritage and then tell white people to dogmatically renounce all violence. That type of advice is irresponsible at a time when our "laws," passed by white technocrats, have left white people almost defenseless against the barbarians in our midst. I recall a scene in Walter Scott's novel *The Black Dwarf* in which some border raiders have abducted a Scottish lady and taken her across the border. An old man advises the young men not to break the law and be violent. A member of the rescue party replies angrily to him, "Don't talk to us about our heroic ancestors and then tell us to do nothing."

Certainly there are prudential concerns, but violence in defense of Christian men and women and Christian principles should never be routinely condemned. And we should always keep in mind that the white man is in Hamlet's position. They have murdered our King and our Father (1); if we don't set things right, who will?

There is something called a Euro-Conference scheduled for early November. If just one lonely white man meets a lonely white woman there and they subsequently marry and have children as a result, the conference will not have been wasted. But I hope some European leader at the conference will dare to link Europe and Christ and denounce anyone who tries to tear them asunder in either word or deed.

(1) Grant me some poetic license here. They have murdered Christian civilization and are murdering His people and His little children. "Let them come unto me." Does not Christ our King and Father suffer when such murders take place?
Labels: antique Christianity, restoration of European civilization, Sons of Martha

Monsters of the Deep - OCTOBER 04, 2008

A friend sent me a news item from Canada written by Paul Fromm, director of an organization called Canada First Immigration Reform Committee. Apparently some Tory MP had slipped up and blurted out the truth about third world immigration and crime to the media. And what was so horrendous, but all too typical, about the liberals' reaction to the Tory MP's statement was that no one cared to discuss whether his statements were true or not. The liberals simply said he was racist and called for his resignation. Fromm pointed out that the MP's statement was correct and concluded that truth no longer mattered to the white liberals. "In this super constipated country minorities are so protected from criticism by human rights commissions that even truth is no defence."

It has been thus for quite some time in the Western world. I recall a similar incident I was privy to about 20 years ago. I was working at a university (no need to mention the name because such universities are legion, with cookie-cutter sameness). The powers that be found it necessary to discuss a 'problem student.' I was invited to sit on a panel that was to decide his fate. And what, pray tell, was the student's crime? Did he break into the Dean's office and urinate on his papers? Did he set fire to the R.O.T.C. office on campus? No. Fifteen years earlier students had done such things at colleges and were not expelled. So, what was the young man accused of? He was accused of having made 'racist' remarks in class, critical of blacks. The question in the minds of the liberal panel was not, "Should we expel Student X?" No, the question was, "How can we do it and still seem like liberal, fair-minded, due-process type liberals?" Since I was going to be asked to vote on the fate of this particular student, whom I did not know, I asked if the statements he had made were true. There was an embarrassed silence before one member of the panel confessed that yes, the statements were true. And yet the student was expelled. The official reason was that he had used tacks instead of tape to place a poster on his dorm room wall, but of course that was not the real reason for his expulsion. He blasphemed against the liberals' god, so he had to be cast into outer darkness. I was the only member of the panel to vote against the expulsion, which was quite ironic as every single member of that panel was theoretically more committed to the principle of free speech than I was.

Of course such incidents of white liberal chicanery and dishonesty have become the norm, not the exception now. Big Brother and Big Sister rule with a merciless consistency that makes Orwell's 1984 world seem like a pleasant place to live.

It seems that something momentous has taken place in the last twenty-five years in the Western world as Satan has consolidated his power. Liberals have always loved their own abstractions more than the truth, but in the first half of the twentieth century, they tried to claim their abstractions were true. They delighted in debate and felt quite confident their theories would prevail in the battlefield of ideas. But false ideas are always easier to defend when they have never been

embodied in a culture. It was easier for the liberals to claim the black man was just a pigmented white man when his criminal tendencies were kept in check by a white hierarchy. However, when the black man actually was given a chance to show himself to be the wonderful, worshipful human being the liberals claimed he was, the reality, the truth, was quite devastating for the liberal. The white liberal then had two choices. He could give up his abstract, utopian faith in the black man, or he could give up debating the truth and simply punish the people who spoke the truth. Of course the liberal chose the latter. This is the same policy the communists and every other anti-European group have followed: when you have not yet succeeded in making a particular part of your agenda, like racial diversity or legalized abortion, the law of the land, you debate. But when you have achieved your goal and made that which was once forbidden the law of the land, then you forbid, with the full weight of the law, all debate, and punish those who speak the truth about the perversion that has become the law.

The 21st century liberal, therefore, is a lot meaner and less willing to engage in debate than his 1950's counterpart. He is meaner because his ideas have become embodied and are self-evidently wrong, thus forcing him to stay mad-dog delusional every single second of his life. And he is unwilling to debate because he has consolidated his power and doesn't have to debate.

This ugly state of affairs is the result of the de-Christianization of the European man. Butterfield put it quite well when he said that liberals had destroyed their guardian angel when they cut away the traditions and sentiments that came from Christianity.

Edmund Burke was correct when he said the first liberal was the devil. It is sometimes difficult to see just how satanic liberalism is because we do not see its full embodiment in the past. But in our own day, it is crystal clear. We can see Satanism in all its hellish glory. And the primary mark of a satanic society is the abstraction of everything human. Christ humanized every aspect of European culture, and Satan has systematically undermined His civilization by encouraging a spirit of abstraction. When that abstracting spirit takes hold, human beings can be squashed like bugs in the great, abstracted cesspool of life. Babies become 'fetal tissue,' civilians become 'collateral damage,' white men become 'generic men,' men and women become 'generic humans,' and on it goes.

It is a given that our current society is satanic. Since surrender to such a culture is unthinkable, we need to strike back. And the satanic liberals have shown us the place where Satan is most vulnerable. What issue are the liberals concerned with more than any other? It is this issue of diversity. While even "conservative" church men blab on about the irrelevance of race on the one hand and the evils of the white race on the other hand, the liberals, who are legion, are ever-vigilant in putting down every attempt, in word or deed, by the white man, to re-establish his ties to his racial forefathers. (1) The pre-20th century Europeans had a Hebraic relationship with their God which was based on ties of blood. Christ was their King and their kin. When those ties of blood are broken, it makes no difference whether one gives intellectual assent to the idea of Christianity or if one intellectually affirms the meaninglessness of existence, since both affirmations belong to Satan. By what authority do we live? By the word of God, embodied in a particular people and culture. When faith no longer has "a local habitation" in a race, faith becomes a meaningless abstraction, and then "humanity must perforce prey on itself like monsters of the deep."

Richard Weaver made the point in his book *Visions of Order* that Socrates was guilty of undermining the faith of the Athenians. By abstracting the Greek gods and making them part of a dialectical debate, he helped destroy traditional faith in the gods. Philosophy eventually replaced faith. This has always been the essential conflict in the Christian Church. The theologians place God in a philosophical prison and then claim they and they alone possess the key to unlock Him. The European with blood ties to the past, however, knows that God is not to be found in the Gnostic prisons of the theologians and the philosophers. He is to be found at the marriage feast of the antique European in the person of Christ.

The 'idea Christ' of the philosophers is not a concrete personality. He exists only in the minds of the liberals. He is a phantom God who comes to life only when the liberals need him to condemn racism. In contrast, the real Christ, the Hero-God of the Europeans, is always present where genuine humanity is present. He is the enemy of generic humanity and the passionate champion of the human personality. In fact, He can only be known through the human personality. When the white man gives up the most essential part of his personality, his white identity, he loses his soul and his God.

The revolution has been successful. There is no room in the great liberal Utopia for the human personality. Walking, talking caricatures of human beings now inhabit the white countries that used to contain human beings. But in the secret recesses of European hearts who still see with "blinding sight" and still feel connected to His Europe, the counterrevolution has begun. And in a non-utopian future, a future wedded to the European past, we shall see the triumph of our Lord.

(1) The white church men constantly tell us there is no such thing as race, but there is such a thing when they demonize the white race, and when they fall on their knees to worship the black race.

These same church men no longer believe in original sin which all mankind inherited from Adam. Instead, they believe that original sin exists only in the white race. In a perverse way, they affirm the humanity of the white race and the inhumanity of the black, when they claim that the white man alone can trace his lineage back to Adam. Scott tells us about the tangled web we weave when we deceive. Let the white, black-worshipping clergyman beware of the tangled web of deceit he weaves when he demonizes the white race and worships the black.

Guarding the Bridge - SEPTEMBER 27, 2008

“The liberals of the continent, on the other hand, first forsook Christianity, and then set out to cut away the traditions, sentiments, prejudices which they seemed to regard as a mere undergrowth. They did not know that what they were exorcising was their guardian angel...”

– Herbert Butterfield

In the eyes of the Jews, Christianity started out as a small, heretical movement within Judaism. And much to the horror of the Jews, it became the Faith of an entire continent in which the Jews were a tiny minority. But the wheel turns. The Jews are still a minority, albeit an influential one, but Christianity no longer enjoys majority status in European countries. The post-Christian rationalists (PCR) have held the reins of power in Europe and her satellites for the past one hundred years. If one were to make a chart of the Christian and post-Christian centuries of the European, it would look something like this:

400 – 800 Christian with pagan remnants

800 – 1900 Christian

1900 – 1950 Post-Christian Rationalist with Christian remnants

1950 – 2008 Post-Christian Rationalist

And who rules by proxy when the PCR Europeans rule? Satan does. He rules every branch of society, including (or, to be more accurate, especially) our churches.

The so-called fundamentalist movements of the 20th century were a response to the Christless faith of the mainstream Protestant churches. And the Catholic traditionalist movements of the 1960's were a response to the Christless Christianity of Vatican II Catholicism. The Protestant fundamentalist movements were somewhat more effective than the traditionalist Catholic movements, because the fundamentalists tried to return to the Bible, which is a very solid basis on which to base a Christian counter-revolution, while the Catholic traditionalists only hearkened back to Thomism, which was the primary impetus for the original modernist revolt. But both groups failed to remain Christian because they abandoned the cultural heritage of Europe, which was the inspired creation of a people who were wedded to the God-Man.

The Catholic looks to the documents of the Church, as interpreted by the reigning pontiff, as his touchstone of reality, and the Protestant looks to the Holy Bible, as interpreted by the individual, as his touchstone of reality. But both have gone awry, because they have left out what George Fitzhugh called the only infallible authority in Christendom -- the Christian folk. The Gospel of Christ will be only an abstraction, an idea, which can be anything and everything to all men, if it is not given a concrete home in a culture. When we see Christianity embodied in a people, we have a touchstone of reality. We can say, “This is the Faith, and this is not the Faith.” The modern, technocratic man has a vested interest in an abstracted faith that is elastic enough to fit any set of values he creates in his perverted mind. His Christianity is a nebulous Christianity without substance. In contrast, the Christianity of the pre-20th century European was a concrete faith with a clearly delineated core. And one of the most striking contrasts between the older Europeans and the modern technocrats can be observed in their views on race. The pre-20th century European doesn't really have a theory of race, and he doesn't have a theory of race, because his racial identity and his Christianity are inseparable parts of his personality. He could no more separate them than he could separate his mind from his body, which, come to think of it, the modern technocrat does. The older European viewed his body as a spiritual entity. His skin color was part of his body, which contained his immortal soul. Mere corruptible flesh would not inherit eternal life, but his whiteness was part of his personality, which was a thing immortal. Hence the antique white man knew that racial diversity was spiritual suicide. Diversity destroys harmony in society and in the soul. Who wants to be scattered into a thousand diverse particles of dust?

The technocratic, modern man yearns for diversity. His satanic soul needs pandemonium. He wants the whole world to be one, unholy Babylon which he controls with his intellect; an intellect divorced from his race, his sex, and his God.

In the old private eye films, the police always fail to catch the murderer because they label two connecting events, such as the sudden "accidental" death of wealthy, old Joseph Finsbury and the financial insolvency of his heir and nearest relation, his nephew William Finsbury, as mere coincidence. And we play the part of the dense policemen when we fail to see that the PCR white man's desire for diversity of race stems from his desire to separate himself from his God.

The Christianity our European forefathers embraced was diametrically opposed to diversity. In their pagan days, they were devoted to their hero-gods because they saw them as personalities committed to the struggle to defend the personalities of their devotees in the great battle against the forces of chaos and diversity. Christ did not destroy the hope and faith of those pagan Europeans. He revealed to them, in the fullness of His personality, that He was the fulfillment of their desire for a Hero-God who would sustain them in their battles to maintain their unique and undiversified manhood against all the forces of hell.

The modern, white pagan and the modern, anti-white, white liberal are united in their belief that the Christianity of the pre-20th century European was an interlude, a 1,500-year detour away from the true Christianity. Is that so? How can there be a 1,500-year interlude? No, the Christian poets, who articulate the faith of the Christian folk, and the Gospels themselves tell us a different story of the people of God, the Europeans, and their fight to maintain their faith in the Hero-God. At every juncture of European man's history, Satan was there, trying to get European man to adopt a diverse Christianity, a synergistic Christianity, a faith with room for the Rosicrucian and the barbarian. In the 1500's the people's revolt against the synergistic Christianity took the form of the Protestant Reformation. And when that movement was corrupted by the devil, counter movements, such as the fundamentalist movement, were begun. Satan, however, has countered every Christian counterattack with a master stroke of his own. At present the Christian churches are synergistic Temples of Satan. And the key element of Satanism is racial diversity. There can be no faithful hearts to receive Him still if the people of God, the Europeans, the ones with the faithful hearts, no longer exist because they have become diversified.

History, common sense, and revelation all support the "racist," Euro-centered Christianity of the pre-20th century Europeans. That is why the technocrat must be utopian rather than historical; nonsensical rather than sensible; unbiblical rather than biblical. But the technocratic white man's flight from reality cannot change it. And the reality is that there never has been nor ever can be a black civilization. Blacks can only live and thrive in a civilization governed by whites. What has Africa become since the white man has left? We don't need a crystal ball to know what will happen to a Negroized Europe and a Negroized U.S.A.

In his novel, *Melmoth the Wanderer*, Charles Maturin makes the point that before the devil can lay claim to a man's soul, he must destroy his sanity and his memory. And such is the plight of the post-Christian European. A man who believes only in his own mind is insane. And a man who has abandoned the past in favor of a utopian future is a man without a memory. This is why a Christian European cannot reach the post-Christian rationalist. The PCR European no longer has a soul to call his own; he belongs to Satan.

What will emerge in the formerly European countries that are bereft of white Christian Europeans? Well, there will be no black civilization. Blacks can destroy civilizations, and when they are controlled they can be useful servants in a civilization. But since the PCR whites will not control them, they will destroy the technocratic civilization of the PCR whites. And then the Asians will step in. They are capable of building and maintaining a civilization, but they are incapable of building a Christian civilization. Every fiendish torture ever used by the white man on his fellow whites was first used by the Asian. They have a genius for cruelty. I know this all sounds so terribly impolite to say, but what has happened in the 20th century to make the European view the oriental as a kindly friend of Christian Europe? It seems to me that what would now be called hideous racist caricatures of Orientals, such as the depictions of Asians in the Fu Manchu novels of Sax Rohmer, paint a ridiculously benign portrait of the Oriental compared to the actual reality of his true nature. But then the PCR whites are not concerned with reality.

Herbert Butterfield once observed that the English people always left bridges to the rear whenever they went forward. They might alter a political structure, but they always maintained their ties to the past throughout the transitions in government. Butterfield approved of that instinct. And in that approval he echoes George Fitzhugh, who maintained, "Throw our paper platforms, preambles and resolutions, guaranties and constitutions, in the fire, and we should be none the worse off, provided we retained our institutions –and the necessities that begot, and have, so far, continued them." Ah, there's the rub. The PCR white man, by embracing racial diversity, has burnt the bridges to the past. The Western Christian tradition was spawned by white Europeans. It cannot be continued by simply preserving a document, or a philosophical treatise, or a political system, from the past. The heritage and the race are one.

The white Christian remnant is almost too small to be called a remnant; let's call it a mustard- seed remnant. The challenge for that mustard-seed remnant is to maintain the bridge to His civilization against all odds. Shakespeare's Agincourt has become every European's battle. "We few, we happy few, we band of brothers" will hold until relieved by the Hero who has taught us that no cause is lost when it is consecrated to Him. +

Love's Labour's Lost - SEPTEMBER 21, 2008

The liberals have never liked Shakespeare. Oh, I know they give lip service to his virtuosity with words. But they are always uncomfortable with the themes of his plays. They have very little understanding of them, but from the little they do understand they get a vague sense that they are being insulted. They are right.

In *Love's Labour's Lost*, Shakespeare attacks a liberal icon – Academia. As the play opens, the King of Navarre and three young lords have taken an oath:

You three, Berowne, Dumaine, and Longaville,
Have sworn for three years' term to live with me
My fellow-scholars, and to keep those statutes
That are recorded in this schedule here:
Your oaths are pass'd; and now subscribe your names,
That his own hand may strike his honour down
That violates the smallest branch herein:
If you are arm'd to do as sworn to do,
Subscribe to your deep oaths, and keep it too.

Part of the oath includes a vow “not to see a woman in that term,” and “one day in a week to touch no food,” and “to sleep but three hours in the night.” All three lords sign the King's contract, although Berowne signs it with the belief that “Necessity will make us all forsworn.”

It is not my intent to give a step by step exegesis of what ensues after the young men take their oaths. Let it suffice to say that all three men break their oaths, and the cause of the breaking of the oaths is, of course, four young women.

Berowne eloquently defends the breaking of the oaths:
Never durst poet touch a pen to write
Until his ink were tempr'd with Love's sighs;
O, then his lines would ravish savage ears
And plant in tyrants mild humility.
From women's eyes this doctrine I derive:
They sparkle still the right Promethean fire;
They are the books, the arts, the academes,
That show, contain, and nourish all the world;
Else none at all in aught proves excellent.
Then fools you were these women to forswear,
Or, keeping what is sworn, you will prove fools.
For wisdom's sake, a word that all men love,
Or for love's sake, a word that loves all men,
Or for men's sake, the authors of these women,
Or women's sake, by whom we men are men,
Let us once lose our oaths to find ourselves,
Or else we lose ourselves to keep our oaths.
It is religion to be thus forsworn,
For charity itself fulfils the law,
And who can sever love from charity?

Having broken their oaths, the young men become ardent lovers and attempt to woo the objects of their hearts' desire. But things do not work out the way they do in the usual comedy; there is no marriage feast at the end of the play. As Berowne comments:

Our wooing doth not end like an old play;
Jack hath not Jill: these ladies' courtesy
Might well have made our sport a comedy.

Why is there no marriage at the end of the play? Because the women, seeing how easily the men have broken their first vow, do not take the men's new vow of love seriously. They think the gentlemen are merely playing with them, and they respond accordingly. It is only when the death of one of the women's fathers makes it imperative for all four women to leave Navarre that the four suitors manage to convince the young women that they are in earnest. The women, however, do not accept the men's offers of marriage without conditions. Each man is assigned, by his respective beloved, a penance.

They each must renounce the world for one year and do such works of charity and penance as to “visit the speechless sick,” and “...go with speed, To some forlorn and naked hermitage...”

“Ah,” the reader says, “it serves them right; they are being punished for breaking their vow to study for three years.” No, they are being punished for making satanic vows by being forced to take Christian vows. What was satanic about the first vow? They desired knowledge for self-aggrandizement. For them, knowledge meant power and fame. “Navarre shall be the wonder of the world; Our court shall be a little Academe...” A Christian renounces the world for the sake of the world; an academic is abstracted from the world for the sake of himself. It is quite fitting that the men, to atone for a satanic renunciation, must show they are capable of a Christian renunciation.

The women in the play are not Lady Macbeths; they are good Christian women who, like Mary, inspire by fidelity and not by attempting to become men. Such women are “the books, the arts, the academes, That show, contain and nourish all the world.”

There is a wonderful symmetry in the male-female relationship when it is working properly. Men need the inspiration that comes from a woman who, in imitation of Mary, is planted firmly at the foot of the Cross. And a woman needs a man to take that inspiration, give it flesh, and reinspire her. A Christian academic, or a Christian monk might renounce the company of women, but he would not do it because he was abstracted from humanity but because he had been inspired by the God-Man to give himself spiritually to all women and to all men.

I am sure the four men of Navarre kept their second vow. How do I know this? The wisdom of the West supports me. The Florence Nightingales of the world always inspire men more completely than the proud abstracted goddesses of wisdom. (1) Because like Mary, their fidelity at the foot of the Cross shows us the pure image of Christ. +

(1) It is a hideous perversion of Christianity to make the mother of God a goddess of wisdom.

Balzac – On New York - SEPTEMBER 21, 2008

Alas! The colonel no longer loved anyone in the world except for one person and that person was himself. His misfortunes in Texas, his stay in New York, a place where speculation and individualism are carried to the very highest level, where the brutality of self-interest reaches the point of cynicism, and where a man, fundamentally isolated from the rest of mankind, finds himself compelled to rely upon his own strength and at every instant to be the self-appointed judge of his own actions, a city in which politeness does not exist; in other words, the whole voyage, down to its very slightest details, had developed in Philippe the pernicious inclinations of the hardened trooper. He had started to smoke and drink; he had become brutal, impertinent and rude; he had been depraved by hardship and physical suffering. Moreover, the colonel considered himself as having been persecuted. The consequence of such a view is to make unintelligent people hostile and intolerant themselves. In Philippe's eyes, the whole universe began at his head and ended at his feet, and the sun shone only for him. Finally, life in New York – as seen and interpreted by this man of action – had removed all his remaining scruples in matters of morality.

from *The Black Sheep* by Honore de Balzac

Sage Advice from Don Quixote to Sancho Panza - SEPTEMBER 21, 2008

“Do not make many statutes, but if you make them, try to make good ones and, particularly, see that they are kept and fulfilled; for if statutes are not kept they might as well not exist. Besides, they show that though the prince had the wisdom and authority to make them, he had not the courage to see that they were observed. And laws which threaten but are not carried out come to be like that log which was king of the frogs. He frightened them at first; but in time they despised him and climbed upon his back.”

--Miguel de Cervantes

Excerpt from *Chronicles of the Crusades* - SEPTEMBER 21, 2008

...King Louis also spoke to me of a great assembly of clergy and Jews which had taken place at the monastery of Cluny. There was a poor knight there at the time to whom the abbot had often given bread for the love of God. This knight asked the abbot if he could speak first, and his request was granted, though somewhat grudgingly. So he rose to his feet, and

leaning on his crutch, asked to have the most important and most learned rabbi among the Jews brought before Him. As soon as the Jew had come, the knight asked him a question. "May I know, sir," he said, "if you believe that the Virgin Mary, who bore our Lord in her body and cradled Him in her arms, was a virgin at the time of His birth, and is in truth the Mother of God?"

The Jew replied that he had no belief in any of those things. Thereupon the knight told the Jew that he acted like a fool when – neither believing in the Virgin, nor loving her – he had set foot in that monastery which was her house. "And by heaven" exclaimed the knight, "I'll make you pay for it" So he lifted his crutch and struck the Jew such a blow with it near the ear that he knocked him down. Then all the Jews took to flight, and carried their sorely wounded rabbi away with them. Thus the conference ended.

The abbot went up to the knight and told him he had acted most unwisely. The knight retorted that the abbot had been guilty of even greater folly in calling people together for such a conference, because there were many good Christians there who, before the discussion ended, would have gone away with doubts about their own religion through not fully understanding the Jews. "So I tell you," said the king, "that no one, unless he is an expert theologian, should venture to argue with these people. But a layman, whenever he hears the Christian religion abused, should not attempt to defend its tenets, except with his sword, and that he should thrust into the scoundrel's belly, and as far as it will enter."

-- Joinville & Villehardouin's *Chronicles of the Crusades*

On Being Progressive - SEPTEMBER 21, 2008

"... it will never be know what acts of cowardice have been motivated by the fear of not looking sufficiently progressive."

--Péguy

Melville on Reason's Capacity to Comfort a Soul in Distress - SEPTEMBER 21, 2008

"For in tremendous extremities human souls are like drowning men; well enough they know they are in peril; well enough they know the causes of that peril; nevertheless, the sea is the sea, and these drowning men do drown."

--from *Pierre* or, the Ambiguities

The Return of the Whiteman - SEPTEMBER 13, 2008

I saw just a few snippets of the Democratic and Republican conventions – any more would have been too painful. The two parties make me think of C. S. Lewis's observation that the devil often invests two seemingly opposite groups with his evil designs in order to fool the struggling mortal into making a choice between two similar evils in different guises. Then, no matter what decision the mortal makes, the devil wins. What were the words of that old song? "Anyway you look at it, you lose."

In viewing both conventions one can't help but feel he is getting a glimpse of what hell must be like. We see a bunch of little devils running around celebrating pandemonium. And is there any unifying principle underlying the pandemonium? Yes, there is. The unifying principle of both demonic parties is hatred, hatred for the older, white, Christian civilization of the European people.

The United States is not a nation. The people of the U. S. are not bound by a common religion, a common heritage, or a common race. In the absence of authentic ties that bind, the satanic tribes within the U. S. prey on each other and unite only when the common enemy, the white European, seems to threaten the continuance of their tribal celebrations and rituals.

In reality there really is no group of Europeans threatening the demonic tribes. But the demonic tribes always bring up the possibility of the return of the white man in order to scare other tribes into supporting their tribe. And we should take note of that. The white technocrat, the Amazon, and the colored barbarian have a deep-rooted fear of an organized, committed body of white Europeans. They take their cue from their master.

And at some point, when the white man finally abandons the satanic notions of equality, fraternity, and democracy, he will have to reclaim his civilization. At present, the small remnant of white men who support white people frame their defense

of the white man in terms of rights: “The white man has a right to his own culture just as the black, or the Asian, etc. has the right to his culture.” But doesn’t that assume modern democracy is a valid form of government rather than a creation of the devil? What is the reality of the white man’s contact with non-white cultures? The reality is that when the white man acts democratically, trying to incorporate non-white cultures into white culture, the barbarians of color, who do not think in utopian terms, view the white man’s attempt to include them in his culture as surrender. They view themselves as conquerors and proceed to act as they think barbarian conquerors should act. The white technocrat keeps playing the part (and believing it for the most part) of the benevolent Atticus Finch, extending a helping hand to all mankind, while the barbarians of color look on him with contempt and step up their arrogance and brutality at every new “benevolent” gesture of the technocratic white man.

“I’ll respect your culture if you respect mine,” only works when the cultural differences are nuanced differences within a higher, common, religious culture. For instance, an Englishman might prefer the paintings of John Constable, and a Scotsman might prefer the paintings of Horatio McCulloch, but both still share a common race and a common faith from which their cultural heritage is derived. (1) There can be no shared cultural experience between the colored and the white because they do not have a common bond. The only way a white can mix with non-white is if the white gives up his heritage. And of course that is exactly what is happening today. (2)

It is impossible for a genuine white man to have a “you-respect-my-culture-and-I’ll-respect- your-culture” relationship with the colored races. The barbarian of color does not have any intention of respecting other cultures. The very idea of respect for another culture comes from the Christian white man. And from the white man’s side: do we really want to respect the colored culture? Do they have a right to their culture? No, they don’t. No one has a right to be a barbarian. The white man might have to allow the barbarians of color to maintain their bestial civilizations in their own nations, because the cost to white people would be too great in trying to convert them, but no white man should ever permit one single barbarian of color to exist in a white nation. And please don’t tell me it is impossible to remove them. It is quite possible, once the will to protect and defend His civilization becomes firmly re-established in the bosom of the white man.

The white Sons of Martha magazines all tell us that white people will be a minority in the U.S. by 2045. The European Sons of Martha magazines make similar projections for their own nations. And then they urge us to vote the nightmarish vision of pandemonium away. How, pray tell, can we “vote white” when voting white is not an option? Was there a candidate in any national or local election who ran on a segregation platform? Was there a candidate who ran on a “send the blacks back to Africa, the Chinese to China, and the Mexicans to Mexico” platform? Of course not. But the non-whites do run on such platforms. They don’t espouse equality and fraternity; they espouse death to ‘whiteness’.

The American Civil War should have served as a warning, just as Haiti should have served as a warning, to all white people that diversity does not mean harmony and understanding between the races, it means the extinction of white Christians and the triumph of the colored minions of Satan.

Prior to the Civil War there were hundreds of anti-slavery societies in the South. But when the Civil War commenced, the anti-slavery societies disappeared. Why? Because the North did not want to send the blacks back to Africa, they wanted to place the black man on an equal basis with the white man. Every Southern anti-slavery plan called for repatriation of the blacks. The Southerners knew that black freedom without repatriation meant miscegenation and the destruction of European civilization on the North American continent. Why then, when the worst nightmares of the white Southerners have become enshrined into law, do white conservatives still prop up the illicit government of the United States?

During World War II there was an official French government that was largely a puppet of the Germans. And then there was an unofficial government in exile led by Charles de Gaulle. As the French did in World War II, so now should the white European-Americans establish their own government in exile. It need not be (in fact, it should not be) a parallel carbon copy of the satanic American system. Circumstances will dictate the structures of the government in exile. The important thing is to establish a European government that stands in opposition to the United Diverse Government of America.

Most men by the time they reach their mid-fifties, as I have, have buried one or both of their parents and lost some close friends. One sees, if he has just a slight touch of the poet in his soul, that life is fragile and quite unpredictable. There are few things one can really control. But there is the discovery of Hamlet. One’s soul is one’s own. You can claim your one moment in the sun when a man is called “to say one,” or you can let that brief moment pass. The magnificent grandeur of ordinary (ordinary in the sense that they weren’t famous) white Europeans of the past was that they did “say one.” They consecrated their brief mortal lives to Him and became part, not of some universalist melting pot, but of His Kingdom. Life will always be fragile and unpredictable, but it won’t seem meaningless if we dedicate it to the rebuilding of His Europe.

If it is true that Abraham Lincoln just dashed off his Gettysburg Address on the back of an envelope on the train en route to Gettysburg, then he truly was a great genius; it is a magnificent speech. However, despite its brilliance, it is a false speech. Did our forefathers really intend to bring forth on this continent a new nation conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal? Quite possibly some of the framers of the Constitution had some such utopian notions in mind. But did the great mass of European immigrants have such notions in their heads or their hearts? No, they did not. They came to this country for a variety of reasons, some secular and some religious, but they all came with the central tenet of European civilization burned into their souls. That tenet was that no man goeth unto the Father except through Him. And their second conviction was related to their first basic tenet. That second conviction was that European culture had to prevail over the non-European cultures, because in the absence of European rule there would be nothing but pandemonium.

When I look at the Republican and Democratic Party conventions, it seems that hell is empty and all the devils are at the conventions. But I know that pandemonium will not ultimately prevail. It is the ordinary Europeans who quietly dedicate themselves to rebuilding His civilization that will triumph. They will triumph because they have that within them that is the antithesis of pandemonium. They have the charity that never faileth. +

(1) The European landscape painters I admire, such as Constable and McCulloch, all adhere instinctively to Blake's dictum, "Where man is not, nature is barren." They humanize the natural world and remind us who visited this earth and shed his light on nature.

(2) The reason why the capitalist is so gung ho for diversity is that he wants the white man to abandon his cultural heritage for capitalism. He wants to see the colored and the white unite under one glorious capitalist banner. The infamous Coke commercial expresses the capitalist's deepest yearning.

The Whiteman at Bay - SEPTEMBER 05, 2008

I do not subscribe to the traditionalist Catholic viewpoint of history which claims that the 13th century was the apogee of Christian civilization, followed by a steady decline in every subsequent century. Nor do I agree with the Protestants who view all of European history prior to the Reformation as the age of darkness, in contrast to the post-Reformation age of light. I have a personal preference (for reasons I have stated in an earlier article) for the 19th century, but I see all of European man's history, prior to the 20th century, as a successful effort, the only successful effort in the history of mankind, to keep Satan at bay. And by saying that, I do not mean to suggest that Satan has not had his individual successes within European civilization. What I am affirming is that Europeans, despite the onslaughts of Satan, had maintained a civilization that acknowledged the light of the world and were aware of their obligations to stay focused on that light.

All dates on a matter such as the decline of the West are arbitrary, but I think 1914 is a fairly accurate date to use when we are talking about the point in history when Satan was no longer being kept at bay. He was loose. And by the mid-1960's he had institutionalized his values throughout all of Christian Europe. So now the white Christian male is being kept at bay by Satan.

As one who is opposed to the reign of Satan, I am concerned about the failure in the last fifty years of every European counterattack. It would seem, judging by the recent European failures to uproot him, that Satan is very difficult to uproot once he has taken up residence in a civilization. But is he invincible? Our ancestors' success against him indicates that he is not.

What then do we lack that our ancestors had? We lack the heroic, integral way of responding to adversity. We no longer see an evil and say, "this must not go on," (1) and strike out at the evil. Instead, we form "think tanks" and study groups. We spend years of fruitless effort in trying to get someone elected who will address the particular evil we are trying to combat. In short, we are Hamlet prior to his conversion from confused graduate student to the lawful King of Denmark. We are "crawling around between heaven and earth."

Satan wants European man to see life as an intelligence test in which the person with the highest score wins. But when we perceive life as Satan does, we always lose. We lose because we are not angelic beings. When we abstract our minds from our blood, we become like unto Satan, because when we abstract, we "believe a lie."

To abstracted reason, evil appears good because it seems pleasurable, while virtue appears evil because it seems painful. In order to discover that the reverse is true, mankind must resist the pleasures in which their abstracted minds encourage them to indulge and perform the virtuous deeds that their blood, animated by His spirit, calls on them to perform. I have known women who rejected motherhood because they could not stand the idea of pain. And yet what mother does not

rejoice when she gives birth? In Shakespeare's poem, "The Rape of Lucrece," Sextus Tarquinius cannot resist his *idée fixe*; he must have the fair Lucrece. With what result?

Even in this thought through the dark night he stealeth,
A captive victor that hath lost in gain;
Bearing away the wound that nothing healeth,
The scar that will, despite of cure, remain;
Leaving his spoil perplex'd in greater pain.
She bears the load of lust he left behind,
And he the burden of a guilty mind.
He like a thievish dog creeps sadly thence;
She like a wearied lamb lies panting there;
He scowls and hates himself for his offence;
She, desperate, with her nails her flesh doth tear;
He faintly flies, sneaking with guilty fear;
She stays, exclaiming on the direful night;
He runs, and chides his vanish'd, loath'd delight.

Our ancestors who built Christian Europe lived life in the heroic mode. They did not feel called upon to match wits with the devil. They felt called upon to defend their souls and their civilization from the onslaughts of the devil. The Christian hero cares only about one thing: Is his cause God's cause? And if it is, he sallies forth and leaves the rest to God. There's a special Providence in the fall of a sparrow.

If it be now, 'tis not to come: if it be not to
come, it will be now: if it be not now,
yet it will come; the readiness is all.
Since no man has ought of what he
leaves. What is't to leave betimes?

Every society has men of courage. But it takes more than courage to maintain a Christian civilization or to mount a counterattack against a satanic civilization. It takes courage and vision. And the "vision thing" of which George Bush senior was so dismissive is what has been lacking and is still lacking in the ranks of the far right.

Twenty-five years ago I would have called the abortion issue the central issue of our times. But now I see that legalized abortion is the result of the anti-European ethos of the modern world. Anti-European whites legalized it and anti-European whites and barbarians of color constitute the unholy alliance that maintains legalized infanticide. Thus, the central issue is the restoration of Christian Europe. From that restoration will come the restoration of laws protecting babies in their mother's wombs and other laws necessary for the welfare of a Christian people. But first there must be a restoration. And that is why the Sons of Martha should never and can never lead a counterrevolutionary movement. The Sons of Martha always get lost in the household details of the movement and lose sight of the real issue of the war. The restoration of white civilization, for instance, cannot be divorced from the issue of the restoration of Christian civilization. But the Sons of Martha divorce the two. They see that there are professed white Christians maniacally opposed to white Europeans and that there are professed white Christians who are in favor of segregation and white sovereignty in white countries. So instead of trying to ascertain who are the true Christians, they treat Christianity as a washout and look for a more practical way to bring people to the banner of White Europe. But in doing so, they leave their movement without a metaphysic.

This fact was made abundantly clear to me a few years back when I read an article by an American Son of Martha in a right-wing British magazine called *The Spearhead*. The author maintained that white people needed a religion of their own to replace Christianity if they were going to combat the anti-European forces arrayed against them. In his Son of Martha logic, religion was something one could simply pick up for pragmatic purposes. "We need a religion to beat the barbarians – let's buy one at the religion store." It doesn't work that way, of course. European man has a religion, he has the religion, and it has always been his religion. When the barbarian truly converts to the white man's religion, he supports the white hierarchy. In Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn's encyclopedic work on Europe, he tells in the chapter on Britain of an old Indian (the real India) who wistfully yearns for the return of the British Rajah. That old man is the British equivalent of Uncle Remus.

The good news for white folk is that the Sons of Mary have not yet begun to fight. The liberals and the barbarians have only beaten the Sons of Martha. But the bad news is that the Sons of Martha show no signs of stepping down and recognizing that the "impractical" Sons of Mary are the only men who have the vision to lead a successful counterrevolution. The Sons of Martha do not believe that "without vision the people perish." They believe that what rationalism has destroyed, namely Western civilization, rationalism can restore. 'Tis not so, it never has been, and it never

will be. Only a faith that holds the purely rational, the purely empirical, and the purely scientific in contempt can hope to breach the walls and eventually capture and destroy Castle Babylon. +

(1) Squeers caught the boy firmly in his grip; one desperate cut had fallen on his body--he was wincing from the lash and uttering a scream of pain--it was raised again, and again about to fall--when Nicholas Nickleby, suddenly starting up, cried 'Stop!' in a voice that made the rafters ring.

'Who cried stop?' said Squeers, turning savagely round.

'I,' said Nicholas, stepping forward. 'This must not go on.'

'Must not go on!' cried Squeers, almost in a shriek.

'No!' thundered Nicholas.

Aghast and stupefied by the boldness of the interference, Squeers released his hold of Smike, and, falling back a pace or two, gazed upon Nicholas with looks that were positively frightful.

'I say must not,' repeated Nicholas, nothing daunted; 'shall not. I will prevent it.'

Squeers continued to gaze upon him, with his eyes starting out of his head; but astonishment had actually, for the moment, bereft him of speech.

'You have disregarded all my quiet interference in the miserable lad's behalf,' said Nicholas; 'you have returned no answer to the letter in which I begged forgiveness for him, and offered to be responsible that he would remain quietly here. Don't blame me for this public interference. You have brought it upon yourself; not I.'

'Sit down, beggar!' screamed Squeers, almost beside himself with rage, and seizing Smike as he spoke.

'Wretch,' rejoined Nicholas, fiercely, 'touch him at your peril! I will not stand by, and see it done. My blood is up, and I have the strength of ten such men as you. Look to yourself, for by Heaven I will not spare you, if you drive me on!'

'Stand back,' cried Squeers, brandishing his weapon.

'I have a long series of insults to avenge,' said Nicholas, flushed with passion; 'and my indignation is aggravated by the dastardly cruelties practised on helpless infancy in this foul den. Have a care; for if you do raise the devil within me, the consequences shall fall heavily upon your own head!'

He had scarcely spoken, when Squeers, in a violent outbreak of wrath, and with a cry like the howl of a wild beast, spat upon him, and struck him a blow across the face with his instrument of torture, which raised up a bar of livid flesh as it was inflicted. Smarting with the agony of the blow, and concentrating into that one moment all his feelings of rage, scorn, and indignation, Nicholas sprang upon him, wrested the weapon from his hand, and pinning him by the throat, beat the ruffian till he roared for mercy.

--*Nicholas Nickleby* by Charles Dickens

Satan's Minions - AUGUST 30, 2008

A few years before Joseph Ratzinger became Pope Benedict XVI, he announced that he thought the next pope should be black. He didn't say he wanted a specific black cardinal to become pope because he was the best qualified man to lead the Church, he simply said he thought the next pope should be black. Implicit in Ratzinger's endorsement of a generic black for pope was his belief in the sacredness of the black race and the evil of European Christians. Cardinal Ratzinger, now the Pope, is a very modern man; he has left traditional Christianity behind for the new faith in the black man.

One can see the same phenomenon in the nomination of Barack Obama for President. We are supposed to accept as a given that the nomination of a black man for President is a good in and of itself. Why? That is self-evident: because black is good and white is evil.

And why, you ask, is white evil and black good? Because in Satan's kingdom, everything is reversed. Good is evil and evil is good. Satan must eradicate every last vestige of white civilization because that civilization was once connected to Him.

I once got a letter of rebuke from a white woman who was somewhat sympathetic to the cause but who complained that whatever good I did was completely ruined by the extremism of my language. "Why do you call white liberals and blacks, Satan's minions?" My answer to her went something like this: "I call them Satan's minions because I don't believe that the

maniacal hatred of post-Christian rationalists (PCR) for their own people, and the maniacal hatred of black barbarians for white people can be accurately described in any other way. It's the old, 'if it walks and talks like a duck...' scenario. If they talk like Satan and behave satanically, then they are Satan's minions."

Guns - AUGUST 30, 2008

The liberals are very serious about guns. We must get rid of them because, the argument goes, guns kill people. It would be much more accurate to say, "Guns don't kill people, Negroes do." But if we started saying things like that, we might be admitting that evil rests in the bosoms of men and women and not in inanimate objects.

The definitive statement about gun control comes from Jack Schaefer's Shane:

"Listen, Bob. A gun is just a tool. No better and no worse than any other tool, a shovel – or an axe or a saddle or a stove or anything. Think of it always that way. A gun is as good – and as bad – as the man who carries it. Remember that."

Misunderstood Predators - AUGUST 30, 2008

There has been for some time now a movement afoot, spearheaded by tree-huggers, to claim that predator fiends like sharks, snakes, alligators, and crocodiles have been misunderstood, and are akin to poor, cuddly, pooh bears. No, I say! They are not misunderstood, they are evil – especially the reptiles. When I went to school, it was always the creepy, future convicts that liked to bring snakes to school. Chateaubriand, in his masterwork, *The Genius of Christianity*, had this to say about snakes:

The present age rejects with disdain whatever savors of the marvelous; but the serpent has frequently been the subject of our observations, and, if we may venture to say it, we seem to recognize in that animal the pernicious spirit and artful malice which are ascribed to it in the Scriptures. Every thing is mysterious, secret, astonishing, in this incomprehensible reptile. His movements differ from those of all other animals. It is impossible to say where his locomotive principle lies, for he has neither fin nor wings; and yet he flits like a shadow, he vanishes as by magic, he reappears and is gone again, like a light azure vapor, or the gleams of a saber in the dark. Now he curls himself into a circle and projects a tongue of fire; now, standing erect upon the extremity of his tail, he moves along in a perpendicular attitude, as by enchantment. He rolls himself into a ball, rises and falls in a spiral line, gives to his rings the undulations of a wave, twines round the branches of trees, glides under the grass of the meadow, or skims along the surface of water. His colors are not more determinate than his movements. They change with each new point of view, and like his motions, they possess the false splendor and deceitful variety of the seducer.

Still more astonishing in other respects, he knows, like the murderer, how to throw aside his garment stained with blood, lest it should lead to his detection. By a singular faculty, the female can introduce into her body the little monsters to which she has given birth. The serpent passes whole months in sleep. He frequents tombs, inhabits secret retreats, produces poisons which chill, burn, or check the body of his victim with the colors with which he is himself marked. In one place, he lifts two menacing heads; in another, he sounds a rattle. He hisses like the mountain eagle, or bellows like a bull. He naturally enters into the moral or religious ideas of men, as if in consequences of the influence which he exercised over their destiny. An object of horror or adoration, they either view him with an implacable hatred, or bow down before his genius. Falsehood appeals to him, prudence calls him to her aid, envy bears him in her bosom, and eloquence on her want. In hell he arms the scourges of the Furies..."

It is no coincidence that the snake is so popular in our modern, satanic society.

Corporate Times - AUGUST 30, 2008

It is difficult to understand the ways of God, but sometimes one gets a glimmer of understanding. For instance, I can understand why God did not pick our own time or country as the ideal time and place to enter history. The problems, while not impossible for God to surmount, would have been enormous. First, His earthly father would not have been able to make a living as a carpenter. Joseph would not have been able to make a living, selling his woodwork for a profit in competition with the cheaper woodwork made by Chinese sweatshop labor and sold at Wal-Mart. He would have had to take a job at Wal-Mart during the day and a job as night cook at Denny's in order to keep up the payments on the humble dwelling he shared with Mary and the Christ Child. And Mary would not have been able to be a stay-at-home mom, with taxes and the cost of living being what they are. She would have had to get a job at McDonald's. There would be no paintings of the Madonna with the Christ Child, because the Madonna would have been flipping burgers, and the Christ Child would have been getting slapped around in daycare.

And if Christ had decided, in His infinite mercy, to stick it out through daycare and public school in order to fulfill His mission, there would have been enormous difficulties in spreading the message. St. Paul would not have been able to make

a living as a tent-maker because, like St. Joseph, he would have been undersold by Wal-Mart. Hence, he wouldn't have been able to evangelize; he'd have been stuck in two or three dead-end jobs. Oh, he would have tried to get booked on the talk shows to spread the word, but they wouldn't have taken him. Too much of a downer without any marketing skills.

But hey – the loss of the Christ Child is a small price to pay for the great deals we can get at Wal-Mart, right?

Gay Marriage - AUGUST 30, 2008

I once saw a Christian woman -- I believe it was Maggie Gallagher -- before Congress pleading against the legalization of gay marriage. I sympathized with the sentiment behind her plea, but it was and is too late for such appeals. When a society even allows such a subject to be discussed, it is over. Those who would be labeled the extremist lunatic fringe – the Christian separatist and militia groups, etc. – have the right idea. We are well past the point where a Christian can expect anything good from the American political process or from the American legal system.

More on Paul Hill and the Abortion Wars - AUGUST 30, 2008

There were no calls for us to understand Paul Hill's rage when he was tried and executed, and there were no calls for us to have compassion, to look for mitigating circumstances. No sir, Paul Hill must die. "Two Killed at Abortion Clinic" – the irony of the headline was lost on the liberals.

Paul Hill was a great man, the first martyr for the pro-life cause, and he, like most martyrs, was spit upon by his enemies and his so-called friends. God bless him. May "flights of angels sing thee to thy rest!"

The most gut-wrenching aspect of the abortion wars, for me, is to have to listen to so-called conservatives condemn the 'terrible' acts of violence against the 'kindly' mass executioners who run the abortion clinics. Let us be clear about something, Mr. Conservative – abortion is premeditated murder. It is not the result of misunderstanding; it is the result of a satanic desire to physically dethrone God by destroying His creation. The idea of God Incarnate and the idea of legalized state-sanctioned abortions are diametrically opposed. And there has never been a time in human history when a conflict between diametrically opposed ideas was not settled by a resort to arms. The liberals have marshaled all the instruments of state coercion and state violence to insure that the murder of the innocents will continue. It is a great blessing from God that some men strike back at the infamous leviathan of death once called the United States of America.

Consider the following scenario: A state-sponsored hit squad like the ATF has been assigned to take out all the families in your neighborhood with last names beginning with the same letter as yours. The raids are announced ahead of time, so you tell your friends about it and ask them to help. Your friends say that of course they will help; after all, they are pro-life. So the day of reckoning comes. The ATF surrounds your house and starts blasting away. Your friends, who outnumber the ATF by about 500 to 1, all form a ring on the safe side of the ATF, hold hands, and begin singing "We Shall Overcome" and other such nonsense. When you scream out to the 'pro-lifers' that you don't think you or your family can hold out much longer, the 'pro-lifers' scream back, "We are against violence of any kind, but don't worry, we have a very good chance of passing legislation at the next Congress that will severely limit the number of families the ATF can murder." You scream, "Thanks," and commend your soul to God. The ATF, of course, kills you and your entire family. The pro-lifers go off into the sunset singing songs and feeling good about their non-violent protest of violence.

"Your analogy was as subtle as a sledgehammer," you say. Well, there is nothing subtle about abortion. It is not a complex issue. If the war against the mass murderers is not just, then the Quakers were right: there never has been nor will there ever be a just war.

Women in Combat - AUGUST 30, 2008

There are a number of issues currently being debated, which demonstrate, by the mere fact that people consider them debatable, that we are a country hopelessly adrift. No sane human being would even consider using women in combat, and the reason for this is not because they are the weaker sex. Theoretically, one could breed a race of Amazons fully capable of fighting wars. No, the reason is spiritual. Women are the life-bearers and the life-nurturers. Even if a woman never has children, her function in society will be, or should be, one of nurturing. It is part of a woman's spiritual nature. The fact that women can pervert, but not change, their essential natures is no reason to cave in and allow them to do so. All women want to be put in their place, because their place is an exalted one: home and hearth. The more women are allowed to pervert their spiritual natures, the more unhappy and enraged they will become. The cruelest thing a man can do to a woman is to give her what she asks for, rather than what she longs for.

European Babylon - AUGUST 21, 2008

Abhorred slave,
Which any print of goodness wilt not take,
Being capable of all ill! I pitied thee,
Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each hour
One thing or other. When thou didst not, savage,
Know thine own meaning, but wouldst gabble like
A thing most brutish, I endow'd thy purposes
With words that made them known. But thy vile race,
Though thou didst learn, had that in't which good natures
Could not abide to be with; therefore wast thou
Deservedly confin'd into this rock
Who hadst deserv'd more than a prison.

-- *The Tempest*

The original Olympic Games were an attempt to improve Greek national unity through athletic competition. The modern Olympic Games, started by Baron de Coubertin in the late nineteenth century, were intended as a utopian panacea. It was thought that international competition among amateur athletes from all nations, who competed simply for the love of sport, would reduce wars and bring about a more peaceful and harmonious world. Of course the Baron's utopian scheme, like all utopian schemes, failed miserably. The Olympic Games did not reduce world strife; in fact they intensified it, providing another venue for jingoistic swagging and chicanery.

And what can be said about the current Olympic Games? They are a perversion of a perversion. The original modern games were supposed to be for amateur athletes only. And in the original modern games, there were not supposed to be any medal counts.

It is a delusion of the European, post-Christian rationalist that tragedies such as war, which are the result of human sinfulness, can be minimized or eliminated by gimmicks such as 'free trade' or 'free love' or 'friendly athletic competition'. (1) And the post-Christian rationalist never gives up his delusion when it doesn't stand up to reality. Oh no, not him, he keeps his comfortable delusion.

Sporting competitions are a reflection of a nation's soul; they are not, nor can they ever be, a substitute for a national soul. And what do the current Olympic Games tell us about the nations of Europe and their satellites? They tell us that the white European nations are very, very sick. The "Dutch" soccer team consisted almost entirely of Africans. The "Belgians" had only two white players on their soccer team, and even the Russian basketball team had a Negro on their starting team.

The European nations have become like their bastard child, the United States: they are now universalist, 'idea' nations who deny the existence of such things as a national soul or individual souls. The post-Christian rationalist – let's call him a PCR – does not look at life with the same eyes as an antique European. When I see a soccer team from a European country that consists almost entirely of Africans, I feel sick to the very depths of my soul. In contrast, the PCR European feels proud when Africans represent his nation because it means his nation has gone beyond race and ascended to a more ethereal plane of existence. But the delusional PCR European does not realize, in the midst of his glee over his nation's lack of bigotry, that the barbarian does not see life the same way that he does. When the barbarian looks at a formerly all-white nation that allows Negroes to represent them in sporting events, he sees a nation that is open to conquest. He doesn't want to be assimilated into a white nation; he wants to conquer it and impose his will on a people too weak to defend themselves. If the black barbarian were wise, he would keep some white rationalists around to sustain the technocratic civilization that the black barbarians depend upon (there is nothing to loot in an impoverished country). But wisdom is not an attribute of the black. It is more likely that another barbarian people, the Asians, who are intellectually superior to the blacks but just as cruel and anti-Christian, will take the place of the former white rulers. This is already occurring in Zimbabwe.

Which brings us to the Patrick Buchanan assertion about the cruel white man. The white man must rule first and foremost because it is good for white people. But the secondary reason that the white man must rule is because blacks are crueler to their own than the white man is, Asians are crueler to their own than the white man is, and on it goes through every non-white race. The Gunga Dins of the non-white races always support white rule.

The PCR European looks on himself as the endpoint of evolution. Everybody should be like him. And when the barbarian plays in the reindeer games of the European people, the PCR white is delighted. But the antique European sees the PCR white for what he is, a mutation, a distinctly new breed of human who is less than human and who will be washed down the sewer by a tidal wave of barbarians.

And that is a tragedy. Most of us (I know I do) have relatives who are PCR Europeans. We are facing the mystery of good and evil. Why do some prefer to rush headlong over the cliff with the swine rather than to stand in the presence of the living God?

The American Renaissance speaker (whom I mentioned in “Unto Death”) would have us stay in the democratic, multi-racial cultures of the PCR whites in order to win them back through letter-writing and voting. Instead of that, I would suggest we learn from the cautionary tale of Lot. He did not listen when God advised him to separate himself from the people of Sodom and Gomorrah. He thought he could win them over. It didn’t work then, and it won’t work now. But if we separate from the PCR whites, we will be strong enough to resist the tidal wave of barbarism and the Fu Manchu machinations of the Asians.

I know that the modern, anti-white white, the PCR, does not like it when you refer to the blacks as barbarians and the Asians as Fu Manchus, but what is the reality? Has the black man not proved the wisdom of the prejudiced European everyman of the 19th century who saw the African as a savage addicted to devil-worship and fiendish tortures? And has the Asian not lived up to the older European everyman’s image of him as a clever, diabolical foe of Christian Europe? Or have the utopians, such as Pope John XXIII and Rousseau, been proved correct? The wisdom of our ancestors, our Christian ancestors, bid us heed the wisdom of the blood and maintain an impregnable barrier between our race and the barbarian races of color. There is nothing more important than rebuilding that barrier and maintaining it against the world.

In the past year, I have had two experiences that were quite heartening. In the first instance, I was reading *Tom Brown’s School Days* with a few of my children. I would read sections of the book and then one of them would read a section. My fifteen-year-old daughter was reading the part of the book where Arthur says his prayers in the dormitory, completely unconcerned about the fact that the really ‘cool’ kids do not kneel and say their prayers. My daughter could not finish the passage because she was so moved by it that she was in tears.

The second instance was similar to the first one, only it involved my 17-year-old son reciting a passage from Shakespeare’s *King Lear*. In both instances my heart soared. You hope, when you have children, that the bond of the blood will become a bond of spirit and blood, but you have no guarantee. When I see my children able to respond and appreciate the depth of a poet who comes from His Europe, then I know that my children and I are bound together by an unbreakable bond that was forged on the cross at Calvary.

The heritage that binds my children and me is the same heritage that once bound millions of Europeans to each other. The mystical body of Christ was not an abstraction, but a reality. But there can be no communion of souls where there is no depth. A black Europe, an Asian Europe, is not Europe, because there is no depth of soul in the barbarism of the African or in the intellectual aridness of the Asian. The European who doesn’t mix with the barbarians, who preserves his culture of depth, can inspire, in some instances, the Asian, and in even rarer instances, the black, to realize a depth in their souls that they never dreamt of. But the European can inspire no one if he mixes with the barbarians, or worse, if he surrenders to them. Then he will not only lose his own soul, but he will also condemn the barbarians to the everlasting night they constantly seek but are only prevented from attaining by the white man.

The presence of black athletes on the sports teams of formerly all-white nations is a reminder to those Europeans who are still connected to old Europe that European civilization was not invaded by barbarians; PCR whites opened the gates of their cities and let them in.

And what has been the result? Christ’s civilization has been defiled by a race of Calibans, men “capable of all ill.” St. Paul tells us that nothing shall separate us from the love of Christ. And nothing, not the PCR white-hating white or the Calibans of the Third World, will separate us from the civilization consecrated to Him. One faithful heart can inspire others -- and still others -- and then resistance to Satan and his minions will once again become the hallmark of the European. +

(1) The Chinese pitchers threw no less than five beanballs at the American team. Someone of a waggish disposition should synchronize the soundtrack of the song “Age of Aquarius” with the video of the maniacal Chinese chucking beanballs.

I recently read a speech, given in 1995 at an American Renaissance Conference, in which the speaker disagreed strongly with those pro-white advocates who recommended that white people form separate states within the state in order to ensure the survival of a distinct white, European culture. The speaker said that this was tantamount to surrender. There were still, he maintained, enough white votes to bring about a white cultural renewal without adopting what the speaker claimed were unrealistic and drastic measures.

My answer then, and even more so now, would be that looking at a situation realistically and deciding that drastic, non-democratic measures are necessary is not the same thing as surrendering. Was Shane surrendering when he walked into Grafton's saloon to face Stark Wilson?

Shane stopped about three quarters of the way forward, about five yards from Wilson. He cocked his head for one quick sidewise glance again at the balcony and then he was looking only at Wilson. He did not like the setup. Wilson had the front wall and he was left in the open of the room. He understood the fact, assessed it, accepted it.

The first step, before heroic action can be taken to rid the world of rotters like Stark Wilson and Fletcher, is a realistic appraisal of who the enemy is and one's position vis-à-vis the enemy. I do not think the American Renaissance Conference speaker had a realistic idea of who the enemy was or a realistic assessment of the white man's position in relation to his enemy. How can one take a realistic stance against the enemy if he has only nebulous notions as to his enemy's identity?

Who is the enemy? The primary enemy is the anti-white white. The reason for the American Renaissance speaker's inability to see that drastic measures were necessary in 1995 (and imperative in 2008) is because he counted too many white-hating whites and their dupes, the grazers, (see "The Underground Men") as candidates for conversion. The white-hating white and the grazers are not, except for an occasional miracle of grace, going to be converted. The white-hating white has gone too far down the slippery slope, and the white grazer has spent too many years eating from the trough of oblivion to ever come back. The grazers are like the Israelites who could not pass muster. A whole generation had to die out before the tribe could enter the Promised Land.

The American Renaissance speaker overestimates the convertibility of the white-hating rationalists because he is a rationalist himself. If he had made a realistic assessment of the white man's plight he would have seen that the white man is facing extinction because he has abandoned his heritage, the heroic, bardic heritage, for a new, magic, talismanic, rationalistic system. This is why the American Renaissance speaker cannot possibly see beyond democratic politics. So long as there are democratic parlor games, he thinks he can out-maneuver and out-wizard the white-hating rationalists. But tis not so. The white man must turn away from the game of dueling wizards and reclaim his heroic heritage. Evil wizards are not defeated by good wizards; they are defeated by the Hero who is pure of heart. The good American Renaissance rationalist and the white-hating rationalist both suffer from a surfeit of rationalism. They are impious. Our ancestors knew that "the problem of the moral world is too vast and complex for the human mind to comprehend; yet the pure heart will, safely and quietly, feel its way through the mazes that confound the head."

The failure of the pro-life movement is very similar to the failure of the white identity movement (to the extent that you can even call it a movement), so it is helpful to look at the pro-life movement. In 1973, at least 60% of Americans, a majority, held the opinion that abortion should not be legal. But there was not a conviction among even 1% of the 60% that those people who wanted to legalize abortion were an enemy. How is it possible to believe that those who favor infanticide are within the ken of white civilization? I don't know, but the "pro-lifers" did dialogue with the baby killers. They dialogued and they dialogued. And while they were dialoguing, the baby killers built up a moral consensus (or would it be called an immoral consensus?) that abortion was right and proper. And the greatest supporters of rational dialogue with baby killers were the "Christian" clergy.

What would have happened if pro-lifers had refused the democratic approach, if they had refused to dialogue but instead told the abortionist in the strength of their majority, "You shall not commit such atrocities because if you do we will kill you"? I think abortion would still be illegal.

The fight for white civilization has gone the same way as the anti-abortion movement. It has ended in defeat because whites preferred to dialogue rather than fight with an enemy who was beyond the ken of civilization. If a white man can countenance (not just countenance but applaud) the type of murder and mayhem perpetrated on whites by blacks (see Paul Sheehan's 1995 article in the *Sydney Morning Herald*) for the past fifty years, is he really someone who can be converted by rational discourse? And once again, as was the case in the pro-life movement, it was the clergy who supported the violence of the murderers while counseling the victims and defenders to dialogue and forgive.

The 'get out the vote and write letters' white men spend their lifetimes telling white people that they must act. But when small groups of whites try to act, by separating from the anti-white government and forming their own schools, militias, and local governments, the letter-writing advocates condemn them and accuse them of giving up.

I would submit that what the wise speaker for the American Renaissance could not discover, the simple fools who have to live in the brave new world of the technocrats, barbarians, and amazons already know: The great American experiment in democracy is over. It was ill-conceived and has produced evil fruits. But the white race is not finished so long as there are white men left who are connected to the heroic tradition of Europe rather than the democratic tradition.

In the market where I shop there is a young man in his early twenties, who works as a bagger, named Roland. After dealing with him on a 'thank you for bagging' basis for a couple months, I branched out. "You have a heroic name," I said.

Of course he was puzzled at first. He thought I was making fun of him, but then I took the time to tell him the story of Roland, with which he was completely unfamiliar. The young man did not, upon hearing the story, buy a sword and swear to retake the Holy Land, but his face actually showed some animation as the story reached its conclusion. Now whenever I see the young bagger I say, "He took his stand and held it, never yielding unto death!" He always smiles. Why shouldn't he? I'm talking about his namesake.

I don't for one moment think I turned that young man's life around by telling him the story of Roland. It takes an entire lifetime of stories about Roland and other white heroes to turn a young man away from modernity and toward the light of Europe. And that is the point. Why hasn't that young man been told the story of Roland, of William Tell, of Forrest, of Arthur, etc.? I'm sure he knows who the black heroes are. Our schools make sure of that. And the young black men know who the black heroes are. So at least the modern day Roland has some heroes. But does he have a heritage? If he is only permitted heroes from another race, can the young white man lay claim to any heritage? No, he cannot. He has been branded with the mark of Cain and driven into the hinterlands of our modern civilization.

And what about the young white man's faith? Thomas Hughes made the observation that our heroes are intimately connected to our faith. The older heroes of Europe pointed to Him. To whom do the black heroes lead us? To the other 'him' with the pointy tail.

If the shadows of black hero worship are not altered, there will be, with the exception of a few miracles of grace, no white Christian men. And the shadows will not be altered by letter-writing campaigns which implore the powers that be to allow white men to have a white heritage. Nor will the shadows be altered by attempting to convert the unconvertible, the white academics and the grazers. The shadows will only be altered by a tiny white minority of men, still spiritually connected to a civilization of white, Christian heroes. The counsel of the practical men who told us to plead for representation and to back Patrick Buchanan-type candidates was wrong. If we had ignored their advice thirty years ago and started the counterrevolution without their assent we would be in a much better position today than we are currently. Democratic politics is the politics of losing slow. But in a war you must, if your enemy is implacable, fight to win.

The practical men, the sons of Martha, always say that a counterrevolution is not realistic. "There is no support for it." A counterrevolution, at its beginning, always seems unrealistic. But is it realistic to hope that the demonization of the white man and the systematic eradication of his heritage can be halted by supporting a pro-white candidate? (1) Of course not.

Let's accept reality and start from there. Government, school, church, Wall Street, and the community at large are all against the white man. Never has one race and one sex been as ostracized by the entire world as the white male is. The white man can either continue listening to delusional friends who tell him to write letters and vote white, or he can start doing what white counterrevolutionaries do. They bind themselves to their fellow white men with hoops of steel, invoke the God who dwells in depths which the heathen and the technocrat cannot understand, and do whatever it takes to undermine every organ of the revolutionary government in power.

When Alexander Smollet tells the pirates that wherever he flies the English flag, that spot of land is England, he is articulating the heartfelt faith of all European men. Wherever European values are fought for and cherished, there lies Europe. If white men are banished to the hinterlands of civilization, the hinterlands become civilization. What we don't want to do is to continue to give aid and comfort to a technocratic-barbarian civilization that has renounced antique Europe. Let the white technocrats and the barbarians of color try to sustain a civilization without our help. They'll self-destruct soon enough. The white man who is in union with antique Europe never surrenders; he takes his stand, never yielding, even unto death. +

(1) The absurdity of the advice, "vote white," became self-evident in the recent Presidential primaries in which there were no pro-white candidates.

Alexander Solzhenitsyn, R. I. P. - AUGUST 09, 2008

It is not possible to do justice to a moral giant like Alexander Solzhenitsyn in an obituary, so let me confine myself to simply stating his importance to me.

I loved his novels, but Dostoevsky will always, in my heart, be the Russian novelist. I admired Solzhenitsyn's courageous criticism of Russian communism, but I can't say his critique improved on Whittaker Chambers' magnificent critique, *Witness*. The aspect of Solzhenitsyn's life that had the most profound influence on me was his criticism of the Western democracies. Fresh from the Gulag, he told the liberals of the West that Christianity, not liberal democracy, was the answer to communism.

I don't admire a man because he suffers in a prison camp. Plenty of evil men have suffered in prison camps – witness John McCain. I admire a man for his vision. And it was Solzhenitsyn's insight that the Western democracies were just as anti-Christian as Russian communism that had the greatest impact on my life.

The main character in *How Green Was My Valley* says after the death of his father in a mining accident, "Men like my father can never die." There are noble souls who live their lives in such a way that one must conclude that the human soul is indeed made of something that never dies. They confirm for us the hope that is in our hearts. That was Solzhenitsyn's greatest legacy to all of us. +

The European Soul - AUGUST 09, 2008

I believe that a nation, like an individual, has a soul. Unlike an individual though, a nation's soul has many collective parts – namely the individuals that live and act in the confines of that particular nation. Once a nation's soul has developed, it can change and alter its essential soul only by a severe wounding of itself. I think all the nations of Europe are currently inflicting wounds upon themselves by doing that which destroys their soul. They are allowing large numbers of people who come from nations with a different soul into their countries. The mix will never work.

Let's take Britain as an example. Britain has allowed a large number of African, Indian, and Asian people to immigrate to Britain. With what result? The very soul of Britain has been shaken, because Britain is, in its essential soul, a white Christian nation. Even if most of the native-born no longer consciously hold to the Christian faith, it is in their blood; they cannot completely rid themselves of it. It is always lurking near them and in them with the potential of returning in full force. But it is different with the African, the Indian, and the Asian. The African soul is essentially voodoo-barbaric -- it has never been Christianized; the Indian soul is Hindu; and the Asian soul is Confucian and Buddhist. If that mix should overrun Britain, the nation will have lost its soul.

France faces a similar situation with the Muslims. Incidentally, the African continent can become Muslim without altering that nation's essential soul, for the Islamic faith is a barbaric one. But should Islam become the dominant force in France, the nation's soul will be lost. This is why decent Frenchmen turn out to vote for Le Pen, and liberals castigate him. Le Pen wants France to reclaim its soul.

Similar wars, fought with varying degrees of success, are being waged throughout Europe. And the wars are more serious than the older wars between European nations were, because in an older war between, for example, France and Germany, the losing country would lose much that is precious but not its Christian soul. Not so in the modern wars of immigration and interbreeding. It is the soul, the Christian soul of Europe that is at stake.

And the United States? We are a unique nation, just as the apologists tell us. We started off by repudiating the soul of our nation when we decided to make Christianity the mistress we saw in private rather than the wife we honored in public and private. The Civil War was fought to decide whether the "great" anti-nationalist, universalist, Christ-hating idea should prevail over the older European vision. It isn't necessary to say which vision prevailed. Because our nation was founded on a renunciation of the European soul, a counter-revolution in this country cannot be based on "getting back to our foundation" unless one makes it clear that our foundation is not the U. S. Constitution but the Christianity of the ancient Europeans.

The European right-wing unfortunately is not in the majority. Le Pen lost his bid for the French Presidency (in fact, those in power are always trying to throw him in jail), and the British Nationalist Party seldom gets more than 20% of the vote. But at least the European countries have a right-wing! In America we have only liberals – the socialist Democrats and the capitalist Republicans. Fringe movements started by people like Ron Paul are ineffectual because they never look back to

Europe for their *raison d'être*. They always cite the Constitution, refusing to listen to the shade of Joseph de Maistre who said, "No nation can subsist on mere paper and ink."

There will be no counter-revolution in this country until men of European blood put their hands on the sacred sword of their European ancestors and say, "I swear, by the blood of my ancestors, that while I live I will not be ruled by the stranger, and where I live I shall abide by no law that contradicts the ancient faith of my ancestors." +

"Behold, I show you a mystery" - AUGUST 09, 2008

I hate it when publishers print two different endings for Dickens' greatest novel, *Great Expectations*. There is only one ending. Dickens was not forced to alter the end of the book; he chose to do it. That he chose to do it after consulting a friend does not invalidate his alteration. That consultation was part of the creative process, so there is really only one ending to the book.

As you know, in what has been termed the original ending, Estella and Pip do not end up together. In the alternate ending, the one that is shown in the movies, Pip and Estella meet again and do not part. The reason the *Great Expectations* alteration displeases the critics is because Dickens seems (to them) to be mixing genres. In most of his other novels he followed the fairy tale motif where the hero and heroine marry at the end. In *Great Expectations*, he was writing what appeared (the critics claim) to be a very un-Pickwickian realistic novel and then he switched to a fairy tale ending. I do not think Dickens is guilty of switching genres. Estella, after much suffering, finds a depth to her soul that she never knew existed, which allows her to love Pip as Pip has always loved her. Such transformations are as rare as deathbed conversions, but are they completely out of the realm of reality? Life in this world is inherently tragic for we all face death at the end of it, but is it completely unrealistic to depict some moments of grace, before death comes, entering into the lives of human beings?

It is only unrealistic if you do not believe that there is such a thing as grace. Did you ever ask yourself why, since they were going to die in the end anyway, Christ healed the sick and the lame? Of course He did it because it was His nature to love, but why did He not suppress that part of His loving nature and save all His love for the crucifixion and resurrection? Because Christ knows that human beings must win before they lose. Every human being must experience some moment or moments in their life when they feel loved. They must, or they will not believe in the ultimate gift of love from the God of love.

Literary critics of the twentieth and twenty-first century should not be allowed to write about novels of the nineteenth century because the nineteenth century novelists believed in the soul, but the twentieth and twenty-first century literary critics do not. It is analogous to C. S. Lewis's contention that someone who has an *a priori* belief that there are no such things as miracles should not be allowed to debate the subject of miracles. And likewise those post-Christian whites who deny there is such a thing as race are not capable of understanding a white man's love for his race. What they can't understand or feel themselves they simply condemn.

The great novelists, from Scott in the late eighteenth century, to A. E. W. Mason in the early twentieth century, all wrote from a Christian worldview. They believed in the soul. And one is struck, when reading through the literature of that time, with how the various writers developed the doctrine of the Incarnation. If we are truly created in the image of God, then God can be found in the hearts of His creatures. This was the implicit Faith of the major writers of the 19th century and it is what makes them so interesting to read in contrast to the writers of our own time. But the winners write history, so the 20th and 21st century intelligentsia has labeled the older writers "immature" and "unrealistic" in contrast to the more contemporary writers who write psychological novels that are more "realistic." And by continually repeating their lie ad nauseum the general public has come to believe it. "Those old dead guys didn't know anything."

And every single religious leader across the board from Novus Ordo and traditionalist Catholic to Protestant has turned their flocks over to the same scientized moderns who hate any work of literature that depicts men and women with souls. None truly believe in the Incarnation. They believe, like Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, that man is as easy to understand as a flute – nay, even easier. Ask them any question and they'll provide you with an answer from a scientized, addle-brained efficiency expert of a theologian or from a "trained" psychologist and "expert" in his field.

If one does not believe in the God-Man, he will not believe in man, which is why we should be able to see through the façade of the modern clergy. They say they believe in the Christian God, but they deny the Incarnation. When they study man they do not study him as a human being created in the image of God but as a bug or an ape. The modern clergy have mind-forged manacles on their souls that narrow their vision to the point at which they can't see anything but the sewer that runs by the basement window.

If we are created in the image of God, the 19th century writers were right to stress the importance of what takes place in the secret and non-generic recesses of the human heart. Each heart is a kingdom, and what takes place in that kingdom touches other kingdoms and has momentous consequences that affect God's plan for our salvation. He works through humanity. If we stifle the humanity in us, if we turn to bug theology and ape science, then we will have placed our civilization outside of His grace. And of course we have done just that. And He won't return until "we long for the touch of a vanished hand and the sound of a voice that is still." +

If Ye Break Faith - AUGUST 01, 2008

In the modern world all the authors from the past have fallen into neglect. But even before the great denial of everything European, one very great author had already been thrown on to the trash heap. That author is Thomas Nelson Page. He certainly deserved a place in American letters alongside of Melville and Hawthorne and above such pygmy's as Twain, Faulkner, and Anderson. But he was Southern and he was Christian (1), a combination that was most distasteful to the self-anointed arbiters of literary greatness.

Page's work will endure among true Europeans because he writes about the permanent things. He was consciously archaic because he rejected the Godless wisdom of the wizards of science and progress and remained true to the values of old Europe, which he saw embodied in the institutions of the old South. In the closing chapter of his novel *Red Rock*, Page expresses his rejection of modernity, a rejection that he held to throughout his literary career.

In the old stories, the climax used to be considered attained when the young couple became engaged. Like the hero and heroine of the fairy tales of our youth, in that golden land of "Once-upon-a-time," all that was to be told after they became engaged was that "they married and lived happily ever after." In the modern stories, however, this seems to be but the beginning of new adventures. Marriage, which used to be the entrance to bliss unending, appears to be now but the "gate of the hundred sorrows;" and the hero and heroine wed only to find that they loved someone else better, and pine to be disunited. They spend the rest of their lives trying to get unmarried. Nothing is so unconventional as to love one's own husband or wife, and nothing so tame as to live pure and true to one's vows in spirit as well as in fact.

It must be said, at once, that this is not a story of that kind. The people described in it knew nothing of that sort of existence. Any reader who chooses to go farther in this history must do so with the full knowledge that such is the case, and that the married life of the young couples will be found as archaic and pure as that of our first parents, before modern wisdom discovered that the serpent was more than the devil, and the tree of knowledge of good and evil more than a tree of knowledge.

Page wrote poetry, novels, short stories, history and books for children. There is always something to be gleaned from an author like Page. He is one of the many giants that the late nineteenth century produced. Staring at the brave new world of the twentieth century, they bid the European go deeper rather than cosmic.

In *Red Rock*, Page writes about the men and women of the South immediately following the Civil War. If we compare their resistance to the forces of modernity – science, capitalism, Negro-worship, and Christ-less Christianity – to our own resistance, we can see how far we have fallen and where we need to go.

The South after the War was a European, Kinist society. Quite probably the Southern European nation was the most European nation on the face of the earth. Defeated in battle, they won, for a time, the "peace." There were a number of components that allowed the South to defeat the forces of modernity:

They did not regard man-made law as superior to God's law.

When the carpetbaggers' law conflicted with the code of chivalry, the Southern men defied it. In *Red Rock*, the Southern man told their new governors that they had two rules: 1) "If you touch our women, we'll kill you," and 2) "We will not be ruled by Negroes." When those two rules were violated, the Southern men went outside the law.

In contrast, those opposed to black rule and race-mixing today never (except for a few samizdat-press bloggers) recommend going outside the parameters of modern democracy. (2) Such people do not really believe in the values of old Europe because they put adherence to the democratic process above loyalty to European civilization. Lindbergh was right when he claimed that the modern struggle had nothing to do with political systems; it was and is about race. If you accept the rules of your enemy, who only allows you to vote for a slow death or a quick death, you will be bereft of everything that Europeans once held dear.

The women remained loyal.

Buried somewhere in the pile of papers on my desk is an article by a Book-of-Common-Prayer, old rite, Anglican clergyman. In the article, the reverend, citing St. Paul, says that in every civilization the women are the last to go over to the devil, but when they do go, they are worse than the men. Shakespeare made the same observation in *Macbeth*, and Tennyson echoed the sentiment in the *Idylls of the King*. (3)

During the Babylonian captivity, which the North called 'Reconstruction,' the Southern women remained loyal to the Southern white males. There was a spiritual symmetry between the Southern male and female. The male's willingness to go forth in defense of hearth and home earned the female's love and loyalty. And her love increased the male's ardor to protect and defend which in turn increased the woman's fidelity.

The testimony of men like Page, as unbelievable as it seems in our modern age, cannot be doubted; the Southern women remained faithful to their men and their civilization despite facing starvation and dislocation. Only a tiny minority broke rank and went with the carpetbaggers and the Negroes. Today it is exactly the opposite. Only a tiny fragment of females, much smaller than the remnant of white males, have remained loyal to the white race.

It is customary to blame the infidelity of the white female on the white male. There is some justification for that accusation; the white male has done little to inspire fidelity. But ultimately, the blame for any sin must be placed squarely on the shoulders of the sinner. White females, with some heroic exceptions, have descended to the lowest level of creation. They were wives and mothers in a civilization consecrated to Him, which is a position above the angels, and they descended from those heights to become concubines to Satan and his minions. "O Hamlet, what a falling off was there!"

The white males stood tall.

There were some Southern white men who cut deals with the usurpers and the Negroes, but in the main the whites stood together, which is why they prevailed.

Today the situation is quite different. Some of the most virulent anti-white groups and anti-white white men are from the South. Witness the Southern Poverty Law Center and Thomas Fleming.

Northern opposition to the Southern whites was not a monolith.

Certainly the men who passed the Reconstruction legislation in Congress and the evangelical Christians who went over to Unitarianism and Negro worship were maniacally opposed to the Southern whites, but there was another element in the North, people who were sympathetic to the Southern white. Let me provide a short anecdote. My grandfather's grandfather fought for the North in the Civil War. He lived well past age 90, so my grandfather had many opportunities to talk with him about the War. And I fortunately had many opportunities to talk with my grandfather about his grandfather. I believe this is called an oral tradition.

What my great, great, grandfather told my grandfather is pertinent to the issue of the Northern sentiment toward the South. "They told me I was fighting for the Union. If I had known I was fighting to free the negroes, I would have joined the other side."

A committed elite always governs, but that elite is dependent on their ability to confuse and dazzle the masses. When their patter no longer confuses and dazzles, they lose ground. Reconstruction ended because the Southern whites stood firm and because the Northern Unitarians were no longer able to convince the great unwashed that the Southern whites ate Negro babies for breakfast and whipped Negro adults in the afternoon.

Let's fast-forward to the second half of the twentieth century. The Unitarian universalists retrenched and went back on the offensive. By 1950, they had succeeded in once again convincing the North, the Midwest, the West, and the rest of the European people that the Southern Europeans were devils. And even the Southern people themselves came to believe in the evils of the old South. It was no coincidence that the British ceased to believe in Britain, the Spanish in Spain, the French in France, etc., at the same time. The South was an extension of Europe; Satan would not attack one without attacking the other.

The Christian religion was the source of the Southern white man's love for his race.

I read an article recently by a white pagan author. Although I shared his desire for the survival of the white race, I did not agree with his analysis of the race issue. He made the point that the love of their own race was embedded deeply in the souls of our European ancestors. But then he went on to state that only Christianity was embedded as deeply in the European soul. I agree that Christianity is embedded deeply in the European soul, but I do not agree with the separation that my pagan ally makes. If you read a novel like *Red Rock* you can't help but be struck by the fact that Christianity and the love of their race was so intertwined in the souls of the Southern whites, that a separation of the two is impossible.

I think we miss something essential if we do not see how love of race and love of Christ are interwoven in the soul of the European. When the European embraced Christ, he did not suddenly lose the virtues he already possessed. Those virtues were extended and deepened. Shame became guilt and kindness was transformed into charity. And pride of race, the desire to see one's race perpetuated became love of race and a desire to see the individual members of one's beloved race survive in perpetuity. (4) It is true that you should not have to prove that your race is more intelligent, more beautiful, etc., in order to desire its survival. It should be enough to say, "It is my own and I love it." But we must see that such an appeal --"It is my own and I love it" -- will have no effect on the barbarian or the post-Christian white. They do not view race and love in the same way that the white Christian does. The barbarian does not love his race. He has pride of race; he wants it to be powerful, to be the dominant race, but he does not love it. This is why the weak, in barbarian cultures, are exterminated. They do not enhance the power of the race, so they are not valued. A barbarian will never countenance an argument from a white person which makes an appeal to their mutual love for their own race. The barbarian knows only power and dominance. Why should he agree to the survival of the white race when to him race means power? The survival of another race only diminishes his power.

The post-Christian white will not respond to the appeal, "It is my own and I love it," because he has severed his ties to Christian Europe. The new faith in science, progress, and Satan that the Northern Unitarians of the 1860s were toying with has become the fervent faith of the godless, white, post-Christians of the twenty-first century. They worship their own minds, which they have divorced from their hearts and the heart of God, and they worship the body of man divorced from his soul. Thus the colored barbarian has been accorded a throne in the godless utopia of the post-Christian white man, because he confirms the post-Christian's belief in bodies without souls.

It's clear, from the testimony of Christian soldiers like Thomas Nelson Page, that the struggle for the Christian faith and the struggle for the white race have the same spiritual antecedents. When the battle against principalities and powers is won, so will the battle for the white race be won. +

(1) Faulkner gave Northern liberals and Southern liberals the type of Southern novel they wanted. I needn't go into the salacious and gory details. Suffice it to say the stress was placed on the lower depths without sufficient emphasis on the higher levels of Southern culture.

(2) I had a running debate for many years with a friend (regrettably, deceased) who thought my insistence that the white race was not going to make a comeback via the democratic process was "overly pessimistic." It now appears to me that I was not too pessimistic but was instead overly optimistic in thinking that rear-guard candidates like Ron Paul had a chance, through the democratic process, to slow down the white decline.

There is a great difference between someone who says that the death of the white man is inevitable and someone who says that there is no hope for the renewal of the white race through the democratic process. This doesn't seem like a hard principle to grasp. But I must conclude that it is, because I hear the "too pessimistic" charge every time I suggest that the white man should jettison democracy.

To me it is not a question of pessimism or optimism; it is a question of reality. Europeans who believe and act like Europeans once believed and acted are a tiny minority in every European country. Hordes of young (and not so young Europeans) grovel at black Obama's feet everywhere he goes. Are such people going to vote for "white" candidates? Of course not.

The reason "can-do" types get so mad at a person like me is because they think I am advising passive surrender to the enemy when I say it is over in terms of a democratic solution for the white man. But this is not the case. I am recommending that we step outside of the democratic parameters, which were parameters constructed by white, technocratic, anti-European bureaucrats, and return to the heroic mode of the antique Europeans. In that mode, political systems were a means to an end and not the end itself.

(3) For men at most differ as Heaven and earth,
But women, worst and best, as Heaven and Hell.
-- Alfred Lord Tennyson

(4) Sonnet 31:
Thy bosom is endeared with all hearts,
Which I by lacking have supposed dead,
And there reigns love and all love's loving parts,
And all those friends which I thought buried.
How many a holy and obsequious tear
Hath dear religious love stol'n from mine eye
As interest of the dead, which now appear
But things removed that hidden in thee lie!
Thou art the grave where buried love doth live,
Hung with the trophies of my lovers gone,
Who all their parts of me to thee did give;
That due of many now is thine alone:

Their images I loved I view in thee,
And thou, all they, hast all the all of me.

-- William Shakespeare

The Deserted Village - JULY 26, 2008

One Christmas time I was in a bookstore where the proprietress felt the need to editorialize to her patrons. Being the only patron at the time, I was treated to her opinions, including a tirade on the insanity and immorality of the capitalist crusade in Iraq. I was certainly able to agree with her on that topic. Thinking she had a soul mate, she then launched into some editorials in favor of all the radical 'isms'.

The woman was evidently in the midst of chemotherapy, so I refrained, at first, from disagreeing with her. But when she persisted, I did, as gently as possible, let her know that we were not on the same page, nor were we soul mates. She was surprised and confused because she thought that since I was anti-capitalist, I must be a radical.

This is a common mistake that Americans make, equating capitalism with conservatism, but it is an especially egregious error when made by a proprietor of a book store where one can find the works of all the great poets of Europe. If she had read less commentary on the poets and more of the poets, she would know 1) that all of the great poets are conservative – they are the defenders of the permanent things – and 2) there are very few poetic defenses of capitalism (Carl Sandburg's work is an exception) because capitalism destroys the permanent things – and in fact the mantra of capitalism is that there are no permanent things and that everything is malleable and changeable.

The law of the jungle is the law of capitalism. The strong devour the weak, and the many overwhelm the few. There is no divine law above free market jungle law in the capitalist world, which is why the Christian poets have always shown that 'ism' so little mercy.

Dickens was the supreme critic of capitalism, but there were others before him. Oliver Goldsmith, author of *The Vicar of Wakefield*, was an intensely conservative writer who loved the village church and the small farm. During a five-year period of his life when he made excursions from London to the country, he observed that the large landholders were squeezing out the small farmers, creating a landless, laboring class, setting up an agrarian version of Wal-Mart.

He begins his poem "The Deserted Village" with an apologia for the permanent things as embodied in the simpler rural life (idealized, yes, but an ideal with a basis in reality), and then proceeds to depict the brave new world of free market capitalism that has replaced the old world.

Sweet Auburn!
Loveliest village of the plain,
Where health and plenty cheered the laboring swain,
Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,
And parting summer's lingering blooms delayed;
Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
Seats of my youth, when every sport could please,
How often have I loitered o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endeared each scene!
How often have I paused on every charm,
The sheltered cot, the cultivated farm,
The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
The decent church that topped the neighboring hill,
The hawthorn bush with seats beneath the shade,

...

Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the lawn!
Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn.
Amidst thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen,
And desolation saddens all thy green.
One only master grasps the whole domain,
And half a tillage stints thy smiling plain.
No more thy glassy brook reflects the day,
But choked with sedges works its weedy way;
Along thy glades, a solitary guest,
The hollow-sounding bittern guards its nest;
Amidst thy desert-walks the lapwing flies,
And tires their echoes with unvaried cries.

Sunk are thy bowers in shapeless ruin all,
And the long grass o'ertops the moldering wall;
And trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand,
Far, far away thy children leave the land.
Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay;
Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade—
A breath can make them, as a breath has made—
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroyed, can never be supplied.

...
Even now, methinks, as pondering here I stand,
I see the rural virtues leave the land.
Down where yon anchoring vessel spreads the sail
That, idly waiting, flaps with every gale,
Downward they move, a melancholy band,
Pass from the shore, and darken all the strand.
Contented Toil, and hospitable Care,
And kind, connubial Tenderness are there;
And Piety with wishes placed above,
And steady Loyalty and faithful Love.
And thou, sweet Poetry, thou loveliest maid,
Still first to fly where sensual joys invade;
Unfit, in these degenerate times of shame,
To catch the heart, or strike for honest fame;
Dear charming nymph, neglected and decried,
My shame in crowds, my solitary pride;
Thou source of all my bliss and all my woe,
That found'st me poor at first, and keep'st me so'
Thou guide, by which the nobler arts excel,
Thou nurse of every virtue, fare thee well!
Farewell! And oh! where'er thy voice be tried,
On Torno's cliffs, or Pambamarca's side,
Whether where equinoctial fervors glow,
Or winter wraps the polar world in snow,
Still let thy voice, prevailing over time,
Redress the rigors of the inclement clime;
Aid slighted truth with thy persuasive strain;
Teach erring man to spurn the rage of gain;
Teach him that states of native strength possessed,
Though very poor, may still be very blest;
That trade's proud empire hastes to swift decay,
As ocean sweeps the labored mole away;
While self-dependent power can time defy,
As rocks resist the billows and the sky.

That capitalism was a radical serpent in the European garden was ever the opinion of the European poets. Capitalism became associated with conservatism in this country largely through the influence of *National Review*. In the early years of that publication there were some writers such as Richard Weaver and Russell Kirk who held genuinely conservative views, but their voices were not the dominant ones. The soul of *National Review* was a capitalist one. And as the magazine acquired influential converts like Ronald Reagan, the magazine became less tolerant of anti-capitalist dissenters and more dogmatically capitalist.

Capitalists always label their critics socialists, but the only way to rid the world of socialism is to rid the world of capitalism because capitalism spawns socialism. Gross inequalities in wealth create a demand for an excessive equality in wealth. The only effective antidote to capitalism is the Christian society depicted by Goldsmith.

Swift and Sure - JULY 26, 2008

Book Review: *Swift and Sure: Bringing Certainty and Finality to Criminal Punishment* by Judge William J. Cornelius, Bridge Street Books, 1997, O.P.

There is a myth about our country circulating mainly in conservative circles that we are a good, solid, can-do type of nation. We see a problem, and by-gum, we fix it. Well, our crime problem has been spiraling out of control for years, and by-gum, we haven't done a thing to fix it.

Judge Cornelius starts his excellent book by citing the terrible crime statistics that show the United States to be the most violent, crime-ridden nation in the world. And we are, so the good Judge says, because American justice is neither swift nor sure. If justice were swift and sure, we would not have the crime rates we have.

The Judge tells us why abolishing parole, probation, and early release programs could serve as a vital deterrent to crime. He also is against concurrent sentences, the exclusionary law, and Miranda rights. His case for repealing the exclusionary rule is excellent. I wish more Americans knew just how damaging the exclusionary law is. It has no constitutional or moral basis. In fact it is completely immoral. The law punishes the victim of a crime for the alleged procedural errors of police officers. No other nation has such a ridiculous law, which is no doubt one of the major reasons why no other nation has such high crime rates as we do.

Cornelius also shows us how ridiculous the insanity plea has become. If someone was ever upset in their past, they can claim that the recollection of that past made them "temporarily insane." And if the jury doesn't like the victim (as in the Bobbit case), the guilty party will go free. Cornelius recommends we go back to the old English common law of insanity, which would result in a virtual elimination of the temporary insanity plea.

There is chapter after chapter of sound advice in this book. The chapter on revamping our juvenile system, for instance, is quite good. We currently live under a system where juveniles can kill with impunity, and unfortunately, they know it and are killing at growing rates.

Judge Cornelius' positions are, in my judgment, unassailable. His is right. His advice is sound. The only weakness in the book lies in the question Judge Cornelius doesn't ask: If he and any person with a modicum of common sense can see that the Judge's reforms are necessary, why then can't the reforms be implemented? The answer takes one into the religious realm where practical men do not want to go. Doesn't there have to be some metaphysical belief that justice and truth are important in order for high-salaried bureaucrats to be inspired to change a system that is making them rich? In other words, in the absence of a Christian conscience, why should defense attorneys, who make their living getting hoodlums off the hook by catching police in procedural errors, give a particular damn about the fact that child molesters and murderers go unpunished? And likewise, why should policemen, in the absence of a Christian conscience, go after violent black criminals when to do so means loss of employment and at least five years in jail?

Respect for the law is a virtue when a nation's laws have a Christian basis. But when the law is used to serve the Prince of Darkness, Christian men should defy it. On every issue – legalized abortion, the barbarian invasion, black crime, the state takes a position in favor of Satan and against the Europeans of the old stock.

Regimes that have instituted the law of Satan are not toppled overnight. But Christian men committed to counterrevolution have wrought wonders in the past. Our ancestors, such as William Tell and Nathan Bedford Forrest, are quite rightly revered. But shouldn't we also seek to emulate them?

'Away to the hills, to the caves, to the rocks—
Ere I own an usurper, I'll couch with the fox,
And tremble, false Whigs, in the midst of your glee,
You have not seen the last of my bonnet and me!'

Whatever happened to the European? - JULY 19, 2008

If you are familiar with the movie Duck Soup, you will remember that Groucho Marx portrays Rufus T. Firefly, the ruler of Freedonia. Chico is Chicolini, a spy for another country and one of Firefly's cabinet ministers. There is a scene in which Chicolini answers the phone for Firefly.

Chicolini: Hello! No. No. No, he's not in. All right, I'll tell him. Goodbye... That was for you.

Firefly: I'm sorry I'm not in. I wanted to have a long talk with you. Now, listen here. You give up that silly peanut stand and I'll get you a soft government job. Now, let's see, what have I got in my Cabinet besides mice? How would you like a job in the mint?

Chicolini: Mint? No, no, I no like-a mint. Uh—what other flavor you got? [Phone rings again.]

Chicolini: Hello, hello. No, not yet. All right, I tell him. Goodbye, thank you. That was

for you again.

Firefly: I wonder what became of me? I should have been back here a long time ago.

The Marx brothers have captured in this scene modern man's alienation from himself better than Beckett, Ionesco, and all the modern Theatre of the Absurd playwrights. Reason detached from the heart and from revelation can only be a commentator on existence; it cannot be a participant. If the heart is not engaged, a man will remain isolated. And it makes no difference whether the disengaged man is an atheist or a Roman Catholic. His atheism will be only secondhand if he is an atheist, and his Roman Catholicism will be only secondhand if he is a Roman Catholic. His real faith will be in detached, analytical reason. The doctrinal Thomist and the strict atheist are both, in their essential view of existence, compact.

I once watched, astonished, while a conservative Catholic announced to a panel of conservative Catholics meeting to discuss some recent study that stated fathers should spend time with their children, that he intended to spend more time with his children. He needed research to tell him that! What happens if another study comes out and tells him that fathers don't need to spend time with their children? Has the man no affections, no feelings that might give him a clue as to how to behave as a father? No, because the man has been carefully trained to have no feelings. His life depends on the latest research. Albeit since he is a Catholic, he only trusts Catholic researchers, but still, his life is a secondhand one.

I don't mean to single out the conservative Catholic as the only disengaged man. The liberal Protestants have also disengaged themselves from existence. Along with the Catholics, they think that having an expertise in religion or following one who is an expert in religion is a substitute for religious faith. This is not so. In order for a genuine faith to develop, those well-springs of feelings and emotions that engender love must be brought into play, because without love there can be no faith. When faith is solely a mathematical proposition that engages only the mind, it is not a real faith. It can disappear completely with one adjustment of the calculator.

Dostoyevsky was aware of the dangers of detached, analytical reason: Stavrogin and Ivan Karamazov are intensely and maniacally logical. And they are men without faith. Does anything really separate them from the intensely logical, modern, Christian intellectual who can find no place for a sentimental God-man in his documents?

It is not, of course, that reason and faith are incompatible. It is the Humpty Dumpty question: "Who shall be master?" Reason cannot be detached from the rest of man's being; it cannot be the final arbiter. Vladimir Solovyov, in his book *The Crisis of Western Philosophy* and in his lectures *On God-Manhood*, brought this forcefully to the fore.

Western man is like a woman trying to become a man. One looks at her and says, "Doesn't she realize that it is her heart that makes her distinct? Her pathetic attempts to argue philosophy with men makes her a witch." And Western man's pathetic attempts to explain the ways of God to men has left him asking, "Whatever became of me?"

Our Lord is not a theologian or a philosopher; He is a poet. And the Faith must be passed on from one generation to the next with all the subtlety and care one takes (or should take) in reading a poem. One should not dissect it, one should respond to it with one's whole heart, mind, and soul.

We cannot go back to the pagans to get that much needed sense of the sacred in our lives. And who wants to? There is no personal God within the pagans' cosmos. But we can go back to the European woods. Why did we ever listen to those who called our attachment to those woods sentimental? The woods are sacred and will bring us in contact with heart, home, and Him, which is a consummation devoutly to be wished, because theories about the faith are a very poor substitute for Him.

Let us give George MacDonald the last word:

To arouse the hope that there may be a God with heart like our own is more for the humanity in us than to produce the absolute conviction that there is a being who made the heaven and the earth and the sea and the fountains of waters. Jesus is the express image of God's substance, and in Him we know the heart of God.

Counter-Revolution - JULY 19, 2008

Pinochet's achievement in throwing off Allende's Marxist government in Chile has been compared to Franco's achievement in Spain's civil war. Both men certainly belong in the counterrevolutionary hall of fame, but because of one very important reason Pinochet's achievement seems even greater than Franco's. Pinochet accomplished his counterrevolution without the support of the Catholic Church. I can't think of any other successful counterrevolution in

this century since the Church has joined the forces of democracy, progress, and enlightenment. (Which of course translates to the forces of bloodshed and darkness. What was it that Metternich said? "Every time I hear the word 'democracy,' I know a bloodbath is coming.")

The liberals' extraordinarily intense hatred of Pinochet was because of his success. They would certainly hate me as much if I had any chance of mounting a charge like Pinochet, but since I don't they leave me alone.

One could point out, as regards Franco and Pinochet, that they were not very successful counterrevolutionaries because their counterrevolutions did not survive them. Well, that is true, but at least they sallied forth and achieved a modicum of counterrevolutionary glory.

The problem that counterrevolutionaries like Pinochet and Franco have when they try to pass on their counterrevolutionary gains to posterity is that there is no institutional support for their counterrevolutionary ideals. The situation is analogous to a teacher who manages, against the ideals of the educational institution in which he is working, to make a genuine impression on a student. The teacher sees that a student is interested and inspired, but he must watch the inspired student go out of the classroom into a world that is hostile to the ideals he was teaching. The student, after continually butting his head up against the brick walls of individuals and institutions hostile to the ideals of his former teacher, soon concludes that his teacher was crazy and/or impractical.

Both Franco and Pinochet pointed out to their countrymen the dangers of egalitarian democracy. It made their countries vulnerable to communist usurpation. Both men tried to move their countries to a more hierarchical and a more Christian form of government, but where was the reinforcement for their values? In the absence of a church that would support Christianity, both counterrevolutions failed to survive their authors.

The late Jesse Helms was cast from the same mold as Pinochet and Franco. He was intensely loyal to an older, more European vision of his nation, and he didn't mind being unpopular for trying to stem the modernist tide. But he was one senator against a horde of modernist ones. Quite predictably his noble efforts of resistance came to naught.

In his magnificent history of England, the French author André Maurois points out that the English, unlike the people of France and Spain, never knew an absolute ruler. They always had some kind of multi-tiered system of powers. I would suggest that now, some 70 years since André Maurois published *A History of England*, the English nation as well as its offshoot, the United States, does have an absolute ruler. It is Satan. Once Satan conquered the Christian churches, he was able to penetrate every single tier of the multi-tiered system of the English-speaking people's nation. At every turn we see Satan supporting Satan. School, church, press, and government all form one steel curtain around Satandom. And the most convincing proof of the satanic nature of Western civilization consists of the respect and adulation that European man gives to the black man. When Europe was Christian, the black savage was held in check, just as Satan was held in check. In point of fact, Satan and the black man are coordinate; when Satan is loosed, the black savage is loosed. They are the boogie men who strive when Christ's day becomes Satan's night.

Suppose there was a war and only one side was fighting? - JULY 19, 2008

In the bad old days when South Africa was ruled by whites, if a Negro was even jostled by a white policeman someone in the West would make a movie about that injustice. But now that blacks rule South Africa, it is fine to rape, murder, and torture white people at a rate which makes all the old barbarians like Genghis Khan and Attila the Hun seem like gentle lambs.

If you read a book like H. V. Morton's *In Search of South Africa*, you can't help but be struck by the incredible difference between white-ruled South Africa and black-ruled South Africa. The whites brought European values to a country that knew only bloodshed and horror.

In many ways, South Africa was more European than Europe because the Dutch and English that settled South Africa were more conscious of their European identity, being separated from Europe, than the whites living in Europe. That is why Europeans like H. V. Morton settled in South Africa. Only a demonic maniac could prefer the current South Africa to the older South Africa under apartheid.

Unfortunately, our own nation, which had more than just a little bit to do with the death of white South Africa, is very quickly becoming another South Africa. We celebrate black murderers like Rubin Carter in our movies, while we permit the murder, rape, and torture of white people throughout our nation. Wait -- I err when I use the term 'nation' to describe this geographical area called the USA. A nation possesses a folk with a common religion and race. Whites currently have

no nation. That hideous, blasphemous pervert, Ben Franklin, once said, "Where liberty dwells, there is my nation." Well, where white people dwell who believe in Europe, there is my nation.

Good Blood - JULY 12, 2008

Tirian had never dreamed that one of the results of an Ape's setting up a false Aslan would be to stop people from believing in the real one.

-- C. S. Lewis in *The Last Battle*

It was the fate of the Hebrews to watch what had started out as a small heretical cult from within their nation become a worldwide religion that left them marginalized. How did this happen? The Hebrews forgot what the essence of their faith was: the fact of a personal God. While the Roman civilization was self-destructing from its refusal to accept a personal God, the Jewish faith became marginalized by the same type of refusal. Christ was the fulfillment of the Jews' very personal faith. His rejection was like the rejection of a fiancée, to whom one became engaged after a long exchange of letters and phone calls but, when he showed up at the doorstep, was turned away.

It would seem that there is within man a great desire for a personal God as well as a contradictory desire for an impersonal, less human, and more abstracted God. We desire this, I think, because we sense that to be fully human, as Christ is, is too painful. No other poet has ever come close to Shakespeare in describing the pain and suffering involved in the process of becoming human. And Shakespeare shows us that few make it. We stop somewhere along in the humanizing process, create a false, abstracted image of God, the image closest to the point we have gotten to, and declare that image to be the authentic one.

How then can we ever become fully human if we worship at the altar of a false god? If we are forever playing Julian the Apostate by putting classical wings on Christ's outstretched arms, it would seem that we are doomed to wander forever, like the flying Dutchman, unblessed, unforgiven, and unhallowed. I think the answer lies in the works of P. C. Wren and in the declaration of William Blake:

This Life's dim Windows of the Soul
Distorts the Heavens from Pole to Pole
And leads you to Believe a lie
When you see with not thro the Eye.

Yes, we must have a vision, a beau ideal. And we must not accept our actions and thoughts that run counter to the beau ideal as reality because they outnumber our thoughts and actions directed toward the ideal. It is when the white heat is in our hearts that we see the beau ideal and behave like Beau Geste. That is reality; that is the vision that needs to be protected by the entire bureaucratic structure of society and the sacramental structure of the church.

The Catholic Church and the modern Protestant churches have followed the way of the Pharisees and the ancient Romans. The betrothed came to the door and was rejected because of his humanity. And the rejection stems from intellectual pride. We always insist that the voices of the prophets and the reality of the incarnate God be forced to fit our intellectual constructs. And our intellectual constructs are always wrong, because they come from disembodied brains and not the blood. Mary Augustus Evans, the Southern authoress, put it quite well when she said, "Good blood doesn't lie." When we are connected to God by a blood tie, whatever comes from the blood will be pure and true.

Adam and Eve had a filial, blood relationship with God. He was their Father, their progenitor. He certainly loved them, but did they love him? Well, obviously not enough. Satan tempted them, and they severed their blood tie to their father in order to study Him in the abstract. "Does God really mean that we should not eat the apple because it will harm us, or is He secretly afraid it will empower us?" That type of "studying" led to the loss of Eden. And the same type of study led to the loss of the new Eden.

European civilization was the second Eden. And it was a better Eden than the first, because in the second Eden God revealed Himself in His entirety through Jesus Christ. Of course the European Eden was not the literal Eden of the Bible. There was sin and death in the second Eden, but there was a presence, His presence, in the second Eden that held out the hope that death, the final enemy, would be defeated.

In our modern, anti-European civilization there is no hope that death will be defeated. There is only the hope that science will render death painless. And His presence has been replaced by the presence of Satan.

Herbert Butterfield, in his masterpiece, *Christianity and History*, said,

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

I think we should regard the blood and the heart in the same way. For ordinary purposes there is no such thing as a merely physical concept of human blood and the human heart. Heart and blood are mystical, spiritual entities. You have to overturn all of God's revelation to man if you deny that heart and blood contain the soul of man and are his connecting links to God.

For God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined in our hearts, to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ.

To paraphrase Linus in Charlie Brown's Christmas, "That's what Christianity is all about, Mr. White-hating Technocrat." And all the products of the scientific, rational, modern man have been created to detach man from his heart, which is where the true light of knowledge shines.

To use Butterfield's term, for ordinary purposes there has only been one civilization of the heart, and that was the European civilization. Liberal-liberals say that civilization was evil. Conservative-liberals say we only need to preserve the intellectual processes and procedures of the old European civilization and not the heart and blood heritage of its people.

(1) But the heart and blood of the white man is the soul of European civilization. Without it there is no civilization.

The democratic process, multiculturalism, universal brotherhood, and on and on... are all code words for the rule of Satan. When the white man once again looks to the light of knowledge in his own heart and blood, he will be equipped to fight the only war worth fighting, the war for sacred Europe.

(1) Patrick Buchanan is an example of the liberal-conservative. In a recent book he writes about the unnecessary war, the Second World War, but it was only unnecessary if you are a kinist, someone who believes that race and faith bind a nation together. If you believe, as Buchanan and his ilk do, that a nation is based on an idea, then World War II was necessary to defend the idea of the universality of democracy.

Eternal Europe - JULY 05, 2008

The fairy tales that were collected and recorded by the Brothers Grimm are such an important part of our European heritage. It is no more possible to separate the fairy tales from the European people than it is for a leopard to change its spots.

I often interview the Young Drummer, whose deeds are recorded in the Grimms' tale called "The Drummer." In that story, he travels through the forest of Giants and ascends a glass mountain in order to rescue a fair princess. I have always been impressed by the fact that he embarked on his rescue mission in spite of the fact that it is impossible to climb a glass mountain. Integral men of Europe do not live their lives according to the rules of science.

Interviewer: Thank you for consenting to the interview.

Young Drummer: It's no problem. I enjoy our discussions.

Interviewer: I don't feel particularly connected to my country on any given date, but I always feel particularly unconnected on the fourth of July.

Young Drummer: It seems to be a lot of sound and fury signifying nothing.

Interviewer: Yes, that's it exactly. I don't think that a white man should be celebrating the demise of the white man, do you?

Young Drummer: Of course not. But the white-hating liberals are not celebrating their demise. They believe that they have transcended the barriers of race, sex, and family. What they celebrate when they celebrate cultural diversity on state-sanctioned holidays such as the 4th of July is your demise. They celebrate the death of the old Europe and the men and women who are loyal to it.

Interviewer: Is there any hope of winning the white-hating whites back to the fold?

Young Drummer: No, there isn't. Their hearts are stone. They are wedded to Satan and the colored races.

Interviewer: Is the final conflict about to begin then?

Young Drummer: That's more than I know. Many of the signs are there, but it would be presumptuous of me, or anyone, to claim they know the day or the hour.

Interviewer: Europe will never come back then?

Young Drummer: The real Europe, His Europe, is still there, it simply is no longer visible to most Europeans.

Interviewer: It's almost as if Satan has imposed his vision of Europe over the old Europe.

Young Drummer: That is correct. From my standpoint, the standpoint of eternal Europe, you live in Satandom.

Interviewer: I don't dispute that. And we must, while residing in Satandom, keep the vision of the old Europe before our eyes. But aren't we ultimately supposed to turn Satandom back into Christendom? Isn't having a vision of the old Europe only a first step?

Young Drummer: I wouldn't put it that way. You are thinking too much like a modern man when you talk about first and second steps. That implies that vision is something passive and separate from the man. Vision is the man. When European man saw Christ, true-God and true-man, he acted on that belief and built a civilization of "incomparable symmetry." Vision and love are inseparable. We see with the heart, and we act according to what the heart sees.

Interviewer: I don't quite follow you.

Young Drummer: Let me put it this way – when you first met your wife-to-be, you fell in love because of what you saw in her heart. From that love flowed all those masculine impulses that the liberals sneer at: the desire to protect your love, to raise a family with your love, and to grow old (the best is yet to be) with your love.

It was the same way with the Europeans and Christ. They saw something in Christ that they loved. From that love came Christendom. Imperfect by divine standards, just as our love is imperfect compared to His love, nevertheless it was a love and a civilization as different from your modern Satandom, and every other civilization on the face of the earth, as heaven is from hell.

Interviewer: The modern European has issued divorce papers to Christ?

Young Drummer: Yes, he has ceased to love Him.

Interviewer: Is there someone else?

Young Drummer: Yes, modern man has returned to the second oldest faith, faith in man.

Interviewer: Is there any difference then between the barbarians of color and the post-Christian whites?

Young Drummer: There is a difference in degree, not in kind. The difference in degree consists of the different aspects of the religion of man. The colored races worship the blood. Their deities reflect "virtues" that the barbarians see in themselves. What an antique Christian would call savagery the barbarian calls faith.

The post-Christian white also worships himself. But the post-Christian does not worship his blood, he worships his mind. The reason white liberals get so upset when the people you call Kinists mention things like race, blood, and hearth is that such notions challenge the liberal's faith. He believes all wisdom comes from the mind of man and not from the blood of European man united to the Spirit of God.

Interviewer: So the white techno-barbarian and the colored barbarian are united in their hatred of the incarnate God but not united in their reasons for the hatred.

Young Drummer: Yes. The white techno-barbarian, as you call him, worships rationality, which of course becomes the worst type of rationality when it is divorced from His spirit and blood. And the colored barbarian worships only the vital power of his blood, which of course becomes inhuman barbarism without the humanizing influence of His spirit and blood.

Interviewer: What is the result of the union of the technocratic white with the barbarians of color?

Young Drummer: Death for one's civilization and death for the individual souls that adhere to the Christless religions of deified man.

Interviewer: You seldom mention the Jews or the Jewish conspiracy. Is that because you don't believe the Jews are the main threat to Christian civilization?

Young Drummer: First of all, there is no longer any Christian civilization. So I take it that you mean to ask, "Are the Jews the major reason for the demise of Christendom, and are they the main obstacle to the rebuilding of Christendom?"

To both questions, I answer, no. The Jews represent an organized body of people who were and are opposed to Christ's reign of charity. As such they will always be a danger to Christ's church and His followers. But the Jews could not have undermined Christian civilization nor could they stop the rebuilding of it if it were not for an organized body of post-Christians who have steeled themselves to resist the light even more fiercely and maniacally than the Jews.

Interviewer: The Roman Catholics?

Young Drummer: Not just the Catholics. The Catholic Church is the worst of the anti-Christian churches because it has the most formidable organization, but all the Protestant churches, like the Catholic Church, have institutionalized the idea that God lives only in the mind of man.

Interviewer: He exists or doesn't exist according to the whims of man?

Young Drummer: Yes, that is their idea.

Interviewer: I grant that there is no reclaiming the techno-barbarians, but isn't there a small segment of white people who could, if they saw the Christ you see, be brought back to the European fold?

Young Drummer: There are. Although I don't see how they will get a chance to see Christ. He exists in the European past as chronicled by the European poets. But the poets are not allowed to go directly to the potential converts. Literary critics and psychologists filter out their contents.

And the Gospels suffer the same fate as the poetic chroniclers of the soul. The content of the Gospels is distilled into a faithless vapor by Roman Catholic theologians and Protestant Biblical exegetes.

Interviewer: You don't paint a very encouraging picture. There seems to be no hope.

Young Drummer: That's not what I'm saying. Christianity is the religion of "when hope seems nearly gone, God's relief by us is surely won." Look to the European forest. Fight your way through the barbarians. And ignore the white rationalists who tell you that you are childish and racist to look for God in a forest. Then venture into the dark woods. You will meet witches and dragons there, but you'll also find Him, and He will sustain you in all your battles.

Interviewer: You come from the forests of Bavaria and the world of the Brothers Grimm. Aren't you just a little bit prejudiced in favor of forests?

Young Drummer: Yes, I am prejudiced. And I intend to stay prejudiced in favor of the European forest, in the sure and certain hope that my 'prejudice' will lead me to the King, who sanctified that forest with His blood.

Interviewer: Your faith is my faith and your blood is my blood.

Interviewer and Young Drummer (holding up their swords and crossing them): To eternal Europe, and death to Satandom. +

Jesse Helms, R. I. P. - JULY 05, 2008

Like Roland and Augustus Pinochet, he took his stand and held it, never yielding unto death. +