

Cambria Will Not Yield  
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## The Rational Lodger - JUNE 29, 2008

"You have got a rational lodger, who knows how to attend upon himself." – LeFanu

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In the trial scene in Shakespeare's *Merchant of Venice*, the Jewish merchant expresses his delight with the judge's verdict, which grants him his pound of flesh, with these words: "A Daniel come to judgment! Yea, a Daniel! O wise young judge, how I do honour thee!"

But when the "upright" judge pushes Shylock's plea for justice to its logical conclusion and condemns Shylock, it is Antonio's friend Gratiano who has the last word.

Gratiano: A Daniel, still say I, a second Daniel! I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.

In the same spirit that Gratiano thanked Shylock, I must thank Thomas Fleming for using the words "infantile ravings" to describe those who were concerned about the survival of the white race. With those words Thomas Fleming summed up Liberaldom's brief against Christianity. Please note that I do not say a 'brief against Kinists' or a 'brief against Europeans' but a 'brief against Christianity,' because Christianity is synonymous with those who adhere to the Kinist, European vision of Christ.

I have heard this liberal case against Christianity all my life, so let me translate Fleming's words for the reader: "There is a higher, purer religion than Christianity as it is presented in the Gospels. The mature, thinking man knows that there is a force beyond the tribal, clannish God of the Bible, and that force can be comprehended by human reason. To interpret the Gospels too literally on subjects like the resurrection of the dead and the divinity of Christ is foolish and childish. A grownup doesn't do such things."

This was the first liberal's argument. He told Adam and Eve it was infantile and foolish to adhere to an arbitrary commandment of a primitive, archaic God when they could use their rational powers to tap into a higher, purer power than God. The Athenians told St. Paul the same thing. It has always been thus. Satan attacks us by appealing to our intellectual pride. "By God, I'm no dummy. I'm not a stupid baby – I'll adopt the higher religion." Of course, Satan never uses the same disguise twice. He might appear in a lab coat, a priest's cassock, or the cashmere sweater of a conservative columnist. But he always uses the same method. He appeals to man's rational faculties divorced from his heart and blood.

In a magnificent short story called "The Mysterious Lodger" Joseph Sheridan LeFanu presents us with a portrait of the devil that is in keeping with Scripture and the great Christian poets. (1) The devil, when he wants to destroy a family or a community, always takes up lodgings disguised as a rationalist.

A few days after, on my return, I found my poor little wife agitated and dispirited. Mr. Smith had paid her a visit, and brought with him a book, which he stated he had been reading, and which contained some references to the Bible which he begged of her to explain in that profounder and less obvious sense in which they had been cited. This she had endeavoured to do; and affecting to be much gratified by her satisfactory exposition, he had requested her to reconcile some discrepancies which he said had often troubled him when reading the Scriptures. Some of them were quite new to my good little wife; they startled and even horrified her. He pursued this theme, still pretending only to seek for information to quiet his own doubts, while in reality he was sowing in her mind the seeds of the first perturbations that had ever troubled the sources of her peace.

At the heart of the Reformation was a desire to hold on to a basic, elemental faith in the divinity and humanity of the man called Jesus. The rationalist pretensions of the scholastics had sown doubts in the minds of the faithful, which they sought to assuage by returning to their apostolic and European roots. They were only temporarily successful in their efforts because, as Fitzhugh has described for us (2), the philosophical speculators stepped in and rationalized the Protestant protest against rationalism.

It is not, as the rationalist critics of bred-in-the-bone Christianity maintain, that there is no rational component in the bardic or kinist Christianity. There is. But ultimately Christianity is beyond reason. Whenever we try to limit its parameters to what is rational, we destroy that which makes Christianity wholly true and wholly unique.

Our chroniclers, the European poets, have shown us that in every age the devil, disguised as a rationalist, is always present. He claimed the European “intellectuals” first, and then in the 20th century, he claimed the European folk or ‘volk.’ In centuries prior to the 20th, the Christian warrior always rallied the folk against the rationalist elite. However, now that there are no folk, the Christian braveheart stands alone. But then again, not quite alone. He stands in line with noble antique hearts, living still, in the arms of our Lord. What kind of advantage, if any, does that give the modern Christian knight over his liberal antagonists? A great advantage, if he doesn’t break faith with the blood of his ancestors. But if he steps away from his ties of blood and decides to be clever, as Toad does when he motors away from Toad Hall, he will place the devil in a “can’t lose” situation. If the conservative is a rationalist and the liberal is a rationalist, both are in the devil’s camp. The devil wants all of man’s existence to be confined by the rules and parameters of academic study, because he knows that if a man studies the thing he loves on a purely rational basis, he will soon cease to love the object of his study. This is why literary critics know less about literature than anybody else and the reason why modern clerics know nothing about God. Being rationalists they have lost the wisdom of the heart that is necessary for a proper understanding of existence.

In *Great Expectations*, Mr. Wopsle is not taken seriously when he disputes the pompous Pumblechook, who has a theory about the robbery. He is not taken seriously because “he has no theory.” But Wopsle is correct. The bardic Christian is in the position of Mr. Wopsle. He is correct: race and blood are the building blocks of religious faith. But in a rationalist age, or to be more accurate, a satanic age, only the theoretical is real; concrete reality is considered false. The temptation for the Christian is to come up with a theory to combat the liberals’ theories. But if we succumb to that temptation, we will no longer be among them but not of them; we will be of them. When the Flemings of liberalism tell us that it is unChristian, infantile, and irrational to concern ourselves with the survival of the white race, we will not run and find a theory to justify our existence. We will hold to our ancestors’ faith, the faith that transcends theory, and become even more recalcitrant and unyielding in defense of our race and our faith.

The liberals think they have reached the final, higher stage of faith. They have gone beyond race, beyond the ties of kith and kin that used to bind ‘unenlightened’ Europeans to each other. But the fruits of their higher faith are hideous. You have to be a soulless mutant to live in our modern rationalist anti-culture and actually view that anti-culture as the summit of man’s achievements on this earth. Only a sick, demented rationalist who has concluded, after much research and careful study, that hell is heaven and heaven is hell could possibly rest content with our unholy present.

The gentle bard is right: a man can never say with certainty that he is at the worst. He is worse than ere he was. But the extent of the de-evolution of European man from Christian to rationalist cannot be measured on any human scale. The fall was from heaven to hell. The European had Christ in his heart and blood. He possessed heaven. When he forsook his blood, he lost heaven and gained hell.

Thomas Nelson Page described the white man’s instinct to preserve his race as an instinct “beyond reason.” To the modern liberal that is heresy. But the liberal is married to hell, and there is no instinct beyond reason in hell, because there is no love in hell. The rational lodger is terrified of that loving instinct of God which compelled Him to reach out to man. And he is also afraid that man will respond to God’s overture with a loving instinct that is beyond reason. When the Europeans did in fact respond to God’s love, Satan became the mortal enemy of the European people. He has no desire to destroy the non-white races because they have steadfastly refused to believe that spirit and blood, God and Man, can be joined. They have always preferred religions of sacrifice to the religion of mercy.

The rational lodger can never rest until the white man ceases to exist, because the white man's blood was animated by His spirit. This is why he lodges in the formerly Christian churches of the white man. He wants them all to be rational so that they will slavishly worship the colored races and destroy the white race, all in the name of God. And that is the key. If man's reason alone is the final arbiter, then reason is God. That is the way liberals think. Reason meant something quite different to the apostles. They were not Thomists! To the apostles, reason was subordinate to the heart. It was used as an aid in articulating the faith, not as a substitute for it. "But sanctify the Lord God in your hearts: and be ready always to give an answer to every man that asketh you a reason of the hope that is in you with meekness and fear." (I Peter 3:15).

Yes, something must be in you. There must be an instinct in your heart and blood that is beyond reason which enables you to resist the seductive heresies of the rational lodger and to champion the God born in a manger. The third dumb brother in the fairy tales always in the end triumphs over the rational, clever brothers, because the third dumb brother has that within him which transcends reason: a heart connected to His heart.

In common, everyday English when we say a person is acting "irrationally" we mean to say that he is acting in a way that is not right. "You can't deal with a person who is not rational." And when we say a person is acting rationally we usually mean that he is acting in a proper way. But in the metaphysical realm, it is quite a different story. Stavrogin, in Dostoevsky's *The Possessed*, is perfectly rational when he commits suicide. The Negro savages who tortured and murdered the Catholic nuns in the Congo were acting rationally; it was in their self-interest to murder the whites. And Pope John XXIII was acting rationally when he forgave the murderers; it was in his best interest, the interest of his rational, satanic, faithless faith, to support the colored race and jettison the white.

In the incredibly prophetic Greek myth, Prometheus, because he loves mankind, steals fire from the gods and gives it to man. And he is punished for his act of charity. In the Christian myth, the true myth, God Himself gives fire to man. He descends to earth and sets hearts on fire. And like Prometheus, He suffers because of His act of charity, but unlike Prometheus, He suffers because He wills it, not because the gods decree it.

The Greeks replaced their cruel gods with a rational philosophy. But then, from whence comes the Promethean fire? There is no fire in rationalism. The Christian hearth contains the fire that lights the world. If you kill the white man's love for that hearth, the world will be plunged into darkness. And if the rationalist were not blinded by his reason, he could see that the only patches of light left on earth are in those places where ancient European hearth fires are still burning. The fires are kept alive by the love of our race, the Christ-bearing race. If we hearken to the new religion of rationalism and vitalism, we will separate ourselves from God. But if we stay close to the European hearth we will be able to counter the assault of the rationalists and the barbarians. We will counter their assault with fire, the fire from the center of the European hearth. +

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(1) On the basis of two works, the short story "The Mysterious Lodger" and his novel *Uncle Silas*, LeFanu deserves to be placed in the top rank of Christian poets.

(2) "A Washington, a Peel, or a Wellington, never 'writes himself down an ass' by appealing to abstract principles to justify measures which are rendered necessary by a thousand minute and peculiar circumstances of the hour, which common sense and experience instinctively appreciate, but which philosophy in vain attempts to detect or to generalize. Common sense never attempts 'to expel' nature,' but suggests and carries through a thousand useful reforms by recurrence to and comparison with the past, and by cautious experimentation. Common sense sometimes errs by excess of conservation; but it is better to err with Pope, who thought 'Whatever is, is right,' than with Jefferson, whose every act and words proves that he held that 'Whatever is, is wrong.' The Reformation was not the thought and the act of Luther, Calvin, Cranmer, and Erasmus; but the thought and the act of society—the vox Populi, vox Dei. Popes and cardinals are not infallible, but society is. Its harmony is its health; and to differ with it is heresy or treason, because social discord inflicts individual misery; and what disturbs and disarranges society, impairs the happiness and well-being of its members." – *Cannibals All! Or Slaves Without Masters* by George Fitzhugh

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## Of Mongrels and Commies - JUNE 20, 2008

**Book Review:** *Hollywood Party: The Untold Story of How Communism Seduced the American Film Industry in the 30s and 40s*, by Kenneth Lloyd Billingsley, New York: Crown Publishing Group, 2000

First of all, the book's title is a bit of a misnomer. It should be titled, "How Communism Failed to Seduce the American Film Industry in the '30's and '40's but Succeeded in Doing So in the '60's and '70's," for what Kenneth Billingsley presents is a rather surprisingly ineffective campaign on the part of the communists to have a major impact on the type of films Americans viewed. Plenty of screenwriters did become communists, but they never could bring themselves to write the communist propaganda that the Party demanded, mainly because the few propaganda pictures that did get into theaters bombed. Propaganda films were bad box office.

What Billingsley does document for us is the communist influence among Hollywood personalities in the 1930's and 1940's. It really is nothing different from what was going on at the universities at the time. The communists would seek out left-leaning liberals like Edward G. Robinson and Humphrey Bogart and get them to shill for nice-sounding organizations that were really communist-front organizations. In fact, the majority of actors and writers at that time were to the left of center. Walt Disney, John Wayne, Adolph Menjou, Robert Montgomery, Robert Taylor, and Ward Bond were notable exceptions.

The book is a "just the facts, ma'am" type of book. The author doesn't draw any conclusions but does present the reader with enough information to draw his own conclusions. The book is advertised as the "untold story," but the story has been told often by conservatives, albeit not as often as the leftist version is told by the liberals. Which is why this book is useful: it sets the record straight about the so-called bad old blacklisting days.

However, I must admit that the facts as Billingsley presents them led me to conclude that the House Un-American Activities Committee was one of the stupidest ideas ever conceived. The 1960's and 1970's witnessed a huge increase in mainstream communist propaganda films because anyone who opposed them was tarred with the same brush as the ineffectual House Committee and McCarthy.

The old adage that you either have to kill a rat or let it alone should be applied to communists. Either kill them or let them alone. But don't give them an opportunity to claim martyr status for having suffered a few anxious moments before a toothless board of inquiry.

Quite revealing is Billingsley's account of the treatment accorded ex-communists who talked to the Committee. Men like Edward Dmytryk and Elia Kazan were victims of an anti-anti-communist blacklist that was far harsher than any so-called right-wing blacklist. Indeed, as Billingsley shows, there was no great persecution. Blacklisted writers could use assumed names, and repentant communists were welcomed back into the fold by the film industry. Only Ward Bond, tough guy that he was, was against letting even repentant communists back into the film industry.

The liberals have turned the blacklisting era into a major propaganda triumph, but this book shows any objective reader that there were real communists in Hollywood during that era who tried to use the film industry to advance their agenda. That they failed was more a tribute to the '30's and '40's moviegoer who preferred the movies of Alfred Hitchcock (a man hated by the communists) and Westerns to commie propaganda films. Yet, sappy propaganda films did capture the popular imagination during the 1960's and 1970's, so perhaps the inability to appreciate a good story goes hand in hand with communism.

This book is valuable in what it can elicit from the reader. I would hope that thoughtful readers would ask themselves why so many actors, directors, and creative people are leftist, and why conservative views do not seem to inspire creative types. I would suggest it is because 20th century conservatives lack a metaphysic. In centuries prior to the 20th, there were always men of the right in the arts and in the military willing to champion the cause of God, King, and country. But no one with any poetic instincts wants to champion free markets and greed. Marxism is a delusion from which great poets such as Whittaker Chambers eventually walk away. But it has an enduring appeal to the lesser poets who quite rightly see nothing inspirational in capitalism.

There is no question the seeds of communist dissension were being planted in the 1930's, 1940's, and 1950's, but the Christian morality of the American populace had not been sufficiently contaminated to produce tangible results. Two things were necessary to make Americans more tolerant of communism. One was a breakdown in sexual mores, which did indeed take place in the 1960's, and the second was a major change in the United States immigration policies, which also took place in the 1960's. White technocrats make up the communist elite, but the major resistance to communism also comes from white people. When a nation is mongrelized, there is no longer any resistance to communism. +

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### **Paul Hill – Lest We Forget - JUNE 20, 2008**

The liberals quite naturally are making a fuss over Tim Russert. He was one of their own. It is easy to forget, because we live among them and constantly hear them lauding themselves, just how reprehensible liberals are. They do things, in the name of some higher good, that are clearly the work of Satan. Russert supported pro-abort Democrats all his life, and yet he was still lauded as a great family man and a "devout Catholic." (1) He even got to shake hands with the Pope.

The banality of evil is a fitting epitaph for Tim Russert. He calmly, with a good-natured grin, supported Satanism. In stark contrast to Tim Russert is Paul Hill. It's been nearly five years now since he was executed for killing a state-sanctioned mass murderer. "You won't kill any more babies," he told the executioner before killing him. There was no appeal for

clemency by Pope John Paul II, who routinely begged for clemency for child molesters, when Paul Hill was tried. There were no media representatives at his funeral to talk about what a fine man he was. But there is a higher court than the U.S. Court, and in that court Paul Hill is honored and revered.

There are two sections of the Gospels that come to mind when reflecting on Paul Hill. The first passage is one that Paul Hill must have read and pondered over a great deal: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." (Matthew 25:40)

And the second passage that comes to my mind when I think of Paul Hill is: "Whosoever will save his life shall lose it; but whosoever shall lose his life for my sake and the Gospels' the same shall save it." (Mark 8:35)

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(1) I am sick to death of pro-abort liberals being lauded as devout. That Christian father who had his home taken away from him by the federal government for publishing the names of abortion doctors on the Web is devout, not Tim Russert. But of course if we redefine "devoutly religious" to suit Satan's specifications, then the liberals are devout Christians.

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## **White-Hating Whites - JUNE 14, 2008**

Humanity must perforce prey on itself,  
Like monsters of the deep.

--King Lear

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In the older westerns and jungle pictures of the 1930's, 1940's, and 1950's, the white men who sold guns to the Indians or betrayed the whites to the black cannibals were portrayed as morally reprehensible individuals. But in the 1960's the movies started depicting whites who betrayed their fellow whites as moral giants, far beyond the ken of ordinary, sinful whites. The treacherous, evil gunrunner became the dedicated social worker, and the traitorous white hunter (see *Tarzan and the Lost Safari*) became the self-righteous cleric damning all whites who opposed integration.

The Hollywood movie moguls are always slightly in advance of the average American, but not by much, because they want to make money. If they were too far away from the mainstream, they wouldn't make money. The new movies of the late 1960's reflected the change in the way white people viewed themselves and other cultures. Movies of the '30's, '40's and '50's, by and large, show us a people who were tolerant of the "lesser breeds" but still holding on to the belief that white civilization and the whites who created it were the right sort of people who deserved to be emulated, not demonized.

Of course from the late 1960's on, the constant, unrelenting theme of our popular movies has been the evil of whites and the goodness of the non-white. Given the enormity of the propaganda against the white race, it is surprising that a black wasn't nominated for President even sooner. Maybe the forty years from 1968 to 2008 were needed in order for the old "racist" whites to die out.

I don't know if it's true that rats flee a sinking ship, but humans certainly do. From the late 1960's on we have been treated to the disgusting spectacle of whites trying to disassociate themselves from white culture by pinning the racist label on other whites or by claiming victim status for their white ethnic group. Thus, the editors of *Southern Partisan* magazine spent all their time writing about the evils of segregation and the hypocrisy of those damn Yankees who were, after all, "a lot more prejudiced than we are." Take for another example my parish priest who regularly told his black parishioners that being Irish he considered black people to be his people and not those hideous white WASPs.

With all the white backstabbing going on, one gets the impression he is in a Grade B horror film. One minute, you are standing next to a normal-looking white person and in the next moment, that normal-looking white person has a mouth full of fangs and is trying to bite you in the neck. Just the other day, for instance, I was having a perfectly normal conversation with a man named Patrick Buchanan, when suddenly, without warning, he sprouted fangs and tried to bite me. I quickly got out of range of his fangs and ran home to try and find a suitable wooden stake. Must it be a wooden stake? There simply is no telling who will turn next!

Using the colored races to defeat a white enemy is not something new. The French used Indians against the British in the French and Indian War; Franco used Moorish troops against the communists; and the North used black troops against the Southern whites. But with the exception of our own Civil War, the use of non-European people against Europeans was not an admission, on the part of the European country using colored troops, that the European and the colored were equals. It was simply a breach in the honor code. "I'll use any tactic to defeat my enemy!"



In the later half of the 20th century, something quite different than a breach in the honor code was taking place. The issue of the colored races became a religious one. It was not a case of “The colored can be used to give us victory over our white enemies.” It was not a case of “We must convert the heathen.” Nor was it a case of “We must grant the colored races the same rights and privileges which we accord to the whites.” None of those cases express the late 20th and 21st century reality. The reality is that it is now required that the colored races, particularly the black race, the race most antithetical to the white race, be worshipped and the white race be demonized. That is the reigning orthodoxy. If a white man wants to remain viable in politics, religion or society in general, he must demonize his own race. Patrick Buchanan is a classic example. It is sad to see a man so desperate for media air time and publishers that he rushes to join in with the demonizers of the white race.

The deifying of the colored and the demonizing of the white was codified in the late 20th century, but it has been a lurking little devil of an idea, waiting to come to fruition, for many centuries. The root of it is to be found in Satan’s intellectual temptation of Adam and Eve. And its formal entry into the heart of the church came with the advent of scholasticism, which reduces Christianity to a propositional, dialectical faith, in which the personality of God and the personality of man are rendered subservient to the idea of faith. Thus, with genuine sincerity and zeal for his faith, James II of England, Scotland, and Wales, could elevate a black man to a status above all the white Protestants of his realm:

Indeed the King’s rage for making converts was driven to such a height by his obsequious ministers, that an ignorant negro, the servant or slave of one Reid, a mountebank, was publicly baptized after the Catholic ritual upon a stage in the High Street of Edinburgh, and christened James, in honour, it was said, of the Lord Chancellor James Earl of Perth, King James himself, and the Apostle James.

-- from Walter Scott's *Tales of a Grandfather*

Is faith that simple? Does it only entail the acceptance of a few intellectual propositions and a subsequent ritual purification to make one a Christian? Or is there something else that is necessary? A tradition that predates the scholastics, the tradition of the Gospels and the first European converts, stresses the need for a deeper, more intense involvement with the deity than can be obtained by mere acceptance of whatever official party line is ruling Christendom at the particular moment. Theology changes with the weather, but a deep-seated, heart-felt faith, based on a spirit and blood relationship with one’s kith and kin and one’s God does not change. It endures.

I view the Protestant Reformation, at its deepest level, as a longing to hold on to an unchanging faith. The faithful felt that the Hero God, whom the apostles saw on the way to Emmaus, whom St. Paul saw on the road to Damascus, and whom their Germanic ancestors saw and rescued from the maze of Greco-Roman theology, was in danger of becoming a vague theory about God rather than the living God. Of course, the Protestant theologians quickly returned to theory and away from faith. That is the curse of Adam: we are indeed, as Chateaubriand points out, “more deeply tinctured with the pride of science than with the pride of love.”

I think the phrase, “pride of science,” is very apt. It conjures up images of a man in a lab coat, studying his fellow men, and God as well, as if they and He were insects in a jar. It is in Satan’s best interest to keep Western man focused on the things he can quantify, calculate, and collect rather than on the things he intuitively feels when the poetic flame is blazing.

And since that poetic flame only blazed in the European hearth, Satan’s main task is to keep that hearth fire extinguished. Satan knows what the European once knew when the hearth fire was ablaze: The spirit of God comes to man through the blood. Without that conduit, all white men become soulless, bloodless zombies, worshipping the blood of the coloreds in an attempt to reclaim their lost vitality. But the attempt is always futile because the blood of the barbarian has no animating spirit in it. Yet the swinish white men rush headlong over the cliff in their frenzy to worship at the altars of the colored races.

American, pride-of-science whites are not alone in their frenzied rush for the abyss; the European whites have joined them, but it is in America that we can see two very striking examples of the coalition that has destroyed European civilization. In Presidential candidate McCain, we see the white-hating white who has embraced the soulless, bloodless faith of the pride-of-science men. In Presidential candidate Obama, we see the personification of the soulless faith of blood. Blacks love him because his faith is their faith, and whites worship him because he has the blood that they have denounced.

Liberalism does not just consist of those who are pro-choice and in favor of immigration ‘reform,’ it also includes all those whites who see no animating spiritual presence in the blood faith of the antique Europeans. When they tell us that we must renounce those “infantile” ties of blood which bind us to a higher civilization than the modern liberal could possibly know, we must renounce them and realize that we are involved in a religious war, not a minor disagreement.

Christians who spout race-mixing propaganda and hurl jeremiads at Kinists are not Christians. They have become Jews, a people hardened against Christ's reign of charity. You cannot argue or debate with such people; you can only war with them.

I pray you, think you question with the Jew:  
You may as well go stand upon the beach  
And bid the main flood bate his usual height;  
You may as well use question with the wolf  
Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb;  
You may as well forbid the mountain pines  
To wag their high tops and to make no noise,  
When they are fretten with the gusts of heaven;  
You may as well do anything most hard,  
As seek to soften that--than which what's harder?--  
His Jewish heart:

--*The Merchant of Venice*

We can expect more defections from white people who either give up fighting because of cowardice or give up fighting because the white liberals have converted them with their unrelenting propaganda. But the white European of the old stock will never betray his own blood, because he is still connected, through his blood, to the older Europe whose people were united in spirit and in blood to Him. And in that Europe He still is the only King with rights of memory. +

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### **"Of the Same Blood" - JUNE 07, 2008**

"A Man should, whatever happens, keep his own caste, race and breed"

– Rudyard Kipling

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Have you ever had an experience in your life that affected you profoundly but that you couldn't write about because you felt you just couldn't do justice to the experience? That has been my feeling about a certain visit I made to Britain some thirty years ago when I was a young man. I still don't feel I can adequately describe it, but I'm now old enough to realize that I'll never be able to do the theme justice, so let me at least stammer at what cannot be adequately articulated.

It was the mid-1970's. I had been in Italy, Greece, and France and found those countries to be beautiful. The Parthenon was fascinating, the Pieta and the Sistine Chapel were moving, and the Louvre in Paris was magnificent. But nothing in Southern Europe affected me as much as the mere act of stepping on British soil did. I felt like Mole in *The Wind in the Willows* (Chapter 5, Dulce Domum): I was home. I was in the country of Shakespeare, Kipling, Scott, Grahame, Dickens, and others, men of my own tongue, of my own flesh and blood, who were wedded in spirit and blood to the same heritage that I was wedded to. The day I was married and the individual births of my six children have been the only moments in my life that can compare with the day I set foot on British soil.

I wasn't born and raised in a cave, so I didn't expect every Brit I met to quote Shakespeare or to say, 'Pip, pip, cheerio,' but I did hope to meet some real Brits. I don't know if the ghosts of Britain alone could have kept my enthusiasm at a fever pitch if I hadn't met some living representatives of the great ghosts of Britain. I was fortunate. The young men and women of my own age were burnt-out cases without personal identities, citizens of a new international community of soulless automatons. But I was able to meet some older Britons who did indeed live up to the finest traditions of the nation of Shakespeare, Kipling, and Scott. One couple in particular made a lasting impression.

I was wandering through the Lake District of England, quite lost but not particularly nervous about it because I had water, cheese, and bread and it was summertime. If worse came to worse, I could sleep out in the woods. Toward evening though, I came upon an elderly woman tending a garden in front of a modest cottage. A cottage in the woods! I asked for directions to the nearest youth hostel. She asked her husband to come out of the house; "He gives much better directions than I do." The husband was just as cordial as his wife. After exchanging a few pleasantries, he informed me that the nearest youth hostel was much too far away to reach before dark and that I should spend the night at their house.

I first I declined, for the usual reasons: "I just couldn't impose on you like that. And besides, I'm a stranger."

The husband's reply still makes me feel like Ratty on the river. "You're no stranger, you Yanks are the same blood as us." Ah, the "same blood." Thomas Fleming would not approve. This 'infantile' old man was talking about ties of blood! But that old Brit was correct. We were of the same blood. I slept in his study that night, surrounded by our common heritage:

Treasure Island, King Lear, Hamlet, The Christmas Carol – you know the list. That encounter with a true-born Englishman has stayed with me all my life. It affected me much like the reading of *The Wind and the Willows* had. I felt that I knew why God chose to reveal Himself to man through the blood.

The philosopher, the scientist, and the barbarian all separate the life of the spirit from the life of the blood. The philosopher and the scientist see the true life of the spirit in the mind, while the barbarian sees no spiritual dimension in his life, only the blood. But a Christian knows that spirit and blood are not meant to be separated. Christ is our spiritual father and our blood brother. When a man ceases to care about 'little things' like home, blood, and race, he ceases to be Christian, because it is through those little things that God reveals Himself to man.

Suppose a black man had approached my British friend and asked for directions. And let's say the black man was a naturalized British citizen and a professed Christian. I can say with certainty the black man would have been offered food, he would have been given directions to the youth hostel, but he would not have been asked to stay under the same roof as the English couple. Why? Because the old Brit's Christianity was bred in the bone. He knew that a Christian renders aid as the Good Samaritan did, caring for the stranger but not admitting the stranger to his dwelling.

So much hinges on this question of the stranger. A few years back I read a "conservative" Catholic journal that zealously proclaimed that the sign of the true Christian was the amount of respect which he accorded the stranger. I don't believe that respect for the stranger is the penultimate of Christianity. But let's assume it is. Does respect for the stranger include respect for his heathen religion? Were the Spanish wrong to tear down the altars of the Aztecs? Were the British missionaries wrong to try and convert the African headhunters? And were the British wrong to forbid the Suttee and other colorful customs of the Hindus?

Let's take this argument to the next step. What happens when the African, the Indian, or the Aztec converts to Christianity? Aren't we then obligated to treat them as equals? The Northern European Protestants did not think so. They did not think that the mere affirmation of Christianity made a non-European any less of a stranger. Their Christian faith did not countenance race-mixing. The Spanish and Portuguese Catholics did mix bloodlines with the stranger, but they did so more from a weakness of the flesh than from a belief in the principle of racial egalitarianism. And when they mixed with the stranger, the mulatto was not put on the same level as the white. Until the later half of the 20th century, with more exceptions in the Catholic countries, the general consensus of the European people was that an espousal of Christianity did not mean an African or an Indian could become a European. And certainly not a Muslim or Hindu. What has changed? How did we get from Thomas Nelson Page's declaration that preserving the integrity of the white race was our primary duty to Thomas Fleming's assertion that those who raved about the survival of the white race were infantile?

We came to this pass because the intellectual elite of Europe abandoned the wisdom of their race and persuaded enough of the peasants (obviously when I use the term, peasant, I am not referring only to those who till the soil) to follow in their train. The liberal-liberal and the conservative-liberal all prostrate themselves before ancient Greece, but they fail to learn from the Greeks. They look on the rationalist tradition of the Greeks as a sure foundation from which to launch their utopian schemes and plans. They completely disregard the moral of the Greek experience because they disregard the wisest of the Greeks, Sophocles. In *Oedipus Rex*, Sophocles depicts a man intelligent enough to solve the riddle of the Sphinx, but whose intelligence is insufficient to ward off fate. It is only the old blind Oedipus who sees, at Colonus, what the rationalists could not and cannot see. Like the blinded Gloucester in *King Lear*, he sees the world feelingly. He sees a God beyond the gods, a God connected to the human heart. It has always been Satan's mission to obscure the divine intimations in the human heart and beckon man to look at God and the world with his mind. That was the original temptation that the first man and woman succumbed to.

Observe, too, what is very important: man had it in his power to destroy the harmony of his being in two ways, either by wanting to love too much, or to know too much. He transgressed in the second way; for we are, in fact, far more deeply tintured with the pride of science than with the pride of love; the latter would have deserved pity rather than punishment, and if Adam had been guilty of desiring to feel rather than to know too much, man himself might, perhaps, have been able to expiate his transgression, and the Son of God would not have been obliged to undertake so painful a sacrifice. But the case was different. Adam sought to embrace the universe, not with the sentiments of his heart, but with the power of thought, and, advancing to the tree of knowledge, he admitted into his mind a ray of light that overpowered it. The equilibrium was instantaneously destroyed, and confusion took possession of man. Instead of that illumination which he had promised himself, a thick darkness overcast his sight, and his guilt, like a veil, spread out between him and the universe. His whole soul was agitated and in commotion; the passions rose up against the judgment, the judgment strove to annihilate the passions, and in this terrible storm the rock of death witnessed with joy the first of shipwrecks.

- from *The Genius of Christianity* by François R. de Chateaubriand

This has ever been the conflict. Christ restores the harmony of man's being by turning him back to the sentiments of his heart, and Satan seeks to tempt man away from his heart back to his 'illuminated mind.' Christ vs. the Pharisees, St. Paul vs. the Greeks, the Europeans vs. the Scholastics, the poet vs. the scientist, the Kinist vs. the universalist. The rationalistic

façade is always different but always rational. The devil is the great mocker, the supreme sophist. He sneers at everything human:

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

--Introduction to *Quentin Durward* by Walter Scott

I once read a book, written for children (like a number of those books written for children, I think it moved me more than it did my children) that told the story of a country boy in Elizabethan England who somehow ended up working at the royal court. When he refused, despite the scorn and ridicule of the city-bred boys and girls, to give up his country songs, one of the nobles of the court applauds him and says, “Quite right, my lad; you should never be ashamed of your home and the things you love.”

Thomas Fleming is almost right; it is not infantile, but it is childlike for a white man to care about the survival of the white race. But didn’t someone once enjoin us to become like little children? All the things we love – home, kith, and kin – are interwoven into the fabric of the white man’s culture. Only a man who has severed his mind from his heart and turned to the worship of his own mind could suggest that we give those things up for lost.

But therein lies the conflict. The children of darkness have given up their religion of the heart for the religion of the mind. This goes against the wisdom of the race. The white man has always preferred the leaden casket over the one of gold and the one of silver; the cottage in the woods to the sumptuous palace; and the blood of the Lamb to the magic talisman. Let the sons and daughters of this ‘new age of enlightenment’ keep all their magic talismans: rationalism, science, and multiculturalism. The European will stay with the European cottage in the woods that contains the things he loves. And his childlike attachment to the things he loves will keep him bound to the Sacred Heart Who speaks to men through the little things that the clever men and women have discarded. The old fairy tales are correct: the faithful heart always triumphs over the satanic mind. +

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## Nothing Is Written: Beyond Statistics - MAY 31, 2008

It wouldn’t be completely accurate to call Patrick Buchanan’s recent anti-white ravings in *Chronicles* a betrayal, because he never professed to be a white kinist. He consistently throughout his career condemned apartheid in South Africa and segregation in America. And when he ran for president on the Reform Party ticket, he ran with a black woman as his vice-president. He became the great white hope to some kinists because he refused, until the *Chronicles*’ article, to demonize the white race. But Pat Buchanan was never more than a ‘lesser of two evils’ candidate to anyone who read his books and columns.

The only difference between Pat Buchanan and his liberal brethren is that Pat has a certain nostalgia for things European. He is not completely comfortable with the demise of the civilization of the evening lingerings, but his discomfort is only a wistful thought, not a deep yearning; it can be exorcised by frequent television appearances and good hard work on the ‘death of the West’ statistical books. So while differing in degree from his colleagues (Buchanan does not show the glee over the death of the West as most of the other liberals do), he still is firmly ensconced in the liberal, anti-European camp.

I must confess that I was a bit surprised by the *Chronicles*’ article. I knew Buchanan was not a kinist, but I always thought he had more than just a little respect for the people of old Europe. But ultimately a man goes with his passion, and Buchanan’s whole life has been devoted to the rationalist, liberal-conservative cause. He knows the deep magic of the White Witch, but he does not know that there is a deeper magic still. I think it behooves us to look at the Witch’s deep magic, the magic of the white European intellectuals, and at the deeper magic still of the antique European.

The deep magic of the white European intellectuals is the rationalist tradition of the West. We don’t need to go through the whole litany. It begins with Aristotle and reaches its apotheosis with St. Thomas Aquinas. Everything after Aquinas is a footnote. Modern liberals who deplore Aquinas’ faith still adhere to his schema. That schema says reason is the final arbiter of faith.

And what have the white rationalists decided about man and God? They have decided that there is no such thing as man and no such thing as God. There is an idea of man and an idea of God, but there is no concrete man of flesh and blood and no living God.

The philosophical tradition of the West is pure negation. It ends with non-being. The white power brokers in Europe, America, and the European satellites will continue to try to destroy everything European until the European ceases to exist. They must do this; it is their faith. But it is my contention that their faith is not the Faith. Their faith is the mad scientist's faith; it is reason run amuck.

There is a deeper faith than the rationalist faith of the Athenian intellectuals of the Western world. And we needn't go to the Orient, a culture that worships nothingness, to find that faith. It belongs to Europe alone, because only the European has ventured into the enchanted forest. He has faced the witch of the glen and the dragon in the cave. And he found, in the forest, a magic deeper than the deep magic of the philosophers. He discovered the humanity of God. God had a human face! And the European formed a bond with that God and sealed the bond in blood. From that moment on, he never saw life, or fought the battles of life, in quite the same way as the people of other cultures.

It was ever the task of the European to keep the vision of the enchanted forest alive. And it was ever the goal of Satan to obscure the European's vision of the forest. Behind every rational schema, whether that schema mentions Christ or not, is Satan. If he can convince the European that there is no magic deeper than the deep magic, that man need not venture into the enchanted forest to find God, then he wins.

The enemies of the European, those who would deny that there is a chasm between Christian European culture and all others, point to the philosophical link between Europe and the multitudinous barbarian and pagan cultures. They point out the similarities between Boethius and the Greek and Roman sages. And they note the parallels between Buddha and Aquinas. I concede the similarities and the parallels, but the great haters of Europe fail to account for the completely dissimilar and unparallel poetic visions of the Christian European and the barbarian and pagan cultures. The European poets chronicle the soul, and in their chronicles we see visions that cannot be seen by the Athenians of Christian Europe, the pagans of antiquity, or the non-European. What the European visionaries reveal is what He revealed to them when He took flesh and dwelt among us. Every decent impulse in man became intensified and elevated to a higher plane when those impulses were fused with His blood. Affection became love and kindness became charity.

No poet of antiquity or heathendom could have penned these words:

But earthly spirit could not toll  
The heart of them that loved so well.  
True love's the gift which God has given  
To man alone beneath the heaven;  
It is not fantasy's hot fire  
Whose wishes, soon as granted fly;  
It liveth not in fierce desire,  
With dead desire it doth not die;  
It is the secret sympathy,  
The silver link, the silken tie,  
Which heart to heart, and mind to mind,  
In body and in soul can bind.

--from *The Lay of the Last Minstrel* by Walter Scott

Or these immortal lines:

The quality of mercy is not strain'd,  
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven  
Upon the place beneath: it is twice blest;  
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes:  
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest: it becomes  
The throned monarch better than his crown;  
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,  
The attribute to awe and majesty,  
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;  
But mercy is above this sceptred sway;  
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,  
It is an attribute to God himself;  
And earthly power doth then show likest God's  
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,

Though justice be thy plea, consider this,  
That, in the course of justice, none of us  
Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy;  
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render  
The deeds of mercy.

--from *The Merchant of Venice* by William Shakespeare

One thinks of the scene from *Miracle on 34th Street*. “Two letters are hardly proof,” the lawyer for the prosecution says. “I can produce more,” the lawyer for the defense replies. And I reply to the skeptic’s statement, “Two isolated quotes from two poets are hardly proof,” that both Scott and Shakespeare were popular authors. The Europeans who read Scott’s books and attended Shakespeare’s plays did so because they saw their deepest intuitions about existence expressed in those books and plays. Scott’s and Shakespeare’s works are accurate chronicles of grace working in the souls of the European people.

I will fight Buchanan and ten million more of his ilk on this theme of Europe. Everything depends on it. God reveals himself through humanity. If the people that took Christ into their hearts are held up to the bar of judgment and found guilty, found to be spiritually inferior to the benevolent, the merciful people of color, then Christ be not risen and we are of all men most miserable.

“For where your treasure is, there will your heart be also.” If you seek the bubble reputation in the heart of Liberalism, you will end up believing as liberals do. Buchanan has come to believe a lie because he sees the antique Europe with the eye of the liberal utopians and not through the eye of an integral man of Europe. And when you see European history that way, you will always be metaphysically wrong even when you’re statistically correct. We don’t need Mr. Buchanan to tell us that whites will soon be minorities in formerly white countries. That is obvious. We need Mr. Buchanan, like we need every white man, to stop aiding the enemy and to join the resistance.

The plight of the European is only hopeless if we allow ourselves to be mesmerized by statisticians like Patrick Buchanan. Statistically we are dead. But what has really changed? Haven’t Europeans always been a minority? “Not in their own countries,” is the obvious reply. Yes, that is something new. But the whole notion of country, of nation, is a European thing. The barbarians don’t live in a country; they occupy a land mass. They will never form a country. If they destroy our national boundaries, and what was once Britain or the United States become mere geographical regions, we will form new countries within those geographical regions. No matter how small the territory, where Europeans dwell, there is our nation. And if, like Alexander Smollet, we refuse to strike our colors, the barbarians eventually will fall. They can destroy the outward symbols of a civilization, but they can’t create one themselves. The ability and the duty to create a civilization belongs to only one race. The white man doesn’t believe in statistics. He believes that a civilization connected to His spirit and blood shall never, while he lives, perish. +

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### **“You Bid Me Seek Redemption from the Devil” - MAY 24, 2008**

I have before me an article by one of those old-fashioned conservatives who is against the demonizing of the white race. He writes that America has Hispanic history months, Asian history months, and black history months (it seems like every month is black history month). The main theme of all the history months is the evil of white people. The author of the article deplores this and suggests that we, the white people, “should seek – via letters to editors, school board members, and other elected officials – to assert not only the truth about America, but also the value of their own identity.”

Granting that the author of the article has his heart in the right place does not his advice strike us as a bit ludicrous? Are editors of newspapers, school board members, and other elected officials going to respond to letters from white people asking them to resist the Asian, the black, and the Mexican invasion? Of course they’re not. Well, let me rephrase that. They will respond. If you are foolish enough to put your name on the letter, they will respond to your letter with some sort of bureaucratic intimidation. You will be either audited, fired from your job, or fined.

The well-meaning conservative is asking us to seek redemption from the devil. Are liberal bureaucrats who make their living exposing the evils of “Euro-centrism” and the virtues of multiculturalism going to respond favorably to a letter extolling the virtues of European culture and the evils of multiculturalism?

Our well-meaning conservative is laboring under a false assumption when he suggests we defeat the devil with a letter writing campaign. The false assumption is that the mark of the white man is an abiding respect for the rule of law. This is not so. There is ingrained in the European a respect for laws that stem from the Christian tradition. But there is also ingrained in the European a disrespect for law when it is not grounded in Christianity. Thomas Nelson page wrote eloquently on this subject when he addressed the Negro question in the post-Civil War South of the 1890’s.

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

If it be admitted that this is true, is it nothing to us that a condition exists which necessitates the subversion of any law? Is it not an injury to our people that the occasion exists which places them in conflict with the law, and compels them to assert the existence of a higher duty?

Page's apologia still stands today. If the law tells us that we must self-destruct as a people then we will defy that law in the name of a higher law.

It has appeared to some that the South has not done its full duty by the negro. Perfection is, without doubt, a standard above humanity; but, at least, we of the South can say that we have done much for him; if we have not admitted him to social equality, it has been under an instinct stronger than reason, and in obedience to a law higher than is on the statute books: the law of self-preservation. Slavery, whatever its demerits, was not in its time the unmitigated evil it is fancied to have been. Its time has passed. No power could compel the South to have it back. But to the negro it was salvation. It found him a savage and a cannibal and in two hundred years gave seven millions of his race a civilization, the only civilization it has had since the dawn of history.

We have educated him; we have aided him; we have sustained him in all right directions. We are ready to continue our aid; but we will not be dominated by him. When we shall be, it is our settled conviction that we shall deserve the degradation into which we shall have sunk.

The great majority of white people have decided they prefer the reign of Satan to that of Christ. Satan's values are more in keeping with their values. And the colored tribes have always preferred Satan. Those groups of people do not concern me. It is the remnant, Europeans like the conservative columnist who want us to write letters, with whom I am concerned. The white remnant has been beguiled by the democratic serpent. They think that so long as they are allowed to vote, even though there are no truly white candidates to vote for, and so long as they are allowed to write letters to the editor, that there is no need for extraordinary measures against the New World Order. But it is the survival of our race and our faith that we are talking about. The colored hordes and their temporary allies, the white-hating technocrats, have made it clear by what they say they are going to do and what they have already done, that they mean to destroy the white race.

And the white haters have not had to suffer one iota for their anti-white ideology or their anti-white actions. Far from it, they have been rewarded. What would happen if they faced an enemy that took a "whatever means necessary" attitude whenever their race or their faith was endangered? (1) An enemy that does not regard democratic protocol as something sacred? I think the New World Order would start, slowly at first but then quickly, to crumble.

The remnant white man is not deficient in courage. If his home were attacked directly, he would fight. What he lacks is vision. He can no longer see things clearly because he is only looking at life through a rationalist-tinted window. This is the window Satan wants the European to look through, because as long as he sees life through that window he will never act until all is lost. He won't fight those who would destroy his home until they are at his door because his mind can't comprehend the evil nature of his enemies. The rationalist always thinks men do evil when they think irrationally. Therefore he thinks that if he appeals to their reason they can be converted to the path of virtue. But reason is the servant of our passions. If our passions are evil, our reason will serve those evil passions. The desire to destroy the white race is the passion of the colored hordes and the technocratic whites. An appeal to their reason will not deter them. Their passion to destroy must be met by a greater passion, a passion to defend what we hold sacred, our race and our faith.

The pro-life movement, in which I spent many years, is a perfect example of the insufficiency of rational argument against satanic forces. Year after year the pro-life people show pictures of the baby in the womb and present a rationally irrefutable case for the humanity of the child in the womb. But the abortion mills keep grinding and no one seriously contemplates a reversal of *Roe v. Wade*. The only men who seem to understand the abortion issue are those men who are killing abortion doctors.

Since reason only serves the passions of our heart, the appeal for the preservation of the white man must be made to the hearts of the anti-white liberals. And that appeal has been made and it has been rejected. When two factions are fundamentally opposed, where the sacred heritage of one faction is the hated evil of the other, then those two factions are at war. Up to now it has been only the liberals and their barbarian allies who have been fighting. They fine, they imprison, and they kill when they are threatened. We cannot fine, we cannot imprison, we don't the legal power, but we can kill. That, as Nathan Bedford Forrest said so succinctly, is what war means. It is all well and good to talk about a cultural war, but it is just that, talk, if we don't realize what a cultural war entails. When the Islamic cultures and the European cultures clashed in the medieval ages, they fought a whole series of wars. I believe they were called crusades. When cultures clash there is war, unless one side simply surrenders.

I believe our un-Civil War was tragic because the cultural divide between the North and the South was not so great that it could not have been bridged. But the tragic element in the current cultural war is that the European remnant does not see that no bridge can be built across the chasm that separates him from the white liberal and the barbarians. We are back to the failure of vision. If he could see those things that are not dreamt of in our philosophies -- a God who loves with a love that passeth all understanding and the limitless potential of a faith grounded in His love -- the European would take the "to the knife" vow and would eventually triumph over the liberal and the barbarian.

War certainly means killing, but it doesn't mean the indiscriminate killing indulged in by Timothy McVeigh and the IRA. A Christian rejects 'collateral damage' warfare. Nor does the realization that we are at war mean we should go out and kill the first liberal or barbarian we meet. If we see with blinding sight what we must do to prepare for the war, it quite probably will come to that -- killing liberals and barbarians. (2) But first we must take the vow in the cave like the Spanish did in 770, we must also use a Samizdat press like the Russian dissenters did, and we must form counterrevolutionary cabals like the revolutionary Marxists did. Above all is the vow in the cave. So long as one faithful white man is alive the war goes on. "To the knife." (3) +

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(1) I don't think civil disobedience is an option for the white man. The reason being that civil disobedience only works if the existing regime agrees with the civil dissenters. The British wanted to get out of India as badly as Gandhi and company wanted them out. Our federal government wanted a multi-racial society just as much as Martin Luther King Jr. wanted it.

The abortion protesters are a stark contrast. The government wants abortion so those protestors are thrown in jail. It always, or so it seems to me, comes down to the 'seeking redemption from the devil' problem. If you are protesting a demonic policy, such as race-mixing or legalized abortion, your appeal will be heard if, and only if, your government is not satanic. If it is satanic, any person or group of persons who appeal to said government in the name of Him will suffer the same fate that He suffered.

(2) It never ceases to amaze me when liberals are allowed to get away with the assertion that they are non-violent. The liberals kill directly in their abortuaries and they kill by proxy in the streets of our cities when they incite (and then excuse) the murder of whites by colored barbarians.

(3) Patrick Buchanan in a recent *Chronicles* article states that the white man is finished and that he can only hope that the Asians and the other non-European cultures treat us better than we treated them. I don't think that is possible, Mr. Buchanan, because only in an utopian world could a ruling people possibly treat other cultures and other people better than the Christian Europeans did. There were no Haitis when Europeans ruled. There were no Fu Manchu-type dynasties when the Europeans ruled. When you're through spitting on your ancestors, Mr. Buchanan, try to look through the eye of your own people instead of with the eye of a statistician. I regret every good thing I ever wrote about Patrick Buchanan.

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## **Worse than Death - MAY 14, 2008**

"Such a horrible idea has come into my head, Su."

"What's that?"

"Wouldn't it be dreadful if some day in our own world, at home, men started going wild inside, like the animals here, and still looked like men, so that you'd never know which were which?"

-- *Prince Caspian*

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I have always thought the notion that animals are outside of God's grace and do not inherit eternal life was false. And I believe this notion to be false because I do not believe that God will permit anything human to perish. I have seen sparks of humanity in pets of my own and in the pets of others. There are too many Greyfriars' Bobby stories not to conclude that animals are worthy of eternal life.

As a general rule, I don't like nature specials. How many times can you look at a lion killing a wildebeest or crocodiles chomping on a baby hippo? But I recently saw some footage taken by an amateur photographer in South Africa called the "Battle at Kruger" that was actually uplifting. It's one of YouTube's most popular videos right now and is really quite extraordinary. It demonstrates, at least to me, that animals, though given less grace to work with than humans, can achieve a higher level of humanity than humans, such as the post-Christian whites of the Western world, who have turned away from God's grace.

For those who haven't seen the video, let me give a brief description. Two adult Cape Buffalo and a baby buffalo come near a lion's pride, which is hiding by a water hole, waiting, no doubt, for something good to eat to come along. They get their wish. The Cape Buffalo run when they see the lions, but it is too late for the baby buffalo. The lions catch up to the baby at the water's edge and accidentally knock it into the water. As they try to pull the baby out of the water to chomp on it, a pair



of crocodiles come along and try to pull the baby back into the water. You can imagine what the baby buffalo must have been thinking: “If not for the honor of the thing, I’d just as soon not be the main prize in this tug of war!” The lions get the baby away from the crocodiles and start to do what lions do with their prey. But then the extraordinary thing occurs. The Cape Buffalo are back! And they have come back en masse. The rather large pride of lions find themselves facing an even larger herd of angry Cape Buffalo. The buffalo disperse the lions in no uncertain fashion, throwing one lion into the air, and rescue the baby buffalo, who is miraculously able to trundle on home with his victorious kinsmen. I’ve been told that this extraordinary sense of solicitude for their own is very typical of Cape Buffalo. Whenever the herd is threatened, they form a perimeter with the babies in the center, the females in the next circle around the babies, and the males in the outer circle around the babies and the females. What does this tell us? Well, it tells me that Cape Buffalo are decidedly more Christian and thus more worthy of salvation than the modern, white post-Christians.

Let us change the social structure of the Cape Buffalo to that of the post-Christian white people and see the results: The Cape Buffalo are living and thriving. They form their protective perimeters when threatened, and in between times, they earn their daily bread and enjoy God’s bounty. But one day two buffalo leave the herd and go off to college. At first the other buffalo are proud: “A Cape Buffalo has never gone to college before.” But the parents of the two collegiate buffalo are not pleased when Mabel Buffalo and Robert Buffalo come home on their Christmas break. They have some strange ideas. Robert, who is a divinity student, tells his parents and anyone else in the herd who will listen, that good, clean buffalo do not form perimeters when the tribe is threatened. They should let lions, hyenas, and jackals prey on the females and the children of the herd. They should do this, Mabel and Robert maintain, because love of the stranger, the outsider, is the first law of Christianity. Robert then proceeds to explain why narrow-minded Cape Buffalo exclusivity is the one sin God will never forgive. When Robert finishes his oration, Mabel sings a new hymn she learned at college. The hymn extols the beauties of the lion, the nobility of the hyenas, and deplores the evils of the Cape Buffalo.

Now at first, the Cape Buffalo laugh at Robert and Mabel. “There wouldn’t be any Cape Buffalo anymore if you had your way,” says old Silas Buffalo.

“Good,” Robert replies, “the world would be better off if there weren’t any Cape Buffalo.”

“But you’re a Cape Buffalo yourself,” sobs Robert’s mother.

“I don’t consider myself a Cape Buffalo anymore. I’m simply a reasoning, thinking animal. I belong to the universe and to the God of the universe, not to some specific tribe or herd.”

The Cape Buffalo, particularly Mabel and Robert’s parents, are relieved when Mabel and Robert go back to school. “Maybe they’ll grow out of it,” they say.

But of course Mabel and Robert don’t “grow out of it.” And Mabel and Robert’s ideas about the sin of exclusivity and the beauty and wonders of the stranger begin to spread throughout the herd. It becomes very hip among the younger Cape Buffalo to wear T-shirts with slogans like, “Have you hugged a lion today?” and “Stop the hate, Marry a jackal.”

Then one day we see the consequences of the new ‘love the stranger, hate your own’ philosophy. Two females and a baby buffalo stroll up to the water hole for a drink. A pride of lions are also near the water hole. The females, who see the lions, are slightly apprehensive. “Should we run?” asks one female.

“No,” says the other, “That would be an indication that we are bigoted, reactionary Cape Buffalo who do not love and trust the stranger.”

So the two females approach the water hole. The baby, who takes his cue from the adults, happily starts to drink from the water hole. The lions attack. The two female buffalo escape, but the baby is left in the clutches of the lions.

When the two females get back to the herd, the one who was slightly apprehensive (she still has some remnants of maternity in her bosom) says, “Please, won’t somebody help me rescue Oscar?”

The male Cape Buffalo – and there are hundreds of them – just yawn. “Don’t be a prejudiced, exclusivity-oriented Cape Buffalo,” they say. “The lions are not dangerous.”

“But they’ll eat Oscar.”

“What nonsense! They’ll just jostle him a little and let him go. You’re overreacting.”

“Besides, even if they do eat him, you must remember it is part of their culture.”

“Yes, that’s quite right; you can’t blame them for practicing their culture. Besides, when you consider all the terrible things Cape Buffalo have done to lions over the years, you can’t fault the lions for being angry.”

And on it goes. But one Cape Buffalo -- his name is Leonidas – steps out from the herd.

“I intend to rescue Oscar or die in the attempt.”

“You can’t do that! No one will follow you,” says a limp-hoofed Cape Buffalo named Irving.

“I will fight whether others follow or not.”

And Leonidas goes off to fight. Two other Cape Buffalo, whose names have been lost to posterity, go with him. Leonidas and the noble two attack the lion pride and free Oscar. But in the battle with the lions, the other Cape Buffalo, the liberal, ‘enlightened’ buffalo, stab Leonidas and his two companions in the back while they are fighting a rearguard defense against the lions. The baby runs back to his mother, the apprehensive female, while Leonidas and his brave lieutenants become food for the lions.

The mother of Oscar had an internal conversion that day. She becomes once again a full-fledged Cape Buffalo. She takes Oscar away from the herd into the mountains. And there she teaches Oscar what it means to be a Cape Buffalo. She tells him of the bravery of Leonidas and his two friends. She tells him of the days when Cape Buffalo, every single one, defended their women and their babies and took pride in their heritage.

“Someday, Oscar, when I am dead and gone, you must return to the herd and reclaim them. Lead them back to the ways of the older Cape Buffalo such as Leonidas. And never trust the so-called learned buffalo who tell you the mind-forged lie that there is no such thing as evil and that there is no such thing as a Cape Buffalo.”

When his mother dies, Oscar returns to the herd. But the herd is almost extinct now. Oscar expected to have to fight his way through a whole horde of liberal Cape Buffalo before gaining the ascendancy of the herd, but there is no resistance, just a few feeble Cape Buffalo mumbling in the pasture, “Cape Buffalo exclusivity is bad, the stranger is good, it’s only natural after all...”

Oscar takes a wife for himself, picks out a few young females and young males, and then takes his small herd away from the liberal remnant.

“Now, it begins. In this new land, we will live and die as Cape Buffalo. This I swear before God and on the sacred horn of Leonidas.”

The old adage that charity begins at home is correct. We learn to love at the hearth fire. If we don’t love there, we will not then love the stranger. Love of the stranger comes only when we love kith and kin. And then it comes only when our kith and kin are secure from the slings and arrows of the stranger. The Southern plantation owner could extend ‘cradle to grave’ health care to his darkies only when he was secure in the knowledge that they wouldn’t rape his daughters and murder his sons.

Before the Europeans took Christ to their bosoms, their love for their own kith and kin produced enough fire to heat their hearths. After their acceptance of Christ, their love for each other was so intensified that the fire produced at their hearths was great enough to heat the hearths of the stranger. The liberal, inspired by Satan, wants to put out the hearth fires of the European in order, he claims, to fulfill his Christian duty to the stranger. But is the stranger served by being deprived of the heat of the European fire? No, of course not. Who then is being served? Well, above all, Satan is being served. The liberal, in his vainglory, imagines that he can use the devil for his own ends. But he will suffer the same end that all of his Athenian progenitors have suffered. When your theology is written in hell, you must either renounce that theology or be prepared to go to hell with your theology. The liberals have made their decision. They stand with Satan. We can’t convert them by dialoging with them. We can only counter their infidelity to His civilization with our fidelity. And if any of them have just a tiny remnant of grace left in their hearts, they will respond to our fidelity with baby steps toward the light. But we can’t convert anyone if we’re not strong in our belief that our European heritage is sacred. If we treat our heritage as something shameful and hideous, to be shunned, we will deserve to share the fate of the post-Christian liberals. And that fate is much worse than death. +

## **“I Know Not Seems” - MAY 10, 2008**

There is an old, kind of folksy story that tells of a city slicker driving up to a farm and asking the farmer, “How do I get to Centerville from here?” The farmer replies, “Well, if I was going to Centerville, I wouldn’t start from here.” Of course, the point is that one must always start from here; our modern civilization is not a good starting point for a counterrevolution, but we are here.

The Europeans were the only race of people that had a “bred in the bone” Christianity. Other races adapted Christianity at certain points in their history and then abandoned it, like a used coat, when it became expedient to abandon it. And the ones that didn’t abandon Christianity officially, such as the Mexicans, simply blended it with their native barbaric religion. The point is that Christianity never reached the blood of the non-Europeans. So when a non-European people stops professing Christianity it doesn’t affect their essential being, as individuals, or as a culture. It is different with the European. If he denies Christianity, he denies his blood. The result of such a denial is racial suicide.

The modern European is currently in the position of Jonah. He desperately wants to escape from his God. He doesn’t want the white man’s burden. But God is in his blood. How do you escape from your blood? You escape by creating a world where the living God, the God of spirit and blood, cannot enter. You create a world of pure mind. In that world, God is whoever you say he is, and his (or her) attributes are whatever attributes you assign to your mind-forged deity. Since the mind-forged deity of the post-Christian was created so that the post-Christian could escape from the living God, every vestige of European culture must be eradicated – in the name of god, of course. This is why race-mixing is encouraged and lauded throughout the Western world. The more the races mix, the further removed mankind gets from the blood of the white man and the living God. The modern clergy will never cease their efforts to mongrelize the world because in their church, the mind-forged church of Satan, race mixing represents the triumph of their god.

If they do not dilute the blood of the white man, there is always the chance that they will have to answer the call of the blood. They will be called upon to do what their ancestors did: to die to self every day and to take up their cross and follow Him.

It would not be completely accurate to place the white liberal’s hatred of everything white under the “death wish” umbrella. It is a death wish, but it is not a personal death wish. The white post-Christian wishes for the death of European culture, for the death of “racist” white people, and for the death of the very idea of race. But he, the man of the mind, the walking, talking example of a man untainted by ties of blood, wishes abundant life for himself.

One cannot prophesy anything with the certainty of the prophets of the Old Testament. They had a special link to God. But one can prophesy in the Dostoyevskian sense. Dostoevsky stated, after being among them but not of them, that the revolutionary element of the Russian Bolsheviks would kill millions upon millions of people, in the name of humanity, if they ever came to power. He also expressed, in the *Brothers Karamazov*, his fervent belief that the Russian people would not accept an atheist government. So he was not a prophet in the old Hebrew sense of the word in that he knew what the future would be. He was a prophet in the “If these shadows are not altered” vein. He knew what the Bolsheviks would do if they got to power.

In that sense, if these shadows be not altered, it is not difficult to prophesy the future. If the anti-white Athenians have their way and the white race disappears as a distinct race, Christianity will also disappear. “When the Son of Man returns, will he find faith on earth?” will be answered with a definitive ‘no’. We need merely to look at actual history, as distinct from liberal utopian theory, to see what will happen. We know that Christianity only penetrated deeply into the culture of one particular people. We know that the other races, with of course some individual exceptions, only adhered to the externals of Christianity because it appeared to be a magic talisman of the Europeans. But in the secret recesses of their souls, the non-Europeans remained loyal to their heathen deities. So if there are no longer any white men of faith in the world, there will be no Christianity. The heathen will return to unadulterated heathenism and the remaining white hating whites, who had hoped to live forever in an anti-white utopia, will be exterminated. Before the final cleansing takes place, all the governments in the Western world will mandate mixed marriages and outlaw marriages between two whites. (White homosexuals will be excused from the proscription against white marriage.) Let me amend that: in America, it probably won’t be necessary to make mixed marriages mandatory, Americans have already started complying voluntarily. They get the message: the white race must cease to exist.

I think we, the remnant, can all agree that we are talking about a counter-revolution and not a conservative movement or a new political party that needs to be formed. Every successful revolution – and the post-Christian whites have engineered a successful revolution – starts by undermining the spiritual foundations of the existing regime. The spiritual foundation of Christian Europe was the incarnate God. The supporting pillars of that foundation were the bonds forged by kinship, race and culture. When those bonds were severed the spiritual foundation was destroyed. And the bonds were severed when white Christians began to believe the propaganda of the Christian philosophers. “Maybe Christ did intend one multi-

colored, universalist world church.” This is the Roman temptation. “Become part of the Roman system, and merge with the great universal.”

The Roman system dehumanizes; one’s personality is absorbed by the system. And race-mixing dehumanizes; it forces a man to sever his connections to his own kith and kin, which are essential to his identity, and to dissolve himself in the cauldron of the stranger. So a mind-forged system of philosophy and race-mixing go hand in hand. Christian Europe is always the loser when those two satanic forces coalesce.

The Spanish experience in Mexico provides us with a cautionary tale about the dangers of abstract, philosophical Christianity and race-mixing. Cortez and his men were men of blood and spirit; they had the faith. And their successful attempt to destroy the satanic altars of the Aztecs was a magnificent achievement, but the Spanish were also members of a church that placed undue emphasis on the philosophical defense of the faith rather than on the faith itself. In the philosophical realm, incorporation into the system is more important than an internal spiritual conversion. So once the Aztecs expressed external consent to the Roman system, the door was open for mixed marriages and the nullification of all the good the Spanish did by their conquest. Let me hasten to add that I realize the temptations a young Spanish male faced, in the absence of white women; it is only natural to look for whatever women are available. Perhaps it would have been better then, if the Spanish conquistadors had taken our Lord’s injunction, “and lead us not into temptation,” seriously and stayed in Spain. For many years I’ve resisted the thought that the Spaniards should have stayed in Spain, but it is now my firm conviction that the Spanish conquistadors who listened to the call of adventure and went to Mexico were not as great as the Spanish men who stayed in Spain, fathered children by white Spanish women, and consecrated those children to God. (1) And I don’t say that for the liberal reason that “the bad Spanish were mean to the Indians.” The conquest was not bad for the Indians; it was bad for white people, just as slavery in our country was not bad because it harmed black people. It didn’t harm them; slavery was bad because it harmed white people.

There are those who claim the conquest was necessary because it brought Christianity to the New World. But is it necessary to sleep with native women in order to convert natives? I would think the reverse is true. When the Spaniards mixed their blood with the Aztecs, the end result was a religion that was neither fish nor fowl. It was Aztec at the core with some of the Christian Externals. And it will always be thus when the European mixes his blood with the colored races. He spawns a hybrid religion.

So we are here, facing an unholy alliance of white, Athenian intellectuals and the colored races. They seem like an invincible army. But the antique European “knows not seems.” The ties of kith and kin bind us to our Lord. Who shall separate us from Him? Certainly not the impious alliance which tells us we must deny our European blood in order to become part of the New World Order.

The true European refuses to be part of the New World Order. He knows that he must remain faithful to his blood because if he, the keeper of the flame that was lit in Bethlehem some 2,000 years ago, joins the new Christ-less Tower of Babel Church, the God who loves with a love “that passeth all understanding” will not be able to find a place to rest His head on this earth. I know the rejoinder: “Christ doesn’t need us; he will find a place for Himself.” But doesn’t that overlook the Incarnation? Didn’t He need a woman of faith to be His handmaiden? Didn’t He need a foster father? Many a parent has found strength they never knew they had when their child was threatened. Well, haven’t we, the Europeans, taken the Christ Child as our own? And is He not being threatened? When they, the satanic legions in the impious alliance, demand that we deny our blood, which is connected to His sacred heart, they threaten Him. If we don’t abandon Him, in the incarnate, dependent stage of His humanity, he will not leave us defenseless before our enemies even though they be legion. Such is my belief and such was the belief of the antique Europeans. +

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(1) A nation can only become that rare entity called a Christian commonwealth when the vast majority of the males in that nation find more romance in the practice of their craft or in the tilling of their fields than they do in battle. The Swiss had their pagan wars and their Catholic vs. Protestant wars just like every other European nation, but the Swiss, unlike every other European nation, had an intense desire to settle their differences and return to their farms and to their trades. They had managed to find romance in the homely virtues of shop, farm, and hearth. -- from "The Swiss"

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## **To Whom Shall We Go? - MAY 03, 2008**

“Man must & will have Some Religion: if he has not the Religion of Jesus he will have the Religion of Satan, & will erect the Synagogue of Satan, calling the Prince of this World ‘God,’ and destroying all who do not worship Satan under the Name of God.”

– William Blake

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In the old detective movies, there is a basic scenario that must unfold if the movie is to proceed and not end in the first five minutes. There must be a murder, and the police must assume (wrongly) that it is an open-and-shut case. Then the private detective steps in and notices one little detail the police have overlooked. From that detail comes other details, and eventually, after being knocked on the head a few times and shot at, the private detective solves the case and proves that the police were wrong.

Let me cast my college professor, whom I mentioned in “Galahad,” in the role of the police and myself in the position of the private eye. Dr. \_\_\_\_ presented, in two semesters worth of lectures, the case against Christianity. He had once been a Lutheran pastor, but his studies in antique religions, which was the title of his course, made him realize that there was “nothing unique about Christianity, it was just one more manifestation of man’s attempt to deal with his ongoing cosmic complaint.”

But strange to say, I read all the books on the book list and attended all the lectures and came up with a conclusion diametrically opposed to my professor’s conclusion. It seemed to me that the evidence showed Christianity was uniquely true and not just a manifestation of man’s “cosmic complaint.” Before mentioning the detail which led to the other details and which my professor had missed, let me present the case against Christianity that was presented to me.

When I was growing up in the dark days before VCR and DVD players, the slide projector was used as an educational tool and a torture device (Uncle Harry: “Let me show you my slides of our trip to Coney Island”). So in the form of a slide show, let’s look at Dr. \_\_\_\_’s and the Western rationalist’s case against Christianity.

In the first set of slides, we see the ancient Greek religion start out as a ‘god of the bush, god of the stream’ religion and then develop into that marvelous pantheon of nature gods composed of Zeus, Hera, Poseidon, Hermes, etc. But before the first set of slides is over, we see the coming of the philosophers. They deride the gods of the Greek pantheon and attempt to replace them with philosophy and ethics. Their efforts are largely successful. The gods of Olympus remain, but they have been drastically altered. Now they are civic gods who symbolize the various virtues enunciated by the philosopher. No one reveres them any longer as vital, living gods.

The second set of slides is the Roman era. The Romans take the Greek civic gods as their own and formalize the rituals concerning them to an extent that makes the Hebrew Pharisees look informal and casual about their laws. In essence Rome, the system, is now god. But that system was very permissive; so long as the Roman state was honored, one could seek out other gods in addition to the state gods. That permissiveness was necessary, because the Roman gods did not satisfy man’s longing for a personal god who guaranteed immortality.

Now we go to the third set of slides which reveals the mystery religions. They advanced from rather barbaric rituals to a more ethereal plane that rivaled the ethical systems of the Greek and Roman sages. And they had the added element of a personal God who insured the immortality of his or her adherents. And that closed the case as far as my professor was concerned. An ethical system presided over by a personal God, who guaranteed immortality, was the essence of Christianity, he argued, and that essence could be seen in the mystery religions of the ancient Roman empire.

The fact that the police have got it wrong starts out as an intuition: “I can’t put my finger on it, but something doesn’t feel right about this setup. Maybe it’s because I don’t want to believe my client, Mr. Christianity, is guilty, but still something seems wrong here.” Then one detail that tends to cast doubt on the police’s case against Mr. Christianity becomes clear to the detective. And while he is still pondering the first detail, another one comes to the surface, and then another, and soon the whole case against Mr. Christianity comes tumbling down.

The first important difference one notices between the mystery religions and Christianity is that the Christian God does His work of redemption within historical time. There is an actual empty tomb from which Christ emerges. The mystery gods are outside of historical time; they perform their feats of death and rebirth in cosmic time. Those ahistorical gods seem like fantastic dreams, not realities. But why does the fact that those fantasies of the devotees of the mystery religions have some resemblance to the Christ story make Christianity false? Could not we view those fantasies as one indication that God was preparing human hearts to accept the true fulfillment of the dreams and hopes of those who believed in the mysteries?

A second detail that emerges is the ethical one. Even though we can see a development in the mystery religions away from barbarism and toward mercy, they are still very much religions in which the devotee needs to propitiate the god through sacrifice rather than develop the virtues of faith, hope, and charity from within through a mystical connection with Christ. And then we must also note that Christ does not change from a cruel God to a more ethical, kind God; He is always the same: the God of mercy.

The third detail is the most decisive detail, but it is the detail that is not subject to empirical proof. Do you remember the murder trial in the *Brothers Karamazov*? Dmitri Karamazov is on trial for the murder of his father. All the “facts” seem to indicate his guilt. Only his saintly brother Alyosha believes he is innocent, which of course he is. When the prosecutor asks Alyosha why, in the face of overwhelming evidence to the contrary, he thinks Dmitri is innocent, Alyosha replies, “I looked at his face.” Yes, that is what it comes down to. There are solid rational reasons for belief in Christianity, and they should be stressed, but ultimately the case rests on what happens when we look at Christ.

Do our hearts burn within us when we listen to the story of Attis or Cybele? Do we look at the faith of the devotees of the mystery religions acting in their lives and say, “their faith must be the true faith”? I don’t, and I don’t think any European prior to the 20th century ever did. It was always Him, and no other. And the devotees of the mystery religions felt the same way. They forsook their gods for Christ. Only the Athenian intellectuals remained obdurate. The case is closed; Christianity is not guilty. It is the one, true faith.

There are many striking parallels, as the historians of religion have noted, between our modern democratic civilization and ancient pagan Rome. We have, like the Romans, a state religion (democracy) that has absorbed the old religion (Christianity), and made what was once a vital faith into a civic religion that serves the state. While our citizenry gives public obeisance to the state religion, they seek other gods, with the exception of those such as Chris Matthews who find the state religion sufficient, to satisfy their need for a vital faith. But there the parallel ends. The gods which modern man seeks are not up to the level of the mystery religions, at least not the higher level. There is no concept of immortality in the modern barbaric faiths. There is no rudimentary stirrings of mercy and compassion; there is only sex and blood. Which is why faith in the Negro trumps all the other faiths; it is the faith most devoid of a spiritual dimension.

Even if the Christian churches did start preaching genuine Christianity again, it is difficult to believe that the current breed of post-Christians would respond to it. But there is such a thing as grace, and European man does have Christianity in his blood. If we could establish some link again with the Europeans who had a vital spirit and blood faith... there are such possibilities.

My conviction that my Athenian professor was wrong came from my exposure, through the literary tradition of Europe, to the person of Christ. Every line Shakespeare wrote, every novel penned by Scott, pointed to Him. Which is why I believe that what is scornfully referred to by the rational apologists as the ‘cultural backdoor’ is the golden door to His Kingdom. But it is the European culture and only the European culture that holds the keys to the golden door. Spirit, blood, and faith are woven together in the European culture. There is no other culture like it. How can we live outside of it? As the disciple said to our Lord, “To whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life.” +

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### **The River vs. the Open Road - APRIL 27, 2008**

...the innate conservatism of youth asks neither poverty nor riches, but only immunity from change. – *The Golden Age* by Kenneth Grahame

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If we can judge by the literature of that century, and we can, the 19th century was the century of war between principalities and powers. God and the devil were going at it hammer and tongs. Melville put it quite well: “The light is greater hence the shadow more.”

European man entered the 20th century spiritually exhausted and very much under the spell of satanic ‘isms. The first world war was one of the most startling proofs of Satan’s new dominance over the hearts and minds of the European people. In sheer number of adherents and societal influence, Satan had triumphed over our Lord. The old Faith still had an influence; it had not been thoroughly eradicated, but it would no longer be the centerpiece of Western Civilization. It would now be an underground faith, hidden in the subterranean vault of the European heart.

In every Christian century preceding the 20th century, there were the Athenian intellectuals who treated the Christian faith as foolish or childish, but the sneer of the intellectuals did not affect the Christian faith of the great mass of European people. In the era of the Enlightenment, for example, despite the deism of the philosophers, the faith of the common people remained intact. It is in the 20th century that we see, for the first time in European man’s history, the great mass of people adopting the faithless faith of the intellectuals.

What does it mean when we say a man has a faithless faith? It does not mean that he flat out denies Christ. What it means is that he hedges on all the crucial doctrines of Christianity. Nikos Kazantzakis, in *The Last Temptation of Christ*, gives us an example of Western man’s faithless faith. In the novel (I didn’t see the movie, but I suspect it was quite different from the novel), Kazantzakis, who revered the person of Christ, presents us with a Christ who is something more than man but

also something less than God. Christ does bring Lazarus back to life, for instance, but as a scarecrow Lazarus, not completely alive, and not quite dead. Such is the faith of the modern European.

One doesn't need an encyclopedic knowledge of ancient civilizations, just a little commonsense will do, to see that when a particular people lose their faith their civilization declines. European civilization retained its vitality when Athenian skepticism was confined to a few intellectuals, but when that skepticism became part of the common culture, the civilization that was once an all-consuming fire became a dying ember.

Of course we can't artificially recreate the old European faith in order to restore European civilization. That's not how things work. First comes faith, after which all those things are "added unto" us. But if the European were to embrace Christianity, full and free without let or hindrance, it would not entail the acceptance of a way of life or mode of being that was completely alien to him. It would merely entail the opening of the subterranean vault of his heart and letting his childlike faith in Christ back into the light of day.

It is painfully clear, however, that European man does not want to bring Christianity back into the light. He wants it to remain in the cellar. Yes, occasionally he'll refer to Christianity when it supports his liberalism, but it is not his guiding light; reason is. And he persists in the belief in his own reason, despite the fact that the evidence is in. Man cannot live a moral life, or any kind of life, when reason alone is his guide.

If, in modern times, they who own the restraint of philosophical discipline alone have not given way to such grossness of conduct, it is because those principles of religion, which they affect to despise, have impressed on the public mind a system of moral feeling unknown till the general prevalence of the Christian faith; but which, since its predominance, has so generally pervaded European society, that no pretender to innovation can directly disavow its influence, though he endeavours to show that the same results which are recommended from the Christian pulpit, and practised by the Christian community, might be reached by the unassisted efforts of that human reason, to which he counsels us to resign the sole regulation of our morals.

In short, to oppose one authority in the same department to another, the reader is requested to compare the character of the philosophic Squire in *Tom Jones*, with that of Bage's philosophical heroes; and to consider seriously whether a system of ethics, founding an exclusive and paramount court in a man's own bosom for the regulation of his own conduct, is likely to form a noble, enlightened, and generous character, influencing others by superior energy and faultless example; or whether it is not more likely, as in the observer of the rule of right, to regulate morals according to temptation and to convenience, and to form a selfish, sophistical hypocrite, who, with morality always in his mouth, finds a perpetual apology for evading the practice of abstinence, when either passion or interest solicit him to indulgence.

--from *The Lives of the Novelists* by Walter Scott

The delusion that reasoning man can function quite well without Christianity was always the delusion of a segment of European intellectuals. And they never were forced to see it for what it was: a delusion. But now that European man en masse has fallen prey to the same delusion, we must look at it. Why, if reason is sufficient, does European man want to prostrate himself before the gods of color? What is missing in his rational self-sufficiency that makes him go whoring after the savage races? He misses a vital faith and he thinks that the blood orgies of the heathen can provide him with the vitality that he lacks. He thinks this because he has cut himself off from the wisdom of his race. The white man rejected the pagans' faith because they saw God only in nature. In contrast, the white man saw that God was the animating force behind nature and His motivating principle was mercy and not sacrifice. When Christianity becomes a philosophy, the neopagan is right: it lacks vitality. But when it is a faith, it has the vitality to renew lives and the world. Let the neopagan who doubts the vitality of Christianity ask himself this question: Who fights the more fiercely for the fair maiden – the Christian knight who loves her or the pagan warrior who wants to possess her for a night?

What the European liberal finds out when he goes a whoring with the "vital natural races" is that "where man is not, nature is barren." He needs the Christian fairy land, not heathendom. Take a walk through the forests of Arden or share the oars with Ratty on his river. In those worlds, blood is sacred because it is animated by His spirit. And nature is revered because it houses His Kith and Kin.

It is sad that with our Lord's words before us, "Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter the kingdom of heaven," we still turn to "adult" theologians and philosophers for guidance. It would be much better for our souls if we turned to those poets of the West who retained, in the face of the emerging atheism of the 20th century, their childlike faith.

In *The Wind in the Willows* (1908), Kenneth Grahame writes a poetic defense of Christian Europe. The white Europeans in *The Wind in the Willows* are Ratty, Mole, Badger, Mr. Toad, and all those animals who adhere to the same code as the four heroes. In the outer wood are the weasels and the stoats, the savage hordes of color, who do not see, when they view the ancient dwellings of the Europeans, home and hearth. They see only something to be plundered. And they get their chance when Mr. Toad, obsessed with his "cleverness," decides that "the plowed furrow, the frequented pasture, the lane

of evening lingerings,” cannot compare to the open road. And what Toad abandons, the weasels and stoats take. But they can do nothing but destroy, like the blacks in Rhodesia and South Africa; they can’t maintain or restore an ancient European dwelling. It is Ratty, Mr. Badger, and the Mole, who help Toad regain his ancestral dwelling. They face the barbarians of color and defeat them. They are greatly outnumbered, but they prevail because they fight for the homely virtues which only the European knows and treasures as his source of strength. The antique European has no magic talisman. He possesses something of infinitely greater value: a faithful heart. When Ratty declares his love for his river, he describes my love for antique Europe:

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

“The River,” corrected the Rat.

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

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

Toad’s open-road philosophy leads us to the savage horde barbarism of the stoats and weasels. Ratty’s river leads us back to His Europe.  
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## The Twin Towers of Atheism - APRIL 18, 2008

There are two separate stories in David Satter’s excellent book, *Age of Delirium: The Decline and Fall of the Soviet Union* (Knopf, 1996). There is the story of how the Soviet Union maintained its system of terror against its own citizens; this story is told by the victims, many of whom Satter knew personally. He does an excellent job in presenting the victims’ stories, stories that bear repeating. Solzhenitsyn, of course, has already done yeoman’s work in depicting the plight of the millions upon millions who were victims of the Communist regime.

The second story that Satter reports is one that has not received as much attention, and it concerns the citizens who remained loyal to the Soviet Union while their friends and family members were sent to the Gulag and psychiatric hospitals. What did they think? Why did they finally cease to believe in the Soviet system? This makes for a very interesting story. Satter went throughout Russia in both the pre-glasnost days and the post-glasnost days. Besides talking to victims of Soviet terrorism, he talked to the average Russian ‘Joes,’ the ones who had never been sent to prison or to psychiatric hospitals.

What Satter reports is, at first reading, unbelievable; but after reflection, it squares with what one knows about history and human nature. What Satter found was that the average Russian Joe supported the Soviet regime; he believed the official lie. Russians were willing to put up with bread lines and cramped housing because their government told them conditions were worse everywhere else. They believed the Afghans had invited the Russians into their country to protect them, and they believed that Lenin was a saintly, heroic man.

It was glasnost that changed everything. Gorbachev had no intention of unleashing the forces that would topple the Soviet Union. He was a typical Communist party hack. He thought he could use glasnost as a policy to defeat his enemies within the party, but when the information flow started, when devoted teachers discovered that everything they had been teaching for years was a lie, when citizens learned that Lenin was not a saint but a man with the blood of millions on his hands, when Soviet citizens actually started to visit Western countries – well, then the sacrifices the citizens had made during the years of communism seemed to be worthless. If they were not building the socialist utopia, what were they doing? Where was their metaphysic? Glasnost destroyed the Soviet Union. And the man who ushered it in for his own political reasons, Gorbachev, went down with it.

Echoing what Dostoyevsky and Berdayev have said about the Russian people, Satter maintains that the Russian people need a messianic religion. Russian Orthodoxy was replaced by messianic communism. When the belief in communism was taken away from them with glasnost, the Russian people went looking for a new god:

“In this context, glasnost could not but destroy the Soviet system. It was not that any one revelation proved critical for the regime. It was rather that the very idea of truthful information could only shatter the system of collective delusion that treated the regime as the ultimate arbiter of truth and the Soviet system as the realization of mankind’s historical destiny, in which each citizen was privileged to take part. In creating the Soviet Union, the Bolsheviks accepted all three temptations rejected by Christ in the wilderness. But they gained the loyalty of the Soviet people by hiding the fact that



they did so in the interests of Satan. The Soviet Union fell because when the long-deceived Soviet people realized, as a result of glasnost, who they had been serving in reality, they threw off their mental bondage to an evil system and began seeking other gods.” (p. 418)

Satter makes no predictions as to what new gods the Russian people might seek. There are anti-Western, Russian nationalist factions that talk about building their own ‘Star Wars’ missiles and conquering Alaska. There are the Western-style materialists, the former Communists, and a tiny minority of Solzhenitsyn-style, Orthodox Christians.

And that last point is the significant one. The majority of Russians did not reject communism in order to return to Christianity, they rejected communism for American jeans and Big Macs. A patriotic Russian Christian now faces, in the seductive American heresy, a more subtle and potentially more dangerous adversary than communism; the American democratic heresy is more dangerous than Russian communism because the American heresy destroys the will to resist. The Russian communists assert, “There is no God,” and send those who contradict them to prison. And in prison many break, but those who don’t become like steel.

In contrast, the rulers of our American democratic oligarchy do not deny the existence of God. Instead they co-opt Him (1): God exists and he is a democratic, racially egalitarian, universalist god. The seductive logic of that assertion tends to produce hapless jellyfish, who flop around and proclaim their contentment. And in order to assure their government and themselves of their “Christianity,” the democratic jellyfish spout racial egalitarian and universalist cant whenever they are asked to speak.

So, we have our own “delirium” in this country. And we need to resist it just as fiercely as the Christian remnant in Russia resisted communism. If we view books such as Satter’s merely as cautionary tales about the evils of communism, we miss the point. The moral of the Russian communist story is that man cannot live without God. And the addendum to the American democratic story is that man needs the living God, not a phony, democratic, multi-racial caricature of God. +

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(1) One gets a picture of two devils sent out from hell to try and corrupt the souls of men. One devil is sent to Russia and one to the United States. The Russian devil goes head-on against God and introduces Marxist atheism. He gets C- results. Satan is not very pleased with him. On the other hand, the American devil does not tackle God head-on. He uses the name of God to sell all his Satanic ‘isms’ – like capitalism and racial universalism. When he reports back to hell, he receives an A+ and is given a promotion.

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## **Clan Europe - APRIL 12, 2008**

Richard Nixon was certainly not an integral hero from a Walter Scott novel, and Ronald Reagan with his ‘city built on a hill’ rhetoric and his ‘trickle down’ economic theories was not a great champion of Christian Europe. Nevertheless, I think both Nixon and Reagan had a residue of traditional, Christian, European blood left in their veins; they were not completely post-Christian. In contrast, Bush Sr., Clinton, and Bush Jr. were and are completely post-Christian. All three strike me as caricatures of human beings, examples of the new technocratic, post-Christian men forged by Satan and incapable of acting in any way contrary to Satan’s wishes.

Only the white European can be a technocratic man, because only the white European walked away from paganism. And he can not go back. He can go forward (in a decadent, sci-fi sense) or he can be faithful to his blood and become an integral Christian man, but he cannot become a pagan again.

In a wonderful epic poem, “Harold the Dauntless,” Walter Scott describes, through Harold the Dauntless, European man’s struggle from paganism to Christianity. Harold’s father is a full-blooded, pagan hero.

List to the valorous deeds that were done  
By Harold the Dauntless, Count Witikind’s son!  
Count Witikind came of a regal strain,  
And roved with his Norsemen the land and the main.  
Woe to the realms which he coasted! For there  
Was shedding of blood and rending of hair,  
Rape of maiden, and slaughter of priest,  
Gathering of ravens and wolves to the feast:  
When he hoisted his standard black,  
Before him was battle, behind him wrack,  
And he burn’d the churches, that heathen Dane,  
To light his band to their barks again.  
But even a full-blooded pagan can get tired of all that hacking, hewing, and pillaging.  
Time will rust the sharpest sword,

Time will consume the strongest cord;  
That which molders hemp and steel,  
Mortal arm and nerve must feel.  
Of the Danish band, whom Count Witikind led,  
Many wax'd aged, and many were dead;  
Himself found his armor full weighty to bear,  
Wrinkled his brows grew, and hoary his hair.  
He lean'd on a staff, when his step went abroad,  
And patient his palfrey, when steed he bestrode.  
As he grew feebler, his wildness ceased,  
He made himself peace with prelate and priest;  
Made his peace, and stooping his head,  
Patiently listed the counsel they said.  
Saint Cuthbert's Bishop was holy and grave,  
Wise and good was the counsel he gave:--

"Thou has murder'd, robb'd, and spoil'd,  
Time it is thy poor soul were assail'd;  
Priests didst thou slay, and churches burn,  
Time it is now to repentance to turn;  
Fiends has thou worship'd, with fiendish rite,  
Leave now the darkness, and wend into light:  
O! while life and space are given,  
Turn thee yet, and think of Heaven!"  
That stern old heathen his head he raised,  
And on the good prelate he steadfastly gazed: --  
"Give me broad lands on the Wear and the Tyne,  
My faith I will leave, and I'll cleave unto thine."

Count Witikind's conversion is only a tenth-part sincere, and his pagan son is naturally appalled.

"What priest-led hypocrite art thou,  
With thy humble look and thy monkish brow.  
Like a shaveling who studies to cheat his vow?  
Canst thou be Witikind the Waster known,  
Royal Eric's fearless son,  
Haughty Gunhilda's haughtier lord,  
Who won his bride by the ax and sword;  
From the shrine of St. Peter the chalice who tore,  
And melted to bracelets for Freya and Thor;  
With one blow of his gauntlet who burst the skull,  
Before Odin's stone, of the Mountain Bull?  
Then ye worship'd with rites that to war-gods belong,  
With the deed of the brave, and the blow of the strong;  
And now, in thine age to dotage sunk,  
Wilt thou patter thy crimes to a shaven monk..."

Harold is banished by his father and sets out to carve a pagan name for himself even more fearsome than his father's name. And he succeeds. He stands virtually alone against Christendom and heathendom, and he triumphs. But he was not quite alone. Harold, unknown to him, is beloved. Disguised as a male page, a Danish maid named Eivir remains true to Harold in his disasters and his triumphs. It is when Harold's pagan god threatens Eivir that Harold realizes the inhumanity and the insufficiency of paganism.

"Harold," he said, "what rage is thine,  
To quit the worship of thy line,  
To leave thy Warrior-God?—  
With me is glory or disgrace,  
Mine is the onset and the chase,  
Embattled hosts before my face  
Are wither'd by a nod.  
Wilt thou then forfeit that high seat  
Deserved by many a dauntless feat,  
Among the heroes of thy line,  
Eric and fiery Thorarine?—  
Thou wilt not. Only can I give  
The joys for which the valiant live,  
Victory and vengeance—only I

Can give the joys for which they die,  
The immortal tilt—the banquet full,  
The brimming draught from foeman's skull.  
Mine art thou, witness this thy glove,  
The faithful pledge of vassal's love."

"Tempter," said Harold, firm of heart,  
"I charge thee, hence! whate'er thou art,  
I do defy thee – and resist  
The kindling frenzy of my breast,  
Waked by thy words; and of my mail,  
Nor glove, nor buckler, splent, nor nail,  
Shall rest with thee – that youth release,  
And God, or demon, part in peace." –  
"Eivir," the Shape replied, "is mine,  
Mark'd in the birth-hour with my sign  
Think'st thou that priest with drops of spray  
Could wash that blood-red mark away?  
Or that a borrow'd sex and name  
Can abrogate a Godhead's claim?"  
Thrill'd this strange speech thro' Harold's brain,  
He clenched his teeth in high disdain,  
For not his new-born faith subdued  
Some tokens of his ancient mood:--  
"Now, by the hope so lately given  
Of better trust and purer heaven,  
I will assail thee, fiend!" – Then rose  
His mace, and with storm of blows  
The mortal and the Demon close.

Just any Danish maiden, so long as she is comely and fair, will no longer suffice for Harold. He loves a distinct personality in Eivir, and he needs the God-Man, who loves distinct personalities, if he is to save Eivir.

Scott held abstract theory in religion in the same contempt he held abstract theory in politics. But he believed in and revered the non-abstract Christianity of Harold the Dauntless. There is no dichotomy, as the 'New Age' pagans would have us believe, between the European Christianity of Walter Scott and the Christianity of the early Church; they are one.

The current group of presidential candidates simply mirror our society. Hillary and McCain are both products of the post-Christian epoch of the white man's history. They have reverted to paganism, but they add an even sicker, technocratic dimension to their new paganism. Hillary is a votaress of Cybele without the sensuality, and McCain is a devotee of Mars without the passion. Cold, sterile abortions and massive bombing raids represent the new technocratic Cybele and Mars.

A demented Mau Mau like Obama could only rise to prominence in a post-Christian society. He alone among the candidates comes from outside the European tradition. He is not post-Christian; he is pure barbarian. He would be imprisoned or exiled in a truly Christian society, but in a post-Christian society, he is a god.

There is one benefit to be derived from living in a society that has gone completely over to the devil. You have clarity. Let me use Nixon and Reagan as examples again. When you see some Christian remnants in such men, you think about working within existing structures and building on that remnant of faith. But you don't know how far to go with a mere glimmer of hope. "At what point do I give up on men on the brink of the abyss of post-Christianity and forge on without them?" When the post-Christian Bushes and Clintons come to power, there is no longer any doubt; one can draw the sword and throw the sheath away.

My experience in the Roman Catholic Church mirrored my experience with American democracy. I kept making excuses for the actions of the pope and bishops, hoping for some glimmer of faith within them with which a man could unite and do battle against the barbarian and neo-pagan world. But at every turn, they were against the old Europe of the God-Man and for the New World Order of the barbarians and techno-barbarians. And that is a tragedy, but it is better to know that men whom you thought were allies are indeed your enemies than to have false friends at your back.

It has been rightly said of liberals that they make complex issues simple and simple issues complex. The issue of European identity is not complex. It is simple. Black barbarians have never shown the slightest capability of understanding the true Christianity. When they rule, they extinguish mercy and charity, and whether they profess voodoo or Christianity, the practice of their religion always results in barbarism. And the post-Christian technocrat has given us the barbarism of the

machine. Under their rule, European man has suffered the same plight as laboratory rats. He has been dissected and then discarded.

It's crystal clear now: good vs. evil. The Europe of Walter Scott and all the unsung, dauntless, Christian Harolds is our Europe. Our enemies are those who oppose its restoration. And those enemies are legion. But what choice is there? If we abandon Europe, we abandon Him. And that would truly be the unpardonable sin.

Of course we will never fight effectively against Satan if we hold back, afraid to fight, because we allow the false, outward piety of his minions to deceive us.

An evil soul producing holy witness  
Is like a villain with a smiling cheek,  
A goodly apple rotten at the heart.  
O, what a goodly outside falsehood hath!

If we have hearts that still bleed at the thought of helpless Christian men and women being tortured by black barbarians, we will strike back against the barbarians, despite the protests of the man holding the mitre. And when George Bush turns his back on the white people at home and launches bombs on innocent civilians abroad, we should oppose him despite his 'born again' exterior. It is not confusing! If we still have hearts connected to Europe, when it was Europe, we will always instinctively strike back at Satan no matter what outward form he assumes. And now, when everything seems especially hopeless, is the time to strike back at Satan and his minions – for the logic of fairyland tells us that it is when hope seems nearly gone that "God's relief by us is surely won." +

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### **The Unbreakable Link Between European Culture and Christianity - APRIL 06, 2008**

**Book Review:** *Summer for the Gods: The Scopes Trial and America's Continuing Debate Over Science and Religion* (Harvard University Press, 1998) by Edward J. Larson

*Summer for the Gods* is not a partisan work; the author is not anti-evolutionist, but he does present an objective account of the Scopes trial and the prior and subsequent liberal and fundamentalist lobbying that went on before and after the trial. The debate is ongoing, and the topic has eternal consequences, so I can think of few non-fiction works more deserving of a reading than this book.

The author gives us a little background about the Christian fundamentalist movement, explaining that it came about in response to modernist interpretations of scripture. He also gives us a brief summary of the Darwinian concept of evolution and its status at the time of the 1925 Scopes "monkey" trial.

What happened in Dayton, Tennessee as depicted by Larson was something very different from the current liberal folklore. The basic facts were these: Tennessee passed a law that made teaching Darwinian evolution as fact instead of as mere theory illegal. The law was on the books but not enforced. By pre-arranged plan, Scopes, an inconsequential part-time teacher, in conjunction with the ACLU, decided to challenge the law. Scopes taught evolution as fact and invited the authorities to prosecute him. They did. William Jennings Bryan, populist, anti-capitalist, and anti-evolutionist, was the leader of the prosecuting team. Ironically, the ACLU was not interested in the religious aspect of the case but wanted to challenge the notion that a state's right to control what was taught in its public schools was not as important as an individual's right to free expression. Larson notes that at the time -- 1925 -- the Supreme Court had not yet discovered the establishment clause of the 14th Amendment which forbade the teaching of religion in the schools. Darrow entered the picture against the wishes of the ACLU. His interest was in the science vs. religion aspect of the case.

The popular liberal view of the case's disposition is that Bryan and the prosecuting team won a minor legal victory while Darrow and company won a great victory for humanity, etc. The actual facts were quite different. Larson notes that people at the time were equally divided about who had won. The fundamentalists thought Bryan had won, and many of the middle-of-the-roaders thought Bryan had at least held his own. Only the most hardened atheist liberals, like H. L. Mencken, thought Darrow and company had won a resounding victory against the fundamentalists.

Two popular works of fiction, however, changed the popular opinion of what actually happened at the trial: *Only Yesterday: An Informal History of the Nineteen Twenties* and the infamous play and movie, *Inherit the Wind*. Both works were shameless liberal travesties of the truth, and Larson presents them as just that.

Larson also gives us the aftermath of the trial. The ACLU, during the Warren era, had more individual rights' decisions go in their favor and against religion than they ever had deemed possible in 1925. Bryan died five days after the trial ended and would be repudiated much later by Jerry Falwell and other Protestants because he was anti-capitalist and because he

wavered on the 'twenty-four hour, seven days' creation theory. Scopes, on the other hand, got a free graduate education and a free ride throughout the rest of his life as a result of his accidental, phony, and liberal-credited martyrdom.

Larson points out that the evolution issue has not died. The fundamentalists are still fighting the battle, only now the fight, as Larson points out, is not to keep evolution out of the schools but to put creationism in.

Larson, interestingly, also notes that Roman Catholics were on the sidelines during the evolution debate, their church allowing them some leeway between the liberal position and the fundamentalist one. My own sympathies are with William Jennings Bryan, and I think the Catholics err when they cozy up to the evolutionists. "He does not win who plays with sin," or with monkeys, for that matter. I also think of Herman Melville's thoughts on the subject: "If Luther's day expand to Darwin's year, Shall that exclude the hope—foreclose the fear?"

The question always arises, when dealing with the issue of evolution, "Why couldn't God have set the evolutionary process in motion and when it was completed, breathed life into the first man? Wouldn't that be just as much of a miracle as the creationists' story?" Of course it would have been just as much of a miracle, but that isn't the point. God did not choose that method of producing the first man, that is, if we can trust the scriptural account. Ah, there is the rub. The evolutionists do not trust the scriptural account. And if you were to ask them why they don't credit the scriptural account of creation, they would claim, as a reason for their disbelief, that the scriptural account of the creation of man is unscientific, which usually ends all argument. Who wants to be unscientific?

In one of his many masterpieces, *Language is Sermonic*, Richard Weaver points out that every society has God words and devil words; these are words that come to mean much more than the dictionary definition of the word. He suggested that 'democracy' had become a God word, just as 'reactionary' had become a devil word.

I would suggest that 'scientific' has become a God word. The dictionary defines it thus: "Of, relating to, or employing the methodology of science." But the liberals who run our society mean something quite different when they use the word. When they say something is scientific, they mean that it is true, and true in a self-evident, empirically, discernible way. That is why the liberals claim they reject the Biblical view of the creation; it is not scientific. And it is certainly true that the truth of the Biblical account cannot be proved 'scientifically'; it is a matter of faith. What kind of faith would it be if it wasn't unseen? But it is equally true that the liberal's belief in evolution is a faith, not a scientific fact. They accept on faith the existence of the empirical fact of an actual missing link that proves the Darwinian theory. So it is an issue of two competing faiths, not one of faith vs. scientific fact. And when two faiths collide, the final arbiter is the heart of man. What do our intuitions about the nature of existence tell us? Well, we feel in our hearts, and we observe in the hearts of others, a divine presence. From that touchstone of reality, we begin the journey that leads to the foot of the cross. And from that point we accept, on His word, the revealed truth of the creation of the world. It is not scientific fact; it is something more certain; it is faith.

In contrast, the faith of the liberal does not square with reality. Liberals intuit no divine presence in themselves or in other human beings and view the natural world as something that sprang into existence without purpose or design. And yet their faith operates by one absolute, inexorable law: the law of hate. Bryan put it quite well: "The Darwinian theory represents man as reaching his present perfection by which the strong crowd out and kill the weak." All the blather from the liberal leftists about peace and love is just that – blather. Undergirding their faith is hate. Their forerunners, the liberal capitalists, were simply blunter about their social Darwinism.

Now let's venture beyond the parameters of Larson's book and look at the fundamentalist movement today and see how that movement helps or hinders the white Christian. The term, fundamentalist, is a relatively new term. Protestant Christians started using it in the early 20th century to distinguish themselves from the Christians who did not believe in the inerrancy of the scriptures. I have no statistics on the subject, but I would guess that initially, in the early part of the 20th century, fundamentalist Christians were a rather sizeable minority nationwide and quite probably a majority in the South. But by the later part of the 20th century and certainly now in the 21st century fundamentalists represent a very tiny minority of those who call themselves Christian.

While agreeing with the fundamentalists on the inerrancy of scripture, I must say that the modern fundamentalists such as the late Rev. Falwell and the prolific author Henry M. Morris (*The Long War Against God*) have preserved Holy Scripture at the expense of Christianity. And I say this because the fundamentalists, as represented by Falwell and Morris, have in the name of creationist theology jettisoned the European cultural heritage. This might seem like a minor thing; after all, what is a cultural heritage compared to the Holy Bible? But in cutting us off from the European cultural heritage, they have cut us off from the living God who is the source of the Holy Bible. Let's backtrack a little.

Martin Luther, the first fundamentalist, maintained that any man who read the Holy Scriptures with a sincere desire to comprehend their contents could know the truths of divine revelation. In contrast the Catholic Church maintained that no

man could know the truths contained in the Holy Bible unless they were properly interpreted by the Magisterium of the Catholic Church. Divine revelation came, in the Catholic Church, from scripture and tradition properly interpreted by the Church. In theory, I agree with the Catholic Church in that it seems rather dicey to allow individuals to pursue the Gospels on their own and come up with a proper metaphysic. But in practice, I agree with Martin Luther, because from personal experience and observation, I have learned that an individual has a better chance alone with his Bible than he does with the ‘pope-to-bishop-to-parish-priest-to-parishioner’ system. But the fundamentalist and the Roman Catholic have both overlooked the one element of the faith that is anterior to the acceptance of the inerrancy of scripture or the acceptance of the inerrancy of the Church’s interpretation of scripture. That overlooked element is the essential element: the human factor. In jettisoning the European cultural heritage, which is done when anyone mentioning the words ‘white’ or ‘Anglo-Saxon’ or using phrases like ‘white man’s burden’ is lumped with Hitler, the fundamentalist and the ‘inerrancy of the Magisterium’ Roman Catholic deprive man of his basic intuition about the nature of reality. Contained within the European cultural heritage is the truth that there is first that divine intimation in our heart and then the sympathetic connection with a divine element in the hearts of our kith and kin. Without that intuition and sympathy, we have no way of knowing or of caring about the truths of divine revelation.

It seems, to the fundamentalist, that he can jettison the 19th century Southern whites and the ‘white man’s burden’ type of Brit of the 18th and 19th century. “They are mere dross, forerunners of Hitler,” fundamentalists Falwell and Morris maintain. (The Catholic jettisons Cortez.) “All we need is the Holy Bible.” But the Bible is an unopened book, and the Roman Catholic Church is an empty building without the spirit and blood of the old European.

It is ironic that the fundamentalist, who deplores the liberal’s faith in evolution, is compact with him on the issue of the European cultural heritage. Both maintain that the European’s actions toward other races and his intuitions about the nature of reality were in error. But then how can we have faith in anything? If the one civilization that took Christ into its bosom is not essentially correct about the nature of man and his relation to God, then aren’t we all doomed to either Beckett’s despair or Montaigne’s skepticism?

The fundamentalist is certainly correct; the evolutionists must be opposed. But he is not fundamental enough. Man is a fish out of water if he is severed from his fundamental intuitions about the nature of reality. The European cultural heritage confirms our heartfelt intuition that Christ is the focal point of human history. If we are severed from that heritage of the white man, we will descend to the spiritual level of the apes whom Darwin says are our progenitors. Presumably the fundamentalists would not like to see that happen, but then they should stop trying to Negroize Christianity and return instead to the segregationist, hierarchal, fundamental faith of their European forefathers. +

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### **Lord God of Hosts, Be with Us Yet – MARCH 30, 2008**

It appears that the lesser devil, Hillary, is about to be eliminated. That leaves us the demonic Mau Mau vs. the demonic technocrat. It’s difficult to say who will be worse.

I don’t believe, as some Kinists have suggested, that an Obama presidency will ‘wake up and mobilize white people.’ I would like to see that happen, but I don’t believe it will. And I don’t believe it, because Americans are the most conformist people on the face of the earth. They think whatever Big Brother tells them to think. The New Orleans debacle a few years back was a case in point. Despite the obvious fact that the black savages were committing horrible atrocities within the Superdome and throughout the city, white America accepted the verdict of Big Brother: “It’s only natural considering....” and “You must understand their...”

There is nothing that will make the liberal, white post-Christian give up his black-worshipping faith. And as long as the conformist, anesthetized, white Everyman dutifully complies with the “you must understand” instructions of the American hierarchy, there will be no reaction to anything a black barbarian does, whether he is the president, a mayor, or a street punk.

I think the fateful moment on the heath occurred under the pontificate of Pope John XXIII (1). Whether you are fond of the Catholic Church or not (and I’m not particularly fond of it), you must concede that the most visible representative of Christianity on this earth is the Pope. And when Pope John said that he had “no feeling of hatred—only loving charity and forgiveness” for the Congolese troops who tortured and murdered white missionary priests and nuns, the new Christianity, the worship of the black man, was given official sanction. Every single white Catholic who still believed that Christ was God and man should have left the Catholic Church at that moment, for the head of the Church had just announced his atheism. And as each individual Protestant pastor performed similar acts of public atheism, their parishioners should have left their respective churches. It makes sense for Rev. Wright’s black barbarian parishioners to sit and listen to black, satanic ravings (after all Satan is their master), but why should white Christians listen to it? They

wouldn't if they still believed in Christianity. But they have lost their faith. They believe lies because they listen to the Father of all lies as he speaks to them through the mouths of their pastors and the demigods of the media and the academy.

Day after day, week after week, we hear the refrain from white liberals that Obama the great will bring about racial harmony. What does that mean? I suppose if the white liberal thinks about it at all, he envisions a Coca-Cola commercial or a multiracial rock group. He does not envision the New Orleans Superdome, Haiti, Rhodesia, or South Africa. But that is exactly what racial harmony means to the black. It means the harmony that comes after savage blacks have gorged themselves on the blood of the white man. It has always been thus, and it always will be. American and European whites are not immune from the same racial "harmonies" that destroyed Haiti, Rhodesia and South Africa.

Obama's presidential run is only a symptom of the disease; it is not the disease itself. The white-hating disease will be with us, whether McCain or Obama is president. The white liberals abandoned the Christian faith of their European ancestors for the faith of the sneering intellectuals whose prototype is the Archangel Satan. But the one drawback of a faith that is completely abstract is that it is bloodless. So they infused the blood of the black man into their sterile, abstract faith and came up with a new religion. I think a rather appropriate symbol for the new faith might be a white head, something like the head of the late Adlai Stevenson, on top of the body of some black athlete. But of course that is the white man's new faith. The black man has a different vision. His god is all black and his racially harmonious world does not include any white man.

I know that the right wing pagan would have us counter the black faith with either our superior intellects (but the liberals have that) or with a faith in our blood alone (but the blacks have that). No, it is only through our faith in a God to whom we are connected with our spirit and our blood that we can hope to remove the virulent black plagues from the lands of the European people.

The upcoming presidential election presents us with an "any way you look at it you lose" situation. It's not the lady or the tiger; it's the tiger or the crocodile. The right wing democracy gurus would have us look to our local elections. "Put local congressmen in who will resist the policies of a McCain or an Obama." Yes, we can do that so long as the local elections provide us with any candidates who differ from Obama or McCain, but how likely is that, considering how dependent every local candidate is on the good will of his party leaders?

If I sound like a broken record on the subject of democracy, it is because I have been listening to a broken record for my entire life. Over and over again I hear the voices of practical men telling me that we can turn the corner if we only will unite behind Candidate X. And sometimes our candidate wins and inevitably disappoints by what he fails to achieve, and more often, our candidate loses and his opponent disappoints us in what he does achieve.

When we were children and complained that we were bored, what did our mothers say? Well, admittedly my mother often said, "Then I'll find something for you to do." But just as often she said, "Use your imagination." In other words, "Be a white man." The black man has no imagination, and the white technocrat has abandoned the imaginative life of the spirit for the fun-filled life of the empirical man of science. But scientific thinking is just another form of voodoo. Throughout the Old Testament, continuing through the New Testament, and then through the history of Christian Europe, we see that God reveals himself only to those who see life in the mode of the fairy tale. In the fairy tale, evil is real and is embodied in the devil. And God is real as well and He is the Christ, the Son of the living God. The fairy tale hero does not see life compartmentally. He sees it in its entirety. There is not a practical, worldly realm and an otherworldly, spiritual realm. There is only one realm, the spiritual realm, in which all living creatures play a part in the great conflict between good and evil. The hero doesn't ask, "Is this practical?" or "Is this politically correct?" He asks, "Is it God's will that I give battle?" And if it is God's will, the fairytale hero gives battle, and he lets his imagination, grounded in his heartfelt vision of His Lord, determine the means he will use to fight whatever evil he encounters. "Alfred the Great is past history. You can't do what he did anymore; it isn't practical!" the sensible, politically-minded men tell us. Of course, we can't do exactly what Alfred the Great did, but we can see what Alfred the Great saw behind the material façade of this world. And we can feel the same love for the same God that Alfred the Great loved. And then we can use that vision and that love to defeat those same forces of evil that Alfred defeated. The façade of the enemy and the physical state of the battlefield are always different, but the spiritual components are always the same. It is the same old story: God vs. the Devil. If we give passive assent to the Devil by refusing to fight outside the parameters of the democratic structures of the Devil, we will be unworthy of our European ancestors. They joined their blood with His and fought on whatever ground the enemy fought on, and fought whatever enemy their Lord commanded them to fight. How does that old hymn go? "The Son of God goes forth to war... Who follows in His train?" +

(1) The fact that the Mother Church has become a whore gives me no pleasure. But it does little good to deny it. Christ has been replaced, in the Catholic Church, by the great black Buddha. And the Protestant churches differ only in degree, not in kind. They, too, have enshrined the Black God in the hallowed place once reserved for Christ.

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## **Our Economy – MARCH 30, 2008**

According to the experts, our economy is not doing well right now, but I don't think it has been doing well for a long time. It all depends from what viewpoint you look at our economy. From my standpoint, our economy was terrible in the supposedly good years of the Clinton administration, and it is terrible now. What do I base that assessment on? Our economic system is anti-family. Although many modern Christians, who are not Christians, think a family can be anything at all – two women, two men, etc. – the Christian family is only one thing: it is a patriarchal family. And by this I do not mean the 1950s patriarchal family in which the father earns the money, plays catch on Saturdays, and leaves the education of the children to the State. Nor is the patriarchal family the one envisioned by the Muslims wherein femininity itself is seen as evil.

I refer to the patriarchy described by St. Paul:

Wives, submit yourselves until your own husbands, as unto the Lord.

For the husband is the head of the wife, even as Christ is the head of the church: and he is the saviour of the body.

Therefore as the church is subject unto Christ so let the wives be to their own husbands in every thing.

Husbands, love your wives, even as Christ also loved the church, and gave himself for it; That he might sanctify and cleanse it with the washing of water by the word.

And to the patriarchy described by Katrina, the repentant shrew:

A woman mov'd is like a fountain troubled,  
Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty;  
And while it is so, none so dry or thirsty  
Will deign to sip or touch one drop of it.  
Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,  
Thy head, thy sovereign; one that cares for thee.

All non-Christian patriarchies, like those of the Muslims, take the first part of St. Paul's injunction, "Wives submit," and leave out the second part, "Husbands, love your wives."

What then is so anti-patriarchal about our present economic system? The unskilled male (and by unskilled, I mean unskilled in the latest technology) cannot, if he can find work at all, support a wife and children on the wages doled out by the capitalist financiers. We are constantly told how the average family income is going up, but the average family income is only going up because it is taken as a given that the wife as well as the husband must work for wages. Often the man has two minimum wage jobs and the woman at least one. "And why not?" asks the capitalist. "Are we not all economic units who live to serve the market Moloch?"

We are quickly going back to those evil days (halcyon days, to the capitalist) when children and women worked in the "satanic mills" because they could be gotten cheaper than men.

Following the logic of capitalism always leads to the transformation of human beings with family, racial, national, and religious bonds, into single digit economic units without ties to any religious, family, or racial group. Theoretically one can do what one wants in one's "free" time, but how can one raise a family when denied the means to do so, or when one must spend one's entire waking existence fighting for the minimum material needs of one's family?

One of the biggest lies told by the free-market conservatives is that they are pro-family. How can the advocates of a market society that makes no distinction between parent and child, illegal immigrant and native-born, male and female, be pro-family? Only the communists, those children of the capitalists, have been as consistently anti-family as the free-market conservatives.

And what about the labor unions? Have not they, with the support of the churches, been a humanizing influence on capitalism? Yes, they have, but the churches, along with labor, made a crucial error. They sold their birthright for a large pot of lentils. Capitalism is an intrinsically evil system; it cannot be humanized. In exchange for a share of the capitalists' booty, labor joined the diabolists, thinking they could sup with the devil with impunity. But the capitalists have gone



global in their unremitting war against labor. The no-borders policy has killed the small farmer, and the ‘move-the-plant-to-Mexico-or-China’ policy is destroying labor.

There should be no compromise with capitalism. It must be replaced from without, not temporized with from within. Father Luigi Ligutti, the leader of the Catholic agrarian movement, always stressed that you could not teach your children good solid family values and then send them out into the anti-family capitalist world. The vast majority of children will become what the world is – which is why Father Ligutti stressed the need for a Christian agrarian world in which Christian children would stay pro-family and Christian.

Now those men who have made it in the capitalist world, the diesel engine types like Josiah Bounderby of Coketown and Rush Limbaugh of conservative fame, will assert that the capitalist system is the very best possible system and that only envious ‘sickies’ (see Ernest Van den Haag’s book, *Capitalism: Sources of Hostility* in which he asserts precisely that), who can’t ‘cut the mustard’ criticize capitalism. But the diesel engine types achieve their success at the cost of others’ livelihoods and at the cost of their own souls. And even many of the diesel engines must worry about losing their high tech jobs to lower paid techies from another country. After all, the “free” market is no respecter of persons.

Our economy fails to support the patriarchal family, and it also fails on another important level. The work done in our economy kills the souls of the men and women doing the work. The family farm has been replaced by the large, corporate farm, and the family cobbler has become a factory worker in a Payless Shoe Store. But lest we despair, we are told that there are plenty of jobs left at MacDonald’s and Taco Bell. Even the high tech jobs that pay well generally consist of making products that are unnecessary, and then convincing people that they will die without them. The type of lying that goes on to sell useless products, which has become second nature to us, debases our culture. C. S. Lewis and Dorothy L. Sayers were the last people I’ve read who still talked about the soulless nature of work in the 20th century. If a man works at his computer for a company that makes replacement buttons for tuxedos, or if another man works in a factory putting one piece of machinery into a machine with thousands of parts, will either man really have a soul left at the end of his working life? Or if a woman is forced to work outside the home and devote her energies to serving millions every day at MacDonald’s, will she still be able to claim a soul that is her own?

The ultimate dream of the capitalist is to wake up in the morning, walk out on his balcony, and see an array of Wal-Marts, hamburger franchises, corporate farms, and ball-bearing factories, all owned by him and controlled by him through the Internet. He will also be a supporter of family values, in the broadminded sense of the term, of course.

We have lived with the notion that there are only two economic systems, communism and capitalism, for so long that we forget that both ‘isms’ are relatively new. Frank Owsley’s work on the pre-Civil War South and Walter Scott’s various historical books and historical novels all give us glimpses of societies that at least attempted to arrange their economic lives as if the Christian God had once visited this earth. +

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“The national dustmen, after entertaining one another with a great many noisy little fights among themselves, had dispersed for the present, and Mr. Gradgrind was at home for the vacation.

“He sat writing in the room with the deadly statistical clock, proving something no doubt—probably, in the main, that the Good Samaritan was a Bad Economist.”

--Charles Dickens in *Hard Times*

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## **Christ or Thor - MARCH 22, 2008**

What a bother all this explaining is! I wish we could get on without it. But we can’t. However, you’ll all find, if you haven’t found it out already, that a time comes in every human friendship, when you must go down into the depths of yourself, and lay bare what is there to your friend, and wait in fear for his answer. A few moments may do it; and, it may be (most likely will be, as you are English boys) that you never do it but once. But done it must be, if the friendship is to be worth the name. You must find what is there, at the very root and bottom of one another’s hearts; and if you are at one there, nothing on earth can, or at least ought to sunder you. – Thomas Hughes

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There is only a tiny remnant of white people willing to speak up for and defend the white race. For this reason, the white Kinist pagans and the white Kinist Christians have been (for the most part) very careful to avoid excessive criticism of

their allies' metaphysics. I think that is a wise policy. So I will name no names in what follows, but I will (to the best of my ability) lay before the right wing pagan the reason why Christ, and not Thor, should lead the Kinist movement.

The pagan right wing place the blame for the demise of the white man on Christianity, claiming it is responsible for white guilt, racial universalism, and egalitarianism. And they are right, up to a point. Organized Christianity, in the latter part of the 20th century, was the inspiration for racial universalism and egalitarianism. If there had been no Christian churches, there would have been no integration, no Mau Mau running for president, and no black people, who were not servants, in England, France, Holland, etc.

The case seems to be closed: Christianity is guilty. But what if I bring up the white Southern Christians of the 19th century? Were they universalists and racial egalitarians? And what about the British in the 18th and 19th centuries? They were Christian, and yet they were not universalists and egalitarians. In fact for the most part, Christian Europeans were opposed to racial egalitarianism throughout most of their history. They viewed Christianity as an apartheid faith. Anthony Jacob speaks for most European Christians of the past when he writes:

Naturally, abominations such as these could never supplant established religion—particularly the religion, Christianity—unless race-mixing were to succeed. None the less people already quite commonly repeat that all religions are fundamentally the same; which they most certainly are not. Politically we already have our full-fledged hybrid faith. Politically we are already the sacrificial victims on the altar of Equality, the victims of the Cult of the Underdog, whose armies of misshapen votaries are chanting their liberal paeans in the Temple of Humanity, and whose brazen deity, a Hinduesque eight-legged Mongrel, is leering down upon us triumphantly through swirling clouds of sanctimonious incense and pseudo-scientific nonsense; representing the victory of quantity over quality, of hybridism over nobility, of shapelessness over shapeliness.

It is surely not wise for the Church to pander to this idolatry. Even if Christianity were to be the religion only of a select few, it would be none the worse for that. Has it ever been anything else but the religion of a select few, and can it ever be anything else? Christianity is the religion of the White and not the non-White peoples, who debase it even where they accept it. They might pay lip-service to it where the white man is strong and his institutions accordingly respected, or where it has obtained a form of superstitious hold over them. But they can no more accept and comprehend essential Christianity than the white man can accept Shamanism. This, above all, makes it all the more reprehensible that the Church, instead of recognizing this, should swing round viciously upon the white man and hold him to blame for it—that white man upon whose unadulterated identity Christianity exclusively depends.

But the right wing pagan intellectual has an explanation for the seeming contradiction between 20th century Christianity and the Christianity of the preceding centuries. The right wing pagan agrees with the modern liberal and declares that the modern Churches are preaching the correct Christianity; they believe it is people like me and like Jacob who have misinterpreted Christianity. Of course the right wing pagans prefer the conclusions I draw from Christianity to the one's the liberals draw, which is why they disagree with me politely. But they do disagree. Why? They give the following reason for their disagreement: They claim that the original Christianity was a universalist, racially egalitarian faith, and the Germans (by which they mean most of the Europeans) changed, when they embraced Christianity, the faith from a universalist, egalitarian religion, to a home, hearth, and nation type of religion. The Germans, they claim, fashioned a new image of Christ based on their image of the hero-God.

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

I certainly prefer the Germanic Christ to the modern churches' vision of Christ, and so do the Kinist pagans. But the Kinist pagans claim that the Germanic Christ is not the Christ of "primitive" Christianity but the Christ of German or European addition. This is false. The Christianity that was preached to the Europeans was not primitive apostolic Christianity, it was Greek philosophic Christianity. The churchmen of the 5th, 6th, and 7th centuries had adopted the Greek philosophical mode of apologetics. These churchmen forgot that St. Paul had failed to convert the Greek intellectuals who wanted to make Christianity into a philosophical treatise. "To the Greeks, foolishness." The Germans did not change primitive, apostolic Christianity; they redirected philosophical Greco-Roman Christianity back to its original primitive apostolic origins and away from the bloodless sterility of Greek philosophy. The Germans certainly never completely purged the Church of its Greek element -- the intellectuals were always waiting in the wings to intellectualize the faith to death -- but they did place Christ the Hero-God back in His proper place as the head of the Church.

In essence, the Kinist pagans agree with the modern liberal Christians: the Christianity that we see espoused in the modern churches (they say) is the true Christianity. What evidence can I show to the contrary? First, there is my own witness. Christ the Hero-God is the God I see when I look “through the eye.”

Secondly, there is the witness of our European forefathers. The Kinist pagan respects their creativity in fashioning themselves a new type of Christianity, but he does not respect their intuitive grasp of reality. To them, Christ was real. He spoke to their inmost hearts; He was not a figment of their imaginations.

And thirdly, the Old Testament, the Gospels, and the epistles of St. Paul all confirm the faith of the Europeans. God is presented in the Bible as a Hero-God, not as a philosopher or theologian. You cannot sever the old European from the Faith, because his Faith and the apostolic Faith are one.

We must ask ourselves why the Kinist pagan calls the Greco-Roman Christianity of the 5th, 6th, and 7th centuries the ‘primitive Christianity.’ Why does he not call it what it was: namely, Greco-Roman Christianity. I think the answer lies in the pagan Kinists’ obsession with intelligence tests. The pagan Kinist bases his case for the separation of the races on the superior intelligence of the white man. So, if he denounces the Greek philosophical tradition, he renounces what he views as the distinct, unique feature of European man: his intelligence. But intelligence is a very superficial attribute. It is European man’s deep, heartfelt intuitions about the mystery of existence that sets him apart from the other races. His greatness does not consist in the bridges he has built, in the buildings he has constructed, nor in the machines he has invented; it consists in his vision of God. He saw the true Hero-God and he made Him the focal point of his civilization.

Most alliances where there is no shared religious faith are very tenuous. The Kinist pagan is always worried that the Kinist Christian is going to perceive that modern Christianity is the ‘true’ Christianity and then abandon the Kinist cause, saying, “Lord, I’ve seen the light. I once was a racist, but now I’m saved.” And to do the pagan Kinist justice, I must say that I’ve seen such conversions from Kinist Christian to Universalist Christian. On the other side, the Kinist Christian is always worried that the materialist philosophy of the pagan Kinist will ultimately put him in the camp of his materialist, philosophical, liberal cousins.

The problem with the pagan Kinist and the liberal Christian is the same. They see existence through the blinders of philosophical abstraction. Their eyes can only see straight-forward logic. “A religion can only be universalist or local and clannish; it cannot be both.” But the poet sees existence quite differently. The poet, who is the true European man, sees that Noah’s sons were all his sons but they were not all on an equal footing. Shem and Japheth were separate and distinct from Ham. And St. Paul called all men to believe in Christ and attain salvation, but He showed no desire to abolish hierarchical structures and distinctions between slaves and masters. (See Dabney’s book, *A Defense of Virginia and the South*.)

The European at his best always thinks in poetic images. He overcame, in his poetic imagination, the difficulties which the Greek mind had with the Incarnation. The European saw that far from being foolishness, Christ was the only possible solution to the riddle of existence. That a man, who was both man and God, could conquer death and all the forces of hell out of love for a people, whom He loved not as abstractions but as distinct personalities, was logically impossible; but poetically it spoke to the European at the deepest recesses of his being. What is more Kinist than to desire the immortality of the kith and kin we love? And what cause is more important than keeping the vision of the Hero-God who guarantees their (and our) immortality. Let’s give the last word to the Gentle Bard. +

Thy bosom is endeared with all hearts,  
Which I by lacking have supposed dead,  
And there reigns love and all love's loving parts,  
And all those friends which I thought buried.  
How many a holy and obsequious tear  
Hath dear religious love stol'n from mine eye  
As interest of the dead, which now appear  
But things removed that hidden in thee lie!  
Thou art the grave where buried love doth live,  
Hung with the trophies of my lovers gone,  
Who all their parts of me to thee did give;  
That due of many now is thine alone:  
Their images I lov'd I view in thee,  
And thou, all they, hast all the all of me.

-- William Shakespeare

## **Surrendering to the Enemy - MARCH 16, 2008**

The term 'culture war' has been circulating for the past 20 years. I really think it is not applicable to our present society. The term 'war' implies that there are at least two forces in opposition to each other, and in the U.S.A. of today, there is no counterculture resistance to the democratic, racial, Babylonian culture. When I see packed auditoriums of plus-40-year-old white people cheering hysterically for Barack Obama, I know there is no culture war in the U.S.A. We have achieved cultural harmony.

The socialists and anthropologists have their own definitions of culture. I would define 'culture' as the enfleshment of faith. A people gives flesh in their art, their public ceremonies, and in their general way of life to their religious faith. So when a people make drastic changes in their culture, it is a sure sign that they have changed their religious allegiance as well.

It is particularly disheartening to see that the story-telling tradition of Christian Europe has been jettisoned. One can't point to one work and say, "If a person doesn't know that story he is no longer European," but one does get a sense out there in racial Babylon that Satan's minions have done a pretty thorough brain- and soul-washing. In the last six months, for instance, I have made casual reference to Mother Hubbard, Annie Laurie, Tom Sawyer, the Hound of the Baskervilles, Moses, and the Ancient Mariner. Blank looks were the response to all six references. Again, it is not a question of "I don't know who the Ancient Mariner is, so I can't get into heaven." The seamless garment of European culture has been torn asunder. And if one is not in contact with that culture, one cannot get into heaven; because it is His culture, and no man cometh unto the Father except through Him.

We need to see our faith embodied in a Christian culture. Why did our Lord take flesh and dwell among us if not to show us the Truth enfleshed. And why has Satan chosen the black man as the symbol of Satan's reign on earth? Because he knows we need to see our beliefs enfleshed, and the worship of the black man is Satanism enfleshed. There is no culture war, but there should be. The choice is clear. It is God or the devil. The old white culture is our Lord's and the new black culture is Satan's.

There are moments in the story-telling tradition of the European people when the materialist veil is removed from our eyes, and we see, in the human heart, the image of Christ: God in humanity. We say, when we see such images in a story like Pericles or Pickwick Papers, "Ah, I have seen that reality myself and felt it as well. I'll follow that vision through death and beyond."

Coleridge's *Rime of the Ancient Mariner* is a perfect illustration of the European's desire to enflesh their faith. The image of the ancient Mariner has haunted the European imagination ever since Coleridge penned it in 1797, because the poem depicts man's original sin and his redemption in Christ. Let me highlight two magnificent 'white moments' from the poem.

In the first, we see the Mariner condemned to carry the albatross around his neck. He has been unable to pray because of the terrible guilt he feels. He knows complete and total loneliness:

Alone, alone, all, all alone,  
Alone on a wide wide sea!  
And never a saint took pity on  
My soul in agony.

The many men, so beautiful!  
And they all dead did lie:  
And a thousand thousand slimy things  
Lived on ; and so did I.

I looked upon the rotting sea,  
And drew my eyes away;  
I looked upon the rotting deck,  
And there the dead men lay.

I looked to heaven, and tried to pray;  
But or ever a prayer had gusht,  
A wicked whisper came, and made  
My heart as dry as dust.

Then, out if his desolation, he sees the lowest order of God's creation: some water snakes. But even those lowly creatures assuage his loneliness and he blesses them:

O happy living things! no tongue  
Their beauty might declare:  
A spring of love gushed from my heart,  
And I blessed them unaware:  
Sure my kind saint took pity on me,  
And I blessed them unaware.  
Then, comes the miracle:  
The self-same moment I could pray;  
And from my neck so free  
The Albatross fell off, and sank  
Like lead into the sea.

Later, much later – “Having penance done, and penance more to do” – the Mariner achieves dry land. The first thing he does is ask to confess. No one who has truly felt the weight of his own sinfulness and yearned for genuine forgiveness can be unmoved by this part of the Mariner’s narrative:

‘O shrieve me, shrieve me, holy man!’  
The Hermit crossed his brow.  
‘Say quick,’ quoth he, ‘I bid thee say--  
What manner of man art thou?’

Forthwith this frame of mine was wrenched  
With a woful agony,  
Which forced me to begin my tale;  
And then it left me free.

+ + +

In *Shane*, the finest novel of the American West, there are numerous white moments to choose from. But my favorite is not the final showdown, which is admittedly quite splendid. My favorite is the summation by Bob, now a man, in which he tells us of the effect Shane had on him. We can tell by the way Bob speaks about Shane that the effect has been enormous. It would not be an overstatement to say that Shane, by his heroic self-sacrifice, has pointed Bob toward the ultimate hero of Western civilization.

And what was Shane’s self-sacrifice? Well, in part it was his willingness to risk his life in the gunfight with the hired killer, Wilson. But there was more than that to Shane’s self-sacrifice. Shane underwent a crucifixion when he went out to face Wilson. The life of a farmer, a husband, and a father was closed to him the moment he returned, for the sake of the Starret family, to the ways of a gunfighter. But he chose the way of self-sacrifice, and by doing so, he left a permanent legacy in young Bob’s heart which Bob discloses to us at the end of his narrative:

And always my mind would go back at the last to that moment when I saw him from the bushes by the roadside just on the edge of town. I would see him there in the road, tall and terrible in the moonlight, going down to kill or be killed, and stopping to help a stumbling boy and to look out over the land, the lovely land, where that boy had a chance to live out his boyhood and grow straight inside as a man should.

And when I would hear the men in town talking among themselves and trying to pin him down to a definite past, I would smile quietly to myself. For a time they inclined to the notion, spurred by the talk of a passing stranger, that he was a certain Shannon who was famous as a gunman and gambler way down in Arkansas and Texas and dropped from sight without anyone knowing why or where. When that notion dwindled, others followed, pieced together in turn from scraps of information gleaned from stray travelers. But when they talked like that, I simply smiled because I knew he could have been none of these.

He was the man who rode into our little valley out of the heart of the great glowing West and when his work was done rode back whence he had come and he was Shane.

+ + +

In order to fully appreciate a white moment from the work of Herman Melville we need to know a bit of his spiritual history as revealed in his works.

In *Moby Dick* Melville rebels, through Ahab, against God. Ahab’s hatred for the white whale is justified in so far as Moby Dick is a surrogate for an impersonal, remote God in the clouds. But Ahab isn’t for anything. Where is Christ? Melville is still looking for Him at the end of *Moby Dick*. And he despairs of ever finding him as he writes *Pierre*, *Bartleby*, and *The Confidence Man*.

The years go by, and Melville, great heart that he is, keeps looking for Christ. In “Clarel,” a narrative poem about a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, Melville finds Christ:

Yea, ape and angel, strife and old debate --  
The harps of heaven and the dreary gongs of hell;  
Science the feud can only aggravate --  
No umpire she betwixt the chimes and knell:  
The running battle of the star and clod  
Shall run for ever -- if there be no God.  
Degrees we know, unknown in days before;  
The light is greater, hence the shadow more;  
And tantalized and apprehensive Man  
Appealing—Wherefore ripen us to pain?  
Seems there the spokesman of dumb Nature’s train.

But through such strange illusions have they passed  
Who in life’s pilgrimage have baffled striven --  
Even death may prove unreal at the last,  
And stoics be astounded into heaven.

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

+ + +

I do not make a big distinction between literature and film. I regard both as legitimate vehicles for the story-telling tradition of the West. The story is the thing. Having said that, let me proceed to two white moments from film, the first from Walt Disney’s *Fantasia* and the second from the 1938 David O. Selznick production of *Tom Sawyer*.

The white moment in *Fantasia* comes after the devil’s dance around Witch Mountain. The devil seems haughty and powerful during the dance, but then, suddenly, a look of fear appears on his face. And well he should be fearful, because the candlelight procession has begun. The devout, with candles bright, processing to the hymn, “Ave Maria,” are banishing the devil from the world, in the name of Him. What an incredible image!

In the second film, *Tom Sawyer*, we also see the director using light to great advantage. Tom Sawyer has just, in a wonderfully suspenseful and dramatic scene, killed Injun Joe. But it still remains doubtful whether Tom and Becky will ever find their way out of the cave in which they are lost. And then, Tom sees light. He climbs up toward the light and miraculously finds a way out of the cave for him and Becky. As Tom climbs toward the light, one cannot help but draw the obvious conclusion about the scene’s significance. Newman described it best:

Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,  
Lead thou me on;  
The night is dark, and I am far from home,  
Lead thou me on.

This scene with the light takes on even more significance because of the previous scene with Injun Joe, who is so filled with pure hatred that he appears like the devil incarnate. If one has faced the devil and complete darkness, then one is more readily able to appreciate the “Kindly Light” than if one has only faced semidarkness and moderate liberals. Why do you think so many Christian converts came out of the horror of the Spanish Civil War?

+ + +

In European white moments, the human and divine meet and we see an image of Christ. Two such moments occur respectively in *Merchant of Venice* and *Measure for Measure*.

In *Merchant of Venice*, Portia is the beautiful and rich Venetian heiress, but she is also, when she assumes the disguise of the learned Balthazar, a stand-in for Christ. Portia, disguised as Balthazar, reveals to us the Divine Nature. We all stand condemned, like Antonio, by “a stony adversary.” Yet, at the last moment, Antonio is delivered from his stony adversary,

as we hope to be. God is not a lawyer; He is not a Pharisee. His mercy and His justice are compatible. “For charity itself fulfills the law, And who can sever love from charity?” Portia pleads for mercy in that famous speech, which should never be memorized without first reading the play which gives the speech its significance:

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

The plea is not hearkened to, for Shylock wants only justice. But then we see, revealed as by lightning before our eyes, that justice and mercy, like God's humanity and divinity, are linked. Shylock can no more separate justice from mercy than he can take Antonio's heart without shedding a drop of blood. What a moment! What a revelation!

Portia. A pound of that same merchant's flesh is thine.  
The court awards it and the law doth give it.

Shylock. Most rightful judge!

Portia. And you must cut this flesh from off his breast.  
The law allows it and the court awards it.

Shylock. Most learned judge! A sentence! Come, prepare.

Portia. Tarry a little; there is something else.  
This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood:  
The words expressly are 'a pound of flesh.'  
Take then thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh;  
But, in the cutting it, if thou dost shed  
One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods  
Are, by the laws of Venice, confiscate  
Unto the state of Venice.

Gratiano. O upright judge! Mark, Jew. O learned judge!

Shylock. Is that the law?

Portia. Thyself shalt see the act;  
For, as thou urgest justice, be assur'd  
Thou shalt have justice, more than thou desir'st.

In *Measure for Measure*, quite arguably Shakespeare's most explicitly Christian play, we again see a character, Vincentio, the Duke of Vienna, who is also a stand-in for Christ. He goes throughout his kingdom in disguise, learning the secrets of individual hearts, and at the end of the play (or more appropriately at the Last Judgment) he steps forward to judge, reward, and extend mercy.

One individual, Isabella, has been accused falsely of all sorts of heinous crimes, yet without false pride in her virtue but with true humility, she has held fast to her faith that “truth is truth to the end of reckoning,” and must be fought for in the name of Him who said, “I am the truth and the way.”

One saint who says, like Isabella, that truth is truth to the end of reckoning and then backs it up, is worth more in the Kingdom of Heaven than all the false piety and scandalous formalism ever conceived by the pride of men.

Isabella (“when hope seems nearly gone”) witnesses the transformation of Vincentio from humble friar to Duke and receives her pardon and reward:

Duke. Come hither, Isabel.  
Your friar is now your prince. As I was then  
Advertising and holy to your business,  
No changing heart with habit,  
I am still  
Attorney’d at your service.

Ah, how truly Shakespeare has captured in Vincentio’s double role, the heart of Christ. He is prosecutor and judge, but He is also our most aggressive advocate. He knows all the inmost, sinful desires of our mercenary little hearts, sinful desires that we present to the world as virtues. But He also knows the hidden virtues of our heart, virtues which are not recognized or known by the world or oftentimes even ourselves. And if the current of our life runs, like Isabella’s, toward Him, He forgives the detours and welcomes us to the marriage feast.

Those white moments from the story-telling traditions of Europe are just tiny snippets from a tradition, which, when viewed in its entirety, constitutes a resounding hosanna to Him.

Satan has dismantled the older white European civilization and replaced it with a black civilization that stands diametrically opposed to anything remotely connected to His civilization. And he has been awfully clever about it. So clever, in fact, that the European people now find themselves the losers in a war they didn’t even know had taken place, which was won without a shot fired. The war doesn’t have to remain so one-sided, however. Satan is not invincible. He does, after all, have an exact opposite who said all things are possible if they are done in His name. The fight for Christian Europe is, and always will be, the only fight worth fighting. +

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## Westerns, Continued

[This is a continuation of an earlier post entitled “Westerns”]

The incarnational culture of Europe was carried across the ocean by men of European blood. With them came the Enlightenment heresy of the disembodied brain as well. In the old Westerns, we see that conflict played out between the men with the code, written on their hearts, and the brainy businessmen with no code and no hearts but many avaricious schemes.

I don’t think I could trust any man or woman whose heart didn’t warm up to the old Western pictures. And as a corollary, I don’t think I could trust any man or woman who actually liked the decadent Clint Eastwood Westerns.

There are so many Westerns filmed during the golden era of Westerns, 1935-1959, that deserve to be mentioned. Let me just list a few.

1. *Good Day for Hanging*, starring Fred MacMurray. Fred MacMurray’s character insists, despite the opposition of almost the entire town, that a low-life snake is indeed just that, a low-life snake who must be hanged for the murder he claims he didn’t commit but which he did. The liberal worldview that says evil is a mirage and we are all products of our environment is shown, in this movie, to be pure gas.
2. *Last of the Comanches*. The title of this movie is a bit misleading. It is not a movie about the last Comanches; it is a reworking of John Ford’s *The Lost Patrol*. Broderick Crawford keeps a small group of soldiers and civilians together as they face an infinity of hostile (is there any other kind?) Comanche Indians. As in *The Lost Patrol*, the desert brings out the best and the worst in men.
3. Any Randolph Scott movie. Nobody could stand tall like Randolph Scott. If Trent Lott had seen and absorbed into his blood enough Randolph Scott movies when he was young, he would have said to the media jackals the day after Strom Thurmond’s birthday: “I said it and I meant it.”



Randolph Scott was great as the reluctant gunfighter. In countless Westerns, he played a man who wanted to hang up his guns but whose commitment to his friends always drew him back. In *Gunfighters*, a sweet young thing begs him to run away with her and forget the bad guys who have murdered his friends. "I can't. There are too many empty saddles on the fence," Scott replies.

In *The Tall T*, Maureen O'Sullivan (of Tarzan fame) also begs Scott to ride away from the bad guys who have killed his friends. The reply: "There are some things a man can't ride around."

4. Hopalong Cassidy pictures. In sixty-plus pictures, Hoppy adhered to the code. With humor and with grace, he faced down the bad guys. What more could you ask for?

5. *Lawless Empire*. I single out this B-Western starring Charles Starrett, not because it is better than all the rest, but because there is a defining moment in it that highlights the strength of the B-Western. Without any heavy-handed preachiness, the cowboys get together and start singing a Christian hymn. They are not in church; they are simply going about their work and singing. The naturalness of the scene highlights the fact that the religion of the God-man is in their blood, which is why one B-Western is worth more than the combined output of the French, Italian, English, American, etc., filmmakers for the past 30 years. +

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## **The Death of Fatherhood – MARCH 08, 2008**

David Popenoe's stated purpose in *Life Without Father: Compelling New Evidence That Fatherhood and Marriage Are Indispensable for the Good of Children and Society* (Harvard Univ Pr, 1999) is to provide "an analysis of the American experiment of fatherlessness. Drawing from the social sciences, history, and evolutionary psychology, [the book] examines the nature and meaning of fatherhood and reviews the trend, the evidence, and the social consequences of the removal of fathers from families and the lives of their children. Regrettably, as I shall point out, America is the vanguard of social trends and impulses that are affecting fatherhood and children in all modern societies."

I find it truly amazing that Mr. Popenoe attempts to prove, through research, what we should already know from tradition, revelation and commonsense: Fathers are necessary. But since we have abandoned tradition, revelation and commonsense, Popenoe tries to fill the void with research.

Is he successful? Well, his research seems convincing to me. But I already believe fathers are essential. I don't think research is going to convince feminists and our feminist society that fathers are necessary, but necessary they are, according to Popenoe. He cites massive statistics that support the view that children (boys and girls) need their biological father to be present in the home and to be an active participant in the child-rearing process. Children who do not have fathers in their daily lives are much more likely (should this be a surprise to anyone?) to become criminals, nymphomaniacs, drug users, and so on.

In Part I (Chapters 1 & 2), Mr. Popenoe discusses the "remarkable decline of fatherhood and marriage" and the devastating effects the decline has had on our society:

The decline of fatherhood is one of the most basic, unexpected, and extraordinary social trends of our time. The trend can be captured in a single telling statistic: in just three decades, from 1960 to 1990, the percentage of children living apart from their biological fathers more than doubled, from 17% to 35%. If this rate continues, by the turn of the century nearly 50% of American children will be going to sleep each night without being able to say good night to their dads.

In Part II (Chapters 3 & 4), Popenoe talks about the father figure in history. He makes many interesting observations in these chapters. For instance, he contends that the father in pre-industrial societies had more moral authority in the home than the industrial age father. From the Victorian age on, fathers began to spend more and more time away from the home. They became breadwinners only. And when their breadwinning capacity was challenged by the feminists in the 1960's, fathers were seen as superfluous dinosaurs of a bygone era. The seeming strength of the nuclear family in the 1950's was a mirage. Once fathers were seen as breadwinners and breadwinners only, they were bound to fade out.

In Part III, the author seeks to explain through "evolutionary psychology" why fathers are necessary. In Part IV, he offers his plan for re-inventing fatherhood. In my opinion, these are the weakest parts of the book. Popenoe takes man's descent from the apes as a given in Part III and seeks to defend fatherhood as an evolutionary necessity. Fatherhood should be defended, but it does not need help from evolutionary clap-trap theories. In Part IV, Popenoe describes his plan for reinventing fatherhood. Part of that plan involves the acceptance of male-female cohabitation as a prelude to marriage. Why? Because in industrial societies, men and women cannot marry till they are thirty when they have had time to acquire

technical training for the industrial world, and it is not possible to remain chaste that long. Well, from a Christian standpoint, if certain actions are sinful, they must remain prohibited even if the dictates of industrial society suggest they be sanctioned.

The last example really highlights the weakness of the book: Mr. Popenoe wants more fathers to stay with their families; however, he mentions Christianity only in passing and makes it clear that he doesn't want a restoration of the Christian, patriarchal family. The question is: Is there any way to restore fatherhood without returning to the Pauline concept of fatherhood? Of course, there isn't. Popenoe is like the late pope John Paul II in more than name. He, like the Pope, wants the results of a Christian social order without the imposition of a Christian social order. But feminism is a religion, and one religion can only be supplanted by another religion; it can't be supplanted by research.

A Christian, however, should give the issues Popenoe raises some thought. Why has Christianity in general and Christian fatherhood in particular, done so poorly in industrial society? The answer seems obvious. In industrial society man is seen as a finite object. He is a "steel girder" in the industrial skyscraper. In Christianity, the real Christianity, man is seen as a recipient of God's grace and a personality of infinite worth.

I was struck by the fact when I was a teacher that so many young men with some masculinity left in them wanted to join the army. They tragically saw no particular virtue in marriage and fatherhood, because they saw only the value our society places on marriage and fatherhood, which is, of course, no value. But it is precisely now, when the barbarians have breached the wall and are among us, that we need Christian men who are willing to fight for the hearth rather than for the neocons. The neocons need mercenaries to fight for their capitalist faith. Christian Europe needs young men who have discovered the moral, counterrevolutionary role of fatherhood. +

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### **The European Past is the Present – MARCH 08, 2008**

Every Christmas I have to go through an ordeal for the sake of a few friends and relatives. What is the ordeal? Well, it is not sending out Christmas cards; I don't mind that. And it is not wrapping presents; my wife does that. The ordeal is a trip to the Witch of Endor's little shop of horrors.

Maybe she isn't literally the Witch of Endor, but she gives every indication of being a near relation. The Witch of Endor is a horrible old lady who runs a local book store. Now, most people who run book stores are to the left of center, but very few would rather follow you up and down the aisles trying to interest you in the latest, radical tome from the academy than make a sale. But the Witch of Endor is such a woman. She is a retired academic who doesn't need to make a living from selling books, so she proselytizes. And unfortunately, for me, she has the only book store that sells Dylan Thomas's *A Child's Christmas in Wales*. So if I want to give a friend or relative a copy, I must venture into the witch's cave.

I put up with the witch for 5 straight Christmases without telling her off, and I did not refrain from speaking up because I was afraid she would cast a spell on me. I refrained because I was brought up to respect my elders, even if they weren't my betters. This year, however, I broke down slightly. I didn't curse at the old hag or drive a stake through her heart, but I did tell her in no uncertain terms that with the exception of certain books such as *A Child's Christmas in Wales*, my reading tastes did not go past the nineteenth century. The witch then went into a witchy tirade about the evils of living in the past.

That one cannot, and should not, desire to live in the past is an unchallenged assumption of our culture. If you declared your intention to do so you would be classified as mentally unstable. But nevertheless, I would like to challenge the "You can't live in the past" orthodoxy of our modern Babylonian culture.

In a country based solely on a materialistic view of life, such as the modern U.S.A., living in the past is viewed as insanity. How can one, outside of a science fiction novel, live in the past? One can't in a purely material way. Even Miss Havisham could not physically stay in the past. Time moves on, as the materialists tell us ad nauseum. But time is not supreme in the spiritual realm. C. S. Lewis wisely depicts Narnia as being outside the sphere of mortal time. And Tennyson places God outside of "our bourne of Time and Place."

Certainly a man has to acknowledge that he lives in a particular place and at a particular time, just as one must acknowledge that his earthly body needs food and sleep. But he does not have to, nor should he, live, in the spiritual sense, in a totally debased, soulless, materialistic culture. The human soul needs communion with other souls. And where there is no quickening spiritual life, there is no communion. A man must, if he has a soul, look to the past, the European past, if he wants to live a life of the spirit. The past contains all that makes life redeemable: truth, beauty, honor, love, and faith.

Without a spiritual connection to the past, we are doomed to be forever bound on the Promethean rock with multi-racial birds of prey tearing at our livers.

The non-European does not have to be connected to his past in order to thrive, because the worship of dumb nature is impersonal. His ancestors worshipped the savage gods of the bush and so does he. He is connected with his ancestors in faith even if he doesn't know them.

It is different for the white man. He turned from the nature gods to a personal God above nature. If he denies his past and seeks to return to the nature gods, he will lose his identity; he will cease to exist. The modern white liberal and his neocon cousin are perfect examples of the new, non-existent European. They deny any kinship with the Europeans of the past but are unable to return, much as they would like, to the nature gods of the barbarians. They can't be fully barbarian because of their past, which they deny, and they can't be fully Christian because they hate the people and the God of old Europe. So, they have become a non-people. We have only a remnant of Europeans to work with because the rest have become what is virtually a new species.

We must live in the past because that is where He lives. When Heidi's grandfather comes down from the mountain, he finds faith and comfort with the Christian people of Dorfli. When the seven brothers, portrayed by the Finnish novelist Aleksis Kivi, come out of the forest to be reconciled with the men and women of Toukola, they find Christian men and women to be reconciled with. This is not possible in our modern world, and (what is especially sad) it is not possible in our modern churches. The Protestant and Catholic churches have divorced themselves from the past. They might retain a rite or a hymn from the past, but the spirit, the whole mode of viewing existence which marked the old European, is gone from the churches today as it is gone from the modern world.

Our European ancestors came as conquerors, but still they bent their knees to Christ. They were heroes who were not too proud to acknowledge the true Hero. How is it possible to forsake those heroes for barbarian heroes or technocratic heroes? If we align ourselves with any part of the modern world, we will surely die.

The immortal part of man, his spirit, cannot live with the barbarian or the technocrat. In the past, which is always spiritually in the present, is life, abundant life. Nothing is impossible if we stay linked to the European past. One of my heroes, Sir Walter Scott, once wrote a short novel called *The Surgeon's Daughter*. The young surgeon's daughter has the misfortune to be captured by Moslems. One man loves her enough to face the entire Moslem world alone, armed only with his love and his faith:

'Twas the hour when rites unholy  
Call'd each Paynim voice to prayer,  
And the star that faded slowly,  
Left to dews the freshen'd air.

Day his sultry fires had wasted,  
Calm and cool the moonbeams shone;  
To the Vizier's lofty palace  
One bold Christian came alone.

I quote those lines often because I think they express what sets the European apart from all other races. Because he bent his knee, unreservedly, without let or hindrance, to Christ, he was able to understand the miracle of love. The European saw that human love and divine love were intertwined and that the type of miracle which confounds the devil and defeats the evil empires of this world comes only to those whose love is grounded in Him, who is to be found in the European past. If we refuse to sever our link to that past, we will never be bereft of those things the modern world is bereft of: faith, hope, and charity. +

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## **The English Women - MARCH 02, 2008**

"Women may fall, when there's no strength in men." – Shakespeare

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A friend recently sent me an interesting newsletter, published in the 1980's by a group of Englishwomen. It is called, appropriately, *The English Magazine*. The women's contention, which I completely agree with, is that there is nothing after the early 1960's that is redeemable in movies, literature, etc.

Some people say that one has only to see a few seconds of a film made in the 1930s to get from it a strong impression of 'period'—of a world that is, in its style and mannerisms, very different from one's own. I have the opposite experience. Some time ago, I visited the house of a friend who uses a television machine for watching old films. While watching the film, I was unconscious of any sense of 'period', but when the film ended (we watched the credits because the music was so delightful), for a few seconds while my friend fumbled with the 'off' switch, I saw a modern young announcer-ess and was at once infused by a powerful sense of period. Here was someone from a world quite other than my own, with a manner and style which, while not entirely unfamiliar, marked her out as belonging to a particular age—the 1980s...

I mention these things to illustrate something of which I imagine most of you are already aware: the fact that people have changed very considerably over the past few decades—that there is such a thing as 'the modern person', and that he speaks, thinks, moves, stands and acts differently from his counterpart before the last great war, or even before the 'cultural revolution' of the 1960s.

The women also place their finger on something that is overlooked by those hard-charging, right-wing political parties. What the hard-charging politicians overlook is the fact that no counterrevolution will be successful unless a fundamental shift in attitude takes place in the European people. They must fall out of love with modernity and learn to once again love the 'evening lingerings' of old Europe. Nothing is more hopeless than trying to get people who actually prefer Clint Eastwood movies to Gary Cooper movies or Harry Potter books to *Chronicles of Narnia* to support right-wing, eleventh hour candidates.

A friend of ours recently came to us in great depression of spirits. She had been tidying an old trunkful of pamphlets, mostly of late-1960s vintage. They had covered a variety of subjects, from Church affairs to decimalization and immigration. Nearly all of them had proclaimed that this was the Eleventh Hour, that the Time for Action was Then, and that, in the words of another poet: --'Unless something drastic is done...'

Twenty years on it all seemed rather futile. They had mostly been right in their way, of course. Nothing drastic was done, because those who cared had not the power to do anything effective, and most of the predicted disasters came to pass as predicted. Let us have the courage to admit that it is the same today. Traditionalist campaigning of nearly every sort is a waste of effort. In some ways the position is better; in many ways it is worse. We do not deny that the prospects for the middle-term future are distinctly less bleak; or at least, the possibility of some sort of restitution is not quite so closed as it was in those days; but as to the effectiveness of campaigning on large public issues: --that has not changed at all.

If we wish to take advantage of the breaking-up of the great ice-floe of the 'liberal consensus', we will do so not by wasting our energies on doomed campaigns, but by preparing a new mode of consciousness, by discussing and developing new ideas and by bringing those ideas into the way we live our lives, from our dress, décor, speech and entertainment to our philosophy, our reading, our moral conduct and our art, so that they may develop into a true ethos.

The ladies are right to insist that nothing worthwhile will be accomplished until we change "our reading, our moral conduct and our art." But they are wrong, I believe, on one central point. One must -- at least a man must -- still fight the rearguard actions that the ladies view as hopeless. I would be in complete agreement with the Englishwomen if they had said, "It is not a woman's place to get involved in eleventh hour, political movements; we must work on changing hearts and minds through our art, our moral conduct, etc."

The problem with eleventh hour groups such as the British National Party and like-minded U.S. groups is that they do not regard their political movements as rear guard movements; they regard their political movements as the main counterattack, which has been disastrous. They keep campaigning and they keep losing because they have put no effort into developing what the Englishwomen call an "anti-modern ethos." (1) I think this is often because many of the right-wingers are too fond of certain aspects of modernity, such as the change in sexual mores and the technological revolution, to feel comfortable in advocating a return to more traditional ways of living. But I digress; let me proceed with my one caveat regarding the Englishwomen.

Kipling correctly informs us in his poem, "The Female of the Species," that the female is "launched for one sole issue." And of course Kipling is referring to giving birth and the rearing of children. But he also is making the point that women are single-issue oriented. They are less able than a man to divide their time and loyalties, which is one of the reasons the feminist movement, by forcing women to divide their loyalties between work and family, has been so harmful to women.

The cultural issue, the restoration of a European mindset and a European heart, is the main issue. And the Englishwomen of *The English Magazine* have made that issue their baby, for which they are to be commended. But they err in failing to see that a man has a different role (2). He must keep the central fact before him that the cultural issue, the 'evening

lingerings' if you will, is the main issue, while at the same time fighting the rear-guard political and military actions. And he must do so because one of the requirements of a counterrevolution is that the people who will constitute the vanguard must stay alive. Let me use the immigration issue, which the English ladies mention, as an example.

Presumably the anti-modern English ladies have roofs over their heads and do not have to sit and write with semi-automatic machine guns on their laps in anticipation of an immediate invasion. But many whites in countries like Rhodesia and South Africa do not have roofs over their heads, and the ones that do live in constant fear of home invasions. And the white technocratic rulers of the U.S.A. and the various European nations have all announced their intentions of moving toward the model of South Africa and Rhodesia. So anything a man can do, by supporting a rear-guard political candidate or by organizing a local undercover vigilante group, is a necessary delaying action. Roland knew he couldn't win the war by his stand, but he hoped to delay the enemy long enough to give Charlemagne time to mobilize and thus win the war. By all means, we must make it our major focus to form an anti-modern ethos, but we can't neglect the delaying actions. A counterrevolution must be fought on many different levels. We must know what books to read as well as what ammunition to use.

The Englishwomen are correct about the main issue, and we should keep their insight before us at all times: We have come to the point where we have to hide in basements and where no political candidate even dares talk about white identity, because we have treated the poetic core of European culture as a charming little frill on the sleeve of Europe. But that charming little frill is Cyrano's white plume. It is European culture. It's what we fight for and are willing to die for. The technocratic white has lost the ability to see the white plumed rider of Europe, and the barbarian has never seen Him. And we will cease to see Him if we look at the world through the eyes of our enemies. No counterrevolution can succeed if we see with the eyes of the new, enlightened, European technocrat instead of through the eyes of the antique European.

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(1) The "practical right wingers" remind me of George Boas, a famous professor of Philosophy at Johns Hopkins University. During World War II he suggested that the colleges should suspend teaching the liberal arts so that students could "get to the business of learning trigonometry and physics and chemistry." Russell Kirk's response to Boas is worth quoting:

It might not be surprising to hear the headmaster of a military preparatory school expounding a doctrine which exalts above his victim the legionary who slew Archimedes; but to listen to this cry of "sound, sound the clarion, fill the fife" coming from the ivory tower is another matter. It is an opinion which differs only in degree from an important article of faith in the credo of those states now contesting with us for the mastery of the earth, whose intellectual principles we profess to despise. [Kirk had written this essay in 1944.] Before commencing our work of world reformation, it might pay us to consider whether we are going to beat the Nazis and enlighten them, or beat the Nazis and join them. We are fit to weigh this question only if we retain some vestige of the liberal learning so quickly cast aside in one crowded hour of glorious life; and it is to be feared that a smattering of trigonometry and physics and chemistry is not sufficient to make the mind liberal. The physical sciences have their place, a respectable one; but they, primarily, do not win wars; the human spirit still does that; and physical sciences certainly cannot suffice for the men who are to make and maintain a peace, who are to establish liberty and justice, who are to set free the body and the mind.

Some things never change. A few years back I was teaching English literature at a junior college. On my first day on the job, I walked from the parking lot to the main building with another professor. Having ascertained that I was a new instructor, but not having ascertained what subject I taught, he launched into his apologia for the "hard sciences" and the elimination of the liberal arts.

As we parted, each to our respective classrooms, he asked me, "What subject do you teach?"

"English literature."

He never spoke to me after that. I actually agree with him about abolishing the liberal arts, but not for the same reason that he wanted to abolish them. I think liberal arts courses, such as English literature, should be abolished because they have become mere adjuncts of the psychology and sociology departments. The liberal arts, especially literature, deals with the soul. If they are scientized, they become demonic.

(2) I think the author P. G. Wodehouse, whom the English ladies quote approvingly, illustrates the plusses and minuses of The English Magazine's stance. Wodehouse was put under house arrest during World War II for suspicion of being a German spy, which was of course utter nonsense. The real reason for his house arrest was that the Brits in the War Office were miffed with him because of his complete indifference to the war effort. He cared about Bertie, Jeeves, Blandings's Castle, and nothing else. Certainly in the grand scheme of things, Blandings's Castle was more important than the British War Office, but if one grants the greater importance of Blandings's Castle, can we not at least see why the War Office was upset with Wodehouse? Even if the war was an absurdity, with no clearly delineated right side to be on, Britain was fighting 'in defense of.' The nation's survival was at stake, and therefore Wodehouse had a stake in the war.

I can identify with the feelings of the War Office more now than I could have some thirty years ago, when I was a single man. During the recent election primaries it meant a great deal to me whether McCain or Ron Paul (and when Ron Paul failed to gain votes, whether Romney or McCain) won the Republican nomination for President. Yes, I realized all the men were terribly modern, and terribly flawed, but the difference between the contenders and McCain were significant enough to make me passionately in favor of either contender against McCain. I was extremely annoyed with some friends who expressed a Wodehousian indifference to the whole election. They had no children, so one hundred years of war didn't bother them. Like Mercutio, they were able to jest at scars, having never felt a wound.

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### **William F. Buckley Jr., R.I.P. – FEBRUARY 28, 2008**

I was saddened when I heard of his death. But I was saddened in an “everyman's death diminishes me” sense. I did not feel the same sense of sorrow that I felt when Samuel Francis died. With Samuel Francis, I felt one of my own had died, which was not the case with William F. Buckley.

Mr. Buckley certainly doesn't need my praise in passing; he will have his eulogists. It will be said that no man did more for the conservative cause. I can't agree with that assessment. I think no man did more damage to the conservative cause. By linking the capitalist faith with conservatism, Buckley destroyed conservatism. It is the liberals who should applaud Buckley, not the genuine conservatives. But the genuine conservatives are gone, and even the liberal fusionist types like Buckley have been replaced by straight capitalists such as Rush Limbaugh.

I was somewhat surprised at the rather brief, perfunctory obituaries William F. Buckley received in the mainstream press. I suppose, at his death, he who had helped marginalize so many of the cultural conservatives, such as Samuel Francis, had become marginalized himself. +

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### **The Amazon, The Mau Mau, and the Devil - FEBRUARY 22, 2008**

There are three tribes represented by the remaining, viable, presidential candidates: 1) John ‘The Devil Man’ McCain represents the Neocon Tribe, 2) Hillary Clinton, the Feminist-Amazon Tribe, and 3) Barack Obama, the African Tribe.

The Neocons' first choice was Rudi Giuliani, but they will gladly settle for McCain because the continuance of the capitalist war in the Middle East is the Neocons' top priority. One cannot appeal to the Neocons' sense of humanity; they have none, but you would think that such learned men, who fancy themselves hard-headed realists, would be able to grasp the simple fact that every country in history that has squandered its money on foreign wars has ended up on the scrap heap of history. But the learned men are not wise men; they are mere caricatures of men who keep reality at bay by hiding on the top floor of the New Tower of Babel Hotel.

Our dear feminist candidate, Hillary, has run into a dilemma. Females, but not femininity, are good and must be supported, especially if they are running for a position that has not been held by a female before. But unfortunately for Hillary, when the liberals demonized masculinity they exempted black males. It is only white masculinity that is proscribed. Ivanhoe is evil, but Nelson Mandela is good. So feminist Hillary has to compete with a black male who is a liberal saint simply because of his color just as she is a liberal saint because of her gender.

Barack Obama is the logical consequence of years of ‘noble black savage’ propaganda. The only surprising thing about his candidacy is that he was not immediately inaugurated when he announced he was running for President. His candidacy has placed the technocratic white males of the Democratic Party in a bind. They have been extolling the goodness of black and the evil of white for eons in order to get the black vote and to demonstrate to their fellow technocratic whites just how liberal, compassionate, and wonderful they are. But they had always looked on themselves as the Father Moses figures who would lead their black foster children into the Promised Land. They didn't envision that the blacks might prefer their own black Moses. Now technocratic whites such as John Edwards must sit back and watch others lead the faithful to the Promised Land.

Of the three candidates, John McCain is unquestionably the worst. Hillary and Obama love the devil for their own ends, not for himself. McCain genuinely loves the devil for what he is. But the prospect of any one of the three candidates becoming President is a horrific prospect.

There is nothing in the platforms of any of them that indicates they have the remotest idea of what constitutes a civilization. Which is why the tiny remnant of Europeans must not forget what constitutes a civilization: because at some point – we don't know when – after people like McCain, Clinton, and Obama have completely obliterated every last vestige of civilization, it will be necessary for the Europeans to step in and rebuild it. For this reason, we must never become like

unto them. We live among them, but we “are not of them.” +

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## **All White Men are Now Collateral Damage - FEBRUARY 22, 2008**

**Book Review:** Every Knee Shall Bow: The Truth & Tragedy of Ruby Ridge & the Randy Weaver Family, 1996, by Jess Walter

The Weaver story was finally covered by the mainstream press in 1996—it had become too big to cover up—but it never received big, Rodney-King treatment because the press and the Federal government are controlled by sixties’ radicals whose motto is ‘No enemies on the left and take no prisoners on the right.’ This account of the Ruby Ridge murders, written by a journalist with no particular liking for the Weavers’ religious views, is an account of cold-blooded, bureaucratic murder.

The Weavers left Iowa because of the state’s hostility toward homeschooling families. They settled in Idaho with their three children (another was born in Idaho). Why did they run afoul of the Federal government? The Weavers did not believe that the age of prophecy ended with the death of John, the apostle. For them, the Bible, especially the Old Testament, was the means through which God spoke to them. The Weavers believed in Christ but called him Yahweh. They ate no pork and believed that the Federal government was evil and that white Christians should form their own separate state.

It was that last belief that caused the Federal government to murder Randy Weaver’s wife, Vicki, and his twelve-year-old son, Samuel. Apparently mainstream blacks, like Tony Brown, can advocate that blacks be given a separate homeland and still eat lunch with Newt Gingrich, but if a poor, uneducated yet decent man, like Randy Weaver, believes that whites should have their own homeland, then our government feels it has the right to hunt him and his family down and kill them.

The Weavers had some very good years in the mountains of Ruby Ridge, Idaho. But a spy for the ATF, looking for bigger game, Aryan Nation types, asked Randy Weaver if he would illegally alter some shotgun barrels for him. Randy, needing money to support his family, did so. The ATF then informed him that they would not prosecute him on the gun charge if he was willing to be a snitch for them. Randy Weaver refused the ATF’s offer. They, the wonderful madcaps, then proceeded to bring charges against Randy Weaver. After the preliminary hearing, Weaver’s lawyer incorrectly told him that if he lost, the government could take his home. Randy never came back to be tried; he stayed on Ruby Ridge.

When the Federal marshals and the FBI finally went into Ruby Ridge to get Weaver, an incredible order was given. Never before in the history of the FBI, Walter says, was such an order given; the agents were told that they should shoot anyone seen with a gun. And the FBI knew that all the Weavers, including the children, carried guns.

There were two factors that made the government act in such a cruel, paranoid fashion. First, they made the mistake—and the ATF agents at Waco would make the same mistake with the Branch Davidians—of regarding the Weavers as criminals who would immediately do the streetwise thing, that is, cave into overwhelming force. They didn’t bargain on meeting people willing to die for their beliefs. Second, the agents were able to demonize the Weavers as racist right-wingers with no humanity who could be exterminated like vermin.

The shoot-out left Vicki Weaver dead, Samuel Weaver dead, a federal agent dead, Randy Weaver wounded, and Kevin Harris, houseguest of the Weavers, wounded. The subsequent trial found Harris not guilty of murder and conspiracy charges, but Weaver served 1½ years on the “failure to appear in court” charge.

The FBI was later fined for funding a massive cover-up during the trial. There were a few suspensions, but no member of the FBI was ever held accountable for the murders of Vicki and Samuel Weaver. (Subsequent to the writing of this book, of course, Randy Weaver sued the Federal government for the wrongful death of his wife, and the Feds settled out of court, paying Weaver \$3.1 million.)

This is a gut-wrenching book to read. The liberal author in his two-page introduction draws some conclusions from the whole tragedy that I would not draw, but one is free, after reading this well-written account, to draw one’s own conclusions.

My conclusion is that our materialist, democratic, capitalist government uses, in contrast to the masculine approach of the old U.S.S.R., the feminine, seductive method of coercion to get its citizens to mesh in the gears of the mechanized utopia called the U.S.A. But when an individual, or a group of individuals, resists the seductive method, the U.S. government responds with all the fury of a woman scorned and calls out her masculine pit dogs. “Now you can be men again. Destroy

those vermin!” Our government cares very little about real crime in the streets but seems obsessively concerned with what is in the minds of its citizens. There must be no bad thoughts about the government or about black people in our heads, or Aunt Samantha (Uncle Sam was demoted) will be very hurt and upset. And she might send some men with helicopters, laser guns, bulldozers, and tanks to visit us. (1) +

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(1) The reason the government uses repression is because it works! Without his wife, who was the heart and soul of the family, Randy Weaver adjusted to the norms of society, announcing one year ago: “I am an atheist.”

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### **None Dare Call It Sport - FEBRUARY 22, 2008**

While Christmas shopping this year, I saw a sports card display with a huge, gold-framed picture of Lou Gehrig. A feeling of awe came over me, quite similar to the feeling I had when I walked into the Sistine Chapel in Italy. I love Lou Gehrig. He represents to me all that sport can be but seldom is.

There were also huge, framed pictures of Michael Jordan and Pete Rose on display, which filled me with disgust. They filled me with disgust because both men, Jordan even more so than Rose, represent modern, Gnostic, capitalist sport. Mere physicality is demanded in modern sport. Whatever gladiatorial spectacle that can please the masses (and therefore make money for the capitalist owners and players) is the order of the day.

True sport is anti-Gnostic and anti-capitalist, because the good and true athlete competes as an integral man, with his body functioning in unison with his heart and soul. The good and pure athlete competes for the same reason a monk prays, so that through self-sacrifice he can save his own soul and others’ as well. True sport points to the Creator; it uplifts the spectator as well as the participant, while modern sport defiles and degrades and plunges the participant and the spectator into the depths of self-indulgence and depravity. +

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### **Refusing to Live in Babylon - FEBRUARY 15, 2008**

**Book Review:** *American Statesmen on Slavery and the Negro* by Nathaniel Weyl and William Marina (1971)

What distinguishes this book, *American Statesmen on Slavery and the Negro*, written in 1971 by Nathaniel Weyl and William Marina, from almost every other book on the same topic is the authors’ commendable effort to avoid moralistic scolding of whites in general, and to avoid demonizing Southern whites in particular. The authors state in their introduction:

Other contemporary studies of slavery and the Negro suffer from an intense moralistic bias and from the fact that their authors seem more interested in scolding their subjects than in understanding their reasons for their action. The proper business of the historian is not to inflict his prejudices on his readers, but, in the vernacular of modern American youth, “to tell it like it was.” As the German historian of civilization, Leopold Ranke, put it, perhaps a bit more eloquently: “Ich will bloss sagen wie es eigentlich gewesen ist.” (“I shall merely state how it actually was.”) The Greek Sophist, Lucian, once observed: “Historical characters are not prisoners on trial.” It may be tempting for the historian to arraign great men, prosecute them and convict them. It panders to his prejudices, inflates his ego and is invariably successful, since they are not present to defend themselves. Nevertheless, it is none of his business.

We believe that the record of the judgments made by American political leaders on slavery and the Negro, their analyses of the underlying problems and their proposed remedies cast light on the difficulty and durability of the problem and its imperviousness to easy solutions. This record now stretches over two centuries which are almost bisected by a civil war that many thought might reduce racial strife in America to inconsequential dimensions. In presenting this record, our purpose is not to place American statesmen in pigeonholes and still less to moralize concerning their doubts and conclusions. It is simply to write down, to the best of our ability, the record of the past in the hope that it may shed light on this vexing topic for the present and the future.

Would that all historians had the same intentions!

The views of Washington, Jefferson, Lincoln, Franklin, Woodrow Wilson, Andrew Jackson, Teddy Roosevelt, and many others are presented by the authors. There was a consensus amongst the statesmen mentioned above and the American public that the slave trade and chattel slavery was wrong, but that miscegenation and integration were abhorrent and would mean the extinction of the white race. Jefferson and Lincoln favored re-colonization, which was made impossible after 1865; and Woodrow Wilson, Teddy Roosevelt, and others favored legal enfranchisement with the strictest segregation possible in terms of social contact. All of these statesmen perceived a danger if the Negroes were integrated into society as if they were simply pigmented white men.



The Civil War erupted, the authors claim, when two minority factions collided, forcing the men in the middle to choose sides. Robert E. Lee was not in favor of chattel slavery as were Calhoun and the radical slavers, but when forced to choose, he chose to fight for his native state. Lincoln was not in favor of full black integration into white society, but when forced to choose between the radical abolitionists who wanted full integration and the pro-slavery contingent, he went with the abolitionists.

What is depressing but true is that the abolitionists won out. Despite the warnings of every single statesman in American history, by 1960 the radical abolitionists had won.

Weyl and Marina suggest a compromise. They recommend full economic and political enfranchisement for Negroes and the right of free association in private schools, clubs, and neighborhoods for whites. And that right of association would have the complete support of the federal government.

They quote a very interesting work by William Graham Sumner called *Folkways*, in which Mr. Sumner maintains that federal encroachment on the folkways of the South made racial antagonism inevitable:

In our Southern states before war... whites and blacks had formed habits of action and feeling toward each other. They lived in peace and concord, and each one grew up in the ways which were traditional and customary. The Civil War abolished legal rights and left the two races to learn how to live together under other relations than before. The whites have never been converted from the old mores... The two races have not yet made new mores. Vain attempts have been made to control the new order by legislation. The only result is the proof that legislation cannot make mores. (p. 384)

The authors go on to point out another factor which no-one today will deal with when they ask the question of why the Negro has not, like other minorities, been raised to a higher level after years of efforts. White oppression is not, in the authors' view, the reason.

These misgivings have, it would seem, been amply justified by the course of events. The United States has undertaken an historically unparalleled effort to raise the Negro by governmental action to the political, cultural, social, and economic level attained by the white man. In the pursuit of this objective, it has spent billions of dollars. It has promoted men to positions for which they are not qualified solely because they are black. It has persuaded universities to admit students who do not qualify educationally or mentally exclusively because of their color. It has filled some of the highest positions in the executive and judicial branches of government on the basis of race and without regard to merit.

The reward the United States has reaped is to be denounced across the world as a racist state and as a recrudescence of Hitlerism. By contrast, the Japanese, who continue to oppress one and a half million Etas, have been silent about their misconduct and it has passed unnoticed. The Indians, who have abolished caste more in name than in fact, remain immune from world criticism even though their untouchables are still largely pariahs. The masochistic traditions of liberal Protestantism, reformed Judaism and modern Catholicism to the contrary, those who publicly display their sores are tagged with the leper's bell. (p. 387-8)

Their advice? Refuse to wear the leper's bell. Instead, they suggest:

Government should continue to act to ensure that no citizen is denied his civil rights or access to public schools, public office or other governmental facility because of race.

In the private sector, individuals should have the right to associate or refuse to associate with anybody they please without interference by governmental authority.

Racial mixing of schools, neighborhoods and residential complexes according to bureaucratically prescribed formulas is an abuse of governmental power. It is the business of the state to see that people are not deprived of their rights because of their race; it is not the business of the state to decide how they should be mixed in relation to race. (p. 390)

If the suggestions of Weyl and Marina had been followed back in 1971, there would not now be any need for a white counterrevolution. But now that liberals have institutionalized forced integration and mandated the worship of blacks, more extreme measures than those suggested by Weyl and Marina will be necessary.

If we want to successfully eradicate institutionalized racial Babylon, we need to understand why such reasonable and beneficial – beneficial for both races – proposals such as those suggested by Weyl and Marina were not adopted by our government.

If, in 1971, you had had the opportunity to sit down privately with the individual congressmen in both the state and federal legislatures, I think you would have found that the great majority agreed with the analysis of Weyl and Marina. But not one of those legislators would have voiced their agreement with Weyl and Marina in public because democratic governments are not run by majorities. They are run by passionate minorities who are able to convince finger-in-the-wind pragmatists that their cause is the will of the majority or, at the very least, the will of the majority of the future.

The integrationists consisted of two groups of radicals. The first was made up of secularized Christians and secularized Jews. Having lost their faith in a transcendent God, they made a god of the noble black savage. The second group was the capitalists. They were often opposed to the secularized Christian and Jewish radicals on many issues but they were united with them on the integration issue. In fact, it was the capitalists of the late 19th century who killed the back-to-Africa movement. They needed cheap Negro labor in order to keep making exorbitant profits.

The racial secularists and the capitalists had the religious zeal that the pragmatic men lacked. Only a faith can counteract another faith. So in the absence of a Christian resistance movement, the Christless faith of the secularized Christians and Jews and the golden-calf faith of the capitalists won the day. The integrationists threw their gauntlet onto the courtroom floor and no Christian champion picked it up. The integrationist champion then entered the lists unopposed.

Of course now, some 37 years later, if you sat down privately with the members of the state and federal legislatures, 99% of them would not agree with the modest proposals of Weyl and Marina. And that is a sign of a successful revolution: what was formerly the majority opposition now gives internal assent to the enemy.

In 1971, the hour was very late, but it was still possible then to say, "If we act now we can still conserve a significant portion of European America." But white people did not act, and European America was jettisoned. True conservatives, cultural conservatives, must now (they have no choice) become counterrevolutionaries. The revolutionaries started out as tiny minorities on the fringe of Western civilization, and now we, the European minority, must start out on the fringes and in the cellars of the new Babylonian empire, and begin the long, slow, painful reconquest.

The only sure way to get a reputation as a prophet is to never make a prophecy. Then, no matter how events turn out, you smile and nod in a Pumblechookian manner and pretend that the way everything has turned out is exactly the way you thought things would turn out. No one can say for sure that a series of cataclysmic events won't shift the balance of power back into the hands of the Europeans, but one can say that such an occurrence would be highly unlikely. The more likely scenario is that we will have to put in a few centuries of counterrevolutionary work before we see Europe rise from the ashes. But if it be not now, then it will come. Hamlet is right: "The readiness is all." Now, or later, Europe will rise again. It will rise again, because I and other Europeans, "We few, we happy few, we band of brothers," will never let the image of His Europe fade from our hearts. Europe is the friend, our friend, that Thomas Moore wrote about:

It is not the tear at this moment shed,  
When the cold turf has just been laid o'er him,  
That can tell how beloved was the friend that's fled,  
Or how deep in our hearts we deplore him.  
'Tis the tear, thro' many a long day wept,  
'Tis life's whole path o'ershaded;  
'Tis the one remembrance, fondly kept,  
When all lighter griefs have faded.

Thus his memory, like some holy light,  
Kept alive in our hearts, will improve them,  
For worth shall look fairer, and truth more bright,  
When we think how he liv'd but to love them.  
And as fresher flowers the sod perfume  
Where buried saints are lying,  
So our hearts shall borrow a sweet'ning bloom  
From the image he left there in dying! +

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**Addendum:** You will know the European Phoenix is about to rise from the ashes when Europeans stop writing books and citing demographics which show how outnumbered Europeans are and instead start issuing orders to tear down the heathen altars. What were the odds against Cortez? Something like 50 million to one? What were the odds against the British in India? 100 million to one, wasn't it? Numbers only matter if you plan on living in a democratic, oligarchical, racial Babylon. And the true European refuses to live in Babylon. +

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## **"The Love That Once Was There" - FEBRUARY 03, 2008**

I vividly recall a period in the early years of my marriage when my wife was pregnant and I was unemployed. If you've ever been in that situation, you know how depressing it can be. So I felt very relieved and very fortunate when I found work before the savings account hit zero.

There was a downside to the job I finally came up with. It was in Academia. Academics are generally to the left of center, and I had views that were to the right of center. But I had been raised in a liberal household and attended liberal schools, so I knew enough about liberals to avoid the types of remarks that would have placed me back in the ranks of the unemployed.

I spent four good years at that job. My children were all below the ages of ten, so their problems were easily solved with a kind word and a cookie, and my wife was quite content with our house and our lives. But the roof caved in on me in the form of a new academic dean in charge of my department. He was, of course, a liberal, but that was not the problem. I knew how to get along, for the sake of my job, with liberals. This man was insane, like Captain Queeg of “who stole the strawberries” fame. You could not adjust to his rhythms, because he had no rhythms; his internal clock was completely out of order. He was truly insane. In his first year, he fired and replaced over half of the employees in his department.

There was nothing you could do to stop the mad dean from firing you. He took a dislike to people without reason. And once you became the focus of his hatred, your days were numbered. I got a reprieve from the governor when, after his second year at the university, his personal life imploded, resulting in his dismissal. But during his two-year reign of terror, my life was hell because my family’s subsistence depended on a madman.

There were approximately forty men and women who were at the mercy of that insane dean, but there will be over 400 million people at the mercy of a deranged madman if John McCain becomes President. We don’t know all the evil intentions that lurk in the fiendish soul of John McCain. But we do know some of his intentions already.

- 1) He plans on continuing and expanding the war in the Middle East, and he has not ruled out a nuclear strike in his expansion plans.
- 2) In addition, he plans on bringing back the cannon-fodder draft, democratic capitalism’s solution for unemployment and ‘overpopulation.’
- 3) He will reintroduce his ‘amnesty for barbarians’ legislation.
- 4) He will establish hostile, adversarial relations with two of the last great white countries, Serbia and Russia.

And that is only what we know he will try to do. We do not know the rest of the evil that lurks in the heart of John McCain.

Of course the presence of a devil-man such as John McCain is the long-term result of centuries of inroads, by the devil, into Western civilization. But the more immediate cause for the rise of John McCain is the moral failure of conservatism.

When William F. Buckley founded *National Review* in the 1950’s, he claimed the magazine’s purpose was to “stand athwart history, yelling ‘stop’...” And in the 1950’s and early 1960’s, *National Review* had some people writing for them such as Whittaker Chambers, Richard Weaver, Donald Davidson, and Russell Kirk, who actually saw America as an extension of Christian Europe and not a ‘grand’ experiment in democratic capitalism. There were also lunatic democratic capitalists within the magazine (Buckley was one) even in the early years, but they maintained an alliance with the cultural conservatives against the communists. But the democratic capitalists were against the communists for different reasons than the cultural conservatives; the capitalists and the communists were battling, twin brothers. Both had materialistic, Utopian visions of a people’s republic ruled by an elite few. They simply differed on the means to achieve their vision. The cultural conservatives, on the other hand, opposed communism because they saw it as a threat to Christian, European civilization.

When the threat of Russian communism died, the cultural conservatives such as Patrick Buchanan, Samuel Francis, and Russell Kirk were purged from the ranks of conservatism. Twenty-two year old economic gurus and radio talk show hosts such as Rush Limbaugh became the leaders of the ‘conservative’ movement. Those same leaders are now wringing their hands over a John McCain candidacy, but when you create a moral vacuum the devil feels quite free to step in.

The death of the Republican party, which used to provide a small space for cultural conservatives, would not be tragic if the Democratic party provided a moral alternative to the Republicans. But the Democratic party abandoned, many years in advance of the Republican party, their moral core. It was the Democratic party that had stood for the rights of the poor. But they turned their attentions away from charitable outreach to the needy in order to focus on special entitlements for politically fashionable ethnic groups.

I cannot say with an air of existential fortitude, when looking at the possibility of a McCain presidency, I “know the merriment that men know when events have ended in utter disaster.” I can’t say that, because I have children I want to see

grow up “clean and straight” in a world that still has some respect for the evening lingerings of Western civilization. What is to leave betimes? A vision of a civilization connected to Him.

The obstacles the modern white man faces seem insignificant compared to those obstacles that men such as Charles Martel, Alfred the Great, and Hernando Cortes had to overcome. But those men and the men who fought with them had something the modern man lacks: faith. And that type of faith, the faith that inspires men to keep fighting when everything seems hopeless, comes from love. Nothing dies if you love it enough. Isn't that belief at the heart of our faith: “For God so loved the world...” He loved us so much that He refused to let us die. And we don't have a legal, judicial arrangement with Him that says we must pay Him back for His love. His love was freely given; He won't compel us to return it.

The Christ-haters are always looking at Christian Europe -- and commanding us to do the same -- from the outside. And when viewed from the outside, Christian Europe seems no different from any other civilization. There is violence, lust, greed... the usual suspects. But if we look at European civilization from within, as Walter Scott and the European poets do, then we see that European civilization is the Little Welsh Home in which “nothing can compare with the love that once was there.”

The neocons, the barbarians, and the liberals all view Western civilization from the outside. The barbarians see it from the outside, because it is not their civilization. And the neocons and the liberals see it from the outside, because they no longer are capable of seeing anything from the inside. They have lost the capacity to love. Life has meaning to them only in the abstract. That is why they must have an impersonal system to sustain them, whether it be democracy, communism, or scholasticism.

All is cheerless, dark and deadly if we look on the democratic process as the final resting point for European man. But if we look on the democratic process as a hideous aberration which we can, and should, walk away from, there is hope. That “incomparable symmetry” of European civilization stemmed from the freely given love of the European people to their Savior. It is not impractical or unrealistic to expect that if their love returns, so will the civilization that was born of their love.

Of course, it is not written in stone that European civilization will be restored. But it is also not written in stone that our modern, racial Babylon is the final destiny for the European people. Love is a fire that can spread, maybe not as quickly as hate, but it can be more lasting. If we, the Europeans, pit our love of European civilization against the neocon, liberal, barbarian hatred of it, who's to say that love won't finally prevail? +

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**Addendum:** Saint Paul said, “If in this life only we have hope in Christ, we are of all men most miserable.” And if our hope is only in the democratic process, aren't we also of all men most miserable?

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## **Death in the Mountains – JANUARY 30, 2008**

John Clark concludes an article entitled “Horror on the Border” with these words: “We can only hope that an aroused American citizenry will demand action from this year's presidential candidates.” Is Mr. Clark serious? The republicans are about to nominate a man who has promised to turn the country over to the barbarian hordes and give us war without end in the Middle East. If you're playing the ‘lesser of two evils’ politics, Hillary Clinton is the lesser. The aroused American citizen? John McCain couldn't have been more obviously demonic if he sported the traditional tail and horns. And yet the Floridians voted for him. And the seniors, members of the much-touted ‘best generation,’ voted for the devil man in large numbers. Perhaps the generation that trusted good old Uncle Joe Stalin is not really the ‘best’ generation.

The colossal error in Clark's article is the reference to American citizenry. There is no American citizenry. We are a nation of warring tribes. We have the technocratic, neo-con tribe, the Mexican tribe, the black tribe, and the Amazon tribe. But there is no white male tribe. A few white males exist, but they are statistically off the radar screen.

There will be no rear guard to protect our flight. So there will be no time to regroup, increase our numbers, and counterattack. The enemy is amongst us, and they are slaughtering the pathetic remnants of our army. We have no choice but to fight. Surrender is not only morally reprehensible, it is impractical. The enemy does not extend mercy to the vanquished. They are the devil's own, and mercy is not an attribute of the devil.

The time for politics is over. It is now time for Rob Roy and William Tell. +

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## **What Makes a Man Say “Never Surrender” and Mean It? - JANUARY 26, 2008**

With the cautionary tale of Haiti before their eyes, the Rhodesian whites still turned their country over to black barbarians. And with the example of Rhodesia before their eyes, the white South Africans still voted to place themselves at the mercy of a people who had no concept of mercy. Then in our own country, in the South of the 1950's, the wall that separated the whites from the colored races was torn down. Why did they all cave in? Well, let us first look at the outside forces that turned civilized white African countries into voodoo blood orgies and the South into New Orleans.

The prime shakers and movers in the ‘Onward to Racial Babylon’ movement were the Utopian whites. These people had entered, in their minds, the La-La Land of Rousseau. They saw themselves as the great white wizards who would give the noble black savages their freedom, and in return they expected to be worshipped by the people of color. They held the reins of power in the United States and throughout the Western world. Their techniques were childish (that is, of an evil child) simple. They practiced exclusion and name-calling in order to bring racially recalcitrant nations to heel. “Nah, nah, nah, nah, nah, you are a racist, and you can’t play with us!” was the war cry of the Utopians. And it worked. A friend, who had lived in South Africa during the period leading up to the fateful vote for extinction, said that the main reason the average white South African gave for voting to end apartheid was his desire to be included in the Olympics and other Western sporting events. And if we look at the Southern states in the 1950's, we can see the same forces at work. The Southern colleges, prior to the 1950's, used to refuse to play Northern colleges which had blacks on their teams. And until the 1950's, the South refused to play in the national Little League tournament because they didn't want to integrate their baseball teams. But they wanted to be included, so they capitulated.

What makes a people give in to name-calling and ostracization when they have a noble history of resisting much stronger measures in the past? Why did the people who had defended Rorke's Drift and the people who had resisted Reconstruction allow themselves to be led to the slaughter by limp-wristed Utopians? The answer lies in the white man's faith.

That the white man's Christian faith produced men and women who were morally superior to the ancient pagans and the barbarian races cannot be proven in the same way that  $2 + 2 = 4$  can be proved. In fact one must still be connected to the older European civilization to be able to see the value of its people. The European Utopian and the barbarian cannot see the value of the older civilization and its people because the barbarian lives in the darkness and the utopian lives in a mind-forged lunatic asylum. But objective reality, which only the European who is still European can see, is that the European people were moral giants in a world of moral eunuchs and moral pygmies. What the Utopians promised to the last of the white holdouts in Africa and to the South was that they could have their faith and the fleshpots of Sodom and Gomorrah too. The Utopians assured them that they would not become pillars of salt when they looked back. They could be part of the racially harmonious Sodom and Gomorrah to which the rest of the white world had already succumbed.

The results were dramatic in white Africa. The white man could not go back to paganism because, though no longer fully Christian, he was still too Christian to be a good pagan. He became a useless pillar of salt. And in the South? It wasn't quite as dramatic, but the results were the same: “He did not die, but nothing of life remained.”

It is painful to go back and read all of the “never surrender” assertions of the Southern segregationists and the white Africans. They seemed to be so determined not to give in, yet they did. In hindsight, it appears there were too many George Wallaces and Strom Thurmonds in their midst, men who supported the white cause when it seemed politically expedient and abandoned it when it became inexpedient. Such men lacked the Christian thing. If we look inside the souls of the defenders of Rorke's Drift and the men of the Reconstruction Era, we can see what makes a man say “never surrender” and mean it.

The defenders of Rorke's Drift and the Klansmen would not have been able to articulate the reasons for their refusal to surrender to black barbarism. They simply took it as a given – “never surrender, never say die.” But the unarticulated reasons for their refusal to surrender stemmed from the Christianity that was in their blood. The antique Christian knew the sinfulness of mixing with the heathen from his belief in the inerrancy of Scripture, which condemned race mixing. And he knew the foolhardiness of surrendering to the barbarian because of his historical consciousness, which stemmed from his belief in a God who had entered history.

When belief in revealed Truth lessens, so does the historical consciousness. “Why not mix with the heathen? It hasn't been done in the past, but the past is not relevant.” In the absence of a deeply held religious conviction against race-mixing, the seemingly fierce resistance of the George Wallace, Strom Thurmond type of individual turns from a position of ‘never surrender’ to one of ‘You scratch my white back, and I'll kiss your black a--.’ We've all seen how that works.

Robert Louis Stevenson is very underrated as a writer; he has great depth. And through his character Alexander Smollett, a Christian gentleman, he shows us why the Strom Thurmond type of white man caves in, and the Christian European does not. When faced with an ultimatum from the pirates, who seem to have the upper hand, Captain Smollett, replies:

“Now you’ll hear me. If you’ll come up one by one, unarmed, I’ll engage to clap you all in irons, and take you home to a fair trial in England. If you won’t, my name is Alexander Smollett, I’ve flown my sovereign’s colours, and I’ll see you all to Davy Jones.”

There are two reasons why Alexander Smollett refused to surrender. The first reason is that it simply isn’t done. A Christian gentleman, particularly an English one, doesn’t surrender to barbarians. And the second reason is that Captain Smollett knew, because he had an historical consciousness, that those individuals outside the sphere of Christianity have no concept of mercy or of a truce with dignity. Thus surrender is a metaphysical and a practical impossibility. When the George Wallace type of white South African and the Strom Thurmond type of Dixiecrat lost their Christian metaphysic, they were open to the idea that capitulation was practical. And thus they joined the barbarians and the Utopians.

The pathology of the white surrender to barbarism cannot be understood apart from Western man’s religious struggle. It was his faith that made him separate from the other races, and it was his lack of faith that caused him to seek extinction by blending with the other races. Because they are interdependent, Western man’s rush to extinction coincided with his complete rejection of Christianity in the second half of the 20th century. Certainly churches still exist, and some individual Europeans still hold His precious image in their hearts, but the European people, as an incorporate league, have rejected Christ. And it was not Darwin or Freud or Marx that severed European man from Christianity; they were merely additional links in a chain that was started by the medieval scholastics. All of nature, for the pagan, was animated by the gods. There were gods of the bush, gods of the sky, gods of the mountain, and so on. They were gods that could be propitiated in order to gain favor. Christianity dethroned those gods, but gave mankind something greater than nature to worship – a God who loved mankind, a God who desired not sacrifice but mercy. And He was one of us. We shared in His divine essence. God was still immanent, not in nature, but in man himself! How could any pagan lament the death of the nature gods when the alternative was so much better? Certainly not the Europeans. They embraced Christ with a passion. But the scholastic rebellion was the first satanic strike at the heart of the European’s faith. God was not immanent, the scholastics said, He was a derivative by-product of reason’s contemplation of the natural world. Christ’s words, “Behold the kingdom of God is within you,” were rejected as bad theology, and the anti-immanence police became the ruling authorities in the Church.

There were many resistance movements – the Franciscans were one prime example. But every time a St. Francis emerged, his movement was codified and emptied of its divine-human element. The Protestant Reformation was also an attempt to reclaim the original divine-human link. But the Protestant theologians re-imposed the prescriptions (God is not immanent) of scholasticism on the Protestant faithful, thus maintaining the dichotomy between a Christian’s loyalty to an abstract idea of God, preached by the hierarchy of his church, and his loyalty to the living God. And when the ‘Idea God’ of the various church hierarchies triumphs, the European’s loyalty to his own people perishes. How could it be otherwise? When God is an abstraction, so is man. One cannot be loyal to an abstraction.

European man’s battle is with himself. If he conquers the dragon of scholasticism, which is the progenitor of the scientific dragon, he will see his sacred heritage again. And then he will know that his heritage is intimately connected to his faith, which will give him the passion and fire to say, “We shall never surrender,” and truly mean it. +

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### **The Devil and John McCain - JANUARY 22, 2008**

Shortly before his duel with Aaron Burr, Alexander Hamilton wrote to a friend and told him that he sensed he was dealing with a man in Aaron Burr who was possessed by the devil. He couldn't quite explain why he felt that way, but nevertheless he did. And I believe he was right. What kind of man, as it came out later, reads love letters, sent to him by his various paramours, to his daughter? A demonic man, that's who.

I don't have any hard evidence against McCain that would indicate that he is in league with the devil, but I do get an overwhelming sense, when I see him or hear him speak, that he is something more than simply a wrongheaded man. I get a very strong sense that I am in the presence of a man in league with Satan.

Although my feelings against McCain run deeper than I can articulate, there are some points that can be articulated. Two of the attributes of the devil are the satanic sneer and the ability to ape the good in order to cloak demonic intentions. McCain certainly possess those two demonic attributes. He sneered at those who opposed his amnesty bill, and he routinely wraps himself up in the flag whenever he is challenged on any issue. John McCain: 'the man of integrity' is the

label he has acquired in the media from years of playing up to them, but 'the man who sold his soul to the devil' should be his real title.

A Hillary Clinton presidency would not be pleasant nor would a Barack Obama presidency, but both those individuals are merely the pathetic products of the modern world. They will do little good and much harm, but the harm they do will be done incrementally. In contrast, McCain has the Satanic pride to destroy the world. The nuclear holocaust that Goldwater never intended, except in the minds of the liberal media, under McCain will be a very definite probability.

There are no candidates who represent the interests of white people. A Ron Paul presidency would be a rear guard delaying action, not a counter-attack. In the absence of Ron Paul, is there anybody who can fight a rear guard action? Probably not. I would love to see Pat Buchanan, who is admittedly weak on the race issue, but the only man remotely connected to public life with an ounce of integrity, go to Romney and say, "Make me your vice president, and we'll pound home the free trade issue and the immigration issue and keep the devil out of the White House. But then I'm the same man who wanted Jefferson Davis to fire Bragg, resign the presidency, and turn the country and the war over to Nathan Bedford Forrest. Jefferson Davis didn't listen to me then, and I suspect no one will heed my advice this time either. +

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**Addendum:** Back in the Reagan days, I sent a \$50 contribution to his campaign. In return, I got a "personal" letter asking me who I thought he should choose for his vice president. "Because you know," the letter said, "Reagan considers you one of his closest advisers." So I sent off another \$50 and told him to make Pat Buchanan his vice president. And he didn't listen to me! I was shocked and devastated. "I thought I was one of your closest advisers!" I guess those other two close advisers opted for Bush.

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### **The Swiss - JANUARY 15, 2008**

"I had... all my life loved the mountain better than the plain; had been more pleased to walk than to ride; more proud to contend with shepherds in their sports than with nobles in the lists; and happier in the village dance than among the feasts of the German nobles."

-Walter Scott in *Anne of Geierstein*

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I have always had a fondness for the country of Switzerland. Britain was my first love, but after Britain came Switzerland. I have never been to Switzerland nor have I ever made an extensive study of Swiss history. My fondness for Switzerland is grounded solely in my love for the story of William Tell, which might seem to be a rather superficial reason for loving a country. Possibly. But I recently read a history of Switzerland (written by a native Swiss but intended for English speaking readers) that convinced me that the William Tell story and Switzerland are one.

Every European country has had a similar history: each went from being pagan to Christian and from being Christian to post Christian. But I think, without having studied every single European nation, each nation of Europe also has a uniqueness which is exemplified by its national hero. Arthur for Britain, Roland for France, El Cid for Spain, and so on. And Tell for Switzerland.

William Tell is like all European heroes in that he fights in defense of; but he differs from other European heroes as well. Tell is not a warrior by profession. He is a humble craftsman of the mountains and the woods. He genuinely prefers the hearth to battle. Other heroes fight in defense of the hearth but are not really content unless they are in the thick of battle. Tell fights only because he has battle thrust upon him. And then he fights to the death.

A nation can only become that rare entity called a Christian commonwealth when the vast majority of the males in that nation find more romance in the practice of their craft or in the tilling of their fields than they do in battle. The Swiss had their pagan wars and their Catholic vs. Protestant wars just like every other European nation, but the Swiss, unlike every other European nation, had an intense desire to settle their differences and return to their farms and to their trades. (1) They had managed to find romance in the homely virtues of shop, farm, and hearth.

Because the Swiss cherished the homely virtues, they were able to successfully maintain their neutrality in two world wars. And it was not the neutrality of the Quakers that they maintained, it was the neutrality of Tell: "I will be left alone or else I will retreat to my mountains and launch an arrow into the heart of the invader."

The Swiss, alas, like the rest of the European peoples, have betrayed their heritage. They have replaced the spirit of Tell with the spirit of capitulation. When a Christian people no longer see the distinctiveness of their civilization which was grounded in Christianity, then the dry rot sets in: "Why not permit Muslims, voodoo priests, and third world refugees to become Switzers?" Of course, there is a remnant that still believes as Tell believed, and that remnant is Switzerland. And I

hope the remnant will reconquer Switzerland just as I hope the tiny remnant in Britain and in the rest of the European nations will also reconquer their own nations. +

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(1) I'm certainly not suggesting that Switzerland was the only European nation that desired peace. But I think the Swiss had a larger percentage of males who truly wanted to return to their homes and resume their peaceful occupations. And a true appreciation for one's home, as distinct from the defense of the idea of the home, is the mark of the European, because he knows who presides over the European hearth.

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#### Tell's Birth-Place

Mark this holy chapel well!  
The birth-place, this, of William Tell.  
Here, where stands God's altar dread,  
Stood his parents' marriage bed.

II.  
Here, first, an infant to her breast,  
Him his loving mother prest;  
And kissed the babe, and blessed the day,  
And prayed as mothers used to pray.

III.  
'Vouchsafe him health, O God! And give  
The child thy servant still to live!'  
But God had destined to do more  
Through him than through an armed power.

IV.  
God gave him reverence of laws,  
Yet stirring blood in Freedom's cause—  
A spirit to his rocks akin,  
The eye of the hawk and the fire therein!

V.  
To Nature and to Holy Writ  
Alone did God the boy commit:  
Where flashed and roared the torrent, oft  
His soul found wings, and soared aloft!

VI.  
The straining oar and chamois chase  
Had formed his limbs to strength and grace:  
On wave and wind the boy would toss,  
Was great, nor knew how great he was!

VII.  
He knew not that his chosen hand,  
Made strong by God, his native land  
Would rescue from the shameful yoke  
Of Slavery--the which he broke!

- S. T. Coleridge

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#### William Tell

I.  
In that fell strife, when force with force engages,  
And Wrath stirs bloodshed—Wrath with blindfold eyes—  
When, midst the war which raving Faction wages,  
Lost in the roar—the voice of Justice dies,  
When, but for license, Sin, the shameless, rages,  
Against the Holy when the Willful rise,  
When lost the Anchor which makes Nations strong  
Amidst the storm—there, is no theme for song.



II.

But when a Race, tending by vale and hill  
Free flocks, contented with its rude domain—  
Bursts the hard bondage with its own great will,  
Lest fall the sword when once it rends the chain  
And, flushed with Victory, can be human still—  
There blest the strife, and then inspired the strain.  
Such is my theme—to thee not strange, 'tis true:  
Thou in the Great canst never find the New.

- Friedrich von Schiller

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### **Scandal - JANUARY 15, 2008**

"Ron Paul Scandal!" the headlines ran. And of course the "scandal" was not an illicit affair or a campaign finance misdeed, it was "racist remarks." The remarks appearing in Ron Paul's newsletter of 1992 were not racist remarks, they were simple statements of fact about the black barbarians in our midst. Ron Paul understandably, but regrettably, tried to get out from under the racist label by dissociating himself from his own publication. It won't work – it never does.

The only consolation Ron Paul can take from the accusation of racism is that it is unlikely to lose him support from his hardcore followers, who have given him about 10% of the vote. But of course his aspiration is to become the president of the United States, not just to make a good showing.

It tells you something about this fine land of ours when men and women such as McCain, Huckabee, Obama, and H. Clinton, who are united in their satanic hatred of everything decent, can actually run for public office and get votes, while a decent man like Ron Paul has to put up with slander and abuse for speaking the truth.

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### **The Law Above the Law - JANUARY 15, 2008**

Hazleton, Pennsylvania, like many small towns throughout the U. S., has a problem with illegal aliens. The illegals were only asserting their ethnic pride by committing a few rapes and murders. And the cultural bigots of Hazleton responded in a most un-American way to the rapes and murders: they made it illegal for an illegal to work in Hazleton.

A very commendable step, but a Federal court ruled that the law passed by Hazleton to protect its citizens from rape and murder is unconstitutional. And of course the Federal court and the U. S. Government are insane and immoral. But what is our recourse when our own government is insane and immoral? Write a protest letter to our local congressman? No, I don't think so, because that would be the same as seeking redemption from the devil.

When a government forbids legitimate self-defense, that government is in league with those who rape and murder. One has to look to the law above the law in such circumstances. That law is the code of chivalry: "Such things will not be permitted despite all of their laws."

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### **European Identity - JANUARY 04, 2008**

"A person who feels himself deprived of his natural birthright, denounced, exposed to confiscation and death, because he avouches the rights of his king, the cause of his country, ceases on his part to be nice or precise in estimating the degree of retaliation which it is lawful for him to exercise in the requital of such injuries..."

--Sir Walter Scott

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There are few spectacles in the world more disgusting than the American electoral process. Candidates parade before the American public in a horrific display of pride, avarice, and greed. It is not a case of trying to pick the least satanic candidate; it is a case, if you choose to vote, of picking which one of the seven deadly sins you prefer: the satanic pride of McCain, the blasphemy of Huckabee, or the fiendish feminism of Hillary Clinton. It really doesn't make much difference. The only prerequisite for participation in the American electoral process is the absence of a soul.

Every European country from Denmark to Australia is in the same democratic boat as the U. S., and we are all hopelessly adrift. It is time to close the democratic chapter of the European peoples' history. No genuine European should object to closing the democratic chapter of our history, because the democratic chapter has not benefited Europeans.

Despite numerous differences, every European country has gone through the following stages of government: A system of tribes or clans, followed by a more centralized monarchy, followed by a republican form of government with either no monarch or with a constitutional monarch, followed by a democracy in which a few individuals rule in the name of the people. Only the first three systems of government, the clan, the monarchy, and the republic, are legitimate forms of government. Each has its strengths and weaknesses, and no one form can be artificially adapted to a country in the hope that the mere external form in and of itself will cure a country's ills. The sickness is organic, and so must the cure be organic.

The great advantage, from my standpoint, of the clannish system of government is the great sense of loyalty to kith and kin that such a system engenders. "Touch any one of my people and no place on this earth will be safe for you." And of course that fierce clannish loyalty is also the disadvantage of that system: "Father, do we really have to annihilate the entire Douglas clan just because Fergus Douglas stole a chicken from the farmyard of Alistair MacDonald?" "Yes, son, the honor of the clan is at stake; how can you doubt it?"

The absolute monarchy has the great advantage of a clear hierarchical line: "I serve the King, and the King serves Christ." But suppose the King is a tyrannical rotter: "I serve the King and the King serves Satan." Somehow that doesn't sound very good.

The republican-constitutional monarchical system also has its advantages. For one thing, there are more peaceful transitions of power in that type of system. And one is less subject to the tyrannical rule of a despotic Richard III or King John. Scott, for instance, despite his Scottish sympathy for the Highlanders and his appreciation for the poetic days of Ivanhoe, thought the republican constitutional monarchy he lived under superior to the clannish or monarchical system. But he was always worried about unchecked Whiggery, which leads us to the one fault, an unredeemable one in my judgment, of the republican form of government. A system of diffused powers can lead, under pressure, to democratic egalitarianism, and democratic egalitarianism is institutionalized tyranny. Since rule "by the people" is an impossibility, a small cabal of men, less democratically representative than either a clannish government, a monarchy, or a republic, holds the reins of power in a democracy. While flying a theoretical flag called "the people," democratic leaders enjoy a despotic rule that would have put Richard III to shame.

The citadels of power in the U.S. present democratic government as the final stage on the road to Zion, because they are members of the ruling elite. But what are the fruits of democracy? Has democracy been good for white, Christian Europeans? No, it has not. In the democratic chapter of European history, we have seen total war on a scale that makes the monarchical and clannish wars look like private quarrels, and we see a democratic egalitarianism that is on the verge of eliminating the white race.

Is it so difficult to see that if white people do not divorce themselves from the ruling democratic oligarchies to form their own separate nation, separate economically, militarily, and socially, they will cease to exist as a distinct people? The democratic delusion is almost universally believed by the European people. Even those on the right wing suffer from it. But if we look the delusion in the face, we can see it for what it truly is, a deadly disease of the soul.

The "prolife" movement is a textbook example of how the democratic delusion destroys the soul. How should a Christian react to the slaughter of innocents? Should he vote for "prolife" candidates who do nothing about legalized abortion once elected or should he support those heroes who go after the murderers? We know what the democracy-loving heretic does. He worships democracy and not the living God, so he takes the democratic path through the woods and ends up entangled in the thorns and thistles of the giant liberal briar patch.

The democratic delusion is also destroying the anti-immigration movement. What needs to be done for white Europeans to survive? It is necessary that Europe and its satellites remain white. So all Europeans that are still European should seek to stop all nonwhite immigration and begin to repatriate all nonwhites. Is there a presidential candidate even suggesting that? Of course not. So if there is no candidate with a European agenda, how will the electoral process aid white people? Every election that is held simply places another nail in the coffin of the European.

I hear the democratic man saying that "It's not possible to repatriate the non-whites; there are too many of them and it would be immoral." But that is exactly the opposite of reality. It is not practical to force a utopian concept of racial egalitarianism on a nation, and it is immoral and contrary to Christianity to build a democratic, multi-racial tower of Babel that is opposed to the will of God. If the white man uses the same ingenuity in repatriation and segregation that he has used in building the Tower of Babel, the race problem could be solved in a genuine Christian fashion. (1)

The white man has stepped outside of himself and his own civilization. He looks on the colored invasion as something that is happening to a particular civilization that would be termed European and to a particular type of person who would be deemed a white man. But it is happening externally. The threat of invasion does not affect the white man inside, in his soul, because he has lost his soul. A white man, such as Charles Martel, would not be able to understand the white man of today. When his civilization was threatened by barbarians, he responded with his whole heart and soul to the threat. We certainly have declined. We now obey the democratic oligarchy's command that we refrain from even articulating the dreams and aspirations of white people. We are supposed to be a non-people, so even the articulated concept that European people can have legitimate dreams and aspirations as a particular, distinct people is an anathema to the ruling elite.

The Cyclops makes Odysseus deny his name: "My name is Nobody." And Odysseus finds that intolerable. He must, despite all dangers, reclaim his name again. "Cyclops, if ever mortal man inquire how you were put to shame and blinded, tell him Odysseus, sacker of Troy, took your eye: Laertes' son, whose home's on Ithaka!" Should not a Christian European be capable of equaling the pagan? Can we not step away from the multi-racial, democratic Cyclops and reclaim our identity? We are white, Christian Europeans, who do not bend their knee to false gods, be they democratic or barbarian. Our civilization is His civilization, and we shall not debate its right to exist nor recoil from any measure necessary to defend it.

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(1) If one is not too literal minded, he can see a model for repatriation – the South. After Reconstruction ended, the white Southerners essentially formed two separate nations within a nation. I know liberals like to point out that the Jim Crow laws did not start up immediately after Reconstruction ended and that therefore integration was working, but it was precisely because white Southerners saw that voluntary segregation was not sufficient that they sought to give segregation legal sanction. The whole point is, of course, that it is the will currently lacking which prevents white people from defending their civilization, not the impracticality of the undertaking.

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## Shakespeare's Kings – DECEMBER 30, 2007

**Book Review:** A Commentary on Shakespeare's Kings: The Great Plays and the History of England in the Middle Ages: 1337-1485

The author of Shakespeare's Kings, John Julius Norwich, is terrible as an interpreter of Shakespeare's plays, but he is good in his narration of the historical events taking place during the lives of Shakespeare's kings. And since the number of Norwich's interpretations of the plays is minimal, the book can be labeled a good one (with a major reservation about this type of historical narration, which I will address later).

Starting with Edward III of England (Norwich claims that Edward III was also written by Shakespeare), Norwich takes us through the turbulent reigns of Richard II (deposed by the noble Bolingbroke, soon to be Henry IV), Henry IV, Henry V, Henry VI, Edward IV, and Richard III.

Norwich writes a chapter about each king and then writes a chapter about how the king and the events taking place during his reign are portrayed by Shakespeare. What is remarkable, Norwich maintains, is Shakespeare's historical accuracy. He is not inaccurate in the essentials; what he does do is compress time, combining events that happened over hundreds of years into a shorter span.

If one is familiar with these plays, Norwich's literary interpretations can be quite irritating. For instance, he blithely asserts that *Richard III* is the best of the historical plays. Why? Any one of the plays – *Richard II*, *Henry IV Part I*, *Henry IV Part 2*, or *Henry V* is superior to the earlier *Richard III*. In addition, Norwich's confident statement that Hotspur is the noblest character in *Henry IV Part 1* overlooks what Shakespeare is doing with Prince Hal. Hotspur has an excessively macho view of honor, a kind of death wish: "Die all, die merrily." Falstaff has an excessively cowardly view of honor: "Discretion is the better part of valor." Only Prince Hal maintains a balance between the doomsday mentality of Hotspur and the cynical cowardice of Falstaff.

But there are many good things about Norwich's history. For one thing, he supports the traditional view of Richard III against Yorkist revisionists such as Josephine Tey. His findings support the views of Thomas More and Shakespeare: Richard III was the murderer of Edward IV's two sons and a thoroughly evil man and ruler. Interestingly enough, Bolingbroke (Henry IV) emerges as the noblest of kings, and yet some would say (not me) that he is the one who started the War of the Roses when he usurped Richard II. I would assert that Richard started the conflict when he abandoned the Christian view of monarchy, which views the monarch as a caretaker for Christ, and adopted the Asiatic and despotic view of monarchy, wherein the king views the whole Kingdom as his personal possession. When Richard indiscriminately

started confiscating the lands of his subjects, he in essence abdicated the crown. Bolingbroke had the heart and courage to force him to pay the consequences. Up Lancaster, down York!

The real danger of a book like this is that one can get the impression that Shakespeare's history plays are worth reading because his plays are "essentially" accurate. Not so! One should not read the Shakespeare history plays for mere history; they have an importance beyond history – they are metaphysical plays about men and women with immortal souls.

I had an excellent 'facts and figures' history teacher in college who claimed that any true student of history had to be an atheist. "Any objective view of history forces one to that conclusion," he said. And when reading Norwich's history, one can see what my teacher meant. All the political machinations, all the bloodshed, and for what? For nothing. The pageant of the English kings looks like a glorified demolition derby with no ultimate purpose. But when we read Shakespeare's plays we see a spiritual presence moving in history. Prince Hal might die young and Bolingbroke might never achieve a secure kingdom, but in Shakespeare's plays, father and son share a moment that lifts us out of mere historical time into another dimension, a spiritual one:

KING HENRY.

O my son,  
God put it in thy mind to take it hence,  
That thou mightst win the more thy father's love,  
Pleading so wisely in excuse of it!  
Come hither, Harry, sit thou by my bed;  
And hear, I think, the very latest counsel  
That ever I shall breathe. God knows, my son,  
By what by-paths and indirect crook'd ways  
I met this crown; and I myself know well  
How troublesome it sat upon my head:  
To thee it shall descend with better quiet,  
Better opinion, better confirmation;  
For all the soil of the achievement goes  
With me into the earth. It seem'd in me  
But as an honour snatch'd with boisterous hand,  
And I had many living to upbraid  
My gain of it by their assistances;  
Which daily grew to quarrel and to bloodshed,  
Wounding supposed peace: all these bold fears  
Thou see'st with peril I have answered;  
For all my reign hath been but as a scene  
Acting that argument: and now my death  
Changes the mode; for what in me was purchased,  
Falls upon thee in a more fairer sort;  
So thou the garland wear'st successively.  
Yet, though thou stand'st more sure than I could do,  
Thou art not firm enough, since griefs are green;  
And all my friends, which thou must make thy friends,  
Have but their stings and teeth newly ta'en out;  
By whose fell working I was first advanced  
And by whose power I well might lodge a fear  
To be again displaced: which to avoid,  
I cut them off; and had a purpose now  
To lead out many to the Holy Land,  
Lest rest and lying still might make them look  
Too near unto my state. Therefore, my Harry,  
Be it thy course to busy giddy minds  
With foreign quarrels; that action, hence borne out,  
May waste the memory of the former days.  
More would I, but my lungs are wasted so  
That strength of speech is utterly denied me.  
How I came by the crown, O God, forgive;  
And grant it may with thee in true peace live!

PRINCE HENRY.

My gracious liege,  
You won it, wore it, kept it, gave it me;  
Then plain and right must my possession be:  
Which I with more than with a common pain  
'Gainst all the world will rightfully maintain.

And this is why Norwich's history is mere bagatelle compared to Shakespeare's history plays. That Norwich clearly doesn't understand the importance of Shakespeare's plays is indicated when he claims, toward the end of the book, that religion doesn't play a big part in Shakespeare's plays because Jesus Christ is not mentioned much. Unbelievable! Shakespeare is trying to write about reality. He sees a spiritual dimension in human beings that points toward Him, but he would be false to his profession if he had the characters walking around asking each other if they had been 'born again.' The reason Shakespeare's plays still resonate with us today is because he enables us to see reality clearly. We need vision more than a sermon. The former leads us to the living God, and the latter leads us to an idea about God.

Walter Scott followed in Shakespeare's footsteps. He writes about historical events but also supplies the spiritual undergirdings of the various events. And without those undergirdings, history is just a tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing! And of course that is what the empiricist always concludes about European history – it signifies nothing. (As a matter of fact, that's why European history is only treated as a cautionary tale about the evils of being a white man.) But Shakespeare and Scott are divers. They go below the surface of European history and come to the surface again with a treasure that is of infinite value, the living God. +

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## **The Fateful Hoaxing of Margaret Mead – DECEMBER 30, 2007**

**Book Review:** *The Fateful Hoaxing of Margaret Mead* by Derek Freeman, Westview Press, 1999

Freeman's exposure of the false assumptions and faulty "research" behind Margaret Mead's book, *Coming of Age in Samoa*, is certainly significant in view of the sainted status that liberalism has conferred upon Mead.

The book's weakness is that it is written in the dull academic style of an anthropologist, which is, of course, what the author is. And indeed, Freeman admits, he himself was a Mead enthusiast when he began his follow-up research, until he discovered that Mead's research was flawed and inaccurate. He even includes, in the book, a letter from Mead to himself in which she concedes that her research was inaccurate.

What Freeman unearths is that Samoa was not the uninhibited sexual paradise that Mead described in her book. Mead spent most of her time "researching" the Samoan culture in a Navy hotel and never really lived with the Samoans. She got her information about the sexual practices of young Samoan girls from two girls, who, Freeman reveals, were just indulging in the Samoan custom of telling tall tales. They never dreamed that Mead would take them seriously.

But Mead, who had studied under the cultural determinist Franz Boas, was determined to give her mentor the research he wanted. And the liberal world wanted to believe that there was a tropical paradise devoid of Western cultural guilt about sexual matters.

Mead's ridiculous book should be exposed as the travesty it is, but I should note that Freeman is not on our side (that of the good guys with the Christian crusader outfits on) either. He criticizes Mead's inaccurate research, all well and good, but he also criticizes her for not being up on the latest research which reveals that heredity is more important than culture. This is less acceptable to a Christian than the cultural determinism of Boas and Mead; the Biology-is-Destiny school of thought usually ends up studying apes to learn about man. Christianity rejects the false 'either/or' of nature vs. nurture and instead claims that spirituality determines nature, which then must be nurtured by a Christian culture.

Nevertheless, Freeman's expose is worth reading. It is indeed incredible that a few tall tales told by some adolescent Samoan schoolgirls should be the rallying cry for feminists and part of every textbook in America.

Freeman does mention Mead's early lesbian affair with a kindred academic and her failed marriage, but he doesn't dwell on the details of her private life. Instead he focuses on her research, or rather, her lack of it. In the end, we are left with a Madame Bovary-type character: too pathetic to hate and too shallow to love.

Some interesting quotes:

This then was the quintessentially Samoan response to which Fa'apua'a and Fofoa had resort when Mead advanced what was to them the ludicrous notion that despite the traditional emphasis on virginity in the fa'aSamoa and within the Christian church, the adolescent girls of Nau'a were, in fact, sexually promiscuous. As Fa'apua'a remarked to Galea'I Poumele, the then Secretary of Samoan Affairs of American Samoa, when he interviewed her in Fitiuta on November 13, 1987: "As you know Samoan girls are terrific liars when it comes to joking, but Margaret accepted our trumped-up stories as though they were true."

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If only Mead had arranged to live with a Samoan family in Manu'a, as she easily could have done, she would have known from direct observation just how false were the conclusions set out in her letter to Boas of March 14, 1926. However, because of the Spam and other comforts that she felt she could not do without, she chose to reside with fellow Americans in the United States Naval Dispensary at Luma, where, cut off from the realities of Samoan existence, she relied for the most part on informants who came to visit her there. And so, lacking the experience of Samoan behavior and values, she was quite unable to appraise the tales of Fa'apua'a and Fofoa for what they were.

In *The Republic*, Plato wondered if it might be possible to contrive a convenient story of magnificent myth that would carry conviction with the whole community. It was just such a myth that Margaret Mead created in *Coming of Age* in Samoa and although it was based on entirely false information derived directly from her hoaxing on the island of Ofu on March 13, 1926, this myth, after *Coming of Age in Samoa* had been vouched for by Franz Boas, Bronislaw Malinowski, Ruth Benedict and other cogniscenti, came, in America as elsewhere in the world, to carry conviction with a whole community of anthropological and other cognitively deluded believers. Such magnificent myths, once a sufficient number of individuals have come fervently to believe in them, achieve an aura of invincible propriety and are defended, when challenged, with the utmost vehemence, as were Mead's demonstrably erroneous conclusions about Samoa when, early in 1983, they were seriously questioned for the first time. Indeed, before the year was out the scientific standing of Margaret Mead's Samoan research had become the ruling cause celebre of the twentieth century anthropology.

The liberals' failure to go back and change all the textbooks in which Mead's research is taken as gospel and to rethink their basic assumptions about the glories of a guilt-free, sexually permissive culture tells us something about the men and women who make up Academia Satania. They are not interested in truth; they are only interested in advancing their demonic vision of a society that is a mirror image of hell. +

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#### The Academics' Hymn

(sung to the tune of "The Marine's Hymn")

From the Halls of Academia,  
To an Indian tepee,  
We lie about European history,  
In our books, in class, and on TV.  
First to fight for diversity and perversion,  
And to keep our liberal records clean,  
We are proud to claim the title,  
The 'Culturally Diverse Academic Deans.'

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#### The Nativity of Our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ - DECEMBER 24, 2007

Where is this stupendous stranger,  
Swains of Solyma, advise?  
Lead me to my Master's manger,  
Show me where my Saviour lies.

O Most Mighty! O MOST HOLY!  
Far beyond the seraph's thought,  
Art thou then so mean and lowly  
As unheeded prophets taught?

O the magnitude of meekness!  
Worth from worth immortal sprung;  
O the strength of infant weakness,  
If eternal is so young!

If so young and thus eternal,  
Michael tune the shepherd's reed,  
Where the scenes are ever vernal,  
And the loves be Love indeed!

See the God blasphem'd and doubted  
In the schools of Greece and Rome;  
See the pow'rs of darkness routed,  
Taken at their utmost gloom.

Nature's decorations glisten  
Far above their usual trim;  
Birds on box and laurels listen,

As so near the cherubs hymn.

Boreas now no longer winters  
On the desolated coast;  
Oaks no more are riv'n in splinters  
By the whirlwind and his host.

Spinks and ouzels sing sublimely,  
"We too have a Saviour born";  
Whiter blossoms burst untimely  
On the blest Mosaic thorn.

God all-bounteous, all-creative,  
Whom no ills from good dissuade,  
Is incarnate, and a native  
Of the very world He made.

Christopher Smart

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### **The European Rose - DECEMBER 16, 2007**

In a recent phone conversation with my father, he made the remark that he was sick of blacks screaming about discrimination. Now, this might seem like a rather mild protest to those of us on the Kinist right-wing, but it came as quite a shock to me because my father has been a good American liberal for his entire 80+ years on this earth. He never used the 'N' word in his life, he honors Dr. Martin Luther King Jr., and he regularly worships black athletes. In fact it was the accusations of racism behind the shooting death of some black football player, by blacks, that finally elicited a protest from my father.

My father is not going to become a Kinist; he has not seen the light, but if my father is expressing mild indignation about the never-ending scolding of white people, then there must be a significant number of white people, not as liberal as my father, who are feeling something akin to rage. It would be a wonderful thing to see that rage turned into a counterrevolution, but that is not going to happen because 1) most of the enraged white people are disenfranchised, and 2) those who are not disenfranchised are afraid to reveal their anger lest they become disenfranchised.

Twice in the last week I have seen the words "wake up" used in reference to the colored invasion. The first instance was in a back issue (1979) of what the liberals would call a 'racist' publication. The magazine asserted in one article that white people were beginning to "wake up." And the second instance was when I heard Pat Buchanan call his new book on the immigration problem a "wake up call." Now, I have nothing against "wake-up call" books or magazine articles; they are helpful and necessary. But I think all the whites who can be awakened have already been awakened. And those whites include the fearful enfranchised whites who are afraid of being "outed" and the disenfranchised whites. What those whites need more than information about the colored invasion is empowerment. They need some means to fight back against the five citadels of power.

What is implicit in the "give them more information" books and articles is that white Europeans must look to some political candidate who supports the white Europeans' interests. But this is not an option for the white European. Let's look at the current presidential candidates. Only two candidates, Ron Paul and Tom Tancredo, are seriously against illegal immigration. And they are not even talking about stopping all non-white legal immigration and rebuilding a segregated nation. So a victory for Tancredo or Ron Paul would only be a tactical, delaying-type of victory; it would not even be a major first step in a successful counterrevolution. And this is the very best we can hope for if we follow the implicit advice of the "get out the information" publications. So we come back to the issue of empowerment. There are enough white people aware of and angry about the colored invasion to stop it if they had power, but they do not have any power. And until that fact changes, information books and articles will not help.

I think white people are doomed to the same fate as Sisyphus if they continue to look on politics as the key to empowerment rather than seeing it as the final denouement of a far greater power struggle. Regarding politics as a thing in and of itself is tantamount to seeing with and not through the proverbial eye.

Although it often seems that politicians are not born of mortal women but instead come straight from the bowels of hell, they are indeed mortal. Their beliefs are formed in the society in which they live. And once those beliefs are formed, they seek to impose those beliefs on others through political means. So the real source of power in a society is the institution or institutions that determine belief.

I would argue that there is only one institution in our society that determines belief, and that is the Academy. And what about the Church? There is no longer any Church; she has been absorbed by the Academy. Throughout Western man's history there has been a conflict between Athens and Jerusalem. Churchmen differed through the centuries over the compatibility of the two. They killed each other in disputes over the matter. But all is peaceful now because Athens has triumphed. Yes, we still have churches, but they only echo and rubber-stamp what the Academy says. Belief is determined by the Academy. And the Academy has determined that the older, Christian, European culture is evil.

A sizeable minority of disenfranchised working-class whites and unemployed whites have not been completely converted by the Academy. They could become part of a white counterrevolution, but they are leaderless. The tiny minority of enfranchised white collar whites who do not share the beliefs of the Academy are the people who should lead the counterrevolution, but they remain in silent disagreement with the Academy lest they become disenfranchised themselves. And the ones who do speak out only recommend actions that are acceptable to the Academy, which places white people in the position of merely voting for a political candidate, such as Ron Paul, whose candidacy constitutes a rear-guard, delaying tactic to cover up a retreat, and not a full-scale counter attack.

A rear-guard, delaying action is noble; a retreating army needs men willing to be the rear guard. But it is suicidal to regard a rear-guard action as an offensive attack, and that is what we do when we place all our hopes in rear-guard political candidates. The political arena is a very narrowly focused arena. The Academy has triumphed, and it is not going to let anyone enter the arena who suggests policies that diverge too sharply from the political views of the Academy. There has been a successful revolution; it will take more than electoral victories to defeat the institutionalized forces of the revolution.

European civilization was built on the concept of church and hearth. Non-European societies had sacrificial altars and tribal dwellings; they did not have churches and hearths. But Satan made a covenant with the Uncle Silas's of the West and created an Academia Satania that has absorbed church and hearth. And the enraged, confused, disenfranchised, white man looks for a hero willing to strike back against the seemingly invincible dragon of Academia Satania.

The European Hero will be an intelligent man, but he will not be an intellectual. He will be a Christian, but he will not equate Christianity with one particular sect or one particular rite. He will be a man of blood and spirit. He will be spiritually in line with William Wallace and William Tell, but his people will not be just the Scottish people or just the Swiss people. His people will be white Europeans who do not worship the gods of the Academy. (1) The anti-white movement is an international movement, so the resistance will be an international movement as well.

The true European everyman's task is to remain loyal while waiting for the Hero. We must not become blasphemers and worshippers of the Golden Calf. It is not the U. S. Constitution, international law, or some economic system that sets the European apart from all other races. It is the hearth and church, sanctified by His blood, which sets the European apart. And that is what the Hero will fight for. And one hero will beget other heroes, and then we will once again see His blood upon the European rose. +

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(1) It seems to me that if our souls are in the proper state to recognize a true European hero, we will also be in a proper state to recognize The Hero.

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## **Merry Christmas - DECEMBER 11, 2007**

**H**umor is a very subjective thing. So one is treading on thin ice when he ventures to recommend a book or movie that he thinks is humorous. But one also likes one's friends to laugh. And anyone who opposes the modern anti-European fervor is my friend. So here goes.

All of the following movies and books are in the grand European tradition of laughter. Namely, they induce a laughter that uplifts and does not degrade as the modern, filthy humor does.

The first two items on the list are films starring Laurel & Hardy, filmdom's kings of the old European comedy.

1) Swiss Miss

2) The March of the Wooden Soldiers

3) *The Wrong Box* by Robert Louis Stevenson. You can't go wrong with this one. This work must be shared. It can be comfortably read aloud over a period of three days.

4) *The Reporter Who Made Himself King* by Richard Harding Davis. The book, written by the man who wrote the short story that the Walt Disney series Gallegher was based on, is also, like *The Wrong Box*, too good not to be read aloud. It can be read comfortably in one or two sittings.



5) One sitting will suffice for Kipling's comic masterpiece, "The Village That Voted the Earth Was Flat," which can be found in the short story collection, *A Diversity of Creatures*.

I'm posting this well ahead of the 25th to give anyone interested a chance to acquire and read any or all of these comic European masterpieces in time for Christmas.

Merry Christmas!

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### **Galahad - DECEMBER 07, 2007**

'...I, Galahad, saw the Grail,  
The Holy Grail, descend upon the shrine:  
I saw the fiery face as of a child  
That smote itself into the bread, and went;  
And hither am I come; and never yet  
Hath what thy sister taught me first to see,  
This Holy Thing, fail'd from my side, nor come  
Cover'd, but moving with me night and day,  
Fainter by day, but always in the night  
Blood-red, and sliding down the blacken'd marsh  
Blood-red, and on the naked mountain top  
Blood-red, and in the sleeping mere below  
Blood-red. And in the strength of this I rode,  
Shattering all evil customs everywhere,  
And past thro' Pagan realms, and made them mine,  
And clash'd with Pagan hordes, and bore them down,  
And broke thro' all, and in the strength of this  
Come victor. But my time is hard at hand,  
And hence I go; and one will crown me king  
Far in the spiritual city; and come thou, too,  
For thou shalt see the vision when I go.'

--Tennyson

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The 20th century intellectuals (it's too early to talk about 21st century intellectuals) were, and are, a pathetic bunch. They failed to come up with one single heresy of their own. Their entire repertoire consisted of 19th century heresies—Darwinism, capitalism, Marxism, and psychiatry. But what the 20th century heretics did do, which the 19th century heretics were unable to do, was to institutionalize the heresies of the 19th century. They were the Roman organizers, and the 19th century heretics were the Greek creators.

Things have become rather staid and quiet now that Satanic values have been institutionalized for so long in the Western world. But an epic battle took place in the 19th century. The works of such authors as LeFanu and Dostoyevsky bear witness to the battle.

And we should note that Satan has changed his tactics in order to adjust to the new order of things. Prior to the 20th century Satan was always trying to undermine European civilization. (He never needed to undermine non-European civilizations because they were always his.) But when Satanic -isms became the ruling -isms of the Western world -- such -isms as capitalism, communism, feminism, and militarism -- Satan became a conservative. He became the great preserver of Western civilization. It is no longer Christ's civilization, it is Satan's civilization. And Satan is vigilant in defense. But is he happy? Can he rest content? No, he cannot. There is one man whom he fears, and I don't mean Christ. Certainly he fears Him. But it is man we are talking about. Satan has confused and beguiled mankind just as he did in the Garden of Eden centuries and moments ago. The Lord is not his immediate concern, because he knows the Lord will not come to mankind unbidden. Satan fears the man who loves enough to once again unite Europe with Him. Which is why he tirelessly keeps the Satanic institutions of the West in working order. He lives in constant fear of the one man who can bring his whole empire crumbling down. And one day he will walk out of a Planned Parenthood abortuary or a Bushyite cabinet meeting and come face to face with his mortal enemy.

"Sir Galahad, you don't belong here. This is none of your business. This doesn't concern you. Why don't you speak?"

"I give you fair warning. There is my gage. Now it begins. To the hilt."

What makes Galahad so dangerous to Satan is his ability to see through the material façade of this world to the spiritual reality behind the façade. Galahad never succumbed to the temptation of pitting his mind against Satan's mind. It was always Galahad's heart against Satan's mind. And that heart, because it was united to His heart, built Christendom.

All those pathetic heresies from the 19th century stem from one heresy, Darwinism. Darwinism is nothing more than the original sin. Man seeks to find a power in nature that is greater than God. Then, when the mind of man encompasses nature, the mind of man becomes God.

The idea of evolution was not invented by Darwin. The Greek philosopher, Empedocles, preceded him by some two thousand years. And Satan preceded Empedocles by... how many years was it? What Darwin added to the equation, which made him widely popular, was the scientific proof of evolution. I'm not claiming he actually did provide scientific proof, but he was perceived to have provided it, and that made all the difference. But the initial joy in no longer being held accountable to a personal God was turned to despair when it gradually dawned on people that the other side of the "there-is-no-God-to-judge-us" coin was "there-is-no-God-to-love-us."

And that's where the creative evolutionists stepped in. The arch fiend, George Bernard Shaw, and that alien from the human race, Teilhard du Chardin, and a whole host of clergymen and academics told us that Darwin was right about the ape-to-man link but wrong about the prime mover of the evolutionary process. (1) There was, the creative evolutionists told us, a force behind the evolutionary process. It was not a personal force, it was not the old man with the white beard who Christians used to believe in; it was an impersonal intelligence. Wow! That sure sounds a lot more grownup and sophisticated than those old Christian fairy tales. But try as they might, the creative evolutionists cannot escape the biological determinism of Darwin. If a personal God did not create man with a divine essence, then there is only the natural world. Man is part of that world and no other. The Shavian creative mind theory, the Jungian 'oversoul', and every other ludicrous theory that man has conceived to supplant the Christian faith all boil down to the isolated intellect of man contemplating the natural world.

When I went to college, I had an English teacher who had his students read Shaw's *Back to Methuselah*. And I had a course in religion in which the professor assigned Teilhard du Chardin's *The Phenomenon of Man*. I'm sure those works are no longer read at universities as those old heretics are passé. Once the deification of the natural world has become institutionalized, the mundane daily work consists of more practical and less theoretical books. The 'Worship of Blacks I and II' and the 'Ethos of Feminism' are the type of courses the non-business majors take. One kind of misses the old heretics; they at least had some passion. But of course the old heretics were inconsistent. How can a disembodied brain have passion? Those old time heretics were living on the accumulated capital of one thousand plus years of Christianity. They were living off of that old guy with the white beard. The soul-dead zombies of today are their children, but not one of the old time heretics, if brought back from the grave to gaze on his soulless children, would acknowledge them as his own.

The professor who assigned du Chardin was a perfect example of the old guard heretics. He was a Swiss-German teaching at an American university, and like all those Germans of that era, he had an encyclopedic knowledge of just about everything. He spoke and wrote over eight languages, and although his specialty was religious studies he had published works in science as well. He was an ordained Lutheran minister, but he was not a believing Christian. He thought all religions were "fascinating," and he also loved the playwrights such as Samuel Beckett, who depicted the meaningless of existence so "wonderfully." Being of German descent, he quite naturally considered that modern students, particularly the American ones, were lazy. I vividly recall one lecture in which he went into raptures about the greatness of Samuel Beckett's depictions of the meaninglessness of existence and then diverged to talk about the laziness of the modern student.

After the class I had to ask him the question that had been festering inside of me for the entire semester. "Dr. \_\_\_\_\_, you are constantly making the point that the students are lazy and won't work, but why should they if they believe what you believe?"

"I don't understand your question."

"Well, if Christ be not risen, if he is just part of the meaningless fabric of mental images man has created to make his existence bearable, then why do anything? Why shouldn't we all just sit on top of the dung heap and weep?"

"Ah, fascinating – yes, the meaningless of existence. I saw a play in Paris once..."

It was hopeless. Centuries of Christianity had formed his habits, and he was incapable of seeing the dichotomy between his love of all things European and his doctrinaire assertion of the meaninglessness of existence.

And let me hasten to add that I was not a young hero from a Walter Scott novel. I was a character from a Dostoyevsky novel. I had an illogical attachment to the person of Jesus Christ, but I was unable to believe in his resurrection because it seemed so unscientific. But I did not find the meaningless world outside of Christ's Europe to be a "fascinating" world.

The universities and colleges present themselves as oases. But in reality one discovers they are deserts. Their glowing course descriptions promising enlightened knowledge are mirages. Their sterility is the result of institutionalized Satanism. And the universities are mirror images of our society. Every aspect of our culture has become part of the university – which is the way Satan wants it – the mind of man contemplating the natural world. Checkmate. But we come again to the one man Satan fears. Sir Galahad has not been checked. And he is fiercer in his love than Satan is in his hate. In His name he has breached the wall. To fight in his company is all a European can ask or hope for. "Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more..." +

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(1) There are those, like the late Rev. Falwell, who are not Darwinian evolutionists, but who are, nevertheless, creative evolutionists. They reject the "man is a monkey" theory of Darwin, but they hold to an evolutionary theory of the democratic man. He is the endpoint of their evolutionary process. This is why that group of people deified George Bush.

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### **The Last European. Chapter Eight. - DECEMBER 07, 2007**

For we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places.

--St. Paul

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Scene V.

Chorus: And now Bulkington makes his way back to the court of Father Ramon. He descends the mountains and starts through the dismal swamp. This time it is a python that impedes his journey. They wrestle, and Bulkington wins. He proceeds past the lovely lady's cottage and toward the village. By nightfall he reaches the outskirts of the village, but a leopard blocks the road leading into the village.

Leopard: Do you wish to enter the village?

Bulkington: Yes.

Leopard: You don't seem surprised to hear a leopard speak.

Bulkington: I've seen and heard too much to be surprised by a talking leopard.

Leopard: I can't decide whether that is an insult or not.

Bulkington: It was not meant as an insult.

Leopard: Well, it doesn't matter. I cannot let you pass.

Bulkington: But I must pass.

Leopard: The attempt will mean your death.

Bulkington: No, it will mean your death.

Leopard: You seem very sure of that.

Bulkington: I am.

Leopard: You have no weapon.

Bulkington: Still, I will kill you.

Leopard: You know, I think you could, but I will not give you the opportunity. You might as well know – perhaps you already do – that I am Father Ramon. I wanted to stop you before you entered the village.

Bulkington: Why?

Leopard: First, because you might blurt out that the Castle of Horrors is my own invention, thus losing me my hard-earned reputation as the irreproachable defender of justice. And secondly, because you intend to kill me. Deny it if you can.

Bulkington: Why would I kill you?

Leopard: Because you now know that I am the real Lord of the Castle of Horrors. It is my death that will free the young woman.

Bulkington: It's your own doing. You laid the trap. If I had brought back your brother's head the young woman would still have been put to death, wouldn't she? Don't bother to answer – I can see by your smile that she would have. What kind of men are you Tridentiners? You carry the name 'Christian,' but you're worse than any pagan.

Leopard: Calumny! You worthless dog! Who are you to question God's anointed servants? What we loose on earth is loosed in heaven, and what we bind on earth is bound in heaven.

Bulkington: You are a blasphemer to claim heavenly sanction for acts of barbarism and treachery.

Leopard: I waste my breath to talk with you. You lack the capacity to reason. You are on the level of the dumb brutes.

Bulkington: You are the one who has assumed the form of a leopard.

Leopard: Yes, and that is because I possess the gift of reason. Why did our Lord give us that gift if it was not to use the natural world to bring about a supernatural world? I have studied. I have done the mental work that is necessary to subdue nature, and I have been rewarded.

Bulkington: You are nothing more than an evil wizard who worships Satan and calls him our Lord.

Leopard: Spoken like a true man of ignorance. But enough. I had hoped to scare you by taking the form of a leopard. That was a mistake. But you shall have your trial by combat. On yonder plain, come morning, a dragon will appear. Slay that dragon and the woman goes free.

Bulkington: You will be that dragon?

Leopard: Yes.

Bulkington: If you triumph what good will it avail you? I thought it was my disgrace you sought.

Leopard: Yes, but I must be wary of my own followers. They expect me to bring about your conversion by disgracing you. I'm afraid I'll have to kill you and tell my followers that you converted.

Bulkington: That doesn't sound like a very great success.

Leopard: Well, petty revenge has its consolation.

Bulkington: I once heard the devil, who you say you do not serve, say something similar.

Leopard: Enough of this nonsense. Meet me tomorrow and die with the knowledge that you die alone and in mortal sin.

Scene VI.

Chorus: The next morning. The young woman is tied to the wheel of an ox-cart that has been brought out for the occasion. Father Ramon stands before Bulkington in the form of a dragon. Flanking Father Ramon are two Amazon warriors. Bulkington stands before them. He is unarmed.

Bulkington: I thought I was to meet you in single combat, Father Ramon.

Dragon: No, I decided it would be better if you died at the hands of two females. That will be ironic don't you think? The last knight of Europe, the last white man, must fight two fair maidens in order to rescue a fair damsel. Attack, my lovelies!

Chorus: The battle commences. The Amazons, armed with spear and sword attack the unarmed Bulkington. A spear is thrown into his left arm. He then uses that spear to slay both Amazons. Holding the spear in his right hand, he faces Father Ramon.

Dragon: You are wounded. If you yield now I will grant you your life.

Bulkington: And the young woman?

Dragon: She dies.

Bulkington: Cambria will not yield.

Chorus: The battle proceeds. Never have we seen such a battle. Father Ramon scorches the earth with his fiery breath. The flames never touch Bulkington, however. He keeps moving from one spot of earth to the next, always avoiding the flames. Finally, after an hour of futile flame-throwing, Father Ramon uses his tail, being temporarily out of fire. Twice he knocks Bulkington down with his tail, lacerating his flesh, but he is not able to finish him. After three hours of conflict, Father Ramon again addresses the bloody, exhausted Bulkington.

Dragon: Now, I give you one last chance. Will you yield?

Bulkington: (in a mere whisper) 'The Lord is my light and my salvation, whom shall I fear? The Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid?'

Dragon: Then die, blasphemer, die.

Chorus: Unable to use his left arm and unable to see out of his left eye, which is swollen shut, Bulkington appears to be at Father Ramon's mercy. And Father Ramon has no mercy. He proceeds, with a determined stride, toward Bulkington. Obviously Father Ramon feels that a quick blast of fire will destroy Bulkington now that he appears too exhausted to move. Look and you can see the jaws opening in order to expel the deadly flames. But what's this?!

As Father Ramon opens his jaws, Bulkington throws the Amazon's spear into the dragon's mouth. Now, Father Ramon is clutching his throat with his dragon claws, trying to extract the spear. It is futile. He sinks to the ground and dies. At his death he once again takes the form of Father Ramon. Bulkington limps over to Father Ramon's body. With a look of revulsion he does what needs to be done in order to free the young woman. After the work is completed, he holds up the bloody head.

Bulkington: Behold the head of the lord of the castle. I have completed the quest; the woman must be released.

Town Constable: Release the woman.

Soldier: Yes, sir.

Chorus: The young woman, upon her release, runs and throws herself at Bulkington's feet. Extremely embarrassed, he begs her to get up and thank God instead of him.

Elizabeth: I do thank Him, noble sire, but I also thank His heaven-sent ambassador. God bless you. You shall always be in my prayers.

Bulkington: Then I am in your debt, young lady. To be always in a saint's prayers – and saint you are for defying the Council of the Tridentine – is a very great blessing. And now, goodbye.

Chorus: And so our little drama ends. We hope it was to your liking. But if it wasn't, the Chorus is not to blame, for we only convey the drama; we do not enact it.

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It was getting close to sunrise when the drama ended. Rankin took the result better than the last time I saw him battle with Bulkington. Maybe that was because this time he hadn't been that involved in the planning of the event. At any rate he seemed almost philosophical about it.

"Oh well, I did all I could. I think next time they'll let me handle Bulkington myself. I'll get him eventually if they just leave me alone."

"I don't think you will ever best Bulkington."

"Don't push me, Duncan. You might not like what I do to you."

"If you have no further business with me, Rankin, I'd like you to leave."

He left with a sneer, and I returned to the house and to bed.

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I slept until noon and then headed back to my apartment to get ready for the four-to-twelve shift. As it turned out though, I didn't work the four-to-twelve shift. When I got to the station at 3:30, I was told that I would no longer be working there. At first I thought it was a guilt-by-association firing. Sean was my friend, and he, in their eyes, was a racist; therefore, I must be a racist. But that was not the reason for my dismissal. Everybody on the force, even the non-probationary employees, had been dismissed. It was part of a new Federal plan. Local government was now completely run by Washington. In fact, for all practical purposes, there was no local government. Every post that had been occupied by a local official was now occupied by a Federal official. I should not have been surprised after all that Mary had told me about Caravaggio and his plans. But I hadn't expected him to move so quickly. He must have been planning the coup for years.

After a so-called 'crisis' in the Mideast (I think some Arab threw a rock through a U. S. embassy window), Caravaggio was made the head of a newly created government agency. It was called the U.C.A.M.G.U.A., which stood for – I'm not making this up – the United Canadian, American, Mexican Global Unity Association. With Caravaggio at its head, I'm sure that Tridentine principles will be well represented.

"Where do I go from here?" was the question I asked myself. I was unemployed with only enough savings to pay for two more months' rent. "It's back home," I said; there was no other alternative.

And home for me was the Fitzgerald's houses. They didn't begrudge me my old room back.

"It will only be till I can get another job."

"It's for as long as you like, James. This house, thank God, is paid for. You'll always have a roof over your head."

"James, I guess you know that Bulkington is back?"

"Yes, Mary, I know. They had plans for him, but the plans didn't work out. He didn't look good when I saw him last. Will he – and I'm almost afraid to ask – live?"

"Yes, he'll live. He looks a fright, and he wouldn't let anyone tend to him, but he is up and around."

"What did they do to him, James?"

"Well, Sean, I didn't see the torture part. What I did see was a man contending with a snake, a dragon, a giant, a crocodile, and some Amazon warriors. And in the end I saw a physical wreck. But there was what Robert Louis Stevenson called 'the animating fire of the European' still in his eyes."

"Mother?"

"Yes, Mary, what is it?"

"I know the house is paid for, but do you think they'll take it from us?"

"I don't know. They're capable of anything."

At this point, I excused myself and went looking for Bulkington. It was reassuring to find him, as usual, running up and down the hill to Fisherman's Point. I waited until he was finished before speaking to him.

"May I walk back to your house with you?"

"Sure."

Once he had showered and dressed, he came and sat across from me in his small living room.

"I've no beer to offer you, James. Things are a bit tight right now."

"That's all right. I didn't come over for a beer. I came over to see how you were feeling."

"Well, I won't say I'm fine, but everything seems to be in reasonably good working order. I can't raise my left arm above shoulder height anymore, and I've got a slight limp now, but I can still drag myself up and down Fisherman's Point and do my push-ups, so I guess I'm not that bad off."

"We're all wondering what's next. I mean, will there be widespread land confiscation or even imprisonment for those who dissent from the 'great world order'?"

"I can't say for sure, James. Anything is possible with those guys. But I don't think they'll be too blatant about it yet. The Federalization act was accepted because they have been pushing the terrorist threat business and the benefits of enforced democracy for years. The sheep were ready to be sheared for the sake of security and democracy, but I don't know if they're quite ready to consent to nomadic or dormitory-style living just yet."

"Then we have some breathing room still?"

"Yes, but one also must eat. And employment for people like yourself, who do not fit into the 'harmonious whole' will be quite difficult to find."

"I know that already. I lost my police job."

"I'm not surprised. Why don't you and Sean work with me?"

"How can we do that? You barely make enough to keep yourself alive."

"Well, maybe with you two helping I'll make more."

"Come on, how likely is that?"

"One does what one has to do, James. I don't for one second think my fishing business, which I can't really even call a business, can support you and Sean. But it will look like it does. That's all we need. I'm going to pull a Rob Roy on the powers that be. There'll be enough money. You two just concentrate on the fishing."

"But..."

"There are no 'buts', James. That's the way it's going to be. Consider yourself a fisherman from this date forward."

"Well, when you're not too busy Rob Roying it, what will you do?"

"I'll fish with you and Sean and keep looking for those other pockets of resistance."

"What pockets of resistance? Caravaggio said you were the only pocket of resistance."

"I don't believe that. There must be others somewhere. Caravaggio wants me and those others to feel that we are alone so that we'll despair and give up."

"But suppose he's not lying; suppose you are the last pocket of resistance?"

"Then I'll fight alone. I'd like some company, but I'll fight with or without company."

"You're not completely alone so long as Sean and I are around. What was that St. Paul said? Something about principalities and powers?"

"Yes, I know what you mean, James."

Bulkington did not have a photographic memory, but his total recall of certain long passages from Shakespeare and the Bible always took me by surprise. With a startling and riveting intensity he recited from Ephesians.

"Finally, my brethren, be strong in the Lord, and in the power of His might. Put on the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to stand against the wiles of the devil. For we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places. Wherefore take unto you the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to withstand in the evil day, and having done all, to stand. Stand therefore, having your loins girt about with Truth, and having on the breast plate of righteousness; and your feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace; above all, taking the shield of faith, wherewith ye shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked. And take the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the spirit, which is the word of God: praying always with all prayers and supplication in the spirit, and watching thereunto with all perseverance and supplication for all saints."

"Those guys will overreach themselves eventually. I might not live to see it happen, but in the end they'll lose. You get tired sometimes, and sick to death of living in a kind of Gnostic hell, but ultimately we'll win, James. And in between... well, in between there will be some white moments."

#### Epilogue

I know it is customary to end a story a little more definitively with either a happy or a tragic ending. But the story is an ongoing one. I sincerely doubt that there are any other pockets of resistance to Caravaggio. I think Bulkington stands alone. Possibly I'm wrong about that. I hope so. In the meantime I'll stand with him and so will Sean. Mrs. Fitzgerald will support him in whatever he does. And Mary? She is very close to proposing to Bulkington. That's the only way she'll ever get him to consider marriage. But it won't change him. Nothing will. He will not stop the war against principalities and powers on this side of the grave or the other side for that matter.

He spoke of white moments. I remember one evening several years ago when he explained what he meant by a white moment.

"There are times in a person's life when he truly connects with another human being. His heart touches another heart. In those moments He is present. Those theologians who create an either-or – either we love God or we love man – do not understand. We love in Christ; outside of His love there is no love."

I've had many white moments since I met Bulkington. And I wouldn't trade one of those moments even if, by doing so, I could become the ruler of Caravaggio's harmonious world church. I'll stay with Bulkington and Bulkington's God, the God of Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, and St. Paul.

Bulkington is always quick to point out that he is not a prophet. He doesn't know how events will turn out. But we are told that prophecies fail. What Bulkington has is a burning, lion-like fire of charity in his heart. And charity, the Apostle tells us, never fails. +++

*The End.*

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#### "Fighting Terror" - DECEMBER 02, 2007

No utter surprise can come to him  
Who reaches Shakespeare's core;  
All that we seek and shun is there—  
Man's final lore.

--Herman Melville

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As the pit-bull neocons and the mad-dog liberals engage in their debate over the success of the surge, one yearns for the witness of one man in the political arena with the moral clarity of the late John Tyndall of Britain. There can be no success,



no victory, Tyndall asserted, in a war fought for an ignoble cause. But America has no heroes like John Tyndall. (1) We have only caricatures of human beings called Republicans and Democrats.

In Shakespeare's *Julius Caesar*, the character of Brutus takes it upon himself to explain to the Roman populace why he and his fellow conspirators had to hack Julius Caesar to bits. And his explanation works, at first. Brutus uses an age-old trick of rhetoric: He starts with an unproven assumption and places all those who would disagree with him in the position of defending odious principles:

"Who is here so base that would be a bondman? If any speak; for him have I offended, Who is here so rude that would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply."

The easily persuaded masses reply, "None, Brutus, none."

But after Marcus Antony delivers his rebuttal, that Brutus foolishly in his egoism permits Antony to make, the populace want to tear Brutus apart. Antony undermines Brutus's unproven assumption that Caesar was ambitious and that he therefore sought to make every Roman a bondman.

The Bush administration has shoved their unproven assumptions down the throats of America's easily swayed populace. Only in this instance the Bush administration has cleverly refused to give any Marc Antonys a chance for a rebuttal. "Who is here so base that will be for terror? Who is here that is so un-American that will be against freedom? If any speak, for him have I offended."

I will speak, without Marc Antony's Shakespearean eloquence, but with the anger of a peasant who is being asked to accede to the proposition that black is white and white is black if his feudal lords say so. This the peasant cannot do. For truth is truth to the end of reckoning despite all Neocons and Bushyites.

#### BUSH'S UNPROVEN ASSUMPTIONS

1) "This is a war against terror. If you oppose it you are in favor of terror."

The response: When the Bush administration says this is a war against terror, they are not being precise. They do not mean they are fighting terror of all kinds, they mean they are fighting Islamic terrorism. But before we proceed to refute that assumption, let's look at the terror the U.S. government is not fighting.

First, there is the terror of abortion. Paul Hill, a man who actually fought terror by killing an abortion doctor, was executed in the Bushyite state of Florida. Is this fighting terror? If terror is indiscriminate violence against innocent human life like the baby in its mother's womb, then who is more anti-terror than the man who seeks to prevent the murder of those innocent children?

And then there is the terror of the one-sided war going on in our major cities. Black terrorists have claimed more lives in the U. S. than the al-Qaeda organization, yet no one in any official capacity has vowed to stop this kind of terror. Far from it, they aid and abet it, passing more and more laws against white self-defense.

And thirdly there is the terror of unchecked immigration. There is no stability, no place one can call home, no safe harbor, when there are no borders that aliens cannot cross.

And are we fighting Islamic terrorism in Iraq? No, we are not. The 9/11 attack came because of our support for Israel and because of our open borders policy. How does killing Iraqis make up for porous borders and a suicidal foreign policy?

2) "This is a war for freedom; if you oppose it you are against freedom."

The response: No nation today is sufficiently Christian to claim a right of conquest. Whether a majority of Iraqis wanted Saddam ousted (which I doubt) or whether a majority did not want him ousted is not the point. We have no right of conquest; Saddam posed no threat to the United States.

And what does the U. S. mean by freedom? We can see what is meant if we look at what freedom stands for in this country. Freedom stands for legalized abortion, pornography, and an economic war of all against all in a system referred to as capitalism.

3) "This is a Christian crusade against Islam."

The response: The Neocons and Bush have not advanced this reason for the war, and indeed, they are quick to deny they are at war with Islam. Southern evangelicals and a few military men have advanced this reason. And while these individuals might wish we were a Christian nation at war with a Muslim aggressor, they must not be allowed to get away with such an obscene perversion of the truth. We have never been a Christian nation in the sense that the older, throne-and-altar, European countries were. However, it is true that we once were a Christian nation in the sense that the vast majority of our citizens were Christians. But we are not a Christian nation by creed or by majority opinion at this point of our history. So we have no right to invoke the Christian deity in our war with Iraq.

And secondly, even if we were a Christian nation, we would not have carte blanche to kill Muslims. In the Muslim religion killing Christians is a good in and of itself, but in the Christian religion Muslims must be on the march, intent on conquest, in order for Christians to kill them with justification. I think a great deal of the Southern evangelicals reveal themselves to be devotees of Mars rather than Christ in their zeal to make this “war against terror” into a Christian crusade.

One does not have to be a prophet “new inspired” to predict dire consequences for the U.S. as a result of the Iraqi invasion. Such naked aggression always comes back upon the aggressor. The words Henry V used to warn the French Dauphin could certainly be applied to the U.S.:

Shall stand sore charged for the wasteful vengeance  
That shall fly with them: for many a thousand widows  
Shall this his mock mock out of their dear husbands;  
Mock mothers from their sons, mock castles down;  
And some are yet ungotten and unborn  
That shall have cause to curse the Dauphin's scorn.

Yes, before it's all over, we shall all have cause to curse William Kristol's and George Bush's scorn. +

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(1) There were some right-leaning Americans (we have no right-wingers) who, like Tyndall, opposed our involvement in Iraq. But they became, once the war started, much like Hector in Shakespeare's play *Troilus and Cressida*. Hector argues that the Trojans were in the wrong. How could they continue a war that was based on the abduction of another man's wife? And yet, after arguing correctly, Hector succumbs to the warmongers:

Hector. Paris and Troilus, you have both said well,  
And on the cause and question now in hand  
Have glaz'd, but superficially: not much  
Unlike young men, whom Aristotle thought  
Unfit to hear moral philosophy.  
The reasons you allege do more conduce  
To the hot passion of distemper'd blood  
Than to make up a free determination  
'Twixt right and wrong, for pleasure and revenge  
Have ears more deaf than adders to the voice  
Of any true decision. Nature craves  
All dues be render'd to their owners: now,  
What nearer debt in all humanity  
Than wife is to the husband? If this law  
Of nature be corrupted through affection,  
And that great minds, of partial indulgence  
To their benumbed wills, resist the same,  
There is a law in each well-order'd nation  
To curb those raging appetites that are  
Most disobedient and refractory.  
If Helen then be wife to Sparta's king,  
As it is known she is, these moral laws  
Of nature and of nations speak aloud  
To have her back return'd: thus to persist  
In doing wrong extenuates not wrong,  
But makes it much more heavy. Hector's opinion  
Is this in way of truth; yet ne'ertheless,  
My spritely brethren, I propend to you  
In resolution to keep Helen still,  
For 'tis a cause that hath no mean dependence  
Upon our joint and several dignities.

And as a result of Hector's capitulation, he is ignobly slain by Achilles and Troy is brought to ruin.

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## **The Last European. Chapter Seven. - DECEMBER 02, 2007**

Stern was the law which bade its vot'ries leave  
At human woes with human hearts to grieve;  
Stern was the law, which at the winning wile  
Of frank and harmless mirth forbade to smile;  
But sterner still, when high the iron rod  
Of tyrant power she shook, and call'd that power of God.

--Walter Scott

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Without any additions or subtractions on my part, I'll present what I saw on the screen that night.

Act 1. Scene 1.

A small medieval village, probably in the year 1350 or thereabouts. There is some kind of trial taking place in the town square. One gowned, solemn priest is presiding as a judge.

Cobbler: I think the good father will find her guilty.

Merchant: But she is so young and pretty, I would hate to see her put to the torture or burned.

Cobbler: Father Ramon will do what has to be done.

Merchant: I suppose so, but it seems a pity.

Fishwife: You men are all alike! Show you a pretty face and you're all for mercy. That hussy deserves the stake. And Father Ramon will see that she gets it. It's his duty. He won't be turned from it by a pretty-faced woman.

Father Ramon: Young woman, I have heard the witnesses and examined the evidence. I have no alternative but to pronounce you guilty of heresy and witchcraft and to sentence you to be tortured and then burned at the stake. And yet we might be merciful if you would confess your heresy and repent of your witchcraft.

Elizabeth: My lord, I do not wish to die, and the thought of torture frightens me, but I cannot confess to something I have not done. It is true I obtained a copy of the New Testament and read it to my son, but he was terribly sick and I thought the words of Our Lord might comfort him. And it is also true that I nursed him back to health without the aid of doctors, but that was no witchcraft. I simply fed him broths and garlic instead of having the doctors bleed him. I am no heretic and no witch.

Father Ramon: From your own mouth, you bear witness against yourself. We find you guilty. I sentence you to be immediately taken to the place of torture. And from there you will be taken to the stake and burned. God will not have mercy on your soul because the judgment of this court is the judgment of God. There is no higher court.

A large man, about 40 years old, steps out of the crowd and into the center of the town square.

Bulkington: I challenge the judgment of this court and demand the right, in the name of Jesus Christ, to prove this woman's innocence by trial of combat.

Father Ramon: It is a popular belief that an appeal for a trial by combat cannot be denied, but that, like all popular beliefs, is false. A trial by combat cannot be denied by the civil authority, but we of the Society of the Tridentine are a civil and an ecclesiastical authority. And the ecclesiastical authorities do not have to recognize an appeal for a trial by combat.

Bulkington: Surely the court will make an exception in this case. This woman has no husband and no son old enough to champion her cause. She has had no attorney to speak for her. It seems only fair that she be allowed a champion to prove her innocence.

Father Ramon: This woman is guilty and that is final. There can be no alteration of the verdict. However, this court will consider altering her punishment should you be willing, Sir Knight, to be put to the test, in which case this court would consider changing the woman's sentence from death to banishment.

Bulkington: I accept the conditions.

Father Ramon: I warn you the test will be severe. It might cost you your life.

Bulkington: Still, I accept.

Father Ramon: It is done then. Guards, escort that woman to the jail. Don't worry, Sir Knight, she will not be harmed until your quest ends. If you fail, she dies. If you succeed, she is banished. Now, take her away.

Elizabeth: May I be permitted one word before I'm taken to jail?

Father Ramon: Yes.

Elizabeth (to Bulkington): Thank you, sir, with all my heart.

Ramon: How touching; now take her away. Now, Sir Knight, or Sir Pilgrim, or whoever you are. I don't know where you came from nor do I care. You have rashly declared that you are willing to be put to the test. Well, this court now decrees what the test shall be. You will be escorted to the edge of the Forest of Fears. You shall then enter the Forest and proceed through it until you come to the Castle of Horrors. You will bring back the head of the Lord of that castle. No other token will be acceptable. Bring back the head, and you will have achieved the release of the woman. Now go.

Scene II.

Old Friar: What brings you to these woods, good sir? It is not often that these woods are traveled.

Bulkington: I seek the Castle of Horrors.

Old Friar: I have spent eight score years on this earth and five score years have I spent in these woods. I have seen many men pass by seeking the Castle of Horrors, but never have I seen them return. They all perish. Why would you go there?

Bulkington: I seek the Lord of the castle.

Old Friar: Why?

Bulkington: I must kill him.

Old Friar: Again, I ask you, why?

Bulkington: It will free an innocent woman.

Old Friar: I see. Now I know. Father Ramon sent you. What will you do if the Lord of the Castle is a good and true man? Will you still kill him?

Bulkington: No, I will not.

Old Friar: Then will the woman die?

Bulkington: Perhaps, but perhaps I can still save her.

Old Friar: Though not an old man, you seem old enough to know that we must all bend to Providence. There is very little we can control. Go back, give up this foolish quest and pray for the poor woman's soul; that is all you can do.

Bulkington: Is that what five score years of prayer and fasting has taught you? Well, I can't accept that. I know the victory belongs to God, but it seems to me, at least every drop of my blood tells me so, that we are enjoined to give battle.

Old Friar: Those are the words of a child. That woman's life, be she innocent or guilty, is but a speck in this vast universe. It is of no consequence. Nothing is of any consequence except His will. And all is going according to plan.

Bulkington: I suppose that passes for wisdom amongst your fellow friars, but I hear only nonsense. When you talk about the lord, to whom are you referring?

Old Friar: To the Lord of the Universe, to Jesus Christ.

Bulkington: I'm not sure I'm familiar with your Christ. The one I know cares about his children, each and every speck.

Old Friar: There is a force behind the universe that binds even our Lord. We must all bow to it. Father Ramon and the holy fathers of the Tridentine know this; you do not.

Bulkington: If, as you say, there is a force more powerful than Christ, is it to Christ you pray or to the force?

Old Friar: I pray to Christ because he is the intermediary. He carries out the will of the force.

Bulkington: Is this force a benevolent force?

Old Friar: This force is neither benevolent nor malevolent; it is simply the force.

Bulkington: Could you point the way, now, to the Castle of Horrors?

Old Friar: After all I have told you, do you still wish to go to the Castle of Horrors?

Bulkington: Yes, Old Friar, I do, because I do not worship the force.

Old Friar: Well, if you must go, against my advice, please take this magic talisman. It will aid you in your quest and keep you free from harm.

Bulkington: I want no talisman from you, Old Friar. Just point the way to the Castle of Horrors.

Old Friar: Foolish man! If you refuse my help, then go to your doom. There, beyond the stream is a valley. Go down that valley and up to the other side of the hill. Then you will see the Castle of Horrors. And may God have mercy on your soul.

Bulkington: And on yours, blasphemous Friar.

Scene III.

Chorus: Now the intrepid Bulkington has reached the valley that the good, old friar has directed him to. It's quite a descent. In the valley is the cottage of the lovely lady. Maybe she can be of some assistance to the Quixotic Bulkington. We shall see.

Bulkington knocks on the door of the cottage and is admitted.

Lovely Lady: Please enter. You must be tired and hungry.

Bulkington: No, I am seeking directions. I'm looking for the Castle of Horrors.

Lovely Lady: Oh heavens! Why would you seek such a place?

Bulkington: An innocent woman's life is at stake. I must get to the Castle of Horrors.

Lovely Lady: Oh, you men! You always must be seeking something. And what you seek never pleases you when you find it. Stay with me here. In this cottage is all that a man needs.

Bulkington: I need to find the Castle of Horrors.

Lovely Lady: Why? So you can kill? Yes, I know what you have been sent to do. Many men have passed through this valley to the Castle of Horrors. And they all have died.

Bulkington: Who kills them?

Lovely Lady: Some perish in the ascent to the castle, and the rest perish when they meet the Lord of the castle.

Bulkington: And who is the Lord of the Castle?

Lovely Lady: A very great man and a very evil man. This valley once contained a village. Now, only I remain. The women, at least the young ones, he took to his castle. The men he killed. It was a horrible time.

Bulkington: Why are you allowed to remain here unmolested?

Lovely Lady: That I do not know. Perhaps Our Lord preserved my life so I could warn travelers of the dangers of the Castle of Horrors.

Bulkington: No, I don't think that is the reason. I think you are here to aid the Lord of the Castle. Your beauty is too ethereal; it is unreal. I think when a man kisses you, he dies. And many men have died here, have they not?

Lovely Lady: This is raving, complete madness. My kisses cure, they do not kill. Come, I'll prove it to you.

Bulkington: Stand back, or this dagger enters your heart.

Lovely Lady: Fool, go then and meet your doom in the swamps.

Chorus: So Bulkington proceeds to the swamps. If he had had stayed in the cottage, he would have seen the lovely lady return to her true shape and form, that of an old hag.

If you look closely you can see Bulkington in the distance, wading through the swamp. Look! A crocodile is gliding, unseen, toward Bulkington. At the last possible moment, he turns and faces the reptile. The crocodile's initial thrust dislodges the dagger from Bulkington's hand. He is weaponless. The mighty jaws of the crocodile are now open and set to close on Bulkington...

Well, you saw the same thing I did. Bulkington grabbed the crocodile's jaws and forced them to open and open and open, until they broke. The crocodile is dead, and Bulkington has reached the edge of the swamp safely. Now he will ascend the mountain that leads to the Castle of Horrors.

Scene IV. The Castle of Horrors.

A giant stands in front of the castle entrance.

Giant: Stop right there, little man. No one goes into the castle unless I let him go in.

Bulkington: Then stand aside. I have business with the Lord of the Castle.

Giant: I stand aside for no one. You go back to where you came from or die.

Bulkington: I give you fair warning – stand aside or you die.

Giant: Who are you to challenge me?

Bulkington: I am Welsh; I have the blood of Corineus, the giant killer, in my veins. If we fight, you will die.

Giant: We shall see.

Chorus: All the world knows of Corineus's great struggle with the giant Gogmagog. Will this battle equal that one? Let us see.

(The chorus remains silent for one hour.)

Chorus: Well, you saw it. At first it seemed as if the giant would squeeze the life out of Bulkington in no time at all, but he didn't. Bulkington escaped from his grasp and made a series of attacks to the body of the great giant. Many times it seemed like the giant would prevail by crushing Bulkington with one fatal blow. And Bulkington did receive many a blow. His face is covered with blood. But in the end, it was Bulkington who picked the giant up and hurled him off the cliff. He is worthy of his ancestor.

Now, he faces the Castle of Horrors. He cries out to the men of the castle to let down the drawbridge. This they do and Bulkington is allowed to enter the castle. He proceeds, unmolested, to the throne-room. There he meets the Lord of the Castle. The Lord is a portly, cherubic-looking man of about forty-five years of age.

Lord of the Castle: You look a mess, Mr. Bulkington. Let me have one of the servants tend to your wounds.

Bulkington: That's not necessary.

Lord of the Castle: Oh, I see. You do not want to accept the hospitality of a man whom you are about to kill. But I am not worried in the slightest. Why? Yes, I see that question on your face. Because I am innocent. Oh, don't mistake me, I'm not innocent as the newborn is innocent, but I am innocent of the crimes that are attributed to me. I am not a fiend. I do not sacrifice virgins nor do I indulge in wizardry or witchcraft. If you kill me, innocent blood will be on your hands. And a man who goes through what you have in order to spare an innocent life will not take a life to spare a life.

Bulkington: Are you the Lord of this castle?

Lord of the Castle: No, Father Ramon is the lord of this castle. He is the lord of this land. Long ago he decided he needed a Castle of Horrors to send "difficult" men to. The witch in the valley, the swamp, and the giant were all placed there by Father Ramon.

Bulkington: Have others come to the castle to kill you then?

Lord of the Castle: Hundreds have been sent, but you are the first that ever made it to the castle.

Bulkington: Why do you allow Father Ramon to use you as a figurehead?

Lord of the Castle: Because I am a weak man. I did not want to be put to torture. Even though he is my brother – yes, I said my brother – he would kill me if I opposed his will. I am not an intense man. Good food, good music, that is all I crave. I am not an obsessive man like my brother or like you.

Bulkington: You liken me to your brother?

Lord of the Castle: Yes, in one way. In other ways, no. You are like him in that you are both obsessed with God. But you are obsessed with two different visions of God. Your God is, for want of a better word, a cavalier. Honor, love, bravery and all that. My brother Ramon's God is a majestic God, above love, above human honor codes; he is simply the Almighty.

Bulkington: And which vision of God do you believe in?

Lord of the Castle: Oh, I don't believe or disbelieve. I don't think we can ever know about God one way or another. But I will tell you something in confidence: if there is a God, I hope he is like your vision and not my brother's.

Bulkington: Well, you are right about one thing; I can't kill you.

Lord of the Castle: I knew you wouldn't be able to. And I know you feel terrible about that young woman's fate. But there is really nothing I can do to help you.

Bulkington: Will you explain something to me?

Lord of the Castle: Of course, if I can.

Bulkington: Why does Father Ramon send men to kill you?

Lord of the Castle: The men he sends are men that he finds troublesome and wants to dispose of. Since they have committed no crime for which he can execute them, he sends them on a quest that he is sure they will never return from. His pretense for the quest varies but the result is always the same – death.

Bulkington: Then Father Ramon sent me on this quest hoping that I would be killed?

Lord of the Castle: No, in your case, it was different. You see I have my spies too. I have a few friends in my dear brother Ramon's camp. For some reason that I can't quite fathom, my brother Ramon wanted you to succeed. He wanted you to

kill me, which makes no sense to me. I do him no harm. In fact, I provide a useful service for him. Nor does he care a fig for the life of the young woman. So, I am confused. Why, this time, did he hope that you would succeed?

Bulkington: This world you live in, what do you call it?

Lord of the Castle: Whatever do you mean? It is earth; there is no other place for mortals.

Bulkington: But there are different parts of this earth and different planes of existence. But let that pass. Apparently the Council of the Tridentine has long tentacles. I think your life was to be a pawn in a cruel chess game meant to bring about my disgrace, though it is hard to believe that men so learned could be so foolish. Did they really think I would simply march in here and cut your head off without trying to find out whether you were an evil or just man?

Lord of the Castle: I think I see a little light. Yes, that much is clear. My death was to bring about your disgrace. And as for their blindness; that's easy to explain. A horse with blinders on sees only what the blinders allow him to see. My brother and the men like him have blinders on their hearts. They could never see what you see or feel what you feel.

Bulkington: You are talking like a man of faith.

Lord of the Castle: No, I am not that. But I will tell you this. When I go into my bedroom tonight I will kneel and pray to the God who may or may not exist, and this is what I will say to that God: "God, please, if you exist, help me to feel what that man Bulkington feels and see what that man Bulkington sees."

Bulkington: You are a better man than you know. God bless you. Now, I must go back and see this brother of yours.

Lord of the Castle: And God bless you. +

*Continue to Chapter Eight*

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## **The Mind-Forged Wall – NOVEMBER 24, 2007**

Lost in all the celebrations, eight years back, of the new century we were entering was the fact that the 21st century is the first of the post-Christian centuries. Christianity was certainly in trouble at the beginning of the 20th century, but by no stretch of the imagination could it be called dead. Now, at the beginning of the 21st century, the old time religion can certainly be certified as dead.

And it is striking to me how easily the intellectuals of both the Catholic and the Protestant denominations have succumbed to Satanism. By isolating man's intellect from his other faculties, they have left him at the mercy of the dialectic, and it is in the dialectic mode that Satan thrives.

Satan's task, when he confronted Adam and Eve in the garden, was to get them to disobey God's command not to eat from the forbidden tree. He needed to engage them in a dialogue if he was to succeed. Once he persuaded Eve, and through Eve, Adam, to look on God's command as something abstract and debatable, he had them both hooked.

That original sin – the pride in our own isolated abstractions and the desire for the power we think our prideful cogitations will bring – is always with us; it is part of our sinful nature. And it must be fought tooth and nail lest it consume us. Yet the very guardians of the citadel of Christ have encouraged us to indulge our sinful appetites to abstract and depersonalize. We have depersonalized man and we have depersonalized the living God. 'Our Father who art in heaven' has become 'Our abstracted, derivative By-Product who art everywhere and nowhere.' When, following the lead of the clergy, we depersonalize God; we have created, to paraphrase Blake, a mind-forged wall between God and man.

The mind-forged wall was built over time by clerics, academics, and self-styled wise men who professed to be Christian but who still thought like Greeks. In the Greek culture the goddess of wisdom sprang from the head of Zeus; she bypassed the blood. In contrast, Christ, the font of all wisdom, came to us through the blood. Therefore, to the Christian, all true knowledge comes to us through the spirit-infused blood of Christ.

The modern Gnostic Christian views any mention of the blood as superstitious and barbaric. His God word is 'reason'; in fact, his God is the rational, autonomous man. Rational man will welcome Christ into his club, but only if Christ agrees to behave rationally. For reason, as Aquinas tells us, is the final arbiter. And if there is a power higher than God, is not that power God? But if we turn from the Greek mode of perception and look at the Hebraic mode of perceiving reality, we see



something quite different from the men behind the wall. We see that the spirit of man can only be animated through the blood. Blood without the animating spirit is barbaric, mere voodoo superstition, but when the spirit and the blood are united the mind-forged wall between God and man disappears. And the unholy worship of our ratiocinations is stripped of its religious halo and seen for what it is: blasphemy.

So long as the mind-forged wall of bloodless Christianity exists, there will be a conflict between Christians of the blood and the Gnostic post-Christians in control of the churches. The post-Christians will continue to treat the black man as an object to be worshipped on the one hand (because he has the blood that they lack), and to be converted on the other hand (because he lacks the spirit, which the Gnostic has falsely linked to the intellect, that they possess).

The difficulty in converting the Gnostic post-Christian comes from the fact that the Gnostic has placed himself beyond the ken of humanity. By uniting his spiritual life to the mind rather than to the blood, he has thrown in his lot with the great enemy of mankind. The great poets have always seen Satan as the sneering intellectual, standing aloof from mankind.

And it does little good to hand a Gnostic the Gospel of Christ. He knows the story, but he has redefined it. He is no more open to the Gospel of Christ than he is to a tale from the Brothers Grimm. Both, to the modern Gnostic, are "fun" stories to play mind games with.

Miguel de Unamuno stated the problem clearly. It is first necessary to awaken a tragic sense of life in an individual before he can be convinced to turn to the Gospels and treat them as something other than a series of crossword puzzles. To put it simply – a man needs to believe he is sick before he will seek an antidote for his sickness.

If an individual only looks on death as tragic because it comes too early or because it causes pain and not because it extinguishes a personality, then that individual has no need of a loving, personal God. He needs modern science to prolong life and alleviate pain, but he does not need Christ. Only those who have not forsaken their blood and retreated behind the mind-forged wall can know Christ. Such individuals still feel pain at the loss of the "touch of a vanished hand" and still yearn for the "sound of a voice that is still." One has to feel that Cordelia's death in *King Lear* was tragic before one can feel the joy of Thaisa's resurrection in *Pericles*.

The tragic sense of life is intimately connected to a fairy tale appreciation of life. In the fairy tale, the hero conquers death and lives happily ever after. The modern man has no need for fairy tales, for castles in the sky; instead, he has self-help books and reads success stories. How petty his dreams are and how superficial his yearnings.

To feel abandoned and forsaken by God is a terrible thing. To feel estranged from God because of unresolved problems with some particular sin is also a terrible thing, but to feel no need for God, for the Man of Sorrows and the Risen Christ, is to be in the most unenviable state imaginable. And such is the state of modern man.

All of existence depends on one central issue: Can we feel, with Lear, the true tragic dimensions of Cordelia's death? If the answer is yes, then all else will follow and we will dwell in the house of the Lord forever. +

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### **The Last European. Chapter Six. - NOVEMBER 24, 2007**

The celebrated Master of the Templars was a tall, thin, war-worn man, with a slow yet penetrating eye, and a brow on which a thousand dark intrigues had stamped a portion of their obscurity. At the head of that singular body, to whom their order was everything, and their individuality nothing--seeking the advancement of its power, even at the hazard of that very religion which the fraternity were originally associated to protect--accused of heresy and witchcraft, although by their character Christian priests--suspected of secret league with the Soldan, though by oath devoted to the protection of the Holy Temple, or its recovery--the whole order, and the whole personal character of its commander, or Grand Master, was a riddle, at the exposition of which most men shuddered. The Grand Master was dressed in his white robes of solemnity, and he bare the abacus, a mystic staff of office, the peculiar form of which has given rise to such singular conjectures and commentaries, leading to suspicions that this celebrated fraternity of Christian knights were embodied under the foulest symbols of paganism.

--*The Talisman* by Walter Scott

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That night was a great night, but things didn't stay peaceful for long. Two days later, it happened. I was on duty, Sean was out in the boat with Bulkington, Mrs. Fitzgerald was shopping at the local grocery store, and Mary was back at the house. Someone broke into the house and abducted Mary. I really shouldn't say 'someone'; it was Rankin. He left a note addressed to Bulkington: "No harm will befall your little darling if you do as we say. After all, it's not her who we really want. I hope you can swim because you'll have to swim a great deal if you want us to release the young lady. From the rocks below Fisherman's Point, the jagged ones pointing due north, start swimming. After four or five miles you'll swim

into a mist, a very thick mist. Keep swimming through the mist. You'll come to an island with an old castle in the center of it. Come on in. We'll be waiting for you and so will Mary. Follow these instructions to the letter. Come alone and do not use a boat. You swim. Ta-ta for now. – Rankin"

Sean and I wanted to accompany Bulkington, but we knew it was no use.

"It's no good, fellows, I've got to follow their instructions. But you can stay with Mrs. Fitzgerald and see that she doesn't despair. I really think that Mary will be all right if I keep the appointment. Tell her that. And look for Mary to be coming back."

"What about you? Will you come back?"

"I don't know James. But you're a man now and so is Sean. Stay European, as a favor to me, will you?"

We both nodded our assent.

"God bless you," he said just before he entered the water.

"God bless you," was all I could stammer out. We watched him swim until he was out of sight. And the terrible void in my soul was there again.

Mary had been gone for five days and Bulkington for four days when a boat pulled up to the shore near Fisherman's Point. Two men got out of the boat carrying what seemed to be a trussed up human being. They dropped their bundle on the shore and shoved off for open waters again. Sean and I saw them from the window, and we both went running down to the beach, but the men were gone before we could get to them.

The trussed up human being was Mary. She was disheveled and looked quite shaken, as one would expect, but she didn't appear to be seriously injured. We got her up to the house where an overjoyed Mrs. Fitzgerald started hugging and feeding her all at once.

We gave Mary a half-hour to get cleaned up and nourished before we demanded to know her story.

"Not yet," Mrs. Fitzgerald implored, "She is not rested enough."

"It's all right mother. I feel fine. And I don't blame them a bit for wanting to know everything. I'd feel the same way in their place."

Mary then proceeded with her story.

"Rankin and two other men – I never saw them before – broke into the house, bound and gagged me, and took me into a boat they had moored on the south side of Fisherman's Point. They must have waited till Sean and Bulkington were on the north side of the point because I saw no sign of them.

"They took me to an island with a rather large, medieval-styled castle. It had all the modern conveniences inside, but the outside was exactly like the old castles. It even had a moat. I wasn't physically abused or anything, but I was kept in confinement. The room in which I was confined was a nice bedroom, but the door was locked from the outside, and I was told there would be severe consequences if I tried to escape.

"For three days, despite my demands to be told something, anything, about my captivity, no one spoke to me. I was fed, most of which I didn't eat, but the contact with the person bringing me the food was all the contact I had with anyone during those days.

"On the fourth day, I was taken from the bedroom to what seemed to be the grandest and largest room of the castle, where I was tied to a chair. There were three large tables, placed together in a large U-shape.

"I was seated and tied to a chair on the right-hand side next to Rankin. There were seven men, besides Rankin, sitting at the same table. There were four men and two women at the table opposite ours, to the left of the center table. And there were five men and one woman seated at the center table. The five men and one woman seated at the center table all wore long robes resembling the gowns that professors wear on solemn, academic occasions such as graduations. The people at the two side tables were dressed in normal 21st century clothing, except for Rankin, who had on a very ill-fitting tuxedo.

"I was no longer gagged, so I asked Rankin a few questions, namely, why had I been abducted and when would I be released. Rankin just told me to shut up. He was quite cranky. I have no doubt it was because he was once again, after his failure in the Mogombi affair, being relegated to a subordinate role in Satan's scheme of things.

"I wasn't surprised when Bulkington was brought into the center of the room, facing the center table. I had thought all along that I was merely a pawn in the 'We must get Bulkington' game.

"He was shirtless and barefoot, with loose-fitting khaki trousers on. He was dripping wet. I don't know why they had made him swim to the island. I suppose they wanted him to feel humiliated in addition to feeling physically exhausted.

"He was not tied up, but there were six men, all armed with rifles, forming a semi-circle behind him. He immediately demanded that I be released as was agreed.

"All in good time, Mr. Bulkington,' said the man in the center of the main table. 'First you must be questioned.'

"No, first you must untie her.'

The man at the center of the head table simply made a gesture, and I was untied.

"Now, Mr. Bulkington, we will proceed. My name is Peter Caravaggio. I am a priest of the Roman Catholic Church and a member of a society that is duly authorized by Rome to perform the Tridentine Rite. To my immediate left is Father Jeffery Dunn, a Roman Catholic Priest, also of my order. Next on my left is Dr. Bartholomew Salvador. He received a doctorate of philosophy from the University of Barcelona, and he now teaches at Holy Cathedral University. And lastly, on my left, is Dr. Susan Kent, a professor of theology at Ignatius University.

"To my right we have another priest. He teaches at the Sorbonne; his name is Father Lafollette. He also belongs to my order. And lastly, on the right is Dr. Benjamin Hewitt, a brilliant mathematician, scientist, and philosopher, who works at the Institute for the Advancement of Science in upstate Connecticut. The rest of the people in attendance,' he gestured toward the other tables, 'are all in some way connected with our organization.'

"And what is your organization?'

"Forgive me; I should have realized that you would have no way of knowing about our organization. We are a religious body of clerics and laymen dedicated to bringing about the kingdom of God on earth. We intend, through the proper use of our intellects, to bring all the various divergent elements of humanity together into one harmonious whole.'

"Bulkington pointed at Rankin. 'Is he part of that harmonious whole?'

"Why, yes, he is.'

"Do you know who he serves?'

"Please, Mr. Bulkington, give me some credit. Of course, I know that. He works for Satan. But Satan is an angel, an angel with great intelligence. He is part of the future harmonious whole. That old dichotomy, God or the Devil, is false. Satan believes, as we believe, that the only real divinity resides in intelligence. Without it, we descend to the lowest level on the evolutionary scale.'

"I could tell, knowing Bulkington as I do, that Caravaggio's harmonious whole disgusted him. But he didn't bother debating with Caravaggio.

"I came here as I was told. Now I want her released.'

"And I told you before to be patient. We will release her. But first you must do some listening and some explaining.

"Now, our organization has branches throughout the world. We have over two million official members and over a hundred million people who are under our direction. You might not believe this, but it is true. In a few years, maybe less, we will be in a position to govern the world. Our people are in very high places in every government throughout the world. Once we take control we will be able to thoroughly cleanse the unharmonious elements in every country and thus bring about the kingdom of God on earth.'

"That all sounds great. Now, let Mary go, and I'll go along with her.'

"No, Mr. Bulkington, it is not that easy. You see, you are a major obstacle to us. Yes, don't play innocent with me.

"Your average walking idiot doesn't know about the spiritual life. They would simply advise us to put a bullet in you or have you killed as Rankin tried to do. But the problem is that even if you are physically dead, you will still constitute a problem. The spirit, being a thing immortal, does not cease to exist after death. It still is the animating force behind the man or woman who has died. So the problem isn't one of simply killing you. It goes deeper. You must be converted.

"Rankin, though hopelessly dense in many ways, has grasped the fact that through a strange string of circumstances, you have maintained a Faith in a version of Christianity that is most unpleasant and downright repulsive to those of us in the Tridentine Church of Christ. Your continual adherence to a childish and excessively sentimentalized version of Christianity endangers our cause by sending out negative spiritual rays. This is not science fiction; it is fact. There is no physical resurrection as you envision it. There is only a resurrection of intelligence. The mind will have a body but it will be an intellectualized body, free from the constraints of time and space. Those who are not intellectualized will not go to hell; they will simply cease to be. But you, Mr. Bulkington, possess a strong spirit. It will not be easy to eliminate you. And while your spirit exists, it hinders our work; it destroys harmony. We have established harmony in every corner of the world but yours. This must not be. You will be converted. The young lady's presence is needed during the conversion process in order to ensure that you do not attempt something foolish. I know more about you than you might think it possible to know. And I know that were it not for the young lady's presence, you would attempt to kill one or all of the men guarding you and then you would proceed against me. So the girl stays until you have gone through the conversion process. Now, are you ready to begin?"

"I tried to get a good look at Bulkington's face at this point, but I couldn't see that well from where I was sitting. I just heard him say, 'Yes, go ahead.'

"First, are you a Roman Catholic?"

"No, I can't in good conscience say that I am. I was baptized in that church because the woman who took care of me as a child was a member of that church. And I tried to follow its dictates for many years. But in the last few years I've felt very estranged from the Roman Catholic Church.'

"I must ask you to be more specific..."

"Is this really necessary?"

"Yes, it is, and if you want that girl to be released, you'll answer my questions.'

"All right. I felt estranged for many reasons: homosexual priests, atheist priests, and so on. But the main reason for my estrangement was a growing sense that the Roman Catholic system, whether it was the Tridentine system or a Novus Ordo system, was designed to encourage men and women to put their faith in a scientific, naturalistic system instead of in Christ. There are many more nuances I could go into, but that, in a nutshell, is the essence of my problem with the Catholic Church, although I should add that I certainly have known some good Christians who were Catholic. But I came to believe that they were good Christians despite the system, not because of it.'

"Are you a member of some Protestant church?"

"No, I'm simply unchurched at present.'

"Yet you think you are a Christian and claim to have had visitations from Christ himself?"

"Yes, on two separate occasions I have seen the living God. But I have never said that makes me a religious authority or that one should base his own faith on my private revelations.'

"Do you think God normally speaks to mortals by way of private revelations?"

"No, I don't.'

"Then why should he speak to you that way?"

"I don't know.'

"You don't know?"

"That is correct. I don't know."

"Do you even know that it was Christ speaking to you?"

"Yes, it was Christ."

"How can you know for sure?"

"I just know."

"Are you against our organization?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

"Because your organization is in league with Satan and opposed to Christ."

"That's a ridiculous statement, Mr. Bulkington. It shows you have childish notions about God. Christianity is an evolutionary religion, not a static one. We find out what it means as we evolve. The God of the Hebrews and the early Christians is an anthropomorphic God; the true God doesn't exist in those old fairy stories."

"My God doesn't evolve."

"All right, answer this question: Did Christ found a church?"

"I don't know. Or, to put it more carefully, I don't know what kind of church He founded."

"Is the Roman Catholic Church the Whore of Babylon or is it the Church of Christ?"

"It seems to be little of both."

"Come, come, Mr. Bulkington, that won't do at all. It must be one or the other."

"No, that is a false "either-or" you are creating, and I think you're quite aware of it."

"Well, Mr. Bulkington, it seems clear to me that you don't know much about anything. But let me tell you something. Our organization is doing God's work. We are in complete unity with the Roman Catholic Church. And the Roman Catholic Church is the only church that can bring about the unity of mankind. All the other churches are hopeless, unorganized hindrances. And the very glory of the Roman Catholic Church, its organization, is something, you feel, that makes it anti-Christian. This cannot be permitted. It shall not be permitted. Answer me this – How do you know you exist?"

"That's one of those questions you can't--at least I can't--answer. All I know is that I exist."

"That is where you are wrong. You can't know you exist unless you free your mind. And your mind is tied to sentimental images and to illicit emotions and passions. When you untie your mind and make it free you will be able to rule your sentiments, emotions, and passions."

"What do you expect me to say? I don't agree."

"For the first time in the exchange, I noticed that Caravaggio was showing signs of anger. He beat his hand on the table and raised his voice just short of a scream."

"You must agree, you must see. I have all the weight of the Church behind me. There is no one who is going to practice a religion as set forth by the great Bulkington, fisherman, barroom brawler, and self-styled champion of lost causes. But everyone, every man, woman, and child, will cling to the Roman Catholic Church once they have heard its true message preached by the Holy Society of the Tridentine."

"Then leave me be and let Mary go free. Why are you worried about what I believe if you are so certain of the triumph of the Tridentine Faith that you espouse?"

"I told you, because there must be complete harmony and you are not in harmony."

"I don't see what you see nor do I have any desire to see it."

"You shall see it, that I promise you."

Caravaggio then made a gesture to the men guarding Bulkington. 'I don't want him mutilated or killed, but I do want you to make sure that he feels pain like no man on this earth has ever felt it before!'

"Then, he addressed the entire assembly, 'We will adjourn for now. I will meet privately with my colleagues. Oh, and I'll also require,' he addressed me, 'your presence and Mr. Rankin's presence.'"

"So the panel met. Rankin seemed delighted to be included. As soon as we were seated in the conference room, which was much smaller than the other room, Caravaggio spoke. 'I don't expect the torture alone to convert Bulkington. But it will help to make him more receptive to what will be his ultimate conversion.'"

"Your Excellency," spoke up Dr. Salvador, 'Aren't we spending too much time on one man?'

"I'm surprised that you would ask that question, Dr. Salvador. You know, or at least you should know, that it is a spiritual force that we are battling against. Millions upon millions of individuals without any spirituality do not pose the threat that Bulkington does."

"I understand that, but I suppose I just forgot it for a moment. It's just that he seems so obdurate; it seems at times like such a waste of effort. But I do agree with you, we must make the effort."

"We all forget at times, Dr. Salvador. But I hope that we are all in agreement about the problem?"

As Caravaggio's eyes swept the room, every member of the panel made some sign of agreement.

"I tried to pay attention to the rest of their discussion, because I thought it might be useful to Bulkington, or to us, at a later date. But it was difficult to listen when all I could think of was, 'Bulkington is being tortured.'"

"The discussion was a long one, so I can't give you all the details. But it finally came down to this: Bulkington was a threat because he represented the old Christianity, which was a religion which looked on Jesus Christ as a personal God who had come to save individual men and women from sin and death. That faith, according to Caravaggio, was a false perversion of true Christianity. Jesus Christ, according to Caravaggio and his Tridentiners, came not to redeem but to enlighten. The damned were not the sinful, but the unenlightened. The mind needed some kind of body, so the Tridentiners still espoused some kind of resurrection, but it seemed that the heavenly kingdom was only for the enlightened ones. And that kingdom was a kingdom of equals; all were Gods."

"I'm doing my best to describe what seemed like a very complicated system, which, Caravaggio maintained, was nothing more than traditional Roman Catholicism."

"That's rot."

"Yes, it is rot, Sean, but I must admit while I was listening to them, all of whom were educated and articulate, I felt myself drawn to their explanations."

"But surely, Mary," I interjected, "an organization that accepts Rankin and tortures prisoners cannot represent the true Faith?"

"No, James, it can't. I'm just trying to explain how I felt while listening to them. I felt they might be right, and that made me despair because then nothing made sense anymore. I think I understand Bulkington better now than I ever did before. I understand why he is so violently opposed to the efforts of professed Christians to make Christianity into a philosophy."

"And what about Bulkington," I asked. "Where is he, and did they ever stop torturing him?"

Mary had been bearing up pretty well, but the flood gate of tears opened up when I asked her about Bulkington. It took some time before she could answer.

"They had a plan. Caravaggio maintained that the only way to convert Bulkington was to enter into his madness as Samson Carrasco did with Don Quixote. Bulkington had to be defeated and in defeat stripped of his faith. At that point, Rankin piped up and started making suggestions. Caravaggio shut him up quickly.

"We shall need you to attend to the physical details of what we propose, but we do not desire your help in the actual planning of the event. You have already demonstrated your inability to handle such a man as Bulkington."

"Rankin looked mad enough to kill after that rebuke, but what could he do? He was under orders.

"They ushered me out of the room after that, so I don't know what they planned for him. They did let me see him, but not talk with him, before I was sent home.

"Everybody met again in the large meeting room. He was brought before the panel by the same six men who had taken him away. He looked ghastly. Not because he was covered with blood – he wasn't – but because his face, particularly his eyes, spoke of one thing, pain. He had been tortured to the extreme limit of human endurance. But even so he raised his arm and pointed to me. 'Now let her go.'

"Quite right, Mr. Bulkington,' Caravaggio allowed. 'We will let her go.'

"So I was set free, but I have no idea what is to become of him."

It was Sean who spoke up. "I'll tell you what will become of him. He'll beat them. No matter what game they cook up, he'll beat them."

I loved Sean so much at that moment. He was, and is, all faith and fire. And I loved Bulkington as much if not more (I had more reason to love him) than Sean did. But I didn't have Sean's faith. Does that mean I didn't have his love? I don't know. But I was afraid of what Caravaggio would do. I thought he might break Bulkington's faith, and by doing so, he would break mine as well.

As for Mary and her mother, they said nothing more. They went to weep and pray.

Since I wasn't due back to work for two days, I stayed in my old room at the Fitzgerald's house that night. It felt good. I thought I wouldn't sleep, but two previous sleepless nights had made me due for a collapse. I fell right to sleep.

I awoke, about four hours later, conscious of a presence in the room. I reached for the .38 special beneath my pillow, but a voice stopped me.

"Don't do that, James; there is no need for it. It's only me, Rankin."

"What do you want?"

I wasn't afraid of treachery on Rankin's part. And that wasn't because I thought he was incapable of treachery. I wasn't afraid, because I knew before he told me that he was there in my bedroom not to harm me but to show me the final page in the Bulkington drama.

"Come here."

I followed and he led me down the stairs, out into the night, and up the hill to Fisherman's Point. Once there he stepped on the rock that he had first stepped on in my presence some ten years ago. When the rocks opened up, I balked.

"I'm not going down there with you."

"You don't have to, James. Just sit down and watch."

A nice cozy chair had materialized just outside of the opening in the rocks. The entrance way was now blocked by a motion picture screen.

"Sit back, James, and I'll show you the end of Mr. Bulkington. I didn't write the script, but I'll be directing the play. I think you'll enjoy it."

*Continue to Chapter Seven*

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## **The European Nation - NOVEMBER 18, 2007**

In C. S. Lewis's book, *The Lion, The Witch and the Wardrobe*, Father Christmas is forced to give Lucy a gentle rebuke when she wants to go into combat:

Last of all he said, "Lucy, Eve's Daughter," and Lucy came forward. He gave her a little bottle of what looked like glass (but people said afterward that it was made of diamond) and a small dagger. "In this bottle," he said, "there is a cordial made of the juice of one of the fireflowers that grow in the mountains of the sun. If you or any of your friends is hurt, a few drops of this will restore you. And the dagger is to defend yourself at great need. For you also are not to be in the battle."

"Why, Sir," said Lucy. "I think—I don't know—but I think I could be brave enough."

"That is not the point," he said. "But battles are ugly when women fight."

Kipling expresses the same sentiments as Father Christmas in his poem "The Female of the Species." But let us go further. War is not just ugly when women are brought into it; war is also ugly when it is not local, when it is not, in the narrowest sense of the words, for kith and kin. The Iraq war is an abomination because it is the farthest thing imaginable from a war to defend kith and kin.

When Stalin's good buddy Hitler betrayed him and invaded Russia, Stalin found it necessary to drag some of the Orthodox priests out of prison in order to bless the troops and exhort them to repel the invaders in the name of Mother Russia. Stalin correctly saw that his men were more likely to fight for Russia than for international communism.

Bush and his neocons have attempted and are still attempting a ruse similar to the one employed by Stalin. The Iraq war is not a defensive war. It is an aggressive war to impose democratic capitalism on the people of Iraq. The beneficiaries of a successful termination of the war will be the robber barons of the United States and the government of Israel. And yet the neocon establishment has spared no expense to try to convince Americans that somehow their war of aggression is a war of defense. "We are fighting over there so we won't have to fight here." That is the Madison Avenue-styled inanity that we are asked to swallow. But of course it was because we were fighting over there in the first Gulf war and because we send Israel the money to fight over there that the enemy brought the fight to our shores.

War is always tragic, but it is not always ugly. Our Civil War is a case in point. It was tragic that utopian white men waged a war of aggression on their fellow Europeans in the name of racial egalitarianism. But it was heroic and noble that other Europeans rose in defense of white civilization. And the key words are "in defense of." William Tell is a hero because he kills in defense of; the Klansmen under Nathan Bedford Forrest were heroes as well because they also fought in defense of. Bush and his neocons (or more accurately, the neocons and their lapdog) are inhuman monsters because under the guise of patriotism, they kill for money.

It was George Fitzhugh who said, "We are the friend of popular government, but only so long as conservatism is the interest of the governing class." Now that the radical disenfranchisement of white people at home, and the violent spread of democratic capitalism abroad is the interest of our government is there any reason at all to expect that the U. S. will ever again engage in a war that a white European can support?

Walter Scott, in his poem, "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," asks the question,

Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,  
Who never to himself hath said,  
This is my own, my native land!

And the answer to that is yes. There is such a man. He is the modern Gnosticized white man. He has renounced his own native land for the idea of a democratic, multi-racial, capitalist utopia. And such a

...wretch, concentred all in self,  
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,  
And, doubly dying, shall go down  
To the vile dust from whence he sprung,  
Unwept, unhonoured, and unsung.



A native land consists of a people of one Faith, one race, and one culture. White Americans do not have a native land. We live in a geographic region called the United States, and we are ruled by a capitalist oligarchy that is systematically depopulating the country of white people.

In contrast, the Scotland that Walter Scott writes about in his novel *The Antiquary* is a nation. Toward the end of the book, Scott depicts the reaction of his countrymen to a reported invasion (Scott takes the incident from an actual occurrence) by the French. The invasion report turns out to be a false alarm, but the threat is very real. Britain is only a few years removed, at the time of the incident, from the Battle of Trafalgar. What is significant about the Scottish response to the threat of invasion is the way every level of their nation pulls together. The landed gentry become captains with their servants in the ranks. The wealthier shopkeepers open up their shops to give supplies to the poor farmers and laborers who have come as volunteers to fight for their nation. And the apologia for the benefits of having a real nation is given by Edie Ochiltree, a beggar, when the Antiquary, a member of the landed gentry, expresses surprise to see that even Edie is preparing to do battle.

"I would not have thought you Edie, had so much to fight for?"

"Me no muckle to fight for, sir? Isna there the country to fight for, and the burnsides that I gang daundering beside, and the hearths o' the gudewives that gie me my bit bread, and the bits o' weans that come toddling to play with me when I come about a landward town? Deil!" he continued, grasping his pikestaff with great emphasis, "an I had as gude pith as I hae gude-will and a gude cause, I should gie some o' them a day's kemping."

"Bravo, bravo, Edie! The country's in little ultimate danger when the beggar's as ready to fight for his dish as the laird for his land." When a people are a real nation they come together as one, from the beggar to the king, when there is a threat of an invasion. But when a people of a particular country, such as the United States, form divergent groups of warring tribes with no common racial, cultural, or religious heritage, there cannot even be a common consensus on what constitutes an invasion, let alone a successful effort to repel an invasion.

Our neocon government leaders stress that we are at war with Iraq because it is in the national interest. But our country is not a nation so we have no national interest. The Iraq war suits the self-interest of the neocon tribal element of the United States. And the real invasion at our borders, the type of invasion that would have mobilized the Scottish nation in the early 1800's, is countenanced by the white zombies because they view anything that weakens the older European element in this nation as serving their self-interest.

The white European remnant is in no position to wrest control of the government from the white technocrats. But white Europeans are in a position to say, "Your god is not my God and your people are not my people." It starts with a refusal to be absorbed into the non-nation called the United States of America. A European has greater aspirations. If we reject the "American dream" and embrace the European dream of an earthly nation that is linked to His heavenly nation, we will be in line with our European ancestors and we will be serving the true King of all true nations. +

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### The Female of the Species

When the Himalayan peasant meets the he-bear in his pride,  
He shouts to scare the monster, who will often turn aside.  
But the she-bear thus accosted rends the peasant tooth and nail.  
For the female of the species is more deadly than the male.

When Nag the basking cobra hears the careless foot of man,  
He will sometimes wriggle sideways and avoid it if he can.  
But his mate makes no such motion where she camps beside the trail.  
For the female of the species is more deadly than the male.

When the early Jesuit fathers preached to Hurons and Choctaws,  
They prayed to be delivered from the vengeance of the squaws.  
'Twas the women, not the warriors, turned those stark enthusiasts pale.  
For the female of the species is more deadly than the male.

Man's timid heart is bursting with the things he must not say,  
For the Woman that God gave him isn't his to give away;  
But when hunter meets with husbands, each confirms the other's tale—  
The female of the species is more deadly than the male.

Man, a bear in most relations—worm and savage otherwise,—  
Man propounds negotiations, Man accepts the compromise.

Very rarely will he squarely push the logic of a fact  
To its ultimate conclusion in unmitigated act.

Fear, or foolishness, impels him, ere he lay the wicked low,  
To concede some form of trial even to his fiercest foe.  
Mirth obscene diverts his anger—Doubt and Pity oft perplex  
Him in dealing with an issue—to the scandal of The Sex!

But the Woman that God gave him, every fibre of her frame  
Proves her launched for one sole issue, armed and engined for the same;  
And to serve that single issue, lest the generations fail,  
The female of the species must be deadlier than the male.

She who faces Death by torture for each life beneath her breast  
May not deal in doubt or pity—must not swerve for fact or jest.  
These be purely male diversions—not in these her honour dwells—  
She the Other Law we live by, is that Law and nothing else.

She can bring no more to living than the powers that make her great  
As the Mother of the Infant and the Mistress of the Mate.  
And when Babe and Man are lacking and she strides unclaimed to claim  
Her right as femme (and baron), her equipment is the same.

She is wedded to convictions—in default of grosser ties;  
Her contentions are her children, Heaven help him who denies!—  
He will meet no suave discussion, but the instant, white-hot, wild,  
Wakened female of the species warring as for spouse and child.

Unprovoked and awful charges—even so the she-bear fights,  
Speech that drips, corrodes, and poisons—even so the cobra bites,  
Scientific vivisection of one nerve till it is raw  
And the victim writhes in anguish—like the Jesuit with the squaw!

So it comes that Man, the coward, when he gathers to confer  
With his fellow-braves in council, dare not leave a place for her  
Where, at war with Life and Conscience, he uplifts his erring hands  
To some God of Abstract Justice—which no woman understands.

And Man knows it! Knows, moreover, that the Woman that God gave him  
Must command but may not govern—shall enthrall but not enslave him.  
And She knows, because She warns him, and Her instincts never fail,  
That the Female of Her Species is more deadly than the Male.

-- Rudyard Kipling

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### **The Last European. Chapter Five. - NOVEMBER 18, 2007**

... the water which has been refused to the cry of the weary and dying, is unholy, though it had been blessed by every saint in heaven;  
and the water which is found in the vessel of mercy is holy, though it had been defiled with corpses."

--John Ruskin

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Once upon a time there was a woodcutter who lived in the forest with his wife and three sons. The boys grew in age, as boys will do, and the oldest son came to the woodcutter and said, "Father, I don't want to chop wood all my life. I would like to go out into the world to seek my fortune."

"It is only normal that you should wish so my son. Go with my blessing. Just see that you are never cruel and that you are always honest, and you will be great, no matter what profession you choose."

So, the eldest brother went forth into the world. By and by he came upon an old man, sitting by the side of the road. The old man appeared to be starving to death.

"Please," said the old man. "Could you spare me a crust of bread or something?"

The eldest brother looked at the old man and sneered. "A crust of bread will do you little good, old man. You'll soon die anyway and I need all of my food. Goodbye, old man."

And the eldest brother went on his way. Perhaps we will hear more of him later.

Another year passed and the second eldest brother went to his father. "Father, I don't want to chop wood all of my life. It is time for me to go seek my fortune in the wide world."

"I can't blame you, my son. You have my blessing. Just be sure that you are kind and true and never cruel, and you will be great no matter what profession you take up."

The second brother then went forth. And like the first brother, he came upon the starving old man who asked him for a crust of bread.

"Sorry, old man, I need all the food for myself. You should have planned more carefully; then you wouldn't have to go around begging from other people. Good day to you."

And off to seek his fortune went the second brother. Perhaps we will hear more about him later, too.

Yet another year passed, and the woodcutter went to his third and youngest son.

"Son, you are growing up very fast. Do you want to go and seek your fortune in the great world like your brothers have?"

"No, father, I am happy here in the forest. It is here that I wish to stay."

The woodcutter was surprised, but pleased, to hear this.

"That is fine, my son. Your mother and I will be happy to still have one son at home with us."

But after another year passed, the woodcutter came again to speak to his son.

"My son, the woodcutting no longer provides much money. Perhaps you could find work in the great world for a time and then come back to the forest when there is more work here again."

The youngest son could see that his parents were in a very bad way.

"Do not despair, father. I will go out into the world and bring you and mother enough money to last you all your days."

"That is not important, son. Your mother and I have enough. Just earn enough for yourself and be kind rather than cruel and be honest rather than cunning. God bless you, my son."

And so the third and youngest brother went forth into the world. When he had walked a ways along the road, he came, as his brothers had before him, upon a starving old man.

"Could you spare a crust of bread or something, young man?"

"Certainly, my good sir. I have a whole oat pancake in my satchel and it is more than I can eat. I also have a quart of milk which is more than I can drink."

The third brother then divided up the food and sat down and ate with the old man. After the meal, the third brother told the old man that he had to be going on his way.

"Before you go, young man, I should like to give you something."

"That is not necessary, my good sir."

"Because you say it is not necessary, young man, it becomes necessary. Because you have a kind heart, I am giving you this small golden cross. Do not exchange it for money or anything else. Save it. And whenever you feel surrounded by evil and in danger of losing your life, hold this cross in your hand and say, "In the name of Him who made blind men see and crippled men walk, make this evil desist."

"I will keep this cross with me, good sir. And I thank you."

So saying, the third brother went on his way.

He soon came to a small village. The people in the village seemed to be very poor and ill fed. One man was chopping wood and doing a very poor job of it.

"This is something I can do," the third brother said to himself.

"Hello, good sir, let me do that for you. I can use some exercise."

"I thank you, young man."

The third brother finished chopping the wood in no time, and then helped the man carry the wood to his poor dwelling. Inside, the third brother saw four children, two boys and two girls, all younger than ten years of age, dressed in rags, and with the mark of starvation on their visages. The third brother's heart went out to them.

"Good sir, have you nothing to eat? Doesn't the land around the village grow food?"

"The land around here was once good land," the man replied, "but it is now under a curse. A witch has placed a curse on all the land in the kingdom of King William. And this village is in the realm of King William."

"Why has the witch put a curse on the land?"

"That I do not know. I only know that nothing has grown here for over a year. We have used up all of our supplies. Every day my wife goes into the city to beg for food. We are waiting for her now. Some days she comes back with a crust or two of bread and on other days she comes back with nothing."

"Do they have food in the city?"

"Yes, their storage bins have not been exhausted yet. But the men and women of the city have their own children to look after, so they are not inclined to share with people of the villages, especially when they have no idea when the witch's curse will be lifted. I fear we will be dead from starvation very soon."

Again the third young brother's heart went out to the man and his family.

"You shall not starve. I will go to this King William and find out where this witch is. Then I will go to the witch and make her break the spell she has put on the land. In the meantime, take what food I have."

After giving the family four loaves of bread and a substantial amount of cheese, the third brother hastened to the castle to see King William.

He did not have the usual trouble that one generally has when trying to see a king. This was because King William had given his guards orders that anyone offering to kill the witch of the glen was to be ushered into the Royal Presence immediately. And of course the third brother was offering to kill the witch. The King also had, as all kings must have, a beautiful daughter who was to be given in marriage to the man who could rid the kingdom of the witch.

The third brother thought the King's daughter was very beautiful, but that is not why he wanted to kill the witch. In his mind's eye, he saw the starving children and his heart bled for them.

"I will kill the witch and remove the curse. Only tell me where she lives."

The King's reply was prompt. "The witch lives in the glen twelve miles to the south. If you follow the road that passes the old mill and the abandoned blacksmith's shop, you can't miss finding the witch of the glen."

The third brother started on his way. He did not know, because the King had not told him, that over one hundred highly trained knights had been killed in the attempt to kill the Witch of the Glen. He also did not know that the beautiful daughter of the king had had her lips sealed with a special wax prior to the King's conference with the third brother. This was done because the Princess had told the last few knights who had come to do battle that over one hundred knights had lost their lives trying to kill the witch. The Princess's warning had deterred the knights, which had made the King very angry. It wasn't proper, he claimed, for a young princess to deter young men from seeking to kill a witch.

"But shouldn't they at least be warned of the danger?" the Princess had asked.

"No," the King replied, "that's implicit."

So the third brother went forth to meet the Witch of the Glen. When he came to her dwelling in the Glen, she was (as witches will do) bending over a cauldron and stirring up some hideous brew. The cauldron was only a few feet in front of her cottage, which actually was, at least from the outside, a rather pretty looking cottage.

The witch, who had known for quite some time that the third brother was coming to slay her, turned and asked the third brother what he meant by intruding on private property.

"I've come to make you remove the curse from this land."

"That shall not be. The curse can only be removed with my death, and I don't intend to die."

"I'm sorry you're so obstinate, for you leave me no choice."

With those words, the third brother rushed upon the witch. Now the third brother did not own a weapon, but he had borrowed an ax, because that is what he was familiar with, from his friend in the village.

The third brother was quite strong and quite proficient with the ax. He struck a blow that would most definitely have killed the witch had the blow landed. But the witch raised her hand in the air and erected an invisible shield around her. The axe hit the shield and shattered into a thousand pieces.

The witch then summoned two giant ravens to come and bind the third brother to a tree. Once the third brother was bound, the witch dismissed the ravens and let out a very traditional witchy cackle.

"Now, you fool, you shall die slowly. Inch by inch, I shall peel your skin off," she said as she brandished a long knife in front of the third brother's face.

The third brother was very frightened, but he resolved to meet his fate bravely and not give the witch the satisfaction of seeing that he was afraid.

"Do what you will. We all must die in the end."

"Yes, but your end will be within the next two hours after I have slowly, and oh so painfully, peeled off all your skin."

As the witch sharpened her knife for the peeling, the third brother thought of the cross the old man had given him.

"If I can just loosen these ropes a little bit, I can get a hand on the cross," the third brother thought.

It took quite an effort, but eventually, before the witch had finished sharpening the knife, which had to be extra sharp in order to peel skin, the third brother managed to get his hand around the cross in his pocket.

"In the name of Him who gave sight to the blind and made the lame to walk, I order the evil to desist."

Suddenly a huge bear leapt from the forest and pounced on the witch. Before she could do anything to protect herself, the bear killed her. Then the bear came up to the third brother and with his sharp claws, cut the ropes that bound him. As the ropes fell off, the bear was transformed into the old man with whom the third brother had shared his food on the road.

"More than mere thanks I owe to you, kind and generous sir. You have saved my life and the lives of the starving people of the kingdom."

"No, I have not saved their lives, young man. You have. For you must know by now that I am an angel. And angels cannot act, on this earth, except through human beings. We travel only on invisible streams of charity. If there is no charity in human hearts, we cannot act. Your act of charity has allowed me to intervene in your life. So it is through you that the villagers will be saved from starvation. Now go and tell them that the witch is dead. But do not tell them about me. Tell them -- and it is not a lie -- that through you the witch met her death. And remember the cross you possess, and beware of treachery. Devils work through humans, too, and they have more success, numerically at least, than angels such as I. We need streams of charity and they need rivers of sin."

The whole kingdom rejoiced at the news of the witch's death. The beautiful Princess, who had never been that impressed with the swaggering knights, was smitten with the humble woodcutter's son and quite ready to marry him. But the King was not impressed with the third brother.

"It is not right that a mere woodcutter's son should marry my daughter," he said to himself.

To the third brother he said, "You have done well. My people are once again able to grow food on the land. But marriage to my daughter is out of the question for the moment. You see, I have a cousin who is king of the land bordering this kingdom. His kingdom provides us with access to the sea. If some other king, less friendly to us, would take over my cousin's kingdom, we would no longer have access to the sea, which would be a very bad thing. You can see that, can't you?"

"Yes, I can, but why is your cousin's kingdom in danger?"

"Ah, I'm glad you asked that. His kingdom is in danger of falling to the giants from the North. Every two months or so, they come down from the mountains and attack my cousin's castle. He has managed to beat them off thus far, but he has lost many knights in battle against them. And many more knights are deserting rather than face the giants every two months. If my cousin's kingdom falls to the giants it will really be impossible for us to send out our merchant ships or to receive goods from other ships that land on the coast of what is now my cousin's kingdom."

"That is indeed a serious situation. I will go forth and make the giants stop raiding your cousin's kingdom."

"Good, good," said the King, who was really thinking as he was saying 'Good, good,' 'What an idiot this woodcutter is.'

So again the woodcutter went forth till he came to the kingdom of the giants. He went boldly up to the largest giant, who was also the leader, and told the giant that he had to stop the raids on the neighboring kingdom. The giant just laughed and reached out to crush the third brother in his hand. But the third brother was not so easily subdued. He quickly lifted his ax and cut off two of the giant's fingers. Now the giant was truly enraged. He ordered five of his best giants to surround the third brother. Then, even though he strove to fight them off with his ax, the five giants overcame the third brother. They then tied him to a spit and started roasting him.

However, the third young brother managed once again to get his hand on the golden cross. "In the name of Him who makes the blind see and the lame walk, I command this evil to desist."

Suddenly there was a great storm, with thunder, lightning, and great torrents of rain. The giants were terrified (thunder and lightning is particularly terrifying for giants because they are so high above the ground), and they started running hither and thither looking for shelter. But they could not escape their fate. Every single giant was struck by lightning. They all perished.

The rain, of course, put out the fire that the third brother was being roasted over. And the little old man -- yes it was he -- came and took the third brother off the spit.

"I seem to cause you a great deal of trouble," the third brother said apologetically.

"No trouble, young man. You are a rare gem in this world."

"I have done nothing that is so wonderful."

"Ah, because you think that is why you are so rare. But my young friend, I again must warn you to beware of treachery, not all in this world are like you."

After thanking the old man profusely, the third brother started back to King William's kingdom.

Now, unbeknownst to the third brother, his two older brothers had been working in King William's kitchen. They had not fared so well after snubbing the old man. Near starving, they had both ended up taking work washing dishes and mopping floors. Often they would say to each other, "This is worse than woodcutting." And they thought of going home. But one thing stopped them. The eldest brother said, "Working in the King's kitchen we hear many palace rumors and secrets. Maybe someday we can turn this to our advantage." The second brother agreed with that bit of wisdom.

The two elder brothers heard all that went on between King William and their brother. They had expected him to be slain by the Witch of the Glen. They were astonished when he came back alive and victorious. So when King William sent the third brother to fight the giants, his two older brothers followed him. They saw him being roasted alive and they saw by what means he was delivered.

"Why should that idiot get all the glory just because he gave a few crusts of bread to that old man? We would have given the old man some bread if had known who he was. Angels shouldn't go around pretending to be starving old men. It's dishonest," the brothers said.

As the third brother ventured back to King William's castle after his encounter with the giants, his two older brothers greeted him. He was delighted to see them. Naturally, the two elder brothers did not tell their younger brother that they had been willing to stand by and watch him roasted on a spit.

After much hugging and rejoicing, the brothers settled down to eat a meal together. When the meal was over, it was too dark to travel any further so the three brothers went to sleep under the stars of heaven.

During the night, the two elder brothers rose up and beat their youngest brother with stout cudgels. Not knowing or caring whether he was dead or alive, they took the golden cross from him and went back to the castle.

Once before the King, they told him of the great battle they had fought against the giants. They had killed them all, they said, after the third brother had broken down and cried, too frightened to fight.

No sooner had the elder brother told their tale than a messenger came from the King's cousin telling the King that all the giants had been destroyed. King William then ordered a great feast to be prepared with the two elder brothers attending as guests of honor.

But although King William was quite willing to give a feast for the two older brothers, he certainly did not want to have either of them in his family. So he resolved to get rid of them by giving them an impossible task. When the feast was over he invited the two elder brothers back to his private chambers where he told them of his problem.

"Long ago a great warrior of our nation subdued a ferocious dragon that had been ravaging the country. He chained the dragon to the walls of a cave that lies on the very edge of our kingdom. Word has reached me that the dragon is about to burst loose from his chains. I want you to go and kill the dragon. It should be easy for two such brave fellows as you."

Now, I should point out that the King had not had a report about the dragon breaking his chains. He simply made it up to get rid of the two elder brothers.

The two brothers talked the matter over between themselves. "We know the magic words and we have the magic cross. Let's go and kill the dragon. There should be a big reward and beautiful princesses in the deal."

So it was agreed. The King promised one third of this kingdom and the hand of his eldest daughter in marriage to the eldest brother. And he promised one third of his kingdom and the hand of his younger daughter in marriage to the second brother. (The King actually had only one daughter, but since he didn't expect either brother to come back alive, he said to himself, 'What the heck, promises are cheap.')

The two brothers set forth then to kill the dragon. After a journey of five days, they came to the dragon's cave. Even though the dragon was not about to burst his chains, he was still a danger to anyone foolish enough to get within fire-spitting range of him. The two brothers cautiously approached the dragon.

"How far can a dragon spit fire?" the second brother asked the first brother.

"I don't know," the first brother replied.

They both had crossbows, so they shot a few arrows into the dragon, but the arrows had very little effect on the dragon. He just looked irritated.

"Let's use the cross," the eldest brother said.

"Okay."

Taking the cross in his hand, the eldest brother said the words he had heard his brother use while being roasted on the spit by the giants. Nothing happened. Actually, something did happen, but it was not what the two brothers expected. The dragon spat fire, and his flaming breath made contact with the eldest brother, who was burned to ashes. In terror the second brother started to run from the cave. But the dragon spat fire at him as well. He felt the flames engulfing him and gave himself up for lost. "Curse that younger brother of mine and the stupid old man," he said, as the flames surrounded him.

But suddenly he felt himself drenched with water and free from the stifling heat of the dragon's flaming breath. Standing before him was the third brother. He had put out the fire by rerouting, with his shield, a stream that flowed through the cave.

"So it's you. Well, I think you should know that you killed our eldest brother with your stupid cross."

"I'm sorry I did not get here soon enough to save him."

"Well, he is dead. Enough about him. Let's get out of here."

"Not yet. I must go back and get the cross."

"Are you crazy? The cross doesn't work. Our brother said the words and held the cross and the dragon burned him up."

"Perhaps our brother did not have the right things in his heart when he said the words and held the cross."

"That doesn't make any difference," the second brother insisted. "He said the words and he held the cross just like we saw you do. It should have worked."

"But I must tell you, my brother, that the angel who gave that cross to me places great importance on what is in a man's heart."

"And I tell you, brother," the second brother was in a towering rage now, "that my heart and our older brother's heart is the same as yours. The old man was just using you to trick us. Or maybe you were in on it with the old man. I wouldn't put it past you. But whether you were in it or not, I know that old man is no angel. He is a devil."

"The old man is good. Now I must go back and get the cross."

The third brother went back and found the cross among the ashes. He wept to see the ashes of his brother. "I must bury him," he said to himself.

When he stopped to bury him, however, the dragon lashed out with his tail and wrapped the third brother up in it, gradually choking the life from him. Now you might be wondering, as I did when I first heard this story, why the dragon didn't just burn the third brother up. Well, he didn't because he was temporarily out of fire. A dragon needs an hour or two, after a large expenditure of flame, before he can spit fire again.

As the dragon was choking the life from him, the third brother grasped the cross and gasped out the words the old man had told him to use. He then felt a great surge of strength shoot through his body. He broke free from the coiled tail of the dragon, leapt to his feet, grabbed his ax from the ground, and before the dragon could clamp his jaws on him, he chopped off the dragon's head.

When the second brother saw the third brother dragging the dragon's head out of the cave, he thought to himself, 'I must figure out a way to steal that dragon's head. Then I can claim the Princess and one-third of the kingdom – or maybe two-thirds since my brother is dead.'

But much to the second brother's surprise, the third brother gave the dragon's head to him.

"You take this head and claim the reward. I have some money which the King gave to me for killing the witch. I will take that money back to our parents and go back to being a woodcutter. My heart is sad because I have buried our brother here in the cave. I am weary and want to go home."

"Yes, you do that. It will be good for you," the second brother said with a delight that he could barely conceal.



So the brothers parted at the crossroads, the one going home to be with his parents, and the other going to the palace to claim a kingdom and a princess.

"Tell Mother and Father I'll send them a letter someday. Bye, bye." To himself he said, 'What a stupid fool that kid is.'

The King gave the second brother a great celebration. And he told him that his daughter (fortunately for the King, one of the brothers was dead, for as we know he had only one daughter) and one-third of the kingdom was his reward. But secretly the King had decided to kill the second brother.

'A dishwasher is worse than a woodcutter for a son-in-law,' the King said to himself.

Now, at the big royal party were acrobats, jugglers, dancing girls, and a magician. The magician did magic tricks, of course, but he also told fortunes. The King thought it would be fun to have his fortune told. The old magician first looked into the King's eyes and then he looked at his palm.

"This is what I see in your future, oh King. I see a deep pit. I see snakes. The snakes are entwined around a man's body. I see a red man commanding the snakes to squeeze harder. The red man is laughing."

"What kind of fortune teller are you, you disgusting old man. Fortune tellers are supposed to tell people good things, especially when they are being paid quite well for their services. So explain yourself before I get very angry with you."

"I do not fear your anger, King William. It is you that should be afraid, for you are the man I see entwined by snakes, and Satan is the laughing man of red."

"Seize that old man and throw him off a cliff," ordered the King.

"Stop," said the old man, throwing off his magician's robes and revealing the garb and person of the starving old man.

The soldiers who were making to seize the old man were stopped in their tracks by bolts of lightning emanating from the old man's hands. When the King saw this, he threw himself on the floor and begged the old man to spare his life.

"Please don't kill me, please don't! And tell me, what can I do to avoid that pit of snakes?"

The old man looked at King William sternly and said, "You must take murderous thoughts from your heart and truly repent. Give up vain glory. I want you to go to the woodcutter's hut. Then I want you to offer him your whole kingdom and your daughter in marriage. But mind you, it must be done with a good heart. Good words, even holy words, when spoken with an evil heart will bring disaster upon the man who speaks them. Remember that."

The King vowed to do as the old man commanded. The old man then turned his attention to the second brother who was trying to sneak out of the palace.

"And you, cringing in the corner, if you want to avoid the pit of snakes, you must go and ask forgiveness of your brother. He will surely grant it, for he has a good heart. But if you do not truly crave pardon, I suggest you say nothing at all. Now go."

The King and the second brother started on their journey to the woodcutter's hut that very night. They traveled all night, and by morning they arrived at the hut.

All night the King had been thinking. 'I really have been a disgrace as a king and as a man. My father did not rule by treachery and deceit. And my mother never taught me to send men to their death rather than keep my promises to them. I have been a scoundrel. I deserve to go to the Pit.'

And he sweated great rivers as he thought of the Pit. He also thought of the cross he had seen in the hand of the third brother. He got off his horse and fell to his knees.

"May He who made the blind to see and the lame walk have mercy on me and forgive me, even though I do not deserve mercy or forgiveness."

After his prayer, the King got back on his horse and continued on his journey. He was still somewhat frightened but he also felt a certain peace that he had not felt since his childhood.

Meanwhile the second brother was also thinking. "That old man has always been against me. You would think an angel, or whatever he is, could think of something better to do than to act the part of a starving man and deceive poor travelers. I hate him. And I hate my brother too, for plotting against me with that old man. I'll ask for forgiveness now, because they have me over a barrel. But I'll bide my time. When that old man makes a slip, I'll get even with everyone. What's that stupid excuse for a King doing now, groveling on the ground like that? What a stupid ass he is."

As morning dawned on the woodcutter's hut, it dawned on an unusual sight. The King was on his knees outside the hut, as was the second brother. The third brother came out of the hut, but his parents stayed inside. The old man had visited the cottage during the night and asked the parents to stay in the cottage until their son came to get them.

"I have sinned against God and against you," the King said. "Please forgive me and come and rule the kingdom with my daughter as your wife."

"I will come and rule the kingdom, as my good angel has told me I should. And I will gladly, if she'll have me, take your daughter in marriage. But you mustn't kneel to me. I forgive you with all my heart."

Now it was the second brother's turn, "Dear brother, I have sinned against God and against you. Please forgive me."

As the third brother stepped forward to embrace his brother and forgive him, the ground opened up and swallowed the second brother.

The third brother was overwrought. "Why has this happened?" he sobbed. Suddenly on top of the cottage roof, the old man appeared. But he no longer looked wizened and starved. He looked majestic, with a long white beard and a long white robe.

"Your brother has gone where only the prayers of others can help him. His hate-filled heart would not allow him to truly repent."

"But what shall I tell my good parents?" the third brother asked.

"Tell them nothing now. Later, when the time is right, and you'll know when that time is, you can tell them all."

"Is there hope for any of us?" King William asked.

"Yes, there is hope for all. And more people could see that hope if we had more people like that young woodcutter in the world." Then turning to the woodcutter, "God bless you, my son, rule well."

And then the old man disappeared.

The woodcutter's son did rule well. He kept faith with his heart and with His heart. As for the two elder brothers? Well, we know their earthly fate, but what of their eternal fate? There is always hope.

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Mrs. Fitzgerald enjoyed the tale. She had one question, however.

"I want to be clear on this. Why, when the third brother confronted the giants, didn't he use the cross to start with? I can understand why he didn't use it initially against the witch – he didn't know at that point if it would work. But why didn't he use it right away against the giants rather than waiting till he was being roasted alive?"

"Because in the ethics of fairy land, the mortal must initiate the action before the angel can aid him..."

"And let those invisible streams of charity flow?"

"Yes."

We stayed on well into the night talking about big things and little things and everything else in between. It was a wonderful night. As I walked back to the Fitzgeralds' house in the darkness, I thought of what Prince Knana had called Bulkington, "a man of the shadows." Well, maybe he was a shadow to the modern world, but to me he was a knightly John the Baptist who bore witness to the Light.

## The Last European. Chapter Four. - NOVEMBER 11, 2007

There I throw my gage.  
To prove it on thee to the extremest point  
Of martial daring

-- Shakespeare

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The agreed-upon forms seemed to be a stacked deck. Prince Knana was clad in what I presume was his native garb, which consisted of what I can only describe as a gold-plated loin cloth. He had a spear in one hand and a sheathed knife in his golden embroidered belt. He stood on the top of a hill looking down over Miller's Field, which is about two miles out of Lancaster and is usually deserted. There were four other Mogombis with Knana at the top of the hill. They also had spears, knives, and loincloths. But their garments were not gold-plated; I suppose that was only a privilege of royalty.

It was a chilly night, about 30°, but that didn't seem to bother the Mogombis. King Omo, Knana's foster father (according to Knana), along with a couple of hundred of the Mogombis, lined the field.

Bulkington stood in the field looking up toward the hill and Prince Knana. Sean and I stood on the sidelines near but not next to the Mogombis.

All had been arranged between King Omo, Knana, and Bulkington. If Bulkington lost the contest, ambition's debt (from the perspective of the Mogombis) was paid since the contest was to the death. The key negotiating point, from Bulkington's perspective was Sean and me. The Mogombis wanted Sean and me to die if Bulkington lost the contest. Bulkington insisted that his blood should be sufficient. After a great deal of haggling, they agreed to let Bulkington's death suffice for all three of us. I don't know if this was because they simply planned on killing us at a later date or if they were just being moderate in their appetite for vengeance.

Bulkington advised us to come armed and be prepared for anything. "I hope they'll stick to the agreed upon combat, but we can't count on that. If I lose, be prepared to fight your way home. If I win, watch my back for disgruntled Mogombis looking for vengeance."

At 2 A.M. the contest began. Bulkington was armed with a whaler's harpoon and a throwing knife. The four Mogombis who had been chosen to stand with Knana seemed quite fit. I'll simply designate them as warriors 1, 2, 3, and 4. It might seem odd, but even at that rather crucial moment, I couldn't help but think of *The Cat in the Hat Comes Back*, who brought with him Thing 1 and Thing 2. Knana was more lethal than the mischievous cat, however, and he brought not two but four 'things' with him.

The four warriors advanced down the hill toward Bulkington. Prince Knana was still at the top of the hill. Warrior 1 launched the first spear from a distance of about 25 yards. It missed by a wide margin. Warriors 2, 3, and 4 then charged Bulkington, running abreast of each other with only about a foot between them. Warrior 1 ran slightly behind them. At approximately ten yards distance from Bulkington, the three warriors with spears launched them at Bulkington. All three spears would have penetrated Bulkington's chest if he hadn't deflected them to the ground with a great sweeping movement of his harpoon.

The first warrior had continued running as his three comrades threw their spears. As Bulkington swept the spears away, Warrior 1 leapt on him, knocking him to the ground and the harpoon from his hands. Then I saw the warrior raise his knife, and I saw Bulkington's hand raised to stop the downward thrust of Warrior 1's arm. Bulkington twisted the warrior's knife inward toward the warrior's chest while pulling him forward. Then he leapt to his feet, leaving the first warrior dead on the ground.

He threw his own knife into the fourth warrior's chest. Warriors 2 and 3, seeing that Bulkington was now unarmed, rushed him with their knives drawn.

Bulkington tackled Warrior 3, receiving a knife wound in his upper back as he did so. But he still managed to pick up Warrior 3 and hurl him at Warrior 2. Warrior 2 was surprised by the maneuver and did not step aside quickly enough to

avoid impaling Warrior 3 on his knife. Bulkington then picked up his harpoon and drove it into Warrior 2 before he could extricate his knife from Warrior 3.

I had been so busy watching the combat that I hadn't seen Knana leave the top of the hill. But he was now ten yards to the left and slightly to the rear of Bulkington. Bulkington saw him a split second too late. Prince Knana's spear went through Bulkington's left side, going in through the back and coming out to the front. He fell to the ground, face down. With a howl of triumph Knana rushed upon Bulkington to finish him off with his knife.

At this point I had to fight back the instinct to draw my revolver and shoot Knana. It was only the knowledge that the Mogombis would shoot Bulkington, Sean, and me if I violated the rules that kept me from shooting him.

As it turned out it was providential that I refrained from interfering. As Knana lunged forward with his knife, Bulkington suddenly rolled over, clutching the splintered spear in his hand. With one hand he held back Knana's knife thrust and with the other he plunged the spear point into Knana's heart. Then, bloody, weak, and deathly pale, Bulkington stood on his feet.

"Prince Knana is defeated. Nydoki did not protect him. The Mogombis must leave this land." He looked at King Omo. "Do I speak the truth?"

King Omo turned and spoke to his warriors, "Yes, he speaks the truth."

Behind me I heard a shot. A Mogombi with a rifle fell dead. Sean had put a bullet into him as he drew a bead on Bulkington. Bulkington again turned to the chief.

"Do you mean to break your bargain?"

"No," said the chief. "There will be no more fighting. We go."

And to my infinite relief they did go. They took their dead and disappeared, presumably back to their apartments in Lancaster. Hopefully, if they keep to their agreement, they will ultimately end up back in Zena.

Bulkington waited until the Mogombis left the field, and then he collapsed. Sean got to him first.

"James, he's lost a lot of blood. We have got to get him to a hospital."

On the way, we discussed what to say at the hospital. We couldn't think of a thing.

"Let's just get him there and worry about the rest when it comes," Sean decided.

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Bulkington lived, but if we had been a few minutes later getting him to the hospital he would have died. It was that close. Neither the spear nor the knife had hit vital organs, so once Bulkington recovered from the loss of blood he was out of danger. Of course, although no longer at death's door he still was far from recovered. The people at the hospital wanted to keep him there at least two weeks for observation, but Bulkington checked himself out the next afternoon, having spent just one night in the hospital.

I was against his checking out so early and so was Sean. But it probably was a blessing because a longer stay might have entailed more scrutiny than we could have stood. While Bulkington was unconscious and on the operating table, Sean gave his name and social security number in place of Bulkington's because Bulkington had no social security number, no driver's license, and no... well no anything actually. It was a risky gamut, but Sean didn't seem that worried.

"Nobody will notice that Sean Fitzgerald is supposed to be twenty-two and that the man on the operating table looks 35 or older. People don't pay attention to that until later."

Sean was right; nobody noticed. But I think they would have noticed had Bulkington stayed in the hospital for an extended period of time. But of course he didn't.

Three days after losing enough blood to fill up a Red Cross station for a week, Bulkington was out, pack on his back, running up and down the hill to Fisherman's Point. He was at the bottom doing pushups when I came upon him.

"They told me I'd find you here. Don't you think it's a bit too soon to be doing this?"

"No, why don't you join me?"

"I intend to."

"I didn't think you were wearing that sweat suit because you were going dancing."

"I don't dance."

We didn't do much talking as we were soon both concentrating on breathing, but when we finished running on the hill, Bulkington suggested we go over to his house for a couple of beers. I couldn't refuse such a rare invitation. Bulkington had no moral objections to alcohol; it was just something he generally did without because he was on a rather tight budget.

Once safely ensconced in Bulkington's kitchen since we didn't want to get the living room chairs sweaty, Bulkington pulled a couple of sixteen-ounce beer bottles out from his refrigerator.

"Did you rob a bank or something?"

"No, I just broke into the old cookie jar."

"What's the occasion?"

"A happy termination to Round 1."

"But it's only Round 1."

"Hey, it's still a victory!"

"So, you don't think Rankin is through yet?"

"No, James, I don't. Nor do I think he is going to work through intermediaries for much longer. Despite his retraining, he'll revert to form."

"You know, I think I'd prefer that. At least it's something I'm used to."

Bulkington laughed. "I agree, James. I prefer the old Rankin tactics. But it's quite possible if Rankin fails this time that he'll be through as a working devil."

"You mean they'll demote him to the mail room?"

"Something like that. And his replacement could be a lot worse."

"I should feel nervous about that, but I don't. I feel too good about the exodus of the Mogombis. They have left, every single one."

"Yes, they are good little devotees of their devil god, strict formalists. And I agree with you. I feel too good right now to worry about Rankin or his possible replacement."

It was good to see Bulkington back in harness again. When I thought he was dying I felt as if my soul was exiting my body, leaving only an empty shell behind.

We were both on our second beer when Sean, Mary, and Mrs. Fitzgerald stopped by.

"Mary wanted to see if you were dead."

"Mother, don't say that."

"Well, it's true. She saw you running up and down the hill. You should have heard her – 'He'll kill himself -- somebody's got to stop him!' When James came, she sent him over to stop you, but apparently he simply joined you."

"Well, I couldn't stop him, so I thought I'd run along with him just in case he needed medical attention."

"That's great," Mary said; "the blind leading the blind."

"Ow! That's not fair. I've had some first aid."

She just stared at me in a way that said, 'Don't be ridiculous.'

"Well, we've had our run and nobody died, so why don't you three wait in the living room while I get out of these sweaty clothes. James, I don't know what you're going to do."

"I'll slid down to the house, shower, change, and come back. It's not often we have a gab session at your house."

When I got back, they were all chatting amiably. Mrs. Fitzgerald was asking Bulkington something. "But how can you minimize the mystical component of religion when you have had a number of mystical moments in your life when you saw and heard Jesus Christ?"

"I don't know that I would use the word 'minimize'; I would rather say that the mystical experience was made possible and authenticated by a whole host of human encounters, which might seem mundane when viewed only from the outside. Thomas Hughes describes what I'm talking about infinitely better than I can."

At this point Bulkington got up and took down a copy of *Tom Brown's Schooldays* by Thomas Hughes from the shelf and started to read:

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

"Do you see what I mean? Would it really do an individual any good to receive a private revelation from God if he hadn't already seen God in His creatures? How would he know it was God he was looking at and speaking to? It could just as easily be the devil. One only knows with certainty when his heart has bled and loved enough to recognize divinity in humanity."

"Father Gordon once said something much like that to me," Mrs. Fitzgerald said. "I miss that man; it's a pity the Church had no use for a man of faith. It seems that what started out as a small, cabalistic movement on the fringes of Christendom has become Christendom, while real Christianity is now on the fringes. Father Gordon had no problems with the Church when he was teaching scholastic philosophy, but when he started to preach the Gospel, he got into trouble."

"Yes, that's true," Bulkington said with a deep sigh.

"Where did it all go wrong?"

"I don't know, Mary. I suppose Blake said it best: 'Can wisdom be put in a silver rod or love in a golden bowl?' I don't think there was a precise moment when the Faith became a philosophy instead of a Faith. It happened over time. And it is hard not to get infected with the faithless faith of the intellectuals in power in all the various churches."

"Not you. You'll never succumb."

"Nobody's immune to it, Sean. It's in the air we breathe. I cling to the fairy tale mode. That keeps me sane."

Mary, Sean, and I were familiar with Bulkington's views on the fairy tale mode of existence, but Mrs. Fitzgerald was not. She asked for an explanation, and Bulkington was only too happy to provide one, as the fairy tale mode of apprehension was his particular passion.

"I think we make Christianity something other than Christianity when we get away from the very basic fairy tale apprehension of the Faith. What does the Incarnation tell us about the way God reveals Himself? It is through humanity. He placed himself in a fairy tale and presented it to us. He is the Third Dumb Brother, at least 'dumb' in the eyes of the

worldly wise, who gives up worldly success to perform an act of charity. But much to the chagrin of his worldly brothers, he becomes, because of his act of charity, the High King of the Land.

The Christ story is then, in essence, a true fairy tale with Christ in the role of hero. So if we lose our ability to comprehend existence in the fairy tale mode, we lose God."

"Is it what our Lord was talking about when he said we must be like little children?"

"I think so, Mary."

"Would you tell mother your favorite of the Grimm's fairy tales?"

"I'm sure she has heard it before, Mary."

"Not the way you tell it."

"Well, I do add a few things, but I keep to the spirit of the Grimms' tales."

"Please, I'd like to hear it," Mrs. Fitzgerald said quietly.

When the rest of us gave our sincere assent, Bulkington proceeded with the tale.

*Continue to Chapter Five*

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### **Citadels of Hate - NOVEMBER 11, 2007**

The white-hating whites are quite fond of finding groups of whites who object to the extermination of the white man and labeling such groups as "hate groups." But I don't see any hate in these groups. The worst that one can say about some of them is that they don't make a very articulate case for their cause. But in all of these groups there is no hatred. There is love for their own and a desire to fight those who would attack their own, but there is no hatred.

In contrast, those who do the labeling are full of hatred. The white-hating whites cannot even say the word 'white' without spewing venom. They are maniacally obsessed with eliminating everything that has any connection to white civilization. And if that means exterminating every single member of the white race (with the exception of them), then so be it. The barbarian races of color do not talk about eliminating white power structures and institutional racism as the white-hating whites do. No, the colored hordes are much more direct. They make explicit what is implicit in the white-hating whites' ideology. They want to kill, in the grand Haitian style, every single white person on earth.

It is the maniacal, satanic hatred of white people that has been institutionalized in this country, and not, as the white-haters claim, white racism.

Let's look at the five citadels of power in our country.

#### **1) The government.**

In 1965, the Johnson administration shifted the immigration quota of Europeans to non-Europeans from 90% European to 10%. Is this a government committed to white supremacy? No, it is a government committed to the elimination of white people. Is there any candidate today who dares to call for the restriction of non-white immigration? To a large extent, the illegal immigration issue is a red herring, which doesn't mean we should not oppose it. But even without the presence of one single illegal immigrant, we would still be facing a crisis because of the government-sanctioned, legal invasion of our country.

And if we look at the government's successful efforts to destroy white culture through integration, can we draw any conclusion other than the obvious one? Our government has institutionalized the hatred of everything white.

#### **2) The money men.**

In a traditional society, the landed gentry are the most conservative members of society. They have a vested interest in the status quo. In such societies, George Gilder's entrepreneur is seen for what he is, a destroyer of hearth and home. When a nation's economy becomes a money economy, the result is always a "Deserted Village":

Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,

Where wealth accumulates, and men decay

The landed gentry need a "bold peasantry" if they are to survive, while the capitalist needs soulless "steel girders" to survive. One of the modern age's greatest blasphemies is the coupling of 'capitalist' and 'conservative.' Barry Goldwater was as much a radical as George McGovern. Capitalism is dependent on soulless men, which is why the traditional European white man has been banned from the soulless utopia of the money men.

### 3) The press.

If an objective observer from another planet came down to learn about our culture by reading our newspapers and magazines, and viewing the mass media circus, he would give the following report:

"Their newspapers are written mainly by white earthlings, but they write predominantly about black earthlings. It seems that white earthlings feel that other white men in the past and most white men of the present, with the exception of the white earthlings who write newspaper articles, are very bad men who will do terrible things to the good black men if they, the white newsmen, do not keep a careful watch on them. The white newsmen are very vigilante and watchful. They are always exposing something they call 'racism.'

"The mass media (their viewing machines are much more primitive than ours) does much the same thing as the print media. They watch for signs of 'racism' and they constantly show pictures of the good black people at work and play. The black people seem particularly good at bouncing-ball sports, which earthlings seem to value highly.

"The most curious thing of all is that the 'good' black people do not behave in a way that we would describe as good. They do things that our society would call evil. But apparently earthlings have a value system that is quite different from the one we hold to.

Please allow me to come home now, for I am weary of this planet."

### 4) Academia.

It was recently revealed that the University of Delaware was issuing white-hating instructions to its students. However, the instructions were nothing new; that type of vicious hatred of the white race has been the reigning orthodoxy in academia for the last sixty years. And the draconian methods used to enforce the worship of blacks and the hatred of whites get meaner and more vicious every year. Teachers such as Nikki Giovanni of Virginia Tech who openly espouse the murder of "honkies" are given tenure, and black "student" groups are pampered and protected while white student groups are banned. And the classrooms? It doesn't matter what curriculum is studied, it is all the same, consisting of one central fact: black is good, and white is evil.

### 5) The clergy.

The present Pope, when he was still a cardinal, stated that the next pope should be black. The "Christian" evangelist James Dobson regularly applauds white people who adopt black children. And white priests and ministers encourage and sanction marriages between the races. But they need to go further. Should not one's liturgical expression of their faith be in line with their stated faith?

Based on what I hear the Christian clerics saying, I have been able to put together a service for them that is more in keeping with their stated creed than the ones they are using at present:

As we enter the Cathedral, we see, at the altar, a large statue of a Buddha-like black man. The parishioners, who are all white, come before the black Buddha statue and prostrate themselves before it. They kiss the feet of the statue and say three Mea Culpa's for their sins against the black race. Then they crawl to their pews. A white minister or priest (whatever you prefer to call him) comes out and leads the congregation in the litany and the creed. The litany is an encyclopedic catalog of whites' sins against the black race which takes up 15 pages in the prayer book and 45 minutes to go through.

Then, before the sermon, whites recite their creed: "I believe in the great black Buddha, creator of heaven and earth, and not in Jesus Christ, the miserable imposter god of my former racist days. I believe in the holiness of blackness, the evil of whiteness, and the everlasting goodness of blackness and the everlasting evil of whiteness, world without end, amen."

The sermon consists of some homely examples of how the gospel of blackness can be applied to everyday life. The minister describes how good children can report their parents when they use the "N" word at home or when their parents fail to gather the family around the hearth fire to recite the anti-white litany of the church. After all, one's faith should not be something that is only a once-a-week Sunday thing.

Every citadel of power in the United States and the Western world is dedicated to the hatred of the white race and the worship of the non-white races, particularly the black race. Why? What is so different about the white race that makes it a



pariah race? The difference involves vision. It is only the European who can see through the outward material world to the real world behind the material façade. Only the European sees the puckish fairies on the green, the angels in the choir, and the Lord of history rising from the dead. There is no hosanna in colored barbarism or techno-barbarianism.

The white intellectual is in a headlong flight from his ancestor's vision of the empty tomb, because he doesn't believe it is empty. He stepped away from Christ and ventured out on his own. Now he is afraid of the dark and thinks science can replace Christ. The barbarian hordes share his hatred for the white race which took him out to a depth that he could not handle.

Every part of white civilization should be fought for. I never advocate Thomistic quietude, but should everything else be taken away, one thing will always remain with the European who refuses to abandon his white blood. And that is his vision of an earthly world that is rooted in heaven. The white man believed, and as a consequence he dreamt dreams and saw visions. The citadels of power are citadels of Satan. They bid us live in a desolate world devoid of everything that the white man used to revere. The European refuses to live in such a world. His world, the world of vision, is the real world. And yes, he will defend that vision against all the world, against the five citadels of power, and against all the forces of hell. +

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### **The Feminine Temptation – NOVEMBER 04, 2007**

The hart he loves the high wood;  
The hare she loves the hill;  
The knight he loves his bright sword;  
The lady – loves her will.

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Human nature doesn't change, no matter what the social Darwinians try to foist on us. It is always the same old story, a fight for love and glory... And nothing is more eternal than the feminine. But whether the female of the species is a Florence Nightingale or a Lady Macbeth is largely determined by whether the male is a Sir Galahad or a Macbeth.

There is one evil, hatched by the post-Christian technocratic Macbeths, that transcends every other evil ever visited upon Western man. That is the evil of demonic feminism. And white males came to the point where they ceded all of Christian Europe to the feminists by turning from the quest for religious truth to the quest for gold. St. George was forced to give way to Bill Gates.

The female of the species needs certainty, or if you will, security. And that need for security takes precedence over any other consideration. But the male needs the quest. He needs to find out the truth of things, even if finding that truth leads to a loss of security, for he needs the quest more than security. Women have a right to be women, and they have a right to feel secure. But at what cost? Certainly the right to feel secure should not come at the cost of the quest. If we, as men, in order to make our women comfortable, are to avoid all attempts to arrive at the truth of things, what happens to religious faith? It becomes not, "What is true?" but instead, "What is the most secure?" This is the accusation Dostoevsky hurls at the Catholic Church. Using bread to symbolize security, he claims that the Catholic Church exchanged bread for faith in the God-Man. I would agree with Dostoevsky, but I would not exclude the Orthodox and Protestant from the same accusation he hurls at the Catholic Church.

What the bread-for-faith exchange entails is an alliance between the security-conscious female and the practical man. "I wish I had a man who was handy around the house." Well, enter the Practical Priest, St. Thomas being the ultimate practical priest. Using his Summa as an owner's manual and his catechism as a hammer, the Practical Priest gives the daughters of Martha and the sons of St. Thomas the metaphysical security they seek. But we pay a terrible price for that security.

Do you recall the tale, told by Thomas Mann, of an appointment in Crete? A man of ancient Athens sent his servant to the market place to procure a bottle of wine for him. While in the market place, the servant saw Death. Death looked at the servant with a threatening look. The servant returned to his master and told him that he could no longer serve him, as he had to flee to Crete that very day. His master asked the reason for such a hasty decision. The servant replied that he had seen death in the market place and Death had given him a threatening look. So the servant took off for Crete. The servant's master then ran to the market place to confront Death. When he found him, he asked him, "Why did you look at my servant in a threatening manner?" Death replied, "That was not a threatening look, it was a look of surprise. I have an appointment with him today in Crete."

In trying to gain security, we have lost it. By settling for a false but secure faith we have lost the God-Man, who alone brings genuine security. Letting go of the seemingly secure lies we have been told about God is essential if we are to see through that dark glass to the true God. But the inquisitors will not allow it. "Quests are poetic whimsy and very impractical. Why do you need them when the men of wisdom, at the behest of the dark lady, have put the secrets of the universe in a silver rod?" Is it any coincidence that the hard-eyed enthusiasts, the men who worship the savage God, men like Father Feeney, always have a cabal of devoted female followers? No, it is not. Women are attracted to strength. And dogmatic, inflexible, pagan theology seems like the ultimate in strength. The gospel of Christ seems, when compared to the writings of Aristotle or St. Thomas, to be a 'weak sister' philosophy. But the 'weak sister' philosophy has a deeper strength that will ultimately defeat the seemingly superior and stronger pagan creed.

Christianity survives only where Christians have refused to make it into a philosophy. There are only remnant bands that have resisted the Gnostic temptation. And it is the old temptation of Adam that has made us so susceptible to Gnosticism. On the female side, it was Eve's desire to acquire the strength and power of God, through knowledge, that led to her downfall. And on the male side, it was Adam's acceptance of Eve's limited vision of God that led to his downfall.

A thoroughly Christianized woman is an inspiration, but if we follow the lead of those "practical" women, we will be repeating the original sin of Adam and the sin of Macbeth, but our sin will be worse because we have their sins before us as a warning. How do we know when a woman is an inspiration and when she is a daughter of Eve? That's easy. A Christian woman won't try to impede the quest; she'll inspire the quest. But every time the man, having been vouchsafed a capacity to see beyond the horizon, makes the women's desire, for what her limited vision sees as a secure resting place, the sum total of his striving, he creates a little mini-hell on earth, giving Vixen free reign and plunging himself into Merlin's oblivion.

For Merlin, overtalk'd and overworn,  
Had yielded, told her all the charm, and slept.

Then, in one moment, she put forth the charm  
Of woven paces and of waving hands,  
And in the hollow oak he lay as dead,  
And lost to life and use and name and fame.

--*Idylls of the King* by Tennyson +

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### **The Last European. Chapter Three. - NOVEMBER 04, 2007**

Ye white walls! Ye alehouse painted signs!  
Coal-black is better than another hue,  
In that it scorns to bear another hue;  
For all the water in the ocean  
Can never turn the swan's black legs to white  
Although she have them hourly in the flood.

-- Shakespeare

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Sean and I were both probationary employees for our first year, which meant that we could be fired without due process or an appeal. Sean was fired when he refused to deny or retract the remarks he had made to Frank Brinkerhoff.

I had the day off after Sean's firing, so I rode over to Linwood to talk with him. Mary, Mrs. Fitzgerald, and Sean were all in the living room when I arrived at the house. But after a little chit-chat, Sean suggested the two of us take a walk. We walked toward Fisherman's Point.

"What will you do now, Sean?"

"I don't know."

"Should I resign, too? You did nothing wrong and I really have no desire to work for such a rotten police department."

"Don't resign. All police departments are rotten, James. A police department can't be better than the government it serves. It's the same with the army. I never should have joined in the first place, but it's awful hard to make a living these days without feeling like you're taking a bath in manure. Maybe Bulkington could use some help out on the boat."

"I doubt it, Sean; he barely makes enough to support himself. But, hey, you could still ask him."

"Oh, well, I'll get something. You know, I've thought about what you said about Rankin being behind the Mogombis presence in Lancaster, and the more I think about it, the more I'm convinced that you're right, James. It seems like too much of a coincidence not to be planned."

"He's behind it, alright."

"But if it is Rankin's doing, then he's had his shot at me and succeeded. That means he'll be taking a crack at you or Mary next."

"Yeah, it's not a pleasant thought, is it? I'd be lying if I said I wasn't worried."

It was cold out on the rocks, and I hadn't dressed warmly enough, so I suggested we go back to the house. Mrs. Fitzgerald was in the kitchen when we returned through the front door. We yelled to announce our presence and headed up to Sean's bedroom. Mary was waiting for us there.

"Don't resign, James. You need the work."

"That's what Sean said. You know, it might not be up to me; they might fire me before my year is up. You know how it is – guilt by association. They know I'm friends with Sean, that no-good racist."

Sean and Mary both laughed.

"It's a badge of honor nowadays to be called a racist. You should be so lucky, James."

"Well, Mary, if not for the honor of the thing, I'd just as soon skip it."

"Have either of you two discussed letting Bulkington in on our little dilemma?"

"Not today, we haven't. But we did discuss it when Rankin first came to my apartment. I didn't want to drag him into it because I'd be afraid for him. I'd be afraid that Rankin would finish him this time."

"I don't want to seem mean, James. And I hope you won't take this the wrong way, but you didn't want to bring Bulkington into the picture once before, remember?"

"Yes, I remember, and I'm not offended, Mary. But I didn't want to bring him in before because I thought it would cost me something. I don't want to bring him in now because I don't want him hurt."

"But he is used to dealing with Rankin; why should he be hurt?"

Sean echoed Mary's question: "Yes, why, James?"

"Alright, I'll tell you why. Because Bulkington is not of this century or the previous century. He is something from the past. He's fine – he's more than fine, he's magnificent – when he's dealing with giants or dragons or humanoids from the sea, but how well will he do against modern monsters? How will he do against little A.C.L.U. lawyers who will sue him the first time he touches them, or how will he do against a horde of African Zulus or Mogombis armed with the latest assault rifles? I don't think he can cope with what the new, retrained Rankin is likely to throw at him."

Mary walked across the room and looked out the window. "I can see him out in his boat. He never wears more than a sweater. It's thick, but you wouldn't think it would be enough. It gets awfully cold out there on the water." She turned back

to us. "You have a good point, James. It doesn't make sense to bring Bulkington into this affair for all the reasons you mention, and for one more."

I asked her what the reason was, and her reply surprised me, but when she articulated it, I saw the logic of it.

"Bulkington is Welsh on his mother's side and Scottish on his father's side, probably Highland Scottish, which means he is pure Celt. All Celts are not Romantics or poets, not by a long shot, but when they are, they become hopelessly committed to their romantic causes and pursue them against all odds and against all commonsense. They march straight at their enemies' guns and go down to defeat, like James the IV at Flodden."

"Then you agree with me. We'll keep Bulkington out of this."

"No, James, I don't agree."

"But that makes no sense, after all you just said."

"I don't presume to know if faith and commonsense are meant to co-exist. It certainly doesn't make sense, commonsense, to bring Bulkington into this mess. He will be out of his element. But then he is Bulkington. The assumption Rankin is making, and the assumption that we are making, is that Bulkington would have to adopt modern methods in order to combat Rankin's modern methods. And by doing so, Bulkington would become de-Christianized or, at the very least, neutralized. And if, on the other hand, he refuses to adopt modern methods, then he will be defeated."

"Yes, that's it, and I can't say that I disagree with that logic, which is why I don't want him involved."

"But James, aren't we being too modern when we look at it that way? The devil is logical. But he is not infallible. He doesn't know about the human heart. Oh, I know he knows about our weaknesses and takes advantage of them. But he doesn't understand that part of the heart that touches His heart. And if we become too logical, then maybe we'll lose that connection to His heart. Bulkington's heart is the heart of old Europe. What that heart will do against the devil's logic is something we can't predict. But possibly if we put our faith in it, things will work out."

"Sean, what do you think?"

"What Mary says makes sense, at least makes sense at one level. And maybe that's the important level."

"It's a leap in the dark. You both know that, don't you?"

"What other choice is there, James? We can't fight Rankin alone."

What else could I say? In my heart of hearts I knew that Mary's last statement, "We can't fight Rankin alone," was true. Bulkington seemed a feeble hope, but he was our only hope.

"Alright, let's tell him."

We stopped by Bulkington's house the next morning. I thought he would be offended because we had not told him about Rankin's visit immediately, but he wasn't. He just laughed.

"So you thought an anachronism like me wouldn't be very effective against the new and improved Rankin. Well, I can't blame you for thinking that way. I don't feel very connected to the modern world, but maybe I can still be of some help."

"What should we do?" Sean asked.

"Live your lives. Don't sit around worrying about Rankin. Oh, I know that is easier said than done. But try not to play into Rankin's hands by wasting all your energy worrying about what Rankin is going to do. I'm sure the Mogombis are here because of Rankin and I certainly think they are going to move against us, one at a time. But we can't just go over and slaughter the whole tribe. We have to wait and see how they are going to attack us."

"I'd prefer to hit them first."

"We can't do that, Sean, because we aren't 100% positive that Rankin is using the Mogombis against us. It's a good, working hypothesis, but we're not absolutely sure."

"And we have a stricter standard regarding civilian casualties than George Bush does."

"That's right, James."

"Are there any extra precautions that you think we should take?"

"Yes, Mary, there is one extra precaution I would recommend, but I don't think you'll like it. I don't think you should go walking by yourself for awhile. I know that might be a bit of an inconvenience but..."

"It won't be a big problem; I'm unemployed now. I can accompany her."

"That's great. My little brother can take me with him when he goes out."

"I'm not your little brother; in case you never knew, we're twins."

"No, we're not; I'm 3 hours older than you."

Things didn't seem quite as bad now that Bulkington was involved. But his parting injunction was sobering.

"James, you take particular care. You'll be quite visible when you're out on patrol. The Mogombis might go for you first."

Two days later the Mogombis struck. I was working the midnight shift. At 4 a.m., I got a call about a disturbance in the rear of the A. J. Reed Appliance Store. The radio room could not tell me if it was a burglary in progress or a fight in the alley behind the store. The other officer on my shift was busy with a prisoner he had arrested for drunken driving earlier on the shift; the paperwork for a D.U.I. is incredible.

When I pulled into the alley behind the store, I saw no one. I then got out to check the locks on the doors of the store, which is standard procedure. The back and front doors were locked and there didn't appear to be anyone in the store. I was on my way back to the patrol car to report a false alarm when I was struck from behind by a blunt object. I lost consciousness.

When I came to I was in the back seat of a van with my hands tied behind my back. Two black men and a white man were in the front seat staring at me. The white man did the talking.

"Glad to see you're awake. My friends here hit you a little harder than I wanted them to. You don't have to worry about your calls. I called the radio room on your portable there and cleared you. And you didn't get any more calls in the meantime. So we have plenty of time to chat."

"What do you want?"

"Listen, I can have you killed right here if I want, so don't give me any trouble. These men are Mogombis. You insulted them by arresting their chief's son the other night."

"You mean Knana Kowanna?"

"Yes, that's the man."

"And what do you do for the Mogombis?"

"Let's just say I'm a facilitator. I work for their lawyer."

"Yeah, I've met him."

"All this is beside the point. The point is that you, Officer Duncan, have been marked for death. The Mogombis' code demands blood for an insult. But you can avoid death if you bring us the other officer, or to be more precise, the former officer."

"You mean if I set up my friend to be killed, you'll let me live?"

"Yes, in a nutshell, that's it."

"And if I refuse?"

"We will kill you right here and now, and we will kill you slowly."

I certainly had no intention of setting Sean up to be killed, but I didn't see what harm it would be to promise I would in order to gain my release.

"Sean and I are not that close. I'll set him up for you. Where shall I bring him?"

"To the park at midnight tomorrow."

"And if I don't bring him?"

"We'll find you again and it won't be pleasant for you when we do."

After our agreement, they untied me and I went back to the patrol car. It seemed a little strange to me at first that the facilitator had so readily believed that I would sell Sean out. But when I thought about it a little, it didn't seem strange at all. After all, he was making a living by selling out his fellow whites. And isn't the worship of the people of color and the hatred of the white man the one remaining credo of Europeans? So why, from his perspective, shouldn't I sell Sean out? No, when I thought about it, it certainly didn't seem strange at all.

I didn't say anything to my fellow officers about the incident. They might believe me, but I had serious doubts. They've all been thoroughly indoctrinated. My story, they would conclude, after checking with the powers that be, sounded like the paranoid ravings of an insane racist. Instead of helping me round up the Mogombis and their lawyer, I would be investigated. And while they were busy investigating me, Sean would be killed, because if I told the police the Mogombis would know I had no intention of setting Sean up for them.

There was only one man I could tell. The man I had thought it was best to leave out of the affair.

Bulkington doesn't own a phone, so I asked Sean to give him the details, after (of course) I had given Sean the details of the night's events.

It would be nice to say that I was not scared. It certainly sounds better. But I was scared. To have one individual sworn to kill you is scary, but to have a whole tribe (there is no polite way to say it) of voodoo men sworn to kill you is chilling. I slept with my revolver on my chest, hoping to hear from Bulkington before the midnight deadline.

I awoke at about 3 p.m. to the sound of a rapping at my door. It was not a raven; it was Bulkington and Sean.

"You can put the gun down, James. Sean and I are your friends."

"God, I'm glad to see you."

I had a few battered chairs and a secondhand couch in my small living room. I sat on the couch, and Bulkington straddled one of the chairs, his arms resting on the back of the chair. Sean sat on the other side of the couch.

"I know this thing might seem hopeless to you, James, but it isn't. Oh, it's serious, don't misunderstand me about that. But the situation is far from hopeless."

I felt somewhat better hearing Bulkington talk like that. But I wanted to hear something a little more concrete before I started to become optimistic about my chances of living out the biblical allotment of years.

I think Bulkington sensed that I needed more assurance. At any rate, he got up from the chair and started pacing and talking.

"There are three forces involved here. First, there is Rankin. He is the instigator. But I think he'll stay in the background as long as he thinks the Mogombis are handling things properly.

"Secondly, there are the Mogombis, an African tribe committed to a kind of voodoo that entails the sacrificial deaths of little children and ritualistic cannibalism. They are also fanatically committed to their tribal laws of vengeance. They are serious about wanting either you or Sean as a sacrificial victim.

"Thirdly, there is the A.C.L.U. lawyer. I was somewhat surprised when you told me that the facilitator said he worked for the Mogombis' lawyer. That's a rather frank admission of complicity. He really must feel sure that you have no legal recourse against him. And I must say he is probably right. No white police officer is going to be believed in the face of the contrary opinions of black Africans and a white liberal."

At this point Sean interposed, "I don't dispute what you say. But it's insane. Doesn't Brinkerhoff realize that if the Mogombis win out, that he will end up in the same missionary stew as the rest of the whites that he is selling out?"

"It's the swine in the Gospels, Sean. Over the cliff they go. Our task is to avoid going with them. And now that they have struck first and made their intentions clear, we are going to strike back. And we need to strike back in a way that will make retaliation an impossibility."

"That doesn't seem possible."

"Well, James, it might not. But just trust me on this. We have a better chance than you think. Now, both of you come with me and we'll get things started."

Bulkington did not own a car; he had come to the apartment in Sean's car. So the three of us took Sean's car to Knana Kowanna's apartment, the same apartment to which Sean and I had gone on the night of the domestic dispute.

I was not in uniform since it was my night off, but I did take my service revolver, two speed loaders, and my off-duty gun, a .32 ACP semi-automatic with me. Sean, having been discharged from the force, was not legally entitled to carry a firearm, but he was carrying one anyway, a snub-nosed .38.

When I offered Bulkington my off-duty gun, he declined. "You fellows take what makes you feel comfortable, but I'll do what I have to do without guns. Don't look that way, James. I don't think it's a moral failing to use a gun. I'm just not familiar with them so I try to get by with dumb luck and this." This was a medium-sized hunting knife that obviously had been worked on to make it a good throwing knife. It didn't seem like much of a weapon with which to go up against a thousand Mogombis.

When we pulled up to the apartment, Bulkington got out of the car almost before it had stopped and with a few long strides was at the apartment door.

"I think we ought to discuss some kind of strategy here. Maybe Sean could go around the side while I..."

"No need."

Bulkington kicked open Prince Knana's door, knocking both door chains and the door onto the floor. Knana came running out of the bedroom with a gun in his hand, but Bulkington was on him before he could fire. He wrested the gun from Knana's hand, twisted his arm behind his back, and then clamped a full Nelson on him as he drove him face down on the floor. I couldn't help but think of the time Bulkington had driven a local bully, who had been tormenting a twelve-year old boy named James Duncan, face down into the sand of Linwood beach.

Prince Knana was a massive man, well over 300 pounds, not all hard muscle, but certainly no butterball. He struggled fiercely, but it was futile. Maybe a gorilla could have broken the hold Bulkington had on Knana, but no mortal man could.

"You've been making a lot of threats against some friends of mine. Apparently you think you can do so with impunity. The fact that you're eating the floor right now should indicate to you that you cannot threaten my friends with impunity."

"Bulkington --"

"Yes, James."

"I don't think he understands English. At least not well enough to follow what you're saying."

"That's not true, James. He is a graduate of Stanford University. I know their academic standards are quite low, but I think they still require a certain familiarity with the English language before they award a diploma."

I was stunned.

"Where did you find that out?"

"I have a friend -- I've mentioned my aunt to you before, James -- who like my aunt was, is a librarian at Linwood Library. She did some research for me. It seems Knana is the intellectual of his tribe. He went to private schools in England and got his undergraduate degree at Stanford. When the turmoil in Zena started up, his father called him home. Then two years later came exile; his side lost the civil war. Now here he is."

"On the floor," Sean interjected.

"Yes, on the floor, for now. But Prince Knana can get up if he agrees to speak English and to refrain from violence."

"Let me up. We'll talk."

Bulkington eased up off Knana's back, and Knana, after rubbing his arms and neck, slid onto a recliner. Sean had Knana's gun.

"Yes, Mr. Bulkington -- which is rather an odd name, don't you think -- I speak perfect English. But I have found it useful to conceal that fact for a time. It is easier to assess the enemies' strengths and weaknesses when they think you're a helpless, bumbling clod. But they shall learn differently, and very soon."

"Who is 'they', pal? Who are your enemies?"

He turned to Sean with contempt on his face.

"The white man is our enemy."

"Even lawyers like Brinkerhoff? He tried to help you."

"Yes, even white men like Brinkerhoff. If they are white, they are our enemies. Men like Brinkerhoff are made to be used and then discarded."

"Why," I asked, "if your enemies are the whites, was it that the whites took you into this country after black men had driven you out of theirs?"

"Those Africans are our competitors, but they are also our co-religionists. We will return to Zena someday and drive them out. All their leaders will be killed, but the others, if they submit to our rule, will be spared. But all whites must die. And they will die. Ndoki commands it."

"Who is Ndoki?" I asked Knana the question, but Bulkington answered it before Knana could reply.

"It's the god of the Mogombis, James. He is a devil god who demands human sacrifice."

"I see no reason to deny it -- yes, he is a devil god; he is our god, a god infinitely above your weak and anemic Christian god. And I am his son, his blood son. My mother slept with Ndoki when the moon blotted out the sun, and I came forth. Chief Omo is not my real father. He is merely the mortal husband of my mother who holds the crown for me until I, the true son of Ndoki, when the time is right, will ascend to the throne."

"And when is that supposed to take place?" Sean asked.

"One month from tonight when the moon is right."

Sean persisted. "Do you seriously believe that blather?"

"Yes, more than you believe in that fantastic legend of the weak and colorless god-man born of a virgin."



It happened so quickly that it startled me. Bulkington suddenly had Knana by the throat. Knana was struggling, but to no avail. Bulkington seemed oblivious to my shouts and Sean's shouts imploring him to let up.

Then, quite suddenly, Bulkington's blood subsided and he stopped choking Knana. Knana was badly shaken, that was apparent, but when he spoke he tried to keep his calm, so-superior way of speaking.

"That's the third time you, or your friends, have laid unholy hands on me. You shall die for it, and you shall die so painfully and slowly that you will beg us to kill you in order to end the pain."

Bulkington, fully in control of himself now, walked up to Knana and looked him in the eye. "What makes you think we won't kill you right here and now and rob you of the pleasure of seeing us die slow?"

"Because of the code. You look surprised. You didn't think a black man could know about the code, did you? But I know of it. I came to your universities to learn about my enemies."

"But you didn't learn about the code at Stanford."

"No, there I learned about the great white death wish. They have nothing in their souls. The anemic god could not sustain them. They are fascinated by blackness. They worship it. Even if the black man brings death, they still want him to come to their world. They need the black man's power and strength. But those universities like Stanford also have libraries. And I read books about the older white culture. In the old culture, the white men had a code, which came from the anemic god. And part of that code says that you cannot kill an unarmed enemy."

"I almost killed you a few moments ago."

"Yes, I got your blood up when I insulted your god. But you won't kill me in cold blood. You can't because of the code. You are a man of the past. You are a man from the shadows. And you know something – you are at least a man. I hate you, but I will admit that you are a man. You don't belong with the rest of the white sheep."

"And where do I belong?"

"In the past, possibly the medieval ages."

"No, I lost my enthusiasm for the medieval ages a long time ago. Their Christianity is too modern, too abstract for my tastes. I prefer King Arthur's pre-medieval Christianity and the Christianity of Walter Scott."

"Nevertheless, you are a man of the past, a man without a country or a people. You are a shadow man."

"I have a people, most of whom are dead I grant you, but in my world, which is the real world, the dead are alive. And besides that, there is Sean and James; they are alive, they are old Europeans, and I intend to see that they stay alive."

"No, they must die and so must you. Ndoki commands it. He wills it."

It was quite chilling to hear my own death sentence pronounced so definitely. Of course I knew that we are all under a death sentence, but I had hoped, as we all do, that it would be later rather than sooner.

At the time Prince Knana pronounced our death sentences, it was one hour before the midnight deadline. Bulkington advised Sean to handcuff Knana to the stove. He then ushered us both out into the night air so he could talk to us privately.

"It's not hopeless, fellows. In fact, things are looking up."

"They are? Maybe you could explain why. Not that I'm doubting you, but I would like to know -- and I'm sure Sean would too -- what chance, if any, we have of living past the midnight deadline."

"You've read a lot of Walter Scott, haven't you, James?"

"Yes, I have."

"Have you ever read a short novel of his called *The Black Dwarf*?"

"No, I haven't, and I don't think I'll have any spare time between now and midnight to read it."

Bulkington laughed. "You don't need to read it tonight. Let me just relate one section of the book to you."

"In the olden days, an old witch was, as witches have always been, in league with the devil. But, as Scott points out, the devil – though very 'liberal in imparting his powers of doing mischief, ungenerously leaves his allies under the necessity of performing the meanest rustic labours for subsistence.' This particular witch made her living tending geese. When she attempted to get them to market, they, instead of cooperating, plunged into a cool pool of water that was between the market and the witch's dwelling. The witch then hurled an anathema at them: 'Deevil, that neither I nor they ever stir from this spot more.' Well the old witch and the geese were immediately turned into stone right on the spot. Scott presents the tale as evidence that the devil is, was, and forever shall be, a 'strict formalist.' "

"I don't see where you are going with this."

"You don't, James? How about you, Sean?"

"No, I can't say that I do."

"Well, it's like this: Scott is right; the devil is a formalist and so are those who serve him. It's a point that is often overlooked. But we, thanks to Sir Walter, are not going to overlook it. We are going to use that very formalism against the Mogombis. I'll challenge Knana, in front of his own people, to pit his god against mine."

"But you know it doesn't work that way. God doesn't defend the right."

"No, James, he doesn't. At least not always. And maybe I should say seldom. But that's not the point. The devil is a literalist. So are his followers. If the Mogombis see Ndoki formally defeated, there is a good chance that they will submit to whatever terms we dictate."

"But you'll be on your own against them."

"Not completely, Sean. There is a line where free will and God meet. I don't know where it is, but it's there. So I won't be alone."

Sean Fitzgerald, Knight, stepped forward. "And I'll be with you."

"Ditto," I said.

"I wouldn't have it any other way. You're both men now. But I'm going to be brutally honest. Neither of you have a chance to come out alive from any contest the Mogombis devise. You stand by in case there's treachery, but if the contest goes according to the agreed upon forms, you two stay out. Is that understood?"

We both nodded our assent. +

*Continue to Chapter Four*

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## **Reclaiming White Civilization – OCTOBER 28, 2007**

The "racist" remarks of John Watson hit the liberals hard because John Watson was a member of the liberal pantheon, a Nobel Prize winning scientist. A scientist! One of the elect!

The traditional condemnations by white liberals and black leaders followed quickly upon the heels of Watson's remarks. And of course we know that the white liberal outrage is feigned. They all know Watson's claims are correct; there already have been an infinity of "scientific" tests showing that blacks are less intelligent than whites. The white liberals have been hoisted on their own scientific petards. They made a god of science, and their god constantly embarrasses them by presenting them with findings that support "racists."

This "more intelligent" debate is not something a white European should engage in. It is tempting, when the enemy will accept no evidence that is not empirical, to cite intelligence tests in arguing the case for segregation and white autonomy.

But that is not why we should segregate, and defend to the death white civilization. It is the European's spiritual sense of life which sets him apart from the other races. And that spiritual sense of things cannot be quantified or measured by any empirical study. It is simply there, part of the fabric of reality. And when we deny it, we are in a flight from reality.

Which brings us to the professed white Christians. They are adamant that the hatred of the white race and the love of the black race is mandated by Christianity. But did not Jesus Christ claim He was the truth and that same truth would set us free? Is there anything truthful in the liberals' racial Babelism? No, there is not. The races are not equal. The races were not designed to be mixed. And yet the white Christians aggressively assault every white Christian who refuses to bend his knee to the multi-racial idols of liberal Christendom.

In my early, zealous days in the Catholic Church (1), I taught C.C.D. classes on Sunday. I vividly remember going through the various Church Councils listed in the textbook, and explaining what each did. Every council, with the exception of the Second Vatican Council, was associated with the condemnation of a particular false doctrine, which was listed beside its name. But the Second Vatican Council had no such condemnation of a heresy listed by its name. That Council's summation read, "Condemns racism."

That's what it all comes down to? Two thousand years of Church history amounts to "Condemns racism"?

And of course this Christless, black-worshipping Christianity is not confined to just the Catholic Church; the Protestant churches are equally culpable. The Christless Christian churches have spent that "unbought grace of life" that Edmund Burke spoke of. We are no longer in a position of "if these shadows are not altered" our white civilization will be destroyed. Our civilization has been destroyed.

So we are facing a different situation than the white Southerners of whom John Sharp Williams wrote about, and even a different situation than Anthony Jacob wrote about in 1965. We are no longer talking about saving white civilization; we are talking about reclaiming it. Of course, any Spenglerian student of civilization will tell you that no civilization, once dead, has ever been reclaimed. But when talking about European civilization, we are talking about a completely unique civilization. No civilization was ever built on the premise that one man, who was also a God, broke the chains of mortality and rose from the dead. The type of men and women who believed, in the depths of their souls, in that miracle are not men and women who can be defeated by some mathematical, Spenglerian process of history.

That passage from the Psalm 130 always comes to my mind when I think of the white race: "Out of the depths have I cried to thee, O Lord." Spiritual depth is what distinguishes the European from all other peoples, not scores on some pseudo-scientific intelligence test.

Most white people today are soul-dead zombies. I don't say brain-dead, because you can still meet many brilliant, but soulless, white men. But occasionally you meet one of the remnant. Do you recall Kipling's "One in a Thousand"? It always seems like a miracle: "A man with a soul, a European!" Europe was the Round Table and Christ was our Arthur. His knights are certainly a wandering remnant now. But whenever they meet ("where one or two are gathered together in my name"), they form Europe. And from such meetings, a great civilization, the only civilization, will be rebuilt.

European civilization was based on a communion of souls. Whenever depth spoke to depth, He was present. And link by link an invisible chain was forged that bound European civilization together. The white technocrat must prevent white people from forming the type of bonds that would reconnect the chain. Their rule can only continue so long as European culture remains an anti-civilization which worships the generic technocratic man over the man of flesh and blood. Everything that stinks of humanity – ties to kith and kin, loyalty to a personal, humane God – must be systemically eliminated. I don't suggest that there is a conscious conspiracy to eradicate that element of the European, his spiritual depth, which connects him to God. It is more effective than a conscious conspiracy; it is a satanically inspired conspiracy (when the European rejects Christ, he is open to the satanic whisper). In the name of equality, brotherhood, rationalism, science, etc., we must all forgo communion. We must never gather together in His name, because he (the satanic 'he') forbids it.

The reason that only white men are forbidden to form ties of blood is because it was only white men who linked their blood with the spirit and blood of the God-man. That type of blood faith is anathema to the technocratic man, who wants the non-white cultures to be immersed in the pride of blood, because their blood is linked to the altars of the Aztecs and the magic of the voodoo priests. The religions of the colored tribes are generic; they all come from hell. Only the civilization of the European had a religion that was non-generic and personal and that was connected to heaven and not to hell.

This is why the technocratic white must always support the colored, and not the white. His coreligionists are the satanic colored and not the white Europeans.

We cannot see the divine links of the chain being reforged to recreate Europe. But we know the links are being forged every time Europeans of depth, of blood and spirit, come together in His name. +

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(1) Once, after working past the dinner hour at a Catholic College, I stopped at the chapel for the usual reason one stops at a chapel. But I was surprised to see a nun in the chapel (normally, the nuns avoided the chapel.) The nun informed me that I couldn't use the chapel that evening because they, the nuns, were expecting a busload of blacks to visit them. "We are bringing some blacks up from the city," the nun said, with ecstasy in her voice.

Now, you might defend the nuns by claiming, "What is more natural; they are trying to convert the heathen." But that would be disingenuous of you. The nuns were bringing the blacks into the church to worship them. And by so doing, they were worshipping themselves, for what is the essence of the new Christianity? It consists of taking the correct stance on the racial issue. If you worship blacks, you are a saint, and you then have leave to worship yourself.

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## **The Last European. Chapter Two. OCTOBER 28, 2007**

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

-- Shakespeare

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I was in danger of becoming a Bartleby-type figure, unable to leave my room, so it was probably a good thing I had a job to go to. It's amazing that once you've absorbed some Shakespeare into your system, how often his lines come to mind. As I went to work I couldn't help thinking of those words of Hamlet: "If it be not now, then it will come; if it be not to come, then it will be now. Since a man has naught to leave betime, what is to leave betimes? The readiness is all."

I worked the 4 PM to 12 AM shift the day following Rankin's visit. Sean was the other officer on the shift with me. I'd like to work with him every shift, but the way the schedule works out I generally work with him about six shifts per month. Even though he's in another patrol car, it's good to know I've got him for a backup and vice versa.

We had an incident on that shift that I thought was Rankin-related. Sean said (yes, I had told Sean and Mary about Rankin's visit) that it could be just a coincidence. But I wasn't buying the coincidence theory.

What happened was this: six weeks prior to the incident one thousand black Africans were imported to the town of Lancaster. They were imported to Lancaster by the Federal government under some kind of refugee plan. Their own country was embroiled in some kind of civil war where unbelievable atrocities (what else is new?) were being carried out every day. So, a number of small towns throughout the U.S. were selected as new homes for the refugees.

At the risk of sounding prejudiced (and God forbid any of us should be prejudiced), I must say that I don't think the injection of one thousand black Africans into a town of ten thousand white New Englanders is a very good thing. The fabric of every community in America is already fragile enough from the ongoing cultural wars between the New Age zombies (the majority) and the remnant of individuals from the Christian era. To throw one thousand Africans, practitioners of voodoo and cannibalism, into the mix is to pour fuel on the proverbial fire.

But of course the social fabric of our nation is not something our Federal or local governments are concerned about.

I don't say that Rankin used extraordinary means to infest the town of Lancaster, but I do think that he whispered a timely suggestion in some bureaucrat's ear that resulted in Lancaster being selected over some other U.S. towns.

At 9:30 that evening, Sean and I received a call from the radio room reporting that a domestic dispute was in progress at one of the apartment complexes in town. I was closest to the apartments, so I got there first.

It is best, when handling a domestic crisis, to wait for backup if at all possible, the reason being that more times than not there is an aggressor-victim-rescuer scenario that is played out. It goes like this – the police officer arrives on the scene, and the husband is beating his wife (it could be the other way around and it is the other way around more times that is generally known, but let's stick with the slightly more typical scenario). The husband is the aggressor, the wife is the victim, and the police officer is the rescuer. The police officer starts to wrestle with and or punch the husband; now the police officer is the aggressor and the husband is the victim. What role is left for the wife to play? Yes, you guessed it, she now plays the role of rescuer and tries to stick a knife into the arresting officer.

So, I waited for Sean and he pulled up about three minutes after I did. I knocked on the door, keeping my body clear of the door.

"Police, open up, we've had a complaint." There was no answer, so I knocked again and repeated my demand to be let in. This time I got a response. The door was opened a crack, and I saw a black face peering out at me. I didn't have to be Sherlock Holmes to figure out that the apartment was occupied by one of the new African refugees.

"What want?" a masculine voice asked.

"We are the police, and we've had a complaint about a disturbance in this apartment, and we need to come in and check it out."

"No disturbance here, you go away."

"I'm sorry, sir, we must come in. If everything checks out, we will leave. But you must let us in or we will have to break the door down."

The door opened, revealing a very large black man wearing khaki trousers but no shirt. He was sweating profusely which indicated to me that he had been doing something physical in the last half-hour, because it was still winter in Maine during March and the apartment was not excessively heated.

I don't intend to write an essay on police procedures, but I must clarify a few things in order to make what follows intelligible to those unfamiliar with the rules and regulations the police work under regarding domestic violence cases.

The law involving domestic abuse has changed in the last twenty years. The law used to allow for police discretion; if the abused spouse or girlfriend did not want to press charges, no arrest was made. But under the new law, the police officer, if he sees signs of physical abuse, must arrest whether the injured spouse or significant other wants to press charges or not.

In this case there was indeed evidence of physical abuse. When the Mogombi native opened the door to the bedroom, we found a young white woman. I won't describe the bruises. Let's just say they were severe. It was a sickening sight.

When I informed the African that he was under arrest, he went berserk on us. Eventually Sean and I got the cuffs on him but not before we had sustained some bruises and inflicted a few as well. The young woman pleaded with us not to arrest her dream man, but I explained to her why we had to. She didn't seem to comprehend anything I said. I thought she was either on drugs or in a state of shock. Sean suggested that she get some medical treatment for her injuries, but she refused. I didn't like leaving her like that but she was adamant about no medical treatment. What could we do? I put the Mogombi in the back of my patrol car and headed to the station to process the prisoner.

Without the woman's testimony, it was not likely that the Mogombi would spend more than a night in jail. The judge would release him when he came in the morning. But he didn't even spend the night in jail.

At 11:30 p.m. a cadaverous white man in his late forties entered the station. He said he was the Mogombi tribe's lawyer. Where the tribe got the money for their own lawyer is something I'll let the reader speculate on.

"I understand you have Knana Kowanna here under arrest," was the lawyer's opening gambit. "Well, I spoke to the woman involved, and I spoke to Judge Grady. And Judge Grady has signed a release order for Knana. You now have no legal right to hold him.

I wasn't all that surprised. Judge Grady was known around the police station as "Come with the Cash Grady." I once went before him with a D.U.I. arrest. I had the blood alcohol reading listed in my report; it was way above the legal limit, and I had crossed all my Ts and dotted all my Is in making the arrest. But the verdict came back, "Not guilty." When I asked one of the veteran officers what had happened, he just rolled his eyes and said, "Somebody came with the cash."

I knew Knana should not have been released that night. There is supposed to be a cooling off period when a domestic erupts in violence. But Mr. Cadaverous had a signed release form.

"Okay, you've got the release form so we'll cut him loose. But I think it would be advisable for him to go somewhere besides the apartment to sleep tonight."

"My client can sleep anywhere he likes tonight or any other night, Officer..."

"It's 'Duncan'."

"Officer Duncan, then. He can sleep anywhere he likes."

"Yes, he can. I was only making a suggestion."

"My client doesn't need your suggestions."

"That's fine. There he is." I opened the cell. "Take him out of here."

"What's this? He looks like he has been beaten."

"Hardly beaten, he gave as good as he got, but then I guess you're not concerned about our bruises."

"Is that why you beat him, because you claim he resisted arrest?"

Since I was the arresting officer, Sean had been trying to do some business at the other end of the office, but he heard everything that was said. He couldn't keep quiet any longer. Striding quickly across the room, he addressed Mr. Cadaverous, whose last name was – I'm not joking – Brinkerhoff.

"Officer Duncan explained to you that we didn't beat him. He resisted arrest and we did what was necessary to arrest him. Ask him, he'll tell you."

Knana started to talk, but Brinkerhoff silenced him with a gesture. "We'll see about this."

I could see Sean was at the boiling point, and I should have tried to stop him from speaking, but I didn't. Just as Brinkerhoff and Knana Kwanna were opening the door to leave, Sean called after them, "If you go back and beat that woman, we'll be back for you. And no liberal A.C.L.U. lawyer is going to save you."

Brinkerhoff turned away from the door and walked toward Sean. "I'm beginning to suspect that this arrest was racially motivated. Your concern for the woman in question, who has lodged no complaint herself, probably stems from racial prejudice. You object to interracial couples, don't you, officer?"

"Don't bother answering him, Sean, he's just trying to get you in trouble."

"No, I'll answer him. Listen, Mr. Big Shot Liberal, if the man was a white beating a black girl or if he was a green man beating an Indian girl, or whatever, I would treat it the same. But as a matter of fact, I don't approve of interracial marriages, or interracial cohabitation, or interracial anything. And you know what else? I'd like to stuff all the slimy A.C.L.U. lawyers into trash cans and ship them back to hell."

"Thank you, officer, for that most edifying and illuminating speech. Good night."

"Now you've done it, Sean. He's not going to let those remarks slide. There's going to be trouble."

"Let there be trouble then, James. How far are we supposed to crawl for dirtbag lawyers and filthy savages?"

"I know, Sean. But I'm worried about your job. There isn't a lot of work out there for either of us."

"Well, let's see what comes before we panic."

"Okay, Sean. Are you staying the night with me or heading back to Linwood?"

"I'll stay with you tonight if it's all right. Maybe I'll get lucky and see your buddy, Rankin."

"Very funny."

*Continue to Chapter Three*

## Dauntless Christianity - SUNDAY, OCTOBER 21, 2007

'Twas the hour when rites unholy  
Call'd each Paynim voice to prayer,  
And the star that faded slowly,  
Left to dews the freshen'd air.

Day his sultry fires had wasted,  
Calm and cool the moonbeams shone;  
To the Vizier's lofty palace  
One bold Christian came alone.

– Sir Walter Scott

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I have nothing in common with (indeed I consider them my enemies) professed Christians who support integration and massive colored immigration. With such people, one cannot form alliances because they stand for the complete annihilation of the white race.

Opposed to the white (yet anti-white) Christians is the right wing. There is a small right wing in this country and slightly larger right-wing groups in Europe. A Christian can form alliances with such groups because they are opposed to the barbarian takeover of the West. But unfortunately the majority of the right wing opponents of racial Babelism are pagans. They seem to be noble pagans, but they are pagans. It is easy to see why a noble pagan would reject the type of Christianity on display in the organized churches, but if we look at the Christianity of our ancestors prior to the 20th century we can see a religion that is certainly a faith that a noble pagan, such as Harold the Dauntless, would be willing to embrace.

When Christianity thrived in Europe prior to the 20th century, it was as a hierarchical religion. Christ was the Truth, the objective standard for every value on earth. Cultures and individuals were judged according to their adherence to His principles. Whites, by necessity, had to rule because the whites were Christian. Whites, of necessity, had to separate themselves from non-Christians lest they be polluted. If whites had not been Christian, there would have been no reason for the segregation that the right wing pagans quite properly want to revive. So Christianity is the reason for segregation, and it is the reason for the suppression of non-white immigration.

For all its greatness, the Greek civilization was still a pagan civilization. It differed in degree from African paganism but not in kind. There is no reason to segregate pagans. Christianity differs in kind; it is not the same kind of religion as paganism, Greek or African. And the key element that makes Christianity different from paganism is a personal God above nature. We pray to our Father who art in heaven, not to the genes in our biological makeup or to the great bush god in the brush.

Why then, if Christianity is the reason for the separation of the races into a hierarchical structure, are Christians the driving force behind all the anti-segregation movements? Because the anti-segregationists are not Christians. Certainly they have retained some vestiges of Christianity – how could they not retain something of it after two thousand years of tradition – but they no longer believe in Christianity as a religion distinct from and superior to all other religions. Modern Christians have returned to the same religion the right wingers would have us adopt – paganism. It is not quite the pure paganism of the Greeks (I call it techno-barbarism) because it is now colored with the vocabulary of Christianity, but it is paganism nevertheless. And this Christian paganism allows liberal whites to convert the heathen to Christianity because the heathen do not really have to convert. The Europeans have not Christianized the pagans; they have simply, by mixing with the pagan, paganized Christianity. Just take a look at one African mass or a black Baptist revival if you want to see the embodiment of paganized Christianity. Right wingers, if they are genuine men of the right, should seek to restore Christianity as the religion of the white man if they truly want to solve the “race problem,” because white Christians will segregate and make distinctions between cultures in order that they may all the better protect and serve, like the suffering servant who stands above all the pagan cultures including the Greek.

The historical record makes it clear that Christianity is the white man's religion. Only the white man put the true religion into practice. There is no concept of charity nor even a word for it in the pagan religions. Does that mean non-whites can never be Christian? No, it means that non-whites can only be Christian when they have Christian whites to imitate. They cannot, on their own, become Christians. This is why whites should never integrate and never eliminate the white hierarchical structure of civilization. The results of the abolishment of the white hierarchy are being painfully revealed in our present Christ-hating, white-hating society.

I sympathize with the right wingers who are appalled at the death of the white culture. They have good instincts. But the restoration of white civilization depends on right wingers picking up the mantle of their white, Christ-bearing forefathers and restoring it to its former position of glory, and not on their invoking the ancient gods of Greece and Rome. +

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#### A Song of the White Men

Now, this is the cup the White Men drink  
When they go to right a wrong,  
And that is the cup of the old world's hate--  
Cruel and strained and strong.  
We have drunk that cup--and a bitter, bitter cup--  
And tossed the dregs away.  
But well for the world when the White Men drink  
To the dawn of the White Man's day!

Now, this is the road that the White Men tread  
When they go to clean a land--  
Iron underfoot and levin overhead  
And the deep on either hand.  
We have trod that road--and a wet and windy road--  
Our chosen star for guide.  
Oh, well for the world when the White Men tread  
Their highway side by side!

Now, this is the faith that the White Men hold--  
When they build their homes afar--  
"Freedom for ourselves and freedom for our sons  
And, failing freedom, War."  
We have proved our faith--bear witness to our faith,  
Dear souls of freemen slain!  
Oh, well for the world when the White Men join  
To prove their faith again!

-- Rudyard Kipling

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#### Capitalism, School Shootings, and Warehouses

The capitalists made their first breach in the wall of the traditional family when they took the father away from the farm and away from the family business. The second breach was made when they took the woman away from the home to work for wages beside her husband. Massive immigration has made it impossible for the working poor to raise a family on one income. As long as the capitalists have an endless supply of cheap labor, they will never pay a family wage to one of their workers.

And yet the pernicious poor people will reproduce. And then the warehousing of children begins, and then the shootings in the schools occur, and then several corporate giants donate large sums of money to schools to build athletic facilities to keep the kids off dope and out of trouble. Does anyone see something wrong with this picture?

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#### The Last European. Chapter One. - OCTOBER 21, 2007

Note to the reader: *The Last European* is a sequel to a novel I wrote a few years back called *The Mortal and the Demon*, but it is not necessary to have read the first novel in order to understand the sequel.

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That Gnome was scarce an earthly man,  
If the tales were true that of him ran  
-Scott

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I will not presume to take the central part in the drama I intend to relate in these pages, but I hope that I can at least, like Horatio, render an accurate account "to th' yet unknowing world, How these things came about."



Eight years ago at age fourteen, I wrote about something that happened to me between the ages of twelve and thirteen. What happened, in plain English, was that I gave my soul over to the devil through an intermediary, an evil gnome named Rankin. A man named Bulkington placed himself between me and Rankin and the devil. At great risk to himself, Bulkington managed to free me from Rankin and Rankin's superior. I was an atheist prior to my experience with Rankin and a convert to Bulkington's Christian faith after my rescue.

At first I was a member of the Catholic Church because a priest named Father Gordon had attempted to aid me in my struggle with Rankin. But when Father Gordon was removed from his parish for 'disciplinary reasons' which, as far as I could see, amounted to nothing more than a love for Christ and his fellow man, I ceased attending their services. I was seventeen at that time. Since then I have been, for want of a better term, an unchurched Christian. There are a lot of people out there, some well-meaning and some not so well-meaning, who will tell you why you must attend their church. But I prefer having some faith and remaining unchurched to joining a church and losing all of my faith. But I really do not intend to get into a big argument over the pros and cons of church attendance. I just put it out there for those people who don't like to read anything until they know the religious denomination of the author.

Two other people were directly involved in my previous adventure. They were Sean and Mary Fitzgerald. They both are my age and they both suffered for my sake. I consider them my sister and brother just as much as I would if they were blood.

Sean and Mary, like me, were without a father growing up. In Sean and Mary's case, it was because their father died when they were quite young. In my case, my father left my life on the day I was born. My mother handed custody of me over to Mrs. Fitzgerald when I was thirteen, and she now lives in Canada. If you read the first Bulkington narrative, you will know that I was born and raised in Linwood, a town off the coast of Maine, and that my name is James Duncan.

Linwood is a small town with approximately 1,000 people living in it. I moved to Lancaster, a somewhat larger town with a population of 10,000 last year, because I simply couldn't get anything but part-time jobs in Linwood. Lancaster is about 40 miles west of Linwood. I've been a police officer here for the last eight months. The work so far has not been difficult.

Lancaster, although bigger than Linwood, is not a metropolitan area. The police force provides two car coverage, one man per car, twenty-four hours a day. I've made four D.U.I. arrests, six disorderly conduct arrests, and written some fifty plus traffic tickets, but I have yet to handle anything (and I hope I never will) that would get me on one of those reality cop story shows.

Before I explain why, having no interesting cop stories to tell, I've taken pen in hand after a eight year hiatus, I want to say something about the Fitzgeralds and Bulkington.

I did not say a whole lot about Mrs. Fitzgerald in my narrative eight years ago because I didn't know her that well at the time and because I was principally concerned with presenting the true story of Bulkington's encounter with Rankin and the devil. Now, having lived with Mrs. Fitzgerald for seven years, I can see her more clearly. I won't call her a saint because that word has been overused, but I will call her a loving, caring, Christian woman. She married Sean Patrick Fitzgerald, a writer, when he was 50 and she was 30. Six years later, Mr. Fitzgerald died, leaving her with four-year old twins.

She saw the way the world was going and steadfastly refused, despite the constant harassment of school and church, to send her children to school. She educated them at home and kept a roof over her and her children's heads with a home-based arts and craft business and the interest from Mr. Fitzgerald's life insurance policy, which she had invested.

Fidelity and charity are the words that come to my mind when I think of Mrs. Fitzgerald. Fidelity to her dead husband, whom she never regards as dead, fidelity to her children, and fidelity to her Lord. I love the woman. She has shown me an unfathomable charity that I did nothing to merit.

Mrs. Fitzgerald's maiden name was Elizabeth Grenville. She came from High Church, English stock. She never converted to her husband's faith but always joined in on the family rosary and often attended mass with her children until the situation in the Church became intolerable. Of course now she no longer attends either the Anglican or the Catholic churches. Her Christianity runs deeper than the Christianity of the various modern churches.

Mary has many of the qualities of her mother. She is fiercely loyal to those she loves and intensely fierce towards the forces aligned against those she loves. One trait that Mary shares with her father and not her mother is an unquenchable thirst for the stories and folklore of old Europe. Her father wrote his own fairy stories based on the old folklore of Europe, and he also did illustrations for some of the classic tales such as the ones found in the Brothers Grimm. In many ways, but particularly in her love for the old folkways and faith of the European people, Mary is a kindred spirit to Bulkington.

Mary has not changed one bit in the last eight years. Yes, she has blossomed into a full-grown woman, but her spiritual makeup has remained the same. She reminds me (Bulkington introduced me to Walter Scott's novels) of Flora MacIvor from Walter Scott's novel, *Waverley*. In that novel, Flora MacIvor gave her heart and soul to the Stuart cause. When the cause failed, she entered a convent. I think if there were real convents still, Mary would do the same as Flora MacIvor when her cause failed. Only in Mary's case, the cause is not just one royal line, it is the whole of old Europe – the Europe of chivalry, of noblesse oblige, and above all, of Christianity. But the cause, in Mary's eyes, is not yet lost. Not as long as Bulkington lives. That might seem like a ridiculous notion, that the European cause and one American fisherman named Bulkington are synonymous, but it would not seem that farfetched to you if you knew Bulkington.

Is Mary in love with Bulkington the man or with the cause he represents? I'm not an expert on such matters, but I know that what Mary loves about the old Europe is that it was anti-abstraction. Old Europe championed the personal God over the abstract gods and the particular human being over humanity as an aggregate herd. So if one fully absorbs old Europe into one's blood, then such a person can never love in the abstract but only in the particular. Am I raving? I don't think so. And in a few pages, I'll tell you why I'm not raving. In the meantime, how would I answer the question: Is Mary in love with Bulkington the man or with the cause of old Europe? I would say both – for the cause and the man are one.

Whether Bulkington feels anything of a romantic nature for Mary is more than I can gauge. But should they marry, I would be delighted. I love Mary, but as a sister. And I love Bulkington as the heart of my heart and the blood of my blood.

It doesn't mean I look on Sean as Sean the lesser if I give him less space in this introduction than the rest. Sean is Sean. He is the straight-forward, "stout lad" type that every Robin Hood and Scarlett Pimpernel-type band needs if its counterrevolution is to succeed. He would march into hell for my sake, and as a matter of fact he did, some nine years ago.

And now for Bulkington, who was and is the subject of my narrative. I first met Bulkington ten years ago when he saved me from a beating by a local bully. He was thirty then and I was twelve. Today at 40, he seems the same man spiritually and physically that he was at age thirty. He still lives on the outer rim of Linwood, still makes a meager living as an independent fisherman, and still fights battles with the powers of darkness. He was fighting Rankin when I first met him, but Rankin has not been around Linwood for some time now. I think after his failure in the case of James Duncan, he was demoted or something. But I really can't say for sure. Bulkington still does battle with Satan's minions though. He just doesn't fight Rankin any longer.

Why does Bulkington do battle with demons? Because he feels it is his vocation to do so. And why is that, you ask? Well, if you sit back in your easy chair for a few moments, I'll tell you.

I didn't hear all I'm about to relate about Bulkington in one day. He told me bits and pieces of his life story over the course of ten years. What follows is a bare sketch of his life as he related it to me.

Bulkington does not know precisely where he was born. Nor does he know who his parents were. His earliest childhood memories were of a dock along a waterfront. He later came to know that the dock was in Wooten, Maine, a coastal town north of Linwood, near the Canadian border. He grew up like Magwitch of *Great Expectations* as a 'varmint.' Magwitch was a streets-of-London varmint and Bulkington was a waterfront varmint. From a woman, quite old, Bulkington knew his birth date and the fact that his mother was an American of Welsh descent and his father was an American of Scottish descent. Their names were either not known by the old woman or else she didn't care to divulge them.

The old woman (he never knew her name) took care of him as a child, but at her death, which Bulkington witnessed at age seven, he became a child of the wharf. He picked seaman's pockets, fished, and stole to keep going. Why his parents abandoned him is something Bulkington never discovered. Did they both die at sea or in some other accident? Or did they simply leave him with the old woman and relocate? The second alternative seemed too inhuman for Bulkington to accept. He always believed that his parents had died tragically, and that the old, somewhat addle-headed woman had taken care of him to the best of her limited capacity.

So from age seven on, it was a varmint's life for Bulkington. During the warmer months, he slept out, and during the colder months, which are numerous in Main, he figured out what houses he could sneak into in order to get a warm night's sleep in the basement. It seems incredible that in this day and age when everyone is catalogued and numbered someone could grow up as Bulkington did, uncategorized and unsocialized, and without any ties to the community or nation in which he was born.

Bulkington started going to sea as a cabin boy when he was ten. He went out on predominantly foreign ships or fly-by-night American ones that didn't care about parental permission and didn't ask any questions about him. He didn't even have a definite name at the time. The old woman had alternately called him Bill and Ed.

His cabin boy status changed from cabin boy to seaman as he grew up. And he certainly did grow up. By the time he reached manhood, he was 6'8" tall and weighed 265 pounds. He learned to read and write through a fortunate misfortune. At eleven he fell overboard while working on a fishing schooner doing some illegal fishing off the coast. When Bulkington was fished out of the water it was obvious that his injuries were not slight. The captain, a man who knew what his priorities were, shipped Bulkington off to his sister's house in Linwood rather than to a hospital because he feared "questions."

The sister was a 60-year-old retired maiden librarian. During the six-month convalescence period, the Captain's sister taught Bulkington to read and write. When he went back to sea, he went back with a love for reading and with an undying love and affection for the Captain's sister. He never failed to take two or three books with him on every sea voyage and never failed to stop in and see the maiden librarian when he returned to shore. Linwood became his home base.

Bulkington's taste in reading, which was strongly influenced by the Captain's sister, tended toward the old books. He read all of Scott, Dickens, Shakespeare, and the Brothers Grimm. He also read the King James Bible as well, but I don't think he made any conscious commitment to Christianity during those formative years. He was still very much a varmint (his word) despite all of his reading.

He also read tales of the sea, which is how he came to be called Bulkington. At age 14 he read Herman Melville's *Moby Dick*. In that book there is a character named Bulkington who Melville used to symbolize the spiritual side of man. Bulkington, the Bulkington of *Moby Dick*, finishes a long sea voyage and immediately signs up for another voyage.

The Lee Shore.

Some chapters back, one Bulkington was spoken of, a tall, newlanded mariner, encountered in New Bedford at the inn.

When on that shivering winter's night, the Pequod thrust her vindictive bows into the cold malicious waves, who should I see standing at her helm but Bulkington! I looked with sympathetic awe and fearfulness upon the man, who in mid-winter just landed from a four years' dangerous voyage, could so unrestingly push off again for still another tempestuous term. The land seemed scorching to his feet. Wonderfulest things are ever the unmentionable; deep memories yield no epitaphs; this six-inch chapter is the stoneless grave of Bulkington. Let me only say that it fared with him as with the storm-tossed ship, that miserably drives along the leeward land. The port would fain give succor; the port is pitiful; in the port is safety, comfort, hearthstone, supper, warm blankets, friends, all that's kind to our mortalities. But in that gale, the port, the land, is that ship's direst jeopardy; she must fly all hospitality; one touch of land, though it but graze the keel, would make her shudder through and through. With all her might she crowds all sail off shore; in so doing, fights 'gainst the very winds that fain would blow her homeward; seeks all the lashed sea's landlessness again; for refuge's sake forlornly rushing into peril; her only friend her bitterest foe!

Know ye now, Bulkington? Glimpses do ye seem to see of that mortally intolerable truth; that all deep, earnest thinking is but the intrepid effort of the soul to keep the open independence of her sea; while the wildest winds of heaven and earth conspire to cast her on the treacherous, slavish shore?

But as in landlessness alone resides highest truth, shoreless, indefinite as God--so, better is it to perish in that howling infinite, than be ingloriously dashed upon the lee, even if that were safety! For worm-like, then, oh! who would craven crawl to land! Terrors of the terrible! is all this agony so vain? Take heart, take heart, O Bulkington! Bear thee grimly, demigod! Up from the spray of thy ocean-perishing--straight up, leaps thy apotheosis!

From the moment he read that passage, the varmint with the two indefinite first names became Bulkington. The sea was his livelihood, but the maiden librarian was his soul. When he wasn't at sea, he was with her. Her full name was Elizabeth Ashley McKenzie. To Bulkington, Miss McKenzie was the mother he had never had. The old woman who raised him till he was seven, he reflected later, had to have had some good traits in order to have taken care of an orphaned child for seven years, but Bulkington's memories of her were tainted with the memory of her drunken, violent rages. With Miss McKenzie there were no such harsh memories. The only loving kindness he had ever experienced came from Elizabeth McKenzie, which is why Bulkington took her death, when he was twenty, so hard.

When he told me about it he made no attempt to excuse what he became. "I was a wild, enraged man, actually more beast than man, who wanted to strike back at God for killing Miss McKenzie. And since I couldn't hit back at God directly, I decided to strike back at Him by striking His creatures."

For two years Bulkington carried out his "program of vengeance." He chopped up stones from Fisherman's Point and loaded them into an old army surplus backpack. Then he would run with the pack on his back up and down the rocky hill leading to Fisherman's Point. He did pushups at the top of the hill and pushups at the bottom of the hill. And he ran up and down that half-mile hill at least 25 times a day.

At night Bulkington went into the bars to start fights. He didn't care how many men he fought or how hard he got hit, so long as he got a chance to hit back. And hit back he did. But it started to get too easy. Right from the start he had the size and power to make a formidable fighting man, but as he gained experience he became virtually unconquerable in any type of 'no holds barred' brawl. It didn't matter after awhile whether there were two men, three men, or a small mob; Bulkington after two years experience found that he could defeat his opponents with ridiculous ease. He needed a bigger challenge.

So at age twenty-two, he decided to stop venting his rage on God's creatures and to go after God instead. He signed on to a ship scheduled to be at sea for six weeks. On the second night out, Bulkington slipped overboard and issued a challenge to God. "Take whatever form you will, be it shark or whale or worse, just let me have at you."

Now, I know this all sounds quite absurd to the enlightened 21st century mind, but you must remember that Bulkington was not really a man of the 21st or the 20th century. He certainly knew what we call the facts of life, but he had only a rudimentary knowledge of science. He knew Walter Scott and the fairy stories of Europe, but he knew nothing of the Western philosophical or scientific heritage. And because of his lack of "scientific" knowledge, Bulkington believed, much more firmly than anyone else born in the 20th century, in a personal God. But because of Miss McKenzie's death, he believed in a personal, malevolent God. And he believed that such a malevolent God would accept his challenge and meet him in hand-to-hand combat in the middle of the ocean.

He swam for hours without feeling any fatigue and without encountering any creature of the sea with whom he could do battle. But during the 12th hour of his swim, he had what he described to me as a "Road to Damascus experience."

Bulkington has only told a few people about his experience that night (I was the first person he told), and it's funny – no one is more apt to deride the type of spirituality that needs a daily dose of private revelations to sustain it than Bulkington – but it was Bulkington who was granted a private revelation. He doesn't expect anyone to believe in his private revelation, nor is he offended if they don't, but he has quietly related to a few of his close friends that it was indeed Him he heard and saw that night and not the fantasies of an exhausted swimmer.

As he said, "I was not exhausted; in fact I felt quite fresh. All of my senses were functioning. I was still hoping to encounter Him in the form of some deadly sea creature. Then, from some part of the ocean which seemed miles away, I heard a voice calling my name. It was a gentle but at the same time insistent voice. I strained my eyes trying to find the source of the voice. I found it. It was Him. He was walking toward me. I kept swimming toward Him. When I came to within a yard of him, I stopped swimming and merely treaded water. He was not a shadowy, ghostly figure. He was a man of flesh and blood. And the eyes... I shall never forget the eyes. He didn't speak once I was near Him. He didn't have to. I knew what He was saying. And I knew who He was. I stood up on top of the water and then immediately dropped to my knees before Him. I felt so ashamed. This was the man I had hated? This was the man I had blamed for Miss Mackenzie's death? Oh, No! I knew Him now. I had always known Him. Every line Shakespeare ever wrote pointed to Him; every Walter Scott hero pointed to Him. The great destroyer? No! He was the greater preserver. Miss McKenzie, my parents, and every soul ever born, lived and breathed because of Him. And yet there was an incredible loneliness surrounding Him. He needed my love. Incredible as it might seem, I knew he needed me. My existence depended on Him, and His existence did not depend on me, but He needed me. All of this and more, more than I can describe, I saw in His eyes.

"I know what people would say if they heard that story, James. They wouldn't believe it, or they would say I had been hallucinating. And I don't blame them. But I'm telling you James, because you were there when He came to me a second time, and because you're my friend. But I've got to tell you, James, that our Faith can't be based on divine revelations. First comes belief, a belief that He planted in our hearts, and then, if He so chooses, comes the private revelations. But the private revelations are useless without that divine presence, His divine presence, in our hearts. He's there. Come hell or high water, He is always there."

Swimming to shore was a feat beyond even Bulkington's capacity, but it was not beyond his capacity that night. He swam back to shore without fatigue. And he walked back to his house in Linwood with the determination similar to that of Saul of Tarsus after he became St. Paul.

There was still the question of "How should I then live?" Bulkington had the zeal to serve His Lord, but what skills did he have? He was twenty-two and he knew how to fish and how to fight. Could the Lord use such a man? Six months later he got his answer. A friend came to him with a problem that involved a devilish gnome named Rankin.[1] Bulkington had his vocation.

It's a funny thing about Rankin. He stayed on the devil's staff for about a year after his failure in the case of, well, in the case of me, James Duncan. But after that he disappeared. For the last eight years, Bulkington had not seen Rankin, nor had I. Bulkington thought the devil had kept him on for a year until he found a suitable replacement. For awhile I was

haunted by the thought of seeing Rankin again, but he had long ceased to haunt my dreams when there he was standing right in front of me in the bedroom of my apartment.

"Hello, James. Long time no see."

"Yeah, it has been a long time and I want you to make it a longer time. Get out."

"Now, James, that's no way to talk to an old friend."

"Won't you ever cut out the garbage talk? We are not old friends and you know it. Get out!"

"You're right, that good ol' pal stuff is my traditional palaver, but we're past that. And I'll get out if you say so. But I just thought you'd like to hear about what's coming your way."

I wasn't sure what to do. I wanted him to get out of my sight, but I also wanted to know what he was doing back here again. I decided I had to know.

"What is coming my way?"

"More than you can handle, Mr. James Duncan."

"Don't pull that superior and mysterious nonsense on me, Rankin. The last time I saw you, you were foaming at the mouth and kicking beer cans in impotent rage. And your boss ended up lying flat on his face."

For one instant I saw anger flash in Rankin's eyes, but he quickly got control of himself. And that got me worried. The old Rankin would have indulged his anger and tipped his hand regarding his intentions.

"It's true, James, I suffered a little setback in your case. But let's be honest. You didn't do much. It was Bulkington, not you, who set me back."

"I don't deny that. And it was our Lord who put your master on his face."

"Well, that's true, too. But you must realize, James, that one skirmish does not constitute a war. Your God is not all powerful. He is not holding a winning hand."

"Do you seriously believe that Rankin?"

"Yes, I do, James, and you are going to believe it yourself someday. I'm going to help you believe it. And in order to start you on the road to a new belief, I'm going to be completely candid with you.

"Now, don't get that look on your face. I know exactly what you are thinking. It's that old Shakespeare stuff, isn't it? 'But 'tis strange; And oftentimes to win us to our harm, The instruments of darkness tell us truths, Win us with honest trifles, to betray's In deepest consequence.' But that's not how it works in real life. Shakespeare presupposes that the devil is the bad guy, and that is not so. Look, I'm going to level with you, James."

"I don't trust you for one second, Rankin, but go ahead and level with me."

"Well, it was like this, James. The devil was forced to intervene in your case in a way that was not advantageous to him. So he was boiling mad, if you'll pardon the pun, at me. He replaced me about a year after the incident. I was shipped out for retraining. At first I didn't like it. I was in class with a lot of young devils, little upstarts. And the instructor himself was also younger than I was. But he started to make sense and I started listening.

"I learned that my methods were too old-fashioned. It wasn't necessary for me to get people to deny Christ or to get them to refuse to invoke His aid. All I had to do was to get people to think of him in a new way. A new way that isn't that new any more, but I was not aware of that."

"I don't follow you."

"Well, James, the truth of the matter is that the old Roman way, with some slight modifications, is the new way. Whenever a new god came along, the Romans just included him in the pantheon. So long as the new god was subordinate to the Roman State, he was welcome in the pantheon."

"But the Christians wouldn't accept that."

"No, they wouldn't. Not at that time. But what I didn't realize is that now the Christians are willing to keep their God subordinate."

"Not to the old Rome?"

"No, James, not to the old Rome, but to the only real God there is, to nature. I never really lied to you, James. We do belong to the universe, to the natural universe. Your God is dependent on nature just as much as my God, only my God is willing to submit to nature and use its power while your God tries to defy nature. And He is losing big time. You think you saw something nine years ago. You think Satan is weak. But he isn't. He's growing stronger and stronger while your God is getting weaker and weaker. Soon he will be powerless."

"How can you spout such nonsense? Satan has already lost; he's just playing out the hand. You know that. Everybody knows that."

"Do I? Do you?"

"Yes."

"And who, may I ask, told you that fact?"

"It's traditional Christian teaching. Christ conquered death when He rose from the dead and freed us from the effects of original sin..."

"Stop right there, James. I know the story. But if you take the time to look around you, you'll find that the story has been changing. As that old song says, 'These times, they are a changing.' Even your Christian churches don't put out the old story anymore."

"I don't have much to do with the Christian churches."

"Well, there you are, James. If the Christian churches can't say what Christianity is, why should you be so sure you know what it is."

I was becoming increasingly frustrated with my inability to form a coherent argument to defend what I knew in my heart was true. It was then that I realized the truth of something Bulkington once told me: "You can't debate with the devil, James. He will always win. You either beat a hasty retreat or invoke the aid of our Lord and punch him in the nose." I didn't want to retreat from my own apartment, so I punched the devil's gnome in the nose.

Physically, I'm not the pushover I once was. I stand 6'4" tall and weigh 215 pounds. Sean and I have been following the Bulkington fitness program for the last six years: up and down the rocky hill at Fisherman's point, with pushups in between. But still I was no match for Rankin. After I hit him, he delivered a counterpunch to my belly that dropped me to my knees. He then worked his way behind me and clamped a full Nelson on me, while shoving my face into the floor.

"Don't ever try that rough stuff on me, Duncan. Now here's the rest of the story – Satan owns this earth like he has never owned it before. The churches are his and the schools are his. It's not necessary, as I thought, to bring out dragons and giants. I'm going to send out quite ordinary earthlings against you, your friends, and Mr. Bulkington. But when I'm through with you, you'll be begging me to let you worship at Satan's Shrine."

At this point in his monologue, he let me up.

"Why, Rankin? Why all this bother about me?"

"It's not about you, Duncan. You're nothing. It's about Bulkington. He's the last one. From some stupid string of circumstances, he has grown up with a mind and heart that is straight out of Grimm's Fairy Tales. He is truly the last European. And when old Europe dies, Christianity dies. But it's not enough, they tell me, to just kill him. And that's where the modern training comes in. In order to fight modernity, he'll be forced to adapt to modernity. And then we'll have him. I'm telling you this because you can't do anything to stop it. It's inevitable. It's mathematical. Through you, and Sean, and Mary, the people he loves, we'll get him. Good-bye, Duncan."

He slammed the door.

Well, what was I to make of Rankin's visit? He certainly didn't visit me to renew our fine and beautiful friendship. His visit was obviously an opening gambit in a new assault on Bulkington. But what did he hope would be the result? I was afraid. How does that Psalm go? "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil." Well, I feared it. There is no use denying it. I prayed, but let me tell you, it's awful hard to believe in the efficacy of prayer when you feel alone against all the forces of hell. +

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[1] See The Mortal and the Demon

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*Continue to Chapter Two*

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## **"Incomparable in Its Symmetry" - OCTOBER 14, 2007**

On the 4th of August, 2007, R. Jamison posted a remarkable speech by John Sharp Williams on the *blog Spirit Water Blood*. Williams was a U. S. Representative and U. S. Senator whose father was killed at the Battle of Shiloh. The speech was published in the *Confederate Veteran* magazine in 1904 (Vol. XII, No. 11, November 1904, pp. 517-521).

The speech is magnificent. It is impossible to imagine any U. S. politician of the last fifty years speaking with such depth and insight.

Let me just quote a few passages to illustrate Mr. William's profound insights.

On the subject of fighting --

"Mere fighting is no virtue; far from it. Indeed, the man who is not great enough and brave enough not to fight when he ought not to is a poor excuse for a man. Speaking for myself, I have no admiration of the professional fighter, whether he be a Texas cowboy or a West Point graduate..."

Williams expresses my own feelings about war and fighting. I have no respect for "our troops" because they are not fighting for a cause I respect.

Why did the South fight? --

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

Yes, it is the same today. We are not fighting for free trade, capitalism or the U. S. Constitution. We fight for white civilization.

The great struggle during the "Reconstruction Era" --

"There is no grander, no more superb spectacle than that of the white men of the South standing from '65 to '74 quietly, determinedly, solidly, shoulder to shoulder in phalanx, as if the entire race were one man, unintimidated by defeat in war, unawed by adverse power, unbribed by patronage, unbought by the prospect of present material prosperity, waiting and hoping and praying for the opportunity which, in the providence of God, must come to overthrow the supremacy of 'veneered savages,' superficially 'Americanized Africans' -- waiting to reassert politically and socially the supremacy of the civilization of the English-speaking white race. But what gave them the capacity to do this sublime thing, to conceive it and to persevere in it to the end? To wait like hounds in the leash -- impatient, yet obedient to the call of the huntsman's horn -- which came upon the heels of the autumn elections in the Northwestern States in 1874? What gave this capacity to the 'easy-going, indolent, life-enjoying' Southerner? What if not four years of discipline, training, hardship? Four years which taught the consciousness of strength and mutual courage, the consciousness of capacity for working together, the power and the desire of organization, and which gave them, with it all, a capacity for stern action when required by stern events? But for the war -- the lessons which it taught, the discipline which it enforced, the capacity for racial organization which was born with it -- I, for one, do not believe that conditions in Louisiana, South Carolina, and Mississippi to-day would be very far different from what they are in Hayti, Cuba, or Martinique."

Alas, the fruits of that great victory were squandered. By the 1950's the "veneered savages" were ushered back into white civilization. Yes, it was often at the end of a Northern bayonet, but that doesn't explain the South's capitulation.

In the past, as Williams points out, the white Southerners stood shoulder to shoulder against the racial universalists. What happened? I think the South succumbed to the great seduction. They learned to love Big Brother. It gets rather tiresome to always be *contra mundum*.

And once the incomparable symmetry of white civilization is destroyed, can it ever be regained? The answer is no, if we think like the walking universalists. There is no system, no magic talisman that will restore white civilization. It's not a question of restoring the Latin Mass or voting for a president who is "born again." The princess in the fairy tale remains in a death-like slumber because no one loves her. She will be restored to life when she is loved. The love that brings even the dead to life comes only from those men and women who are connected, through their spirit and blood, with His civilization. Nothing is impossible to such men and women. +

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### **Grim Statistics - OCTOBER 07, 2007**

The statistics that we see in the 'Death of the West' publications are pretty grim. One doesn't have to be a prophet to see that the white race is facing the end of the line. It would be somewhat less grim if it were only the white race in America which was finished, but it is a worldwide racial suicide we are witnessing, not just a national suicide.

The late Malcolm Muggeridge used the term 'the great liberal death wish' to describe the suicide of the European peoples. And at first glance that seems like an apt description, for is not suicide a death wish? Yes, it is. But the white liberal death wish is not your typical death wish. The white liberal wishes for the death of white civilization, but he doesn't wish for his own death. The obvious question to ask the white liberal is, "Don't you realize that the destruction of white civilization will also mean your own personal destruction?" The white liberal's answer to that is, "No." And he answers no because he is delusional. He has an Atticus Finch complex. White is evil, black is good, with the exception of Atticus Finch. He has fought the good fight and defended the good darky, and he will be worshipped by the darkies.[1] Every white liberal would deny that such vain impulses motivate him, but it is the reality. Overweening, egotistical pride is what motivates the white-hating white. And he hates, with satanic fury, any individual and any group of individuals that would challenge his delusional faith in his vision of himself as Atticus Finch.

An image has stayed with me from my freshman year in college. It is an image of a T-shirt with a picture on it of a black youth stabbing a white youth. The lettering on the T-shirt said something about slaying the oppressors. One would think that the T-shirt was worn by a black man, but it was not. A tall, blue-eyed, blonde boy (he could have been a poster boy for Hitler's youth movement) wore the T-shirt wherever he went. The young Aryan had a few black friends who he partied with and introduced to his white girl friends. If one of his black friends had actually stuck a knife in him, he would have been (if he lived) shocked and offended, because he was not the white on the T-shirt. That white deserved to be killed; he was 'thee and me.' But Atticus Finch? He deserves to be worshipped. "Stand up, your father is passing."

The white-hating white has abandoned his race because he has abandoned his faith. It is true there are many white-hating whites in organizations such as the Roman Catholic church or the Methodist church or the Baptist church, etc., that claim to have some connection to Christianity, but we cannot countenance such a claim. And we cannot do so because the entire Christian tradition warns us that pride, the overweening pride displayed by the white-hating, church-going whites, is the mark of Satan.

The great evangelist, St. Paul, and the greatest Christian poet, Shakespeare, speak with one voice about man. Man is a self-deceiver, who piles layer upon layer of falsehood over his heart. If he does not see himself as a self-deceiver who needs to clear away the sludge of deceit from his heart on a daily basis, he will destroy himself and those around him. He will be like King Lear prior to his repentance: he will be a great destroyer of himself, his family, and his countrymen.

It is possible for an occasional King Lear-type conversion, but we should note that Lear's conversion occurs after it is too late to salvage his kingdom. Which, I fear, is the only type of conversion that we are likely to see in the ranks of the white-hating whites. And even that type of conversion is highly unlikely. It is far more likely that the white-hating white will maintain his delusion even as the barbarian knife is piercing his heart.

Because the white-hating white worships the image of himself as a glorified Atticus Finch, he does not respond to a clarion call to arms based on the reality of the barbarian threat to the white race. Tell him what happened in Haiti when blacks actually had power, and he will yawn with indifference or scream "racist" at you. "That happened to bad whites, to oppressive whites. In the new world, organized by white Atticus Finches, there will be no oppression, so there will be no vengeful blacks." If you show him film footage of La Raza screaming for the heads of whites, his response will be the same as it was to the murderous actions of the blacks in Haiti. There is nothing that will alter the delusional mania of the white-hating white.



It is not, as Anthony Jacobs has pointed out, that the colored races are on the march, it is that the white race is on the run. If the white race would stop running, the colored invasion would end. But of course the white race will not turn and fight because the white-hating, white technocrats are the leaders of the colored invasion. They, in their hearts, have said no to the Christian society of the plowed field and the evening lingerings. Their hearts do not "receive Him still" because they have no hearts.

Look at the white technocrats. They are obsessed with theory: the cleric, damning with joyful glee, the "Anglo-Saxon race"; the capitalist, also damning with glee, the "lazy" whites who will not "work" in his sweatshops as he imports thousands of Aztecs to do his bidding. Behind all of this is the delusional belief of the white technocrats that they can achieve divine status by sacrificing white people to the colored hordes. And for a time they will be successful. The coloreds can be appeased by the sacrificial offering of non-technocratic whites. But eventually, when they have run out of white sacrificial victims, the technocratic Dr. Frankensteins will face the monster they have created. And then, they will face the long night of the knives.

I don't quarrel with the statistics compiled by the 'death of the West' authors. I don't need to see the actual numbers to know that they are correct. Everywhere I go, I see the death of the West. There are Mexican trailer camps where there were once white family farms, and black barbarians on every street corner. However, I do quarrel with the 'death of the West' authors who present only the statistical picture without taking the oath on the sword. No white man worthy of the name should view the demise of the white race with Thomistic-Buddhistic quietude. Take the oath, "To the knife." We do not seek to shun reality. The statistics are quite grim. But white men, real white men, are not driven to despair by grim statistics. All we need is a remnant band who will not yield. +

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[1] I, like all school children then and now, was made to read *To Kill a Mockingbird* when I went to school. I liked the book, but what I liked about the book was the account of Scout and Jem's childhood. The Tom Robinson rape trial was of little interest to me. I accepted as a given that the prejudiced white Southerners were bad and that the only barrier to peace and harmony was white prejudice, but still, the Tom Robinson case did not hold my interest. I think the reason was that that part of the book does not ring true. Harper Lee had to make a choice. She could have written a classic novel about childhood innocence confronting the world outside of childhood innocence. But instead she decided to write politically correct but false social commentary.

The real novel, the true novel that she didn't write, would have told the story of two white children who had to learn, as we all do, about good and evil. They would have discovered that the Boogie Man of the fairy stories had a name and a color. His name was Tom Robinson and his color was black. He was guilty of crimes that defied their father's ability to explain. Finally, their father simply told them the story of God and the devil and the final triumph of the God-Man. And until that final triumph, the non-utopian Atticus Finch told them, never take the wall down between our people and the people of color.

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## **The Sacred Heritage - SEPTEMBER 30, 2007**

"It is not much to give to the theme that so long filled my heart."

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When a man is healthy, he doesn't spend a lot of time pondering his health, but when he is sick he does think about his health. How sick am I? How did I get sick? What will it take for me to recover?

European civilization is sick, and I have spent the greater part of my adult life contemplating its sickness. I have felt for a number of years now that I know the cause of its sickness. In various articles such as "Only My Blood Speaks," "The Poetic Core of Western Civilization," and "The Lost Thread," I have attempted to expose the serpent that has entwined itself around Europe. That serpent is philosophical speculation. What the philosophical speculators bring to Christianity is a "hedge your bets" type of strategy: "Christ is risen... maybe, but in case He isn't, let's make sure we have a philosophical system to fall back on."

Christianity, however, is not a faith that permits that kind of dualism. When philosophy and Christianity are joined, there is a diminished sense of man's sin and man's need for a loving savior. Sin becomes something that can be cured by the proper use of man's reason. And when sin can be cured by rationality, there is a loss of the tragic sense of life. If the world is ordered so marvelously with pat answers for every contingency of existence, what need is there for the Suffering Servant?

Christianity is a religion of depth. If the riddle of existence can be solved by an encyclopedic knowledge of the natural world, then we need only consult with the men who possess that knowledge; we do not have to plumb the depths in search of a Savior who speaks to us from the depths.

It is to the Europeans that we must turn for a vision of the true God. Their gods were hero-gods. They couldn't conceive of a god in any other form, and when they were told the story of the ultimate Hero-God, they embraced Him. But unfortunately, the transmission of Christianity via the Romans was a mixed blessing. The Europeans heard the story of the great Hero-God, but with that story came the serpent of philosophical speculation. The Greco-Romans had rejected the vision of their bards, such as Sophocles and Virgil, who saw that only a Hero above the nature gods could save man. Instead the Greco-Romans placed their faith in those men who professed to have found the secret of the universe in the mind, and not the heart, of man. They came as missionaries and teachers, but what their convertites and pupils brought to the faith, a realization that Christ was the Hero-God, was of infinite value. If the intellectual elite of the Roman Church had had the humility to learn from their pupils, the division of Christendom could have been prevented. For what was the Protestant Reformation in essence but an attempt by the Northern Europeans (minus Ireland) to reclaim that vision of the Hero-God free from the serpentine entanglements of the philosophers?

But of course a movement that is only a desperate gasp for life can be easily subverted. The same serpent of philosophical speculation that had entwined itself around the Roman Church entwined itself around the Protestant church as well.

The tragic Christ, the heroic Christ of St. Paul, of Isaiah, was the Christ who the 'primitive' Europeans saw when they embraced Christianity. And we need their dauntless spirits if we are to reclaim the true Europe. Noble hearts must respond directly to His heart. "Now his good sword he has drawn; And he has thrown the sheath away," was the war cry of the old Europeans as they joined their Lord in His battle against Satan. It must once again be our war cry.

The current breed of post-Christians are the bastard children of the illicit union of Christianity and speculative philosophy. They have the outward features of human beings, but they have lost touch with the spiritual wellspring of life. Inside they are dead. So they look for renewal from the barbarian races. "They will provide the blood and spirit we lack." But that will never be. The blood cannot function without the spirit or the spirit without the blood. The barbarians lack the spirit while the post-Christians lack the blood. There is nothing vital in barbarism or post-Christianity. True vitality comes not from the bloodless faith of the philosophical speculators or from the blood-without-spirit faith of the barbarians. True faith comes only from the spirit-infused blood that once belonged to the European.

When the vision is blurred because we attempt to see existence with the eye of the philosopher rather than through the eye of the bard, we kill the blood and eviscerate the spirit. But the eviscerated faith of the modern philosopher is presented to us as a higher faith. All my life I have heard the same propaganda: "There is primitive man who fears lightning and is superstitious. Then there is the man who believes in a human God with a slightly higher ethical code than primitive man. And then there is intellectual man who knows all Gods are just manifestations of the human mind, which is the true God."

The ruling elite in church and society actually believe that they have achieved the highest stage of existence. They worship the great universal mind that is beyond the gods of the pagans and the God of the Christian. Because the fact of modern man's exalted state, by virtue of his elevated "intellectual" notions of God, is such a given to the post-Christian of the 20th and 21st centuries, we need to go back to the 19th century to see a different vision of God.

The great poets and novelists do not just give us their personal visions; they also give us a glimpse of the spiritual undergirding of the society in which they live. And what we see in the late 1700's through the 1800's and into the early 1900's is a titanic struggle for the soul of Europe. The satanic serpent of philosophical speculation finally decided that he no longer needed to slither on his belly and take people by surprise. He could now stand upright and enjoy the fruits of years of slithering, philosophical speculation: Darwinism, capitalism, communism, science and psychology were all creations of the speculating serpent. But there was also a heroic response. European man was not dead yet. An enormous amount of writers saw through the myth of the "higher stage of existence" and threw in their lot with the God-Man. Surely their journeys also reflected the spiritual journeys of many of their countrymen.

With most of the writers, excepting Walter Scott, the post-Christian consciousness was not something they merely observed in others; it was part of their soul. But they, the great ones, fought against it and tried to reclaim the integral vision of the God-Man. Such a vision belongs in the speculators' second stage of existence, but is in reality the only real stage of existence for a truly Christian and truly European man.

The list of knights errant who made the great refusal is very long (see "The Nineteenth Century Way to God"), but I will limit my discussion here to five men: Walter Scott, Thomas Hughes, J. S. Le Fanu, Robert Louis Stevenson, and Ian McClaren.

#### Walter Scott

With a great many writers it is necessary to forgive much in their personal lives. And that is fair. We are all sinners, and if an author has shown us a glimpse of the eternal through his writings we should mercifully place a veil over his private failings. I know I don't want to hear anything about the personal life of an author I admire unless it is something

laudatory. But of course there is always somebody who will take delight in bringing your hero down to earth. "Dickens wrote all those books about happy Victorian families, while he was ...." You know that type of debunker. I despise that type of attack even when used against an author I don't like. The E. Michael Jones School of Literary Criticism disgusts me. But such critics we will always have with us. Which is why I take particular delight in their inability to lay a glove on one of my heroes, Sir Walter Scott. H. V. Morton says this about him in his book, *In Scotland Again*: "It is a commonplace that we who come after must forgive many a man for his sins because he was a great artist. Scott needs no forgiveness. He was a perfect man." Any discussion of a European comeback must begin with Sir Walter Scott.

Scott saw the beginning of the post-Christian stage of European man. But it was never part of his soul. He did not have to fight, like Dostoyevsky, with the demons that were within and without. He was the last thoroughly European writer. Christianity for Scott was not a philosophy from which one could take a few maxims to live by. Christianity was that inextinguishable flame that distinguished the European hearth fire from every other hearth fire. Scott's contempt for the fanatics of every denomination was rooted in a respect, nay a reverence, for the Man of Sorrows. And because of this reverence, Scott loved the continent that nurtured and protected the story of the heroic God-Man. He saw in the new world of industrialism and commerce the victory of the serpent. In all of his literary romances he sets the spirit of European chivalry against the speculative serpent. And it is a chivalry that has been shorn of its medieval formalism. It is not the outward, warlike chivalry of the Knights Templar but is instead a deeper chivalry of the heart. A spindly-legged clergyman such as Reuben Butler can practice it just as intensely as a knight like Quentin Durward.

Scott was a conservative of the blood and spirit. He sensed that the ancient ways were best because they were closer to Him. And he did not equate old Europe with one Christian denomination or one political party or one social structure. In Scott's view, what distinguished the old European man from the new breed of European intellectuals was the old Europeans' disdain for abstract reason divorced from the common experience of the European man of flesh and blood. The European everyman did not need to theorize; he knew in his blood, infused with the blood and spirit of the God-Man, what was the best way to live.

An established system is not to be tried by those tests which may with perfect correctness be applied to a new theory. A civilized nation, long in possession of a code of law, under which, with all its inconveniences, they have found means to flourish, is not to be regarded as an infant colony, on which experiments in legislation may, without much danger of presumption, be hazarded. A philosopher is not entitled to investigate such a system by those ideas which he has fixed in his own mind as the standard of possible excellence. The only unerring test of every old establishment is the effect it has actually produced, for that must be held to be good, from whence good is derived. The people have, by degrees, moulded their habits to the law they are compelled to obey; for some of its imperfections remedies have been found, to others they have reconciled themselves; till, at last, they have, from various causes, attained the object which the most sanguine visionary could promise to himself from his own perfect unembodied system.

from Scott's "Essay on Judicial Reform" quoted in John Gibson Lockhart's *Memoirs of the Life of Scott*

Scott completely rejected the "higher stage of development" theories of the new breed of European intellectuals. In his world there was no such thing as a perfect system that could transcend Christianity. His God was always Christ, the Hero-God of the Europeans.

In the introduction to his masterpiece, *Uncle Silas*, J. S. LeFanu says that he tried to write in the spirit of Sir Walter Scott. He succeeds. The character for whom LeFanu's novel is named is the embodiment of the post-Christian man. He knows, intellectually, what Christianity is, so he can talk and behave like a Christian. But in reality he is a believer in the "higher" religion. The Hero-God that speaks to human hearts does not inspire him because he has no heart that can be set aflame.

Of my wretched uncle's religion what am I to say? Was it utter hypocrisy, or had it at any time a vein of sincerity in it? I cannot say. I don't believe that he had any heart left for religion, which is the highest form of affection, to take hold of. Perhaps he was a sceptic with misgivings about the future, but past the time for finding anything reliable in it. The devil approached the citadel of his heart by stealth, with many zigzags and parallels. The idea of marrying me to his son by fair means, then by foul, and, when that wicked chance was gone, then the design of seizing all by murder, supervened. I dare say that Uncle Silas thought for a while that he was a righteous man. He wished to have heaven and to escape hell, if there were such places. But there were other things whose existence was not speculative, of which some he coveted, and some he dreaded more, and temptation came. 'Now if any man build upon this foundation, gold, silver, precious stones, wood, hay, stubble, every man's work shall be made manifest; for the day shall declare it, because it shall be revealed by fire; and the fire shall try every man's work of what sort it is.' There comes with old age a time when the heart is no longer fusible or malleable, and must retain the form in which it has cooled down. 'He that is unjust, let him be unjust still; he which is filthy, let him be filthy still.'

The heroine, Maud Ruthyn, seems helpless against the ruthless Uncle Silas. But she is saved, not by her intellect, but by her innocence and the grace of God. In a marvelous denouement, LeFanu depicts the working of grace in a character who we would not have suspected of being receptive to God's grace. But Maud's innocence inspires him. He becomes a hero in spite of himself.

So it was vain: I was trapped, and all was over.

I stood before him on the step, the white moon shining on my face. I was trembling so that I wonder I could stand, my helpless hands raised towards him, and I looked up in his face. A long shuddering moan—"Oh—oh—oh!" was all I uttered.

The man, still holding my arm, looked, I thought frightened, into my white dumb face.

Suddenly he said, in a wild, fierce whisper—

'Never say another word' (I had not uttered one). 'They shan't hurt ye, Miss; git ye in; I don't care a damn!'

It was an uncouth speech. To me it was the voice of an angel. With a burst of gratitude that sounded in my own ears like a laugh, I thanked God for those blessed words.

LeFanu saw that the new Europe of science and rationalism was not going to produce a new golden age; it was going to produce inhuman men like Uncle Silas. Only the God-Man, pure and unadulterated by rationalism and science, could prevail against the Uncle Silases of the new Europe.

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

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

Let me just add before leaving LeFanu that I think his Maud Ruthyn and Scott's Jeanie Deans are the two greatest heroines in English literature.

Thomas Hughes

Thomas Hughes' magnificent work, *Tom Brown's School Days*, and the sequel, *Tom Brown at Oxford*, deserve to be placed in the topmost rank of English literature, but they are not placed there because they are so unabashedly Christian. There are three aspects to Hughes' Christianity. The first is charity. In this he is like so many of his 19th century contemporaries. They saw St. Paul's meditation on charity (1 Corinthians 13) as the very essence of Christianity. We know Tom Brown will never go too far astray when we see how he takes care of "little Arthur."

On went the talk and laughter. Arthur finished his washing and undressing, and put on his night-gown. He then looked round more nervously than ever. Two or three of the little boys were already in bed, sitting up with their chins on their knees. The light burned clear, the noise went on. It was a trying moment for the poor little lonely boy; however, this time he didn't ask Tom what he might or might not do, but dropped on his knees by his bedside, as he had done every day from his childhood, to open his heart to him who heareth the cry and beareth the sorrows of the tender child, and the strong man in agony.

Tom was sitting at the bottom of this bed unlacing his boots, so that his back was toward Arthur, and he didn't see what happened, and looked up in wonder at the sudden silence. Then two or three boys laughed and sneered, and a big brutal fellow, who was standing in the middle of the room, picked up a slipper, and shied it at the kneeling boy, calling him a sniveling young shaver. Then Tom saw the whole, and the next moment the boot he had just pulled off flew straight at the head of the bully, who had just time to throw up his arm and catch it on his elbow.

"Confound you, Brown, what's that for?" roared he, stamping with pain.

"Never mind what I mean," said Tom, stepping on to the floor, every drop of blood in his body tingling; "if any fellow wants the other boot, he knows how to get it."

The second part of Hughes' vision is implicit in most of the 19th century authors, but Brown makes it explicit, which is unique. Hughes places before us the vital connection between a belief in heroes and faith in the Hero-God. In doing this, he shows us the reason our European ancestors were able to see that Christ the Hero, whose reflection they saw in the faces of their warrior-hero gods, was the true Hero God.

And let us not be hard on him, if at that moment his soul is fuller of the tomb and him who lies there, than of the altar and Him of whom it speaks. Such stages have to be gone through, I believe, by all young and brave souls, who must win their way through hero-worship, to the worship of Him who is the King and Lord of heroes. For it is only through our mysterious human relationships, through the love and tenderness and purity of mothers, and sisters, and wives, through

the strength and courage and wisdom of fathers, and brothers, and teachers, that we can come to the knowledge of Him, in whom alone the love, and the tenderness, and the purity, and the strength, and the courage, and the wisdom of all these dwell forever and ever in perfect fullness.

And thirdly, Hughes sees, in contrast to virtually every other European of that era or subsequent eras, the limitations of Greek philosophy:

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

"I don't understand," said Tom.

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

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

"Why not the same thing?"

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

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

"How do you mean?" said Tom.

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

Robert Louis Stevenson

Robert Louis Stevenson is rightly revered for his *A Child's Garden of Verses*, *Treasure Island*, and *Kidnapped*. But the Stevenson canon contains much more. He was one of the greats, who was brought up to revere the third, 'higher' stage of existence, but who rejected it for the second, Christian-fairy tale stage of existence.

In *Ebb Tide*, we meet a man who has reconverted. He was a man of the mind, but he returns to Christian orthodoxy. It is significant that in the two movie versions of *Ebb Tide*, the Christian reconvertite is depicted as a madman. Why, of course. How could a man exposed to the wonders of the 'higher' religion of the mind return to a Crude Fairy Tale? But Attwater does reject the new faith. And his unflinching orthodoxy brings another sinner into the fold: "That's just the one thing wanted; just say, 'Lord, I believe, help Thou mine unbelief! And He'll fold you in His arms. You see, I know! I've been a sinner myself!'"

It doesn't matter whether a great poet comes from a Catholic or a Protestant background; he always sees that the Christian faith cannot be made into a philosophy. It must always be a faith, with God and the devil warring for the soul of man. Stevenson, in "Thrawn Janet," gives us a wonderful glimpse of the on-going war between God and the devil. And he makes it clear that a man who has one foot in the third stage of the 'higher' religion and one foot in the Christian stage cannot cope with the devil.

The Reverend Murdoch Soulis seemed like a good young man when he first came into Balweary, but he was "fu' o' book learnin' and grand at the exposition, but as was natural in sae young a man, wi' nae leevin' experience in religion... There was no doubt onyway, but that Mr. Soulis had been ower lang at the college."

Murdoch is not in the final stage when he comes to Balweary. He has only been flirting with it. When he encounters evil incarnate, he is driven back to orthodoxy.

"Witch, heldame, devil!" he cried, "I charge you by the power of God, begone — if you be dead, to the grave — if you be damned, to hell."

And for the rest of his life, the Rev. Murdoch Soulis never again flirted with the third stage of religion.

Ian Maclaren

In the 1890's two novels appeared that stand as a final testament to the faith of the European peoples. In *Beside the Bonnie Briar Bush* and its sequel, *The Days of Auld Lang Syne*, John Watson (pen name, Ian Maclaren) sets before us an image of Christ that is beyond creed, it is pure unadulterated vision. Our hearts burn within us when reading the Drumtochty novels, and we feel with absolute certainty that "this is Christianity and these people are the true Europeans."

Watson places us in the town of Drumtochty where there are two Presbyterian kirks, the Free Kirk and the established Kirk. But it is not Calvinism that dominates the hearts and minds of the people of Drumtochty. It is Christ. Before there was an Aquinas, before there was a Calvin, there was the Savior.

The town of Drumtochty is a bit of a throwback; there is no one in the town who has completely gone over to the third stage of religion. But there are some who are in danger. And they are brought back to the fold by other Drumtochtians who can see His blood on the bonnie brier bush. One such individual is the local Dominie who has made a whited sepulcher of the Greek classics. As his prize pupil lies dying, he realizes that it was the pupil who was the true teacher:

"Maister Jamieson, ye hae been a gude freend tae me, the best I ever hed aifter my mither and faither. Wull ye tak this buik for a keepsake o' yir grateful scholar? It's a Latin 'Imitation' Dominie, and it's bonnie printin'. Ye mind hoo ye gave me yir ain Virgil, and said he was a kind o' Pagan sanct. Noo here is my sanct, and div ye ken I've often thocht Virgil saw His day afar off, and was glad. Wull ye read it, Dominie, for my sake, and maybe ye 'ill come to see--" and George could not find words for more.

But Domsie understood. "Ma laddie, ma laddie, that I luve better than onythin' on earth, I'll read it till I die, and, George, I'll tell ye what livin' man does na ken. When I was your verra age I had a cruel trial, and ma heart was turned frae faith. The classics hae been my bible, though I said naethin' to ony man against Christ. He aye seemed beyond man, and noo the veesion o' Him has come to me in this gairden. Laddie, ye hae dune far mair for me than I ever did for you. Wull ye mak a prayer for yir auld dominie afore we part?"

There was a thrush singing in the birches and a sound of bees in the air, when George prayed in a low, soft voice, with a little break in it.

"Lord Jesus, remember my dear maister, for he's been a kind freend to me and mony a puir laddie in Drumtochty. Bind up his sair heart and give him licht at eventide, and may the maister and his scholars meet some mornin' where the schule never skails, in the kingdom o' oor Father."

Twice Domsie said Amen, and it seemed as the voice of another man, and then he kissed George upon the forehead; but what they said Marget did not wish to hear.

When he passed out at the garden gate, the westering sun was shining golden, and the face of Domsie was like unto that of a little child.

Yes, "like unto that of a little child." When the Europeans bent their knees to Christ they did so with the faith that was like unto that of a little child. It took centuries for them to become too adult and too intelligent to believe in a fairy story about a heroic God who was God and man.

Drumtochty gets into a man's soul. Once he's been exposed to the town, he can never really leave it. There is something about that town that is antithetical to those who stand poised between Christianity and the 'higher' stage. One young minister is in danger, when his dead Mother's words come back to him.

He had finished its last page with honest pride that afternoon, and had declaimed it, facing the southern window, with a success that amazed himself. His hope was that he might be kept humble, and not called to Edinburgh for at least two years; and now he lifted the sheets with fear. The brilliant opening, with its historical parallel, this review of modern thought reinforced by telling quotations, that trenchant criticism of old-fashioned views, would not deliver. For the audience had vanished, and left one careworn, but ever beautiful face, whose gentle eyes were waiting with a yearning look. Twice he crushed the sermon in his hands, and turned to the fire his aunt's care had kindled, and twice he repented and smoothed it out. What else could he say now to the people? and then in the stillness of the room he heard a voice, "Speak a gude word for Jesus Christ."

Next minute he was kneeling on the hearth, and pressing the magnum opus, that was to shake Drumtochty, into the heart of the red fire, and he saw, half-smiling and half-weeping, the impressive words, "Semitic environment," shrivel up and disappear.

As the last black flake fluttered out of sight, the face looked at him again, but this time the sweet brown eyes were full of peace.

It was no masterpiece, but only the crude production of a lad who knew little of letters and nothing of the world. Very likely it would have done neither harm nor good, but it was his best, and he gave it for love's sake, and I suppose that there is nothing in a human life so precious to God, neither clever words nor famous deeds, as the sacrifices of love.

The moon flooded his bedroom with silver light, and he felt the presence of his mother. His bed stood ghostly with its white curtains, and he remembered how every night his mother knelt by its side in prayer for him. He is a boy once more, and repeats the Lord's Prayer, then he cries again, "My mother! my mother!" and an indescribable contentment fills his heart.

These short glimpses of the 19th century counterattack do not do justice to the depth and breadth of the resistance. But they do reveal to us the essential touchstone of reality: Men and women of depth, when faced with the tragedy of existence (often brought home to them by satanic 'isms' such as capitalism and communism), return to a Christ-centered Christianity. The philosophical Christ, the theological Christ, is not sufficient. They instinctively know that they need a hero, not a sage. They need the God-Man. They knew it; we don't. That's why there is a chasm between our culture and the

19th century European culture. However, the chasm is not impassable. We simply need to recapture the same spirit as the early Europeans:

The Son of God goes forth to war  
A kingly crown to gain;  
His blood red banner streams afar:  
Who follows in His train? +

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### **Black Hell Continued... - SEPTEMBER 22, 2007**

Let's contrast two recent events: After the torture murders of Channon Christian and Christopher Newsom, we saw a few whites protest the torture-murders, and we saw a much larger group of blacks and whites protest the protest of the torture-murders. "Cry me a river," was the black response," and "We must understand black rage" was the white, post-Christian response. I even think the Pope and Billy Graham immediately called for the pardon of the black torture-murderers. (They didn't? How did they miss that one?)

Now let's segue to the conviction of one (of seven, not six) black "youth" for the attempted murder of a white boy. The rough-tough black boys picked the smallest white boy in the school, knocked him unconscious (from behind, of course), and kicked and beat him in an attempt to kill him.

When an all-white jury convicted one of the angelic blacks of attempted murder, the barbarians of color were outraged, so of course a higher court overturned the conviction. But that cowardly, immoral capitulation was not enough for the black barbarians. They still marched because the black "youth" was still in custody (the only one not out on bail) and also because they wanted to "send a message." And they marched in the thousands while white commentators spewed yellow spinal fluid all over the streets of Jena and the newsrooms of America in their rush to present, with professional acumen and sterling integrity, the heartfelt anger of the black barbarians. One crowning moment of white cowardice came when someone who appeared to be a white clergyman (who else?) screamed, "Please send this boy home to his family."

No, that can never happen, because spawn of Satan do not have 'family.' Only the race of people whom the post-Christian whites have betrayed have a sense of family. All other races have tribal members.

This Haitian-style darkness descending (not so slowly) over Europe and America makes all the blood-splattering horror pictures look tame. White people should drive a stake through the heart of the collective legions of Satan. However, in order to do that, white people would have to believe in good and evil, and unfortunately they have gone 'beyond' good and evil; they have entered that land of pure mind, devoid of spirit and blood.

But what if evil is an objective reality? Will their denial of it make evil non-existent? The white post-Christians' flight from reality has created a virtual kingdom of Satan on earth. It appears that nothing will make the anti-white white see that he lives in Hell. And those "friends" of his, greedily encircling him with cannibalistic glee, are not little black angels, but Satan's minions. +

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### **Why the White Man Can Go Home Again - SEPTEMBER 16, 2007**

It is clear that white Europeans no longer believe what white European pagans once believed, nor what white European Christians once believed. This is why they are helpless in the face of the "passionate intensity" of the barbarians of color. The barbarians still believe in barbarism.

The white man's history includes three cultures: the pagan Greco-Roman culture, the Christian culture, and the post-Christian culture. If he were totally pagan or totally Christian, the white man could easily resist the colored hordes. But the post-Christian has taken parts of paganism and parts of Christianity and welded them into a faithless faith inferior to paganism and infinitely inferior to Christianity. Let us look at the three faiths.

Neither the pagan nor the Christian share the post-Christian's notion of progress. The post-Christian, having jettisoned his belief in the Second Coming, looks forward to a secular, earthly, democratic kingdom of God without God. Each successive generation progresses until the final generation achieves... What do they achieve? They have progressed. Isn't that enough?

In contrast, the Greek pagan looks not to the future but to the past. In the past is the Golden Age, which will come again because of the natural cycle of history: birth, youth, maturity, and death. Spengler, despite his encyclopedic knowledge (or maybe because of it), shares the pagan view of history with the Greeks.

The Christian, like the post-Christian, also looks to the future, but the Christian does not believe in the generic perfectibility of mankind. He believes in the personal sanctification of individuals acting within history, but his faith in the future is based on his belief in the Second Coming of the Lord of History.

The Greek-pagan view of history requires the least amount of faith, which is probably why it appealed so much to Spengler. The elements of birth, youth, maturity, and death can be seen in every civilization, while the idea that mankind is becoming perfect is ludicrous to anyone with the slightest touch of objectivity, and the Second Coming of Christ has not yet occurred. I stand with the Christians, but there is no sense in denying that from a purely Spenglerian, Greek perspective, the Christian view of history is nonsense.

As we might suspect, cultures that differ so widely in their views of history also differ on the subject of God. The Greek pagan gods are cruel (and Prometheus defies them in the name of humanity), but the Greeks found an escape valve in philosophy. If the human mind can systematize and categorize the entire natural world, from which, according to the Greek mind, God emanates, has not the mind of man become God, since that mind can encompass God?

It is this aspect of paganism, which limits God to the confines of the natural world and deifies the mind of man, that the post-Christian has adopted as his own philosophy. And he has grafted that philosophy onto a secularized, eschatological system which measures man's progress by the amount of knowledge he has accumulated about the natural world. This is why scientific thinking is considered the only real thinking in our post-Christian society.

Of course, the profound difference between the Greek and the Christian is their view of God's humanity. The incarnate Christian God is Promethean in that He loves mankind. But instead of stealing fire from the cruel nature gods, He frees us from the nature gods by triumphing over them. Through His birth, death, and resurrection, He defeats the cyclic nature of the pagan system.

So why, we need to ask, do we need the Greek philosophical escape valve if Christ has defeated the cruel gods of nature? The answer is that post-Christians do not believe Christ has defeated the nature gods. They find it too difficult to believe that all human history could hinge on something that cannot be known with certainty by any empirical, scientific test.

The entire European philosophical and theological system is, in my judgment, an attempt to give mankind the scientific certainty that Christ is the Promethean conqueror of the cruel nature gods. That effort reaches its zenith with St. Thomas's historic separation of nature from grace, which paved the way for Teilhard de Chardin and the post-Christian epoch of the white man's history.

The attempt to scientize God, to make Him subservient to a naturalized system that can be controlled by man, is the original temptation to which Adam and Eve succumbed. And the Europeans' descent from Christianity to a pagan-Christian mix was equivalent to a second fall. European civilization was not paradise in the literal sense, but it was paradise in that the incarnate God made Himself available to every European willing to abandon the search for the magic, scientific talisman and walk through the mystic wardrobe door.

The second fall, the Europeans' fall, seems to be irrevocable. But it is only irrevocable if we look at history through the eyes of the Greek, and if we look at God through the eyes of the post-Christian. If we look at history and at God with the eyes of a Christian, we will know there is no distinction between the practical world of nature and the world of grace. There is only His realm of charity and the realm of Satan. Every act that supports His reign of charity, no matter how quixotic it seems, is of vital importance. Europeans used to believe this. That is why they were able to defeat barbarians time and time again, and why they are so helpless before them now. It is not science, that false messiah, which will save European man, it is the suffering servant who cannot be seen, heard, or comprehended by the scientific, theological, or philosophical mind.

There are no white men, no women, no children and no nations in the hybrid, pagan-Christian world of pure mind. But that world does not have to be our world. We can reject it.

Let me speak now with the privilege of anger that Kent claimed in *King Lear*. Why should we countenance and even revere those who have offered us a magic Greek talisman instead of Christ? By what right does Augustine, Aquinas, or any of those deceivers speak to a man of flesh and blood, a man who must die? Revelation ends with Christ and theology with St. Paul. St. Paul's way, the way of charity, the way of sympathetic communion with the God who speaks to the hearts of men, is the European way, the only way to God.

European man was distinct because he was foolish. He believed a fairy tale about a heroic God Man rather than the meditations of the great philosophers. And every Christian heretic since that glorious rejection has been trying to convince European man that the fairy tale is simply too foolish to be believed. But in many fairy tales there is some kind of magic



cloak which the hero places over himself that confers invisibility or invincibility or something else that is beneficial to him yet baffling to his enemies. So let us put on Christ's burial shroud with the sure and certain hope that it will not stink of death and decay but smell like the flowers growing in the Kingdom of Heaven.

Oh, to be young and foolish again. To believe, not as the pagans believed, nor as the post-Christians now believe, but as St. John believed, as St. Paul believed, and the European Everyman believed. 'Tis a consummation devoutly to be wished. +

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### **Fairy Tale Apologetics - SEPTEMBER 09, 2007**

"What I am concerned with is our apologetics, and that great work of apologetic, some day to be written, which shall suggest to the reader that in approaching Christian theology he is approaching something that is alive, not a series of diagrams. The hardest part of the author's task, as I see it, will be to introduce some human element into natural theology; to prove that God is, and what God is, not merely with the effect of intellectual satisfaction, but with a glow of assent that springs from the whole being: "Did not our hearts burn within us when He talked to us by the way?"

– Ronald Knox

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I quote Knox because I think his assessment is correct. I have had further proof of his correctness after seeing a book by Peter Kreeft, called *Handbook of Christian Apologetics*, which is lousy with charts and diagrams. Ugh. That type of apologetics, also championed by F. J. Sheed and Arnold Lunn, must be kept on a small shelf in the church basement. When given too prominent a place, such over-intellectualizing of Christianity can send the potential convert into a downward spiral, ending in the Slough of Despair.

I think Knox would have approved of a new apologetics that is a very old form of apologetics: the apologetics of our Lord. His apologetics consisted of a story about a hero (our Lord was the star of His story), woven around dogmas that were illustrated by stories.

Why does the use of stories and parables mark a work as inferior apologetics and lacking in serious moral purpose? In Catholic circles such a work is labeled "natural" and thus inferior to the supernatural works of the Doctors of Theology. But by such a standard, the Gospels would be considered inferior apologetics, and Christ a second-rate theologian.

The false assumption of the Catholic apologist is that reason alone stands unpolluted by original sin. This is false. Our reasoning faculty is not less tainted than our intuitive or our imaginative faculties. It is by incorporating all our faculties into a vision that we can overcome the taint of original sin enough to say that now we at least "see through a glass darkly."

The new apologetics then must be like the old apologetics, showing us a vision of the true God through the use of parable, story, and the image of the hero. When the central dogma of Christ incarnate, Christ crucified, Christ risen is still strongly present in the consciousness of the reader, the story of the Christ-like hero (such as Zorro or the Scarlet Pimpernel) is sufficient without the dogma. But when the central dogma of Western civilization has receded from the consciousness of men, the dogma must be more explicit. C. S. Lewis, in his *Chronicles of Narnia* series, gives us the new-old apologetics for the 21st century. He makes explicit what writers such as Kenneth Grahame, Charles Dickens, Walter Scott, and John Buchan had said implicitly.

There will be many who will quarrel over the artistic merits of a work of literature that makes such an explicit case for the Christian Faith. But such individuals do not understand that all art is religious. There is no such thing as a work of art without a religious vision. The vision is the work of art. What makes a work of art didactic in the pejorative sense is the nature of the religious vision conveyed. Frances Hodgson Burnett's novel, *The Secret Garden*, isn't offensive because she writes about God; her novel is offensive because her god is a pantheistic, Buddha-type god.

Catholics are particularly hostile to the new apologetics. The reason Tolkien thought Narnia childish and vulgar was because he was raised in the "old" Catholic school (which was, of course, really a very modern school), which taught that art and religion were in separate categories, the one in the natural order and the other in the supernatural order. But that is a false division. God does not only exist on the Mt. Sinai of the theologians, nor should apologetics be left only to the professionals.

C. S. Lewis was a pioneer in the field of apologetics. After discovering the limitations of the more traditional apologetics, which he did quite well, he wrote his great work of apologetics in *Narnia*. He broke through the Thomistic separation of the natural and the supernatural and told us a really true fairy tale, of how we can learn to love God in this world and live happily ever after with Him in the next. He kept it simple for the peasants like me, without compromising the dogma.

There is nothing written in stone that says apologetics must be dull, mathematical, unmetaphorical, unimaginative, and unintelligible. The use of parables and stories in one's apologetics should not disqualify a work from the ranks of "serious" apologetics. In fact, it is my contention that a really effective apologia for the Faith should incorporate the heroic fairy-tale traditions of Europe and the Gospels. And because our current anti-civilization does not consciously recognize the central dogma of our old civilization, the new apologetics will make it clear for whom the cross on the knight's breastplate stands.

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## The American Dichotomy - SEPTEMBER 09, 2007

America is the only country, formed by Europeans, which was founded on a false utopian idea. Other countries, like France, sought to replace a traditional government with a utopian one, but they did have traditions and customs prior to their new order.

But even Americans, despite their ignoble, godless constitution, could not eradicate all European beliefs and customs from their lives in one short generation or even in one hundred years. Thus, there is always a great dichotomy in the American people. There are many great individuals walking through our history, individuals like Nathan Bedford Forrest and Robert E. Lee, men who responded to the European in their souls. And there are many demonic individuals, such as Lincoln and FDR, who responded to the utopian ideals of our false nation.

The American writers whom I would label 'great' all follow Melville's lead when he said in Redburn, "All Americans are spiritually European."

### Melville

For me Melville's greatness lies in his discomfort with unbelief. He is not Ishmael, who sells out Christianity for thirty pieces of silver and then sleeps quite well. Melville is more akin to Ahab, uncomfortable with unbelief but unable to reconcile the concept of a loving god with the unloving, created world. Ahab goes mad, but Melville keeps nobly on. Although thoroughly versed in the classics, it is the Biblical that inspires Melville. His work is full of fiery prophets with the mark of the Old Testament on them. And in the early and middle works, such as *Mardi*, *Moby Dick*, *Pierre*, *The Confidence Man*, and *Bartleby*, Melville is very much the raging, angry prophet. But his jeremiads give way to Isaiah in "Clarel" and in Billy Budd.

Read Melville's work. Was ever a man more organically steeped in Old Testament lore? And where did that Old Testament take him? To the New Testament and to Him.

### Billy in the Darbies

Good of the Chaplain to enter Lone Bay  
And down on his marrow-bones here and pray  
For the likes just o' me, Billy Budd.--But look:  
Through the port comes the moon-shine astray!  
It tips the guard's cutlass and silvers this nook;  
But 'twill die in the dawning of Billy's last day.  
A jewel-block they'll make of me to-morrow,  
Pendant pearl from the yard-arm-end  
Like the ear-drop I gave to Bristol Molly--  
O, 'tis me, not the sentence they'll suspend.  
Ay, Ay, Ay, all is up; and I must up to  
Early in the morning, aloft from alow.  
On an empty stomach, now, never it would do.  
They'll give me a nibble--bit o' biscuit ere I go.  
Sure, a messmate will reach me the last parting cup;  
But, turning heads away from the hoist and the belay,  
Heaven knows who will have the running of me up!  
No pipe to those halyards.--But aren't it all sham?  
A blur's in my eyes; it is dreaming that I am.  
A hatchet to my hawser? all adrift to go?  
The drum roll to grog, and Billy never know?  
But Donald he has promised to stand by the plank;  
So I'll shake a friendly hand ere I sink.  
But--no! It is dead then I'll be, come to think.  
I remember Taff the Welshman when he sank.  
And his cheek it was like the budding pink.  
But me they'll lash me in hammock, drop me deep.

Fathoms down, fathoms down, how I'll dream fast asleep.  
I feel it stealing now. Sentry, are you there?  
Just ease this darbies at the wrist, and roll me over fair,  
I am sleepy, and the oozy weeds about me twist.

And in "Clarel":

But Faith (who from the scrawl indignant turns)  
With blood warm oozing from her wounded trust,  
Inscribes even on her shards of broken urns  
The sign o' the cross -- the spirit above the dust!

Yea, ape and angel, strife and old debate--  
The harps of heaven and dreary gongs of hell;  
Science the feud can only aggravate--  
No umpire she betwixt the chimes and knell:  
The running battle of the star and clod  
Shall run forever--if there be no God.

Degrees we know, unknown in days before;  
The light is greater, hence the shadow more;  
And tantalized and apprehensive Man  
Appealing--Wherefore ripen us to pain?  
Seems there the spokesman of dumb Nature's train.

But through such strange illusions have they passed  
Who in life's pilgrimage have baffled striven--  
Even death may prove unreal at the last,  
And stoics be astounded into heaven.

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

Melville's work is a rich tapestry that must be studied and looked at in its entirety. If you only have read *Moby Dick*, you will not see the whole vision. *Moby Dick* leads to "Clarel" and to *Billy Budd*.

Hawthorne

Some writers write in affirmation of their countries' values and traditions. And if one's country's traditions and values are good, a writer should write in affirmation of them. Hawthorne lived in Puritan New England, and he wrote in opposition. But the man was gentle. He wrote with love of his people, while condemning the excesses of their creed.

*The House of the Seven Gables* is my favorite Hawthorne novel, but it is the short stories, in their totality, that make me a Hawthorne devotee. In these stories, "Rappaccini's Daughter," "Dr. Heidegger's Experiment," and "Ethan Brand" being representative, Hawthorne masterfully lies bare the anti-Christian heresy that can so easily co-opt Christian societies – the pride of intellect, no less subversive or benign when it is pride of one's knowledge of heavenly things. The Puritans, in imitation of the Pharisees who were so proud of their knowledge of the sacred laws that they couldn't recognize the Author of the laws, cut themselves off from God by severing their link with His sacred humanity. With confidence in their own election, they felt free to ignore the human heart, their link to His sacred heart.

Hawthorne didn't realize it at the time, but he also described the process by which the Catholic Church was divesting itself from God. "We have the documents, we have the correct theology, what need have we of humanity?"

Pulp Westerns

The pulp Westerns of the early 1900's, up through the 1950's, were generally not what one would describe as literature; they were formulaic and repetitive like the B-Western movies, but like the B-Western movies, the Western pulp novels were better than the pretentious, artsy literature of moral eunuchs like Flaubert and Sinclair Lewis. I read a great deal of the pulp Westerns as a boy, and I expected and wanted to read basically the same story over and over again: A tough, rugged cowboy fights successfully for the good against the miserable, bad guys.

Some Western writers took the basic pulp novel formula and elevated it to a higher level. Jack Schaefer's novel *Shane* is an example. Schaefer's work stands as one of the greatest novels of the 20th century. Johnston McCulley, the bulk of whose work could be classified as first-class pulp, wrote one novel that stands, like *Shane*, as a great work of literature. That novel is, of course, *Zorro*.

Then there is Owen Wister. His novel, *The Virginian*, is certainly a great work of literature, even though he follows the pulp novel formula.

And finally I should mention Zane Grey. Until Louis L'Amour, whose early novels are decent pulp, came along, Zane Grey was the undisputed King of the Western novel. His work is much better than L'Amour's. Grey's heroes are Christian knights, while L'Amour's are virtuous Romans. My favorite Grey novels (although I certainly haven't read all of them) are *Riders of the Purple Sage* and *The Mysterious Rider*. In both, Grey very convincingly displays male heroes whose fierceness stems from an overwhelming gentleness. They fight because they love much. And such chivalry! Grey's counterpart in England, P. C. Wren, would have approved.

"Collie, listen," said the old rancher, in deep and trembling tones. "When a man's dead, what he's been comes to us with startlin' truth. Wade was the whitest man I ever knew. He had a queer idee—a twist in his mind—an' it was thet his steps were bent toward hell. He imagined thet everywhere he traveled there he fetched hell. But he was wrong. His own trouble led him to the trouble of others. He saw through life. An' he was as big in his hope for the good as he was terrible in his dealin' with the bad. I never saw his like... He loved you, Collie, better than you ever knew. Better than Jack, or Wils, or me! You know what the Bible says about him who gives his life fer his friend. Wal, Wade was my friend, an' Jack's, only we never could see!... An' he was Wils's friend. An' to you he must have been more than words can tell..."

--from *The Mysterious Rider*

#### The Southern Writers

The winners write history and also determine what the "good books" are. So outside of Faulkner, I did not have much exposure to the Southern novelists until I was in my twenties, and then I got a chance to read Stark Young, Caroline Gordon, and some of the other lesser known Southern writers. I like the so-called (but not in my estimation) lesser writers better than Faulkner. He, like Conrad, has one foot in the modern world and one foot in the old. I prefer the writers who are thoroughly in the old world, in writing style as well as in spirit.

Which is why my favorite Southern novel is Stark Young's *So Red the Rose*. The novel's theme is unabashedly anti-modern.

A strong and definite professor from a New Jersey foundation for girls in the handicrafts (who had struck Natchez, Agnes McGehee said, only because he had read of the Mississippi steamboats and the fantastic scene of them) was at pains one day to explain to them—he had been brought out to Montrose by Colonel Harrod—how false the reality was compared to the ideal that Southern people claimed for their way of life. "The fact is," said the professor, "it never existed, but Southerners are already busy creating a romantic Old South."

"But," Hugh said, "the point does not turn on whether some old fool of a colonel—or some scatter-brained old lady—is what we think he is—or she is. No, no. The point turns on what we believe in and desire, and want to find embodied somewhere, even in them."

"Whether it is or not," said the professor.

"That's incidental."

"It's romance," said the professor.

"Very well. Then the point is: not what the colonel is, being Southern, but what he would be if he were not Southern."

The professor regarded this remark as mere bombast. He had not been invited to Montrose, but had felt free to call because he was collecting statistics. Collecting statistics was already a new kind of entre. Nobody in the county had heard of statistics, before, but the Negroes were very much impressed. They welcomed investigation so heartily that what had at first seemed to the professor a gold mine of data began to irk him as excessively African detail, as communicative as it was imagined.

-- from *So Red the Rose*

I should also quote a passage from Caroline Gordon's *None Shall Look Back* – it is one of my favorite 'white' moments:

Rives looked and saw that the door of one of the red-brick houses on the square had opened. A slender woman dressed in black was coming down the path. She had a handkerchief in one hand. A silver spoon glinted in the other. She was coming straight up to the General. Rives heard her voice, low but distinct: "General Forrest, will you back your horse for me?"

The cavalry commander looked down, startled, then lifted his hat and obediently pulled on the reins. The horse, a powerful gray, took two steps backward. The women bent over and with the silver spoon scooped up some of the earth on which the charger's hoof had rested and put it in the handkerchief, then without a word to the General she walked back up the path, the laden handkerchief clutched in her hand.

The crowd cheered tumultuously and cried, "Forrest! Forrest!"

Forrest was riding toward them. His hat was still off, a lock of black hair had fallen across his forehead. His expression was stern then as if he had just realized what the woman's action meant; he smiled and held up his hand for quiet. The people, he said, must go to their homes. The town was safe, the Yankees would not get it again but the soldiers still had work to do; the detachment of infantry across Stone's River was yet to be dealt with. He let his hand sink to his side. His face resumed its usual stern expression. He was riding off through the crowd, his escort pressing close behind.

The crowd began to disperse. Here and there torches were extinguished. Those that were left flickered palely as the morning light grew. People started and looked at one another when from behind the courthouse a single shot rang out.

Rives, standing with the others, drew in deep breaths of the cool air. He had seen a man led off to die, had just heard the shot that killed him. He knew that he himself would not be standing here in this fresh morning light if the Confederates had not captured the town and his eyes followed the towering figure on the gray horse till it was lost in the crowd. +

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### **Uncle Wiggly: An Appreciation - SEPTEMBER 09, 2007**

Uncle Wiggly is a rabbit gentleman obsessed with adventure, but he has peculiar ideas about what an adventure entails. In Uncle Wiggly's mind, adventure means charity. He is always looking for some human or some animal who needs his help. And help is what Uncle Wiggly almost always provides.

In the story of "Uncle Wiggly and the Poor Dog," he finds a place for a poor dog to live, and in the story of "Uncle Wiggly's Christmas," he helps two human boys have a merry Christmas. He is truly Pickwickian in his indefatigable efforts on behalf of those who need a champion, which makes me suspect the old rabbit gentleman and Mr. Pickwick were acquainted.

In fact, I know they were acquainted, through a mutual friend, the same friend who made blind men see and cripples walk. And that is really what distinguishes the great literature of the West (almost all of which in the 20th century is confined to the category of "children's literature") from the literature of the rest of the world. There is that unmistakable and unique presence in the truly European stories which makes one appreciate the sacredness of the European hearth. +

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### **The Flaw in the "Tragic Flaw" Theory - SEPTEMBER 09, 2007**

Flannery O'Connor once remarked that literary critics were the ones who most often failed to understand her works. That goes double for Shakespeare's works.

One of the critics' biggest errors, as regards Shakespeare, is their attempt to apply Aristotle's 'tragic flaw' theory to his plays. The 'tragic flaw' theory, simply put, is that the protagonist in a tragedy always brings on his own downfall by some tragic flaw.

Using that criterion, the critic can assume an elevated height above the protagonist, psychoanalyze him, and thus avoid any meaningful reaction to the play or to existence.

But the tragic flaw theory is pure rot. Yes, many of Shakespeare's protagonists have tragic flaws, such as Timon and Lear, but others, such as Antony, Hamlet, and Coriolanus, are the noblest characters in the play. It is their nobility, rather than their flaws, that bring them down. And even in the play of *King Lear*, when the title character does possess that Aristotelian tragic flaw, one can find no tragic flaw in Cordelia; one finds only sublime beauty and nobility of soul in her.

Literary critics and Catholic theologians love to use the Greek structures because things are a lot simpler when using the Greek syllogisms. But even the Greek poets are too complex for the Greek structures. So how can one expect to fit the even more complex Christian poets, like Shakespeare, into the Greek molds? Well, I suppose you can do anything you want, if you want merely to be an academic bystander and not enter the real playing field of existence, but then, please stick to potted plants and computers and leave Shakespeare alone. +

## **Never the Twain Shall Meet - SEPTEMBER 02, 2007**

The Michael Vick dog-fighting scandal highlights the extreme differences between the barbarian cultures of color and the white post-Christian culture. The white post-Christians have, for the last fifty years or so, been the criminally indulgent parents of their adopted black man-child. If Blacky got in trouble for raping white women and murdering white men, the indulgent parents excused Blacky, because they understood the horrible nightmares, caused by white people, that made Blacky commit the wayward acts. So, Blacky grows up believing that whatever he does, no matter how heinous, will be, if not countenanced, then at least tolerated by his white parents.

"So why," the confused, angry Blacky asks, "Are my parents so harsh with me over this dog-fighting nonsense?" And of course Blacky cannot be expected to understand the white post-Christian; their world is not his world. Blacky does not feel any need for a humane God; he needs only a powerful God. Whether he professes Christianity, Islam, or Voodoo, the god he worships is always a god of power who can be propitiated through sacrifice. There is no God of mercy in his racial memory bank.

The white post-Christian, however, does have a God of mercy in his racial memory bank, although his mind will not accept the preposterous notion of an incarnate God. And yet the post-Christian retains an incredible longing for a merciful God, so he soothes his longing for that God by making a religion out of some of the merciful derivatives of the antique faith. Such a derivative is a respect and affection for God's creatures. It is very touching to read about how fond that most Christian of authors, Walter Scott, was of his pet cat and pet dog. He loved them in a way no barbarian could possibly understand. But Scott's love for animals was not an unacknowledged derivative of his love for the God-Man; he understood the connection. The modern post-Christian does not.

So of course Blacky is confused, hurt, and angry. His white parents are behaving, as he sees it, irrationally. And Blacky is right about that. It is irrational to hold on to the derivatives of a faith once you have rejected the main tenets of that faith. But Blacky's failure to understand his post-Christian parents' abhorrence of dog-fighting is just one more example of why blacks and whites should not mix. +

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## **War Means Fighting and Fighting Means Killing - SEPTEMBER 02, 2007**

When reading the proclamations of La Raza and viewing their demonstrations in which they display severed heads, in effigy, of whites, I think of the words of the old B-Western cowboy hero, Wild Bill Elliot: "I'm normally a peaceable man, but..."

And of course that "but" meant "there are some things a man can't ride around."

I love the real Walt Disney. He cast a wonderful bouquet of flowers on my childhood, but his generous white soul cast a false picture, in *The Three Caballeros*, of fun-loving Mexicans south of the border. They are not so fun-loving, unless you call carving up white people "fun."

One thinks of the old ditty, which I'll paraphrase:

Whitey thinks it wrong to fight,  
But La Raza thinks it's fun and right.

If only one side fights a war, I don't think we need a military strategist to tell us who the winner will be. +

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## **A Cross Can Be a Beautiful Thing - AUGUST 22, 2007**

Ever since my third oldest son was knee-high to that old grasshopper, he has always wanted to know, whenever I showed a movie to the family, "Who is the hero?" It did my heart good when he asked that question, because I knew that a child with a thirst for heroes was heading in the right direction. And my son did not disappoint me. He has stayed with Walter Scott and P. C. Wren as he entered his teens.

Unfortunately the modern world is very much against heroes in general and against the particular heroes of my son. Why? Because my son's heroes are all knights of Christendom. Some might wear cowboy boots and a white hat instead of armor, but they are all heirs of King Arthur.

When conservatives talk about how we are turning the corner and winning the battle for the hearts of our young, I usually have to fight back the urge to vomit. American popular theater is the movies, and the type of movie hero that our young people pay money to see is not a Christian hero. This does not bode well for our already sick-beyond-belief nation, because only a hero can save us. But if we have lost our appetite for, and our belief in, genuine heroes, then it is quite probable if a true hero did emerge he would be rejected like the one who stands as the ultimate hero of Western culture. As Andrew Lytle tells us, "The hero's most perfect image is, of course, Christ, the man-God."

There are two types of heroes who appear in the modern movie, and neither is a Christian hero. The first type is the sensitive, politically correct man that emerged in the 1960s. He saves whales, fights racism and sexism, goes to sensitivity seminars, and has had a vasectomy. But the new liberal hero is a very dull bird. For the sake of the box office, he has been modified.

The second type of hero is the pagan-liberal. Liberals will allow Joe Sixpack to watch white men do some heroic punching, shooting, and derring-do under one or all of the following conditions:

- 1) The white hero must be fighting against politically incorrect bad guys such as Nazis (always popular), Klansmen, Southern sheriffs, sexists, Indian fighters, or fundamentalist Christians. Harrison Ford's character in *Raiders of the Lost Ark* is an example of a hero from that genre.
- 2) The white hero must have a black best friend who accompanies him and shares in the heroic deed-doing. Chuck Norris' *Texas Ranger* T.V. series and the older *Magnum P.I.* series are examples.
- 3) The white hero must have a female partner who is not feminine and who equals if not surpasses the male hero in every aspect of heroism. Fill in whatever movie you want in this category for they are legion.

The movies with white male heroes are few enough. And when the few ones that do have white male heroes depict them as defenders of Liberaldom, the result is not good for the individual viewer or for society as a whole. Contrary to what the "We-are-turning-the-corner" conservatives say, you cannot have a public theater that glorifies only liberal heroes and expect conservative Christian principles to prevail.

I hold to the view that Christendom officially ended after the reign of Charles of Austria of the House of Hapsburg; Christendom had been declining for some time, but it officially ended then. However, remnants of a Christian worldview still survived in Europe and in this country until the 1960s.

Our own popular theater offers proof of the survival of some Christian instincts after the demise of Christendom and before 1965. Looking specifically at the Christian hero, one can see that Hollywood was not so dominated by liberal themes back then as it is now. Consider some of the movies that were once mainstream, popular movies: *Cyrano de Bergerac* (1950), *Shane* (1953), *High Noon* (1952), *Ivanhoe* (1952), *The Quiet Man* (1952), *Stagecoach* (1939), *The Garden of Evil* (1954), *Gunga Din* (1939), *The Lives of a Bengal Lancer* (1935), *Beau Geste* (1939), *The Fighting O'Flynn* (1949), and the list goes on and on. What is distinctive in all of the movies listed, and hundreds of others from 1930 through 1965, is that the hero either implicitly or explicitly supports a Christian world view. True, *Shane* doesn't sermonize, but it is clear when he is advising Bob to grow up clean and straight, he is not advising him to grow up and become a Tibetan monk or a psychologist.

And in some of the movies, the hero makes it explicit. I must call your attention to a remarkable movie that features the actor who most often played a Christian knight – Gary Cooper. The movie I refer to is *The Garden of Evil*. Gary Cooper plays a former sheriff who finds himself in a bar in a no-where town in Central America. Enter a damsel in distress. Her husband is trapped in a mine shaft somewhere, surrounded by hostile Indians. She will pay a lot of money (it's a gold mine) to any man willing to help her rescue her husband. An assortment of no-goods and half-goods accompany her. We gradually find out that one, Gary Cooper, has not gone along for the money. We find out his real reasons for going, when late in the picture the wife, now a widow, looks for some reason why her husband was placed on a cross to be tortured to death by the Indians. I'm skipping much of the plot, but suffice it to say that Gary Cooper, without growing a halo and without excessive sentimentality, tells her, "A cross isn't always an ugly thing; it can be a beautiful thing. We all have one."

A simple 1950s pot-boiler? I don't think so. In the movie, Gary Cooper's character rose to heroic heights to which no modern movie hero could every come close. The heroes that inspire us, the stories we tell, are the real test of how our society stands. And our society doesn't stand; it wallows. Until we have heroes that once again see beauty on a cross, we will continue to wallow. +

## Hitler Revisited - AUGUST 22, 2007

If made-for-T.V. movies and documentaries are any indication of the public's interest and fascination with a subject, then Adolph Hitler is the subject liberals are most fascinated with. Seldom does a week go by without some special on the Führer. Yet for all their fascination with Hitler, the liberals have no understanding of his life or of what he represents.

It used to strike me as strange that the liberals had so little understanding of Hitler, but then I realized that in order for the liberals to understand him and the Nazi phenomenon, they would have to examine their own metaphysic. This they dare not do, because their metaphysic, although diverging at a fork in the road, emanates from the same city as Hitler's metaphysic.

Hitler was not some alien monster from outer space, nor was he a gangster like Stalin or a barbarian like Idi Amin. Hitler was a pagan, as Julian the Apostate was a pagan. Hitler was raised by a devout Catholic mother and an indifferent Catholic father. His childhood was not an unhappy one, but the Christian vision did not inspire him. In this he was not unlike other Austrian and German youths of the early 1900s – Christianity did not inspire them either.

"If men will not have a religion of Christ," William Blake told us, "they will have a religion of Satan." Hitler chose one of Satan's religions for his own, much like his fellow apostate countrymen. The only difference between the apostate Hitler and his apostate countrymen was that he was totally devoted to his new religion, while most of them were indifferent apostates. Hitler chose, like Nietzsche and Wagner (whom he adored), the religion of the ancient Greeks. Of course I don't mean he literally adopted the entire Greek pantheon of gods as his own, but that he adopted pagan naturalism as his own. He sought a return to the gods of the hunt, the field, and the stream. Hitler believed that Christianity had emasculated the German people, and that he, Adolph Hitler, could bring them back to their former glory. This is a very old heresy; the previously-mentioned Julian the Apostate wanted to do the same thing for the Roman empire, namely, restore the empire to its pre-Christian, glory days.

Is this, then, the reason the liberals hate Hitler? Because he wanted to destroy Christianity? Of course not. The liberals also want to destroy Christianity. Do they hate him because he killed a great number of people? No, they do not hate him for that reason either. Stalin and Mao Tse-tung killed more people than Hitler, and the liberals do not hate them. In addition, the liberals have killed more people than Stalin and Mao by way of legalized abortion. So, a little blood for a great cause does not appall the liberals. What does appall them is an anti-Christian ideology that opposes their own anti-Christian ideology. Hitler and the liberals are fighting cousins. What the liberals object to in Hitler is his preference for the racial myth over the liberals' egalitarian, universalist myth.

I think Hitler failed because he did not understand the European people. You can sway most, if not all, non-white cultures by simply appealing to their lust for power. "Follow me and I'll make our race the dominant race in the world," says the non-white demagogue. But white people need something more to inspire them. The pagan Europeans who conquered Rome had power; they had the world in their hands and they found it lacking in substance. They needed something more. And they found something more in the God-Man.

Hitler couldn't mobilize enough European support because he failed to frame his heresy in the form that Europeans were used to. The democratic heresy and the Marxist heresy, because they were post-Christian heresies, were more appealing to the bulk of the European people. So the post-Christian democracies joined with the post-Christian communists to defeat Hitler.

Personally, I prefer the manliness of Hitler's victory-or-death paganism to Stalin's and Roosevelt's slimy universalism, but that, for a Christian, is not really the point. A Christian is not permitted to choose the lesser of two evils. The proper Christian response during World War II should have consisted of a two-front war, against Russian communism (and its twin sister, American democracy) on the one front, and against Hitler's paganism on the other front. But two-front wars are difficult; only a resolute Christian warrior can maintain such a war. We all tend to pick the lesser of two evils and join in with the more congenial devil. But Christians should know better. In the pre-war days of Hitler's era, the historical record shows that the upper ranks of the pro-monarchy, Austrian-German nobility did know better. They opposed Hitler and the Marxists. (It seems there is some advantage to having a European cultural education that includes more than the catechism. After all, Hitler knew his catechism.)

It is something that gives one pause, this very human tendency to make a pact with the lesser devil. I've never seen it work. The Christian Democratic parties in Latin America and Europe are a disgrace, and I needn't mention the slimy, now largely defunct Christian Coalition in our own country. It is much better to go down fighting a large group of anti-Christian enemies arrayed against you than to be stabbed in the back by a coalition member who suddenly, on the day of battle, decides he hates you more than his other enemy. Or better yet, when one's prayers are pure, because they are not soiled by the desire to please unbelievers, perhaps God will give the victory to the few. Who knows? It's happened before.



Are we now too far afield from the late Führer of the Third Reich? I think not. Hitler is a man we dare not make common cause with, but let us not be deceived into thinking his enemies are creatures of light. They reside in the same city as Hitler – the City of Man-without-God. The Marxist and the Americanist are moving toward a secularized Zion; their eschatology is similar to Christianity except (and the exception is everything) for the absence of Christ. And Hitler bids us return to the *Sturm und Drang* of paganism.

Hitler seems like the lesser of two evils because, after all, at least in paganism there is a reverence for nature and for something outside of man. Yes, but we must realize that Hitler's paganism, was a post-Christian paganism. The ancient pagan was stuck with paganism until the God-Man came to destroy the pagan gods. Hitler chose the pagan gods over Christ. That is a crucial distinction which we should always have before us. Hitler, if he truly knew Christianity, would not have rejected Christ. In addition, if he truly knew paganism, he would have embraced Christ. Why? Because the two greatest lights of pagan culture – Sophocles and Virgil – both told anyone who bothered to read them that life was meaningless without a God that stood above nature, who guaranteed the spiritual continuance of every creature doomed to go the way of pure nature. Sophocles and Virgil bore witness to the eternal qualities of the human personality. If there was no Christ, then there was nothing but the hell of dumb nature without the life-giving spirit.

In both *Oedipus at Colonus* and *The Aeneid* there are indications that Sophocles and Virgil intuited the coming of the Messiah. If Hitler had really understood pagan antiquity, he would have rejoiced to have lived to see the coming of the Lord, and he would have wielded the sword on behalf of Christian Germany instead of Nietzsche's Übermensch.

Unlike the liberals, I have not had a life-long fascination with Hitler, but a good biography of him by Marlis Steinert (*Hitler*, W. W. Norton, 1997) has set me thinking about the man, or actually I should say, about the boy. It is the young Hitler, not the Führer, who interests me. He had depth of soul; he was not as far gone (and I mean this sincerely) as many students I have had. Hitler had a great thirst for beauty and for the transcendent. He was neither a sadist nor a sensualist. And a boy with Hitler's thirst for beauty is easier to reach than a modern student who has no such thirst.

The question is, why did Hitler find his vision of the Third Reich more beautiful than the Christian faith? Well, there is free will, and Hitler ultimately bears the responsibility for his rejection of Christianity, but he was not alone in his rejection. Europeans have for the most part followed Hitler in this rejection of Christianity. They have not all followed Hitler's way, but most have pursued their own godless courses. In Hitler's case, I wonder if the case for Christianity was ever presented to him; was he ever exposed to Chateaubriand's "The Faith is true because it is beautiful" form of apologetics? Was he ever taught that what was good in German culture, including the half-pagan, half-Christian Wagner, was a product of Christian culture? I doubt it.

The sad fact is that when the Christian faith is presented in only a catechistical way, it does seem to be a great polluter of life. Many Christians seem to feel that just as poetry had no place in Plato's Republic, it has no place in the Christian churches. But that is throwing the baby out with the bath water, as the saying goes. The poetic of Christianity is the soul of Christianity. If we take out the beautiful and true story of Christ's death and resurrection in favor of a stripped-down, streamlined version more compatible with the bureaucratic-structured man of today, what will be left of Christianity?

Again, Hitler must answer for his own soul as we all must some day, but I, at the risk of being completely misunderstood, must claim that what I see in Hitler's soul, as evil as it was, is not half as frightening as what I see in the souls of so many of our modern "educated" young people. How can it be otherwise – their gods are even more fearsome than Hitler's pagan gods.

The Hitler movies will keep coming. The liberals need him. They need him to continually prove to the world that they, the liberals, are necessary. Without them, the liberals tell us, we will all either become Nazis or be killed by Nazis.

But the dirty little secret that the liberals hide even from themselves is that Hitler is their child. He does not live in the sanctuaries of the right-wing Christians; he lives with the liberals. And they remain fascinated and appalled by Hitler because he is their own wayward child. They are like the free-love advocate who is appalled when his daughter actually practices what he teaches. "Christ is not risen," scream the liberals.

"Then I will resurrect the old German gods," Hitler replies.

"Why wasn't he able to settle for wine-and-cheese parties?" the liberals lament.

The legions of Satan are diverse; once you have rejected Christ, there is no rule that you must choose the politically-correct version of Satanism. Hitler's great sin was that he chose Apollo over Christ, and his minor virtue was that he was not

## **The Southern Tradition - AUGUST 20, 2007**

**Book Review:** *The Southern Tradition: The Achievement and Limitations of an American Conservatism* by Eugene D. Genovese, Harvard University Press, 1994

**Mr.** Genovese, a former Marxist but excellent historian nonetheless, brings before us an array of Southern agrarians who should be studied but who are generally ignored by mainstream conservative-liberal pundits. Genovese does justice to the varied opinions of M. E. Bradford, Andrew Lytle, Alan Tate, and Richard Weaver while also focusing on the common ideas shared by all the agrarians. While they differed on the subject of what a just government should be, all the Southern agrarians were united in their critique of capitalism – the religion of the Yankee conservatives.

The agrarian critique of capitalism is, in my opinion, irrefutable. The problem with the free-market capitalism of the Buckleys, the Novaks, the Gilders, and the Limbaughs, is that an unrestrained free-market completely destroys the traditional values necessary to sustain a free-market economy. If families, neighborhoods, and God himself is made subject to the free-market, then all is cheerless, dark, deadly, and chaotic. People will turn to socialism or fascism to escape the capitalistic nightmare. And it is indeed a nightmare. Capitalism has shown itself to be more devastatingly destructive of hearth and home than communism or socialism. As dreadful as Poland was under communism, the Polish people did not face as great a danger to their faith and their families as they now face in the form of the democratic capitalism so adored by the late Michael Novak, Wall Street, and Rush Limbaugh. Our benighted nation, far from holding out a beacon light to the rest of the world, instead illustrates the terrible dangers of unchecked human pride. We are indeed a "city built on a hill" – we are a satanic city built on a hill of technology and dead souls.

Yet the free-market conservatives drone on and on, preaching happiness for all, if we would just support the capitalist crusade in Iraq and adopt the flat tax.

The free marketers wish no one ill, but their happy dream of a well ordered international economy of morally indifferent affluence for many and misery for those who cannot compete – a dream that constitutes my own private nightmare – is becoming a reality. We may indeed be on the threshold of a brave new world of affluent depravity for a good many people, perhaps even a majority of Americans. If so, I am glad to be too old to have to live with the worst of what is coming. I have no quarrel with Mr. Genovese's presentation of the Southern agrarian case against capitalism. I do disagree with him on the issue of racism. While admiring the agrarians, Mr. Genovese deplores their racist support of segregation. Donald Davidson is especially singled out for his opposition to integration. Mr. Genovese is schizophrenic. He fails to understand that without segregation, the values of white Southerners whom he admires, such as Donald Davidson, would be no different from the values of the Northern capitalists, whom he deplores. New south "conservatives" like Newt Gingrich can be part of the New World Order because they are willing to trade Christian civilization for the new multi-racial, free-market world. But it is a spiritually impoverished world that Newt and the integrationists love, and it will come crashing down on everyone's head regardless of color. And then there will be, oh rapture of raptures, equality – albeit the equality of the dung heap. +

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## **The Sons of Martha - AUGUST 20, 2007**

I reject the modern Catholic-Quaker notion that Christianity is a pacifistic religion. Christianity is a fighting faith. However, we Christians fight in "defense of" rather than to "stomp on." And I think a Christian must always put himself at that part of the fort at which the enemy has chosen to launch the main body of his troops. It does no good to defend the south wall when the north wall is being besieged.

Currently, it is the white European wall of the fort that is being attacked. Everywhere, the idea that white Europeans, cooperating with God's grace, created a civilization that is worth emulating is under attack, which is why I subscribe to so-called 'racist' publications. The men behind the magazines have good instincts, and they sense where the good lies. But they are Sons of Martha. They need a leader from the ranks of the Sons of Mary who can show them that the bastardized Christianity which has destroyed all that is good and noble in the West can only be defeated by a true, noble, heroic Christianity. Neo-Darwinism and fascism are not sufficient to defeat post-Christian satanism. +

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## **The Line Has Been Crossed - AUGUST 20, 2007**

I had enjoyed reading those esprit de corps military books like *Beau Geste* when I was a boy, and I had always thought that I would enter the military when I got older. But by the time I got out of high school, I considered myself a radical, due to the influence of a very charismatic, political science teacher and the book, *All Quiet on the Western Front*. It's just as well; had I remained a *Beau Geste* romantic and entered the military, I would have been quite disappointed because the line had been crossed.

What line? Well, the dates are not written in stone, but they are basically accurate. After World War I (1919), the European peoples (which include the American people) ceased to be Christian on a conscious level. But they still maintained the basic values of Christians; they behaved as if Christianity was true. If you had joined the foreign legion or fought for European values, you could have justified it by saying you were fighting for Christian civilization.

But by the 1960s people no longer acted according to Christian values. The chasm between a Christian's behavior and beliefs and that of a secularist was immense. I need only mention legalized abortion and sexual promiscuity as two examples of the chasm. A secularist of the 1940s was the progenitor of the 1960s secularists, but he would have more in common in the way he behaved with the Christian. Many older liberals were very uncomfortable with the sixties' radicals, but what could they say when challenged? They had no metaphysical underpinning for their 'do nots,' which is why the sexual revolution gave way to the pragmatic sexual revolution; if you can't be moral, at least be safe.

I did get a shot at *Beau Geste*-ing it later when I was a policeman in my twenties. There were moments, on the midnight shift, when I felt I was a soldier of the night, standing against the barbarians with a few stalwart lads. It was a good feeling. But it was all airy nothings. My stalwart fellow officers would just as soon knock an abortion protestor on the head as a Negro barbarian. The shared ethos was not there. I came to feel more like a hooker than a soldier.

When the line has been crossed, there is nothing a man can do to support his society that feels noble. His work must be *contra mundum* in a society that has crossed the line or his soul will drown in the slush. +

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## **The Return of Cybele - AUGUST 20, 2007**

The post-Christian can never re-enter the pagan world. Christ, mercifully, changed that world. But post-Christians do ape the pagans with intellectualized versions of the old cults. Thus Hitler crafted his new German myth onto the old pagan ones, and the Christian churches have adopted, in intellectualized form, the old religion of Cybele.

A goddess of the earth, called Mâ or Cybele, was revered as the fecund mother of all things, the "mistress of the wild beasts" that inhabit the woods. A god Attis, or Papas, was regarded as her husband, but the first place in this divine household belonged to the woman, a reminiscence of the period of matriarchy...

In the midst of their orgies, and after wild dances, some of the worshippers voluntarily wounded themselves and, becoming intoxicated with the view of the blood, with which they besprinkled their altars, they believed they were united themselves with their divinity. Or else, arriving at a paroxysm of frenzy, they sacrificed their virility to the gods as certain Russian dissenters still do today. These men became priests of Cybele and were called Galli. Violent ecstasis was always an endemic disease in Phrygia. As late as the Antonines, montanist prophets that arose in that country attempted to introduce it into Christianity.

from *Oriental Religions in Roman Paganism* by Franz Cumont (1911)

All this proves the old cliché, "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again." In the later half of the 20th century, Cybele finally was introduced and accepted by the Christian churches. +

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## **Pax Americana - AUGUST 20, 2007**

The Muslims are to be condemned for their attacks on innocent people, but we should be clear about the cause of the attacks: The US has spent the latter part of the 20th century and the beginning of the 21st meddling in everybody's business in the name of democracy and free markets. Isolationists such as Patrick Buchanan are regularly excoriated by the power brokers in Washington and the media, but it is democratic capitalism that breeds war.

Good Muslims will always hate the infidel, but they would not have killed thousands of Americans if the US was a nation committed to one race (the white one) and one religion (Christianity), without the aspiration to spread a satanic creed (democratic capitalism) around the world.

Which brings me to the subject of patriotism. I agree with Frank Owsley's statement that a country must consist of a people with a common race and religion if it is to be a true nation. The old South qualified as a 'nation' because it was Christian and it was white. But our current, multi-ethnic, multi-faith country is not a nation; we live in an anti-nation. And our anti-white, anti-Christian anti-nation has gone to war against an evil, anti-Christian nation, which does not leave us with anybody to root for. +

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## Fields Without Dreams - AUGUST 19, 2007

**Book Review:** *Fields Without Dreams: Defending the Agrarian Ideal* by Victor Davis Hanson, Free Press, 1997

Hanson's contention is that the small farm is dead and that capitalism killed it. For those who say, "So what," Hanson would answer that Greek democracy and Jeffersonian democracy all depend on the existence of small farms manned by trusty yeomen. Can we abandon the agrarian principles on which our country was founded and still maintain our country? Hanson says we cannot. Wendell Berry echoes the same thoughts in his book, *Another Turn of the Crank*.

The small farmer is not asking for government handouts, but he is asking for protection from large corporations and protection from unfair foreign trade. Why should the small farmer be protected? Hanson maintains that the small farmer should be protected because he is the heart and soul of the American democratic experiment. The small farmer is in a dilemma when it comes to politics. He is usually a conservative on issues such as pornography, divorce, and sexual permissiveness, but he has done better economically under Democratic regimes instead of Republican. Hanson addresses this dilemma:

Oh, it is true that most farmers now say they 'like' such Republican constriction, the hard dollar, low wages, predictable prices, stasis, and all that. I won't argue with farmers that skeptical Republican administrations may be smarter in dealing with drugs, welfare, the lazy and criminal, and other social ills. But raisin farmers, even conservative farmers, usually – predictably – go broke voting Republican, hating the rare Democratic administrations as they become prosperous. So much for homo economicus ... Tell a farmer that: he almost punches you in the face, citing rains, luck, and all sorts of extraneous, superfluous factors for the Carter extravaganza of the late 1970s. He hates you for saying what he knows in his black heart to be true: Democrats inflate and expand; Republicans deflate and constrict. Democrats enrage farmers with their farrago of entitlement and permissiveness; Republicans excite with their stern talk and get-tough threats. But Democrats make farmers rich; Republicans make them go broke.

Hanson makes his case against the unrestricted free market by describing the tragedy of his own small, ancestral farm. His mother, his father, and now he and his brothers have all had to get jobs outside the farm (Hanson works as a Professor of Greek) just to keep it alive. The great raisin crash (depicted in great detail in the book) of 1983 ended the last hope the Hansons had of making a living from their land. Nor does Hanson confine himself to just the story of his own farm. He tells the stories of many other small farmers who were unable to compete with the leviathan. To the Limbaughs who would call Hanson and his fellow farmers 'liberal whiners' who just couldn't cut it in a free-market economy, Hanson replies with this:

All the free-market economists I met who lectured on productivity while ignoring obscene commissions, dividends, and salaries, the Ivy League careerists who pontificated about market corrections and the stabilizing, healthy effect of buyouts, shutdowns, and bankruptcies, were themselves quite a sorry bunch. A pampered lot they were, terrified of the ghetto across the freeway, struck dumb by a hammer and nails, left pale and stammering before the formidable blue-collar white repair man. They preached an awfully stern Darwinism. But even those tanned and fit on their Nautilises would be the first to go in any jungle their own models might create.

No doubt because of a second career (Hanson considers himself a farmer first) spent with Aeschylus and Sophocles, Mr. Hanson does not feel obligated to end his work on an optimistic note. He makes a few suggestions about things that could be done, but he makes it clear that he doesn't believe anything will be done to help the small farmer. Like a soothsayer from one of Sophocles' tragedies, Hanson tells us, without commercial break, that there will be hell to pay for our destruction of the agrarian way of life.\*

Now, let me mention the major flaw of the book. Hanson's critique of the free-market is just; his defense of the agrarian way of life is noble. However, I would quarrel with the gods he invokes. He states in his preface that he rejects the more romanticized vision of farming presented by Virgil in *The Georgics* in favor of the bleaker vision presented by Hesiod in *Works and Days*. Throughout the book, when he talks about 'Western Civilization' he clearly refers to the Greeks. Well, the Greeks were a fine bunch of fellows, and we owe them much, but the Incarnation is a fact. The Western monks preserved the Greek and Roman works because there was much in them that deserved to be preserved, but to ignore the

colossal change in our institutions, in our art, and in our morals that took place since the Incarnation is at best second-rate thought. Agrarianism needs to be defended because it was under an agrarian economy that Christendom flourished, not because the Greeks (as Hanson suggests) flourished under an agrarian system. So, this is a good book, but not on a par with Andrew Lytle's *Eden to Babylon*, in which Lytle defends the agrarian idea from a Christian viewpoint. +

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\*The poisoned food from China is part of the hell we are paying.

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### **Politically Incorrect T.V. Shows - AUGUST 19, 2007**

The liberals, you may have noticed, throw terms around like racist, sexist, anti-Semitic, homophobic and fascist in the same way pre-Vatican II popes used to hurl anathemas. The pre-Vatican II popes, however, usually had very meticulously detailed reasons to explain why they felt compelled to hurl their anathemas. The liberals can never explain their anathemas; indeed, questioning the validity of the liberals' anathemas only proves to them that you are completely outside the ken of Liberalism and therefore outside the realm of humanity. Thus, if you question the wisdom of the civil rights movement, pointing out the meteoric rise in crime that has accompanied it, you are, ipso facto, a racist. If you maintain that a woman's place is in the home and near the hearth, you are, ipso facto, a sexist. If you maintain that any organized body opposed to the Mystical Body of Christ is one that bears watching, particularly since organized Jewry has never been a friend to the Christian West, you are, ipso facto, an anti-Semite. If you maintain that sodomy is not a legitimate life option, you are, ipso facto, a homophobe. And if you think there are better forms of government than that of the American democratic system, then you are, ipso facto, a fascist.

In order to restore some balance to the political correctness debate, I would like to propose some politically incorrect television shows. If we start production on them immediately, they should be ready for the fall season.

1. *The Segregationist* – In a small town in Mississippi lives a God-fearing white man named Billy Bob McCoy. Billy Bob's town is virtually crime-free because it is racially homogenous and because almost every male in the town carries a firearm. However, in the neighboring town trouble rears its ugly head. A liberal bitch from the local area has gone on to Hollywood and become a famous actress. She has just bought the town next to Billy Bob's, and she plans to import blacks into the town. Billy Bob, from the time he was knee high to a grasshopper (he's 36 years old now), has been sending money to churches in Africa in order to feed little black children who have, according to the ads, never eaten. But Billy Bob knows what happens to towns that integrate. He has a wife and four children and he loves his neighborhood. By making a few strategic visits with some of his friends to the actress's house, Billy Bob manages to head off the plans for integration.

At the end of the first episode, we see Billy Bob sitting on the front porch of his Andy-of-Mayberry-type house, playing the guitar and singing "Jimmy Cracked Corn" to his children and some neighbors. In subsequent episodes, Billy Bob journeys to a nearby city and helps his friends keep their golf course segregated. He also thwarts a plan for forced busing from his town to the big city.

[Advice to the Director: It's important to always portray Billy Bob and his friends as kindly, good-natured fellows, and to portray the integrationists as mean-spirited bigots who look on themselves as divinely-appointed ambassadors for integration.]

2. *The Wife Beater* – When John Wolford married Jan McKensey, he thought his life would be one of peaceful contentment. Jan was pretty, God-fearing, and traditional-minded. But after six years of marriage, something was wrong. While John was at work, Jan had started taking the kids, a boy of two years, and a girl of four, with her to some local meetings for women. Every time Jan went to one of these meetings, John noticed she came back seething with resentment toward him and the children.

In the opening episode, John comes home from work early one day and finds his wife in the upstairs bedroom with one of her "lady" friends. John says nothing, but merely closes the door, goes downstairs, gathers up the children, and drives to the rectory of his parish church. He asks to talk with the older, retired priest in residence, named Father O'Connor, who is 86 years old. John, for obvious reasons, does not tell Father Mark, age 28, who answers the door of the rectory, why he wants to talk to Father O'Connor. Father O'Connor has to get around with the aid of a walker, and he wears a hearing aid, but he still has all of his considerable mental powers intact. It should be noted that Father O'Connor has not gone to any of the Church 'Renewal' courses. When his superiors got around to ordering him to attend, he pleaded ill health, and nobody ever bothered to pursue it any further.

John tells Father O'Connor about his marital problems. Father O'Connor listens and then asks John, "Do you still love her?"

John says, "Yes, I do."

"Then," Father O'Connor says, as he places his hand over John's hand, "you must beat her."

"But how, Father, can I hit my wife?"

"You will not only hit her, you will beat her, that is, if you really love her. If you do not beat your wife, you will be committing the sin of Adam. You will be trying to please your wife outside of God's law. If you do that, you will be placing yourself and your wife permanently outside of God's loving orbit."

As John leaves the rectory, he turns and asks Father O'Connor one last question. "Father, what shall I beat my wife with?"

Father O'Connor replies, "You should beat her with a big, brown belt."

That night John Wolford beats his wife and locks her in the cellar. Two days later, he lets her out of the cellar and beats her again. After four months of living in the cellar and being beaten, Jan comes out of the dark cellar and walks into the light. Together Jan and John receive the Holy Eucharist, and except for a few lingering sore spots, Jan is a spiritually and physically restored woman. Every day of Jan's life, she thanks God for sending her a husband that loved her enough to beat her.

In subsequent episodes, Jan and John help other husbands learn to overcome their fears and to beat their wives.

3. *Zorro Rides Again* – In the pilot episode, we meet the great, great, great, great-grandson of Zorro, who starts riding throughout the Los Angeles area, cutting off the heads of doctors who perform abortions. In one episode, the Pope, at the instigation of the liberals, visits Los Angeles and urges Zorro to stop his violent activities and turn himself in to the legitimate government of the U. S. Zorro replies, by means of a flaming arrow, that he will turn himself into the legitimate U. S. government as soon as the country acquires one. In the meantime, Zorro says, "Si, Papa; No, Ratzinger; I will fight to the death."

Every subsequent episode will show Zorro killing abortion doctors and escaping just as the law dogs seem to be closing in on him.

4. *The Fascist* – In this series, we will follow the efforts of a retired American army officer to infiltrate the ranks of the U. S. Army, infuse an elite band of troops with his Fascist ideology, and then lead a counter-revolutionary offensive against the U. S. government.

You get the general idea. Other shows will have such winning titles as Jack Brito and the Anti-Sodomite Legionnaires, The Knights of the Cross Fight Zionism, and so on.

Tune in this fall to see all these (and more) exciting shows!

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### **When Black Weds White - AUGUST 12, 2007**

It's been over ten years since the O. J. Simpson murder case. The liberals then, and now, took no note of the real significance of the case. The case was not an example of how rich celebrities are favored by our court system but of how black juries will never convict black men no matter how hideous their crime. The only difference between O. J. Simpson's murder case and the cases of other black murderers was that Simpson had to wait longer to hear his 'not guilty' verdict than most black murderers have to wait because of his celebrity status. I thought then, and I still think so now, that there were some striking parallels between the Simpson drama and Shakespeare's *Othello*.

Othello is a warrior. In fact, it is Othello's tales of his exploits in the wars that wins Desdemona's love. "She loved me for the dangers I had past." However, having won Desdemona's love, Othello does not ask Desdemona's father, Brabantio, for Desdemona's hand in marriage. Instead, Othello sneaks off with Desdemona and marries her without Brabantio's consent. Desdemona, by agreeing to marry without her father's approval, helps bring about her subsequent murder at the hands of her black husband. By betraying her father, she plants a seed of doubt in Othello's mind; Brabantio warns Othello: "Look to her, Moor, if thou has eyes to see: She has deceived her father, and may thee."

What role does the state play in the tragedy? The state is an accomplice to Desdemona's murder. When Brabantio appeals to the Duke to annul the marriage, the Duke supports Othello because Othello has done good service in the wars, and the

Duke needs Othello to do further service in the new wars. The marriage is not annulled, and Othello goes off with Desdemona.

What follows is quite predictable. Iago, who has a grudge against Othello, starts planting suggestions in Othello's mind that Desdemona is not a faithful wife. And the main stratagem Iago uses is to dwell upon Desdemona's betrayal of her father. "She did deceive her father, marrying you... She that, so young, could give out such a seeming, To seal her father's eyes up close as oak." Othello, finally after a series of contrivances by Iago, believes Desdemona is unfaithful. He kills Desdemona and then himself.

Othello is generally regarded as a magnificent play about the devastating effects of jealousy upon the human soul. However, as is always the case with Shakespearean criticism, the general opinion does not do justice to the complexity of the play. Othello is certainly about jealousy, but it is about so much more. There are two major themes always ignored when the play is discussed. The first is Desdemona's betrayal of her father. It is not fashionable to seek one's father's approval before marriage, so modern critics do not look on Desdemona's refusal to get her father's permission to marry as a fault. But we do regard it as a fault, and so did Shakespeare, and so did Othello. While certainly not deserving to be murdered for her fault, Desdemona is an unwitting accomplice to her own murder.

The second theme ignored is that of blackness. Do not misunderstand me. The fact that Desdemona is white and Othello is black is always noted by the critics, but the black vs. white theme is noted only as it relates to the jealousy theme. The difference in race is advanced as one of the reasons Othello is so susceptible to Iago's suggestions. However, there is another aspect of Othello's blackness that is always ignored, and it should not be. Did Shakespeare choose to make Othello black for a reason? I think he did. Othello's complete transformation over a short period of time from a respected soldier citizen into a primitive savage suggests that the primitive element, present in all men, is closer to the surface in the black man. He can ape the white man's ways, but not having absorbed the white man's religion on any deep level, the black man can very easily revert to his jungle ways.

It is significant that the other two black characters in Shakespeare's plays, Aaron in *Titus Andronicus* and the Prince of Morocco in *The Merchant of Venice*, are both men, like Othello, who can ape white customs but who at heart are savages who view courtship and marriage as an extension of tribal warfare. Thus Aaron asserts:

Madam, though Venus govern your desires,  
Saturn is dominator over mine.  
What signifies my deadly-standing eye,  
My silence and my cloudy melancholy,  
My fleece of woolly hair that now uncurls  
Even as the adder when she doth unroll  
To do some fatal execution?  
No, madam, these are no venereal signs.  
Vengeance is in my heart, death in my hand,  
Blood and revenge are hammering in my head.

And the Prince of Morocco argues:

Where Phoebus fire scarce thaws the icicles  
And let us make incision for your love,  
To prove whose blood is reddest, his or mine.

In all three plays, Shakespeare warns us about the dangers of race-mixing. Tamora in *Titus Andronicus* and Desdemona in *Othello* link their destinies with savage blacks. Portia in *The Merchant of Venice* rejects her black suitor, which is why the two former plays are tragedies and the latter is a comedy.

O. J. Simpson, like Othello, had been a warrior. Unlike Othello, however, O. J. Simpson had not fought for his country but for money. Nicole Brown presumably was attracted to O. J. Simpson because of his exploits on the football field and because of the wealth he had acquired while performing there. However, there is another reason now why a white woman marries a black man, and that is to assuage white guilt. No one can accuse a white woman of prejudice if she marries a black man. Anyone who went to college in the late sixties and early seventies could observe this phenomenon in its infancy when it became very chic for young white women to have their own black man.

Nicole Brown, unlike Desdemona, did not marry without her father's consent, but she did start her marriage off with an act of betrayal. She betrayed her race and her heritage, about which, presumably, her parents had never bothered to teach her. By doing this she was an accomplice to her own murder. One thing that the liberals never seem to grasp about race relations is that no black really respects a white person who betrays his own people. A Gordon Scott Tarzan movie comes

to mind (previously discussed here). The white survivors of a plane crash in the jungle are faced with the difficult task of making their way through an area peopled (much like our American cities) with hostile natives. A great white hunter comes and offers to lead them safely through the jungle. Tarzan also has come along and has offered to help them, too, but the white hunter and Tarzan differ as to the safest route to take. Now, if I had to make a choice between Tarzan and a dubious white hunter, I would choose Tarzan, but the white survivors go with the white hunter. The white hunter, as we could have predicted, already has made a deal with the natives. In exchange for ivory, he will lead the whites to the natives' kitchen pots. When the white hunter delivers up the white people, he gets a surprise. The black chief tells him that he will be the first one killed. "Why?" asks the white hunter. "Because," says the chief, "You betrayed your own people; you will betray us." With her initial betrayal of her race, Nicole Brown put the thought in O. J. Simpson's mind: "You betrayed your own people; you will betray me."

Nicole Brown would not have seen her marriage to O. J. Simpson as a betrayal of her race because of her liberal upbringing, but O. J. Simpson would have seen it that way. If one lists the true hierarchy of cultures present in America, it would run like this:

1. Christian
2. Pagan (Greco-Roman)
3. Savage or barbarian
4. Post-Christian

O. J. Simpson came from the Barbarian class and Nicole Brown came from the post-Christian class. A post-Christian is extremely interested in the savage class but has no interest in the Christian or pagan classes, because the post-Christian has descended too far to be touched by a higher culture. It is the savage's religion of sex and blood that offers post-Christians some hope to escape the vapidness of their passionless lives. Most young whites are post-Christian; they have no interest in Christianity or paganism. Their only aspiration is to someday rise to the class of savages. Their idols are the black athletes or celebrities of the moment.

But a savage will never understand a post-Christian. To a post-Christian, there is no such thing as religion or race; hence, the idea of loyalty to anything is alien to the post-Christian. The savage, lacking knowledge of the highest loyalty – piety – does have a rudimentary knowledge of racial loyalty. So, when a black marries a white woman, he delights in his ability to lord it over the white man by sleeping with a white woman, but in the deep recesses of his soul, he has contempt for a white woman who betrays her race by marrying a black man.

I mentioned that the state, represented by the Duke in *Othello*, was an accomplice to Desdemona's murder. So too was the state an accomplice in the murder of Nicole Brown. In America, as we know, we have no concrete state; we are governed by "The People." And the spokesman for "The People" is the liberal, elitist assortment of professors, media persons, psychoanalytical witch-doctors, lawyers, and other aliens from the human race. This strange liberal elite, which runs our country, has decreed that it is a very good thing for blacks and whites to marry. Forget all the historical wisdom against such marriages, forget the tragedy of broken homes and violent deaths that result from such liaisons; all these things must be swept aside to satisfy the liberals' need for a multi-racial, universalist Christianity without Christ and without humanity. Nicole Brown was fed on such ideas. Should it be a surprise then that she thought she was performing a noble act when she married O. J. Simpson?

Though parallel in many aspects, there is one very great contrast between *Othello* and Desdemona's marriage and that of O. J. Simpson and Nicole Brown. *Othello* and Desdemona's story is the stuff of tragedy. Desdemona descends from the Christian plane to marry a seemingly noble pagan who reverts to the level of a savage under the evil influence of Iago, the post-Christian. Iago is the post-Christian equivalent to the modern, satanic, technocratic Christians. Both *Othello* and Desdemona have some depth of soul.

In stark contrast stand O. J. Simpson and Nichole Brown. Their story is a sad one – nobody should have to die as she did – but it lacks the dimension of tragedy, because O. J. and Nicole Brown lacked *Othello* and Desdemona's depth of soul. Their story only assumes tragic dimensions when we view the two cultures they represent. Simpson represented a savage culture cut adrift by a white culture that should have remained a stern parent to the savage child-culture. Nicole Brown represented a once-Christian race that has descended, except for a small remnant, to a level below that of the savage. From this level, the white, post-Christian looks up at the black savage and alternately views him as his ally against the white Christians and also worships him as the harbinger of death. +



## A Tale of Three Idiots - AUGUST 12, 2007

Seven years into the 21st century, it might be useful to look at the three men of the 19th century who had the greatest influence on the centuries that followed. The three men were, and are: Darwin, Marx, and Freud. While no one holds to all of the details of their mad philosophies, all liberals and most conservatives share the basic core assumptions of the infamous trio. What were their assumptions?

### Charles Darwin

Charles Darwin is the father of Freud and Marx. Without Charles Darwin there could be no Marx or Freud. Darwin claimed to be a scientist, but like Freud and Marx he was really a philosopher. His basic premise was quite simple: Man's origin can be explained by simply collecting enough facts about mankind's biological life on earth. Darwin claimed he had the facts and was ready to reveal them. The "facts" Darwin "discovered" were these: Man had somehow managed, without outside help, to fashion himself into a hairy ape; then, becoming dissatisfied with his appearance, he decided to make himself into a man. In the course of switching from apehood to manhood, and in doing other odd jobs necessary for survival, man is brought into conflict with other men. This conflict creates "natural selection," which is the process by which the race of man weeds out weak individuals. This fabulous new doctrine was welcomed by the liberals as a refreshing relief from the old (fantastical?) notions of God. Now man was free to live, love, and laugh.

How this new doctrine made man free is not clear to a rational individual. A rational individual would say, "Instead of being created in the image of God with an immortal soul and an eternal destiny, I am now, you tell me, an extraordinary ape with no soul and no eternal destiny. Oh joy, oh bliss." The Russian philosopher Lev Shestov cut right to the heart of the matter when he summed up Darwinism with the following statement: "Man is a monkey, therefore we must all love one another."

Darwin made no scientific discovery. He advanced a philosophic theory as a solution to the riddle of man's existence. As theories go, Darwin's theory ranks as one of the stupidest to come down the pike. Yet, the pseudo-intellectuals and the mass media of the day bought it. In fact, they lapped it up. Why? There are two major reasons. The first I'll call "The Man in the White Smock with a Ph.D." phenomenon. Modern man will believe almost anything if it is presented to him by a scientific expert as a new breakthrough for science. If Joe, the 19th century grocer, tells Mike, the 19th century butcher, that he has a new theory about the origins of man and that it involves monkey bones and evolutionary clap-trap, Mike the Butcher is likely to advise the grocer's wife to have good old Joe packed off to a loony bin. But, if a newspaper man tells Mike the Butcher that a scientific expert with a Ph.D. has just discovered that man is really a monkey, Mike the Butcher will be very impressed and start spouting the new theory to everyone he meets, because he will not want people to think he is out of touch with the latest "scientific discovery."

Why is Mike the Butcher, and why are we, Mike's spiritual heirs, so afraid of appearing unreceptive to the latest scientific discoveries? It is because of Zeus's curse. When Our Lord, the one true God, destroyed Zeus's pantheon of nature gods, Zeus left a curse. "If this God loves man so much as to give him dominion over my nature gods, then let men fight over the mechanical means to control nature, and let them be so fascinated by the mechanisms by which they control nature that they forget the God above nature who gave them the means to control it." Thus spake Zeus.

And thus we sit, like a 6th grade school boy who has learned to simulate a fart by strategic placement of his hands over his mouth, delighted by our ability to pull levers and push buttons. When we talk about God at all, we cloak our language in scientific jargon so that the personal God, the God of Abraham, the God of Isaac, the God of Jacob, the God who took flesh and dwelt among us, is obscured by a foul-smelling gaseous fog. And from gaseous fogs come gasbags. That is the origin of Charles Darwin.

The second reason for the wide acceptance of Darwinism is the "Fear of Hell" reason (also known as the "I Don't Look Good in a Puritan Hat" reason). There comes with a belief in Christ a belief in hell. A person with a virile belief in Christ puts the fear of hell well below the love of Christ in his priorities, but a disordered soul usually places the fear of hell at the top of his list. To such a person and to similar collective persons, the doctrine of Darwinian monkeyism came as a relief. If we are all monkeys, then we need not fear hell. Lurking in the heart of many a liberal who proclaims his firm belief in evolution is a secret fear that hell just might be a real place.

Acceptance of the Darwinian solution divests man of his fear of hell, but he also loses his hope of heaven. It would seem to be a rather penny-wise, pound-foolish view of existence, but the Darwinian view of existence is the preferred view of modern man. Even the theologians who wish to reject the logical atheism of the Darwinian solution (Teilhard de Chardin, etc.) hedge their bets by using Darwinian jargon to explain their theories.

So the old gasbag really stumbled onto something with the evolution shell game; and Herr Sigmund continued Darwin's work from a different angle.

## Sigmund Freud

Freud was one of the most prolific writers of all time. His works fill library shelves in all corners of the earth, but there is no need to summon every work forth. Freud started with the Darwinian assumption that man was an ape whose essence could be discovered through research. Freud called his research scientific, yet his most significant work as pertains to his religious views, *Moses and Monotheism*, was, by his own admission, "more of a novel" than a work of research.

*Moses and Monotheism* was written late in Freud's life. I first read the book as a freshman in college; it is a very easy read. Freud accepts as fact the Oedipus myth, and this acceptance was at the core of his psychoanalytical theory. The myth, as we know, was about a man, Oedipus, who killed his father and slept with his mother. Freud claims that the first group of sons on earth killed their father and slept with their mother. This, according to Freud, led to the racial guilt that all men share. Right away, one runs into a problem. I remember asking my religion professor, "Let us accept, for the sake of argument, that Freud's theory is true: the first sons killed their father and slept with their mother. Why should they feel guilty? Guilt is a Christian concept, and man, according to Freud, is an animal. So, why the guilt?" My teacher could not answer my question. Indeed the question is not answerable by reference to any biological theory of man's origin.

Freud, accepting the Oedipus premise as true, went on to theorize about Moses. Moses, Freud claimed, was not a Jew but an Egyptian. This Egyptian Moses led a band of Hebrew slaves into the desert, and once in the desert, the Hebrew slaves slew their Egyptian leader, thus reenacting primal man's murder of his father. Christianity, said Freud, helped alleviate man's guilt by creating a religion where the son offered himself up as a sacrificial victim to the father. Some Christians have praised Moses and Monotheism because Freud presents the Christian religion as an improvement over Judaism, Christianity being better equipped to assuage racial guilt. Such praise is ludicrous. Freud still presents Christianity as an illusory religion, which I hope would always bring out the fighting blood in Christians.

Although few modern psycho-witch doctors accept all of Freud's theories, they do accept his premise that religious belief is illusory and that it is only healthy or unhealthy according to how well it helps an individual "cope" or "become the best he can be" or achieve orgasm or some other nonsense.

We witness the phenomenon of sickness casting judgment on health. Freud really did want to murder his father and sleep with his mother, but that was his problem, not ours. Is Christianity false because Freud was sick? Yet we continue to slavishly kowtow to Freud's successors. To whom do the Christian churches send their clergymen to determine their "mental fitness"? In our schools, whose language do we use to define personality types? Freud's basic premise remains unchallenged in the citadels of what should be the main opposition.

## Karl Marx

While Darwinism remains strong, and psycho-babble mumbo-jumbo has become part of Western culture, it would seem that Marxism is a dying ember. This is not quite the case. While most of Marx's details have been rejected, his basic core assumption has been accepted in virtually every nation in the world. Marx's core assumption was that man was an ape who was controlled completely by economic forces. This is a principle held by both American capitalists and Chinese communists. The only disagreement between the American capitalist and Karl Marx is over the best way to deliver the economic goods.

Can Karl Marx be credited with any positive contribution to Western Culture? No. His critique of capitalism was incorrect. Capitalism deserves the harshest criticism; it is no less godless and atheistic than Marxism, but Marx didn't criticize capitalism for its godlessness. He criticized it for being unable to deliver the economic goods to the great mass of people. On this score, capitalism proved quite superior to Marxism. The legitimate criticism of capitalism has come from the older Christian tradition, from such authors as Walter Scott, Victor Hugo, Charles Dickens, and the Southern agrarians. Their critique emphasized the inhumanity of treating man as a cog in the wheel of the godless GNP. Read *Rob Roy*, *Les Miserables*, *Hard Times* or *So Red the Rose* to read a legitimate critique of capitalism.

So, the essentially materialistic, mechanistic view of man expounded from different angles of the same triangle by Darwin, Freud, and Marx is still very much with us in the twenty-first century. Is it possible to remain fascinated for so long by the ability to simulate farts? Apparently it is. +

## Unyielding - AUGUST 03, 2007

"There are many other ways in which men sin against the Holy Ghost, but this is the worst – to destroy deliberately, for the sake of any kind of gain, that which Christ bought so dearly. How can a man ask for mercy, or how can mercy help him, who would wickedly and willfully extinguish mercy?"

-- William Langland

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The difference between the European civilization prior to the 20th century and every other civilization is the difference between heaven and hell. There is an impassable chasm between European culture and all other cultures. And the new European-hating Europeans and the people from cultures of color recognize the distinctiveness of European culture, but they view European distinctiveness quite differently than me. The white-hating whites and their colored minions see the older European culture as distinctively evil. Indeed, they view it as the fount of all evil. And if you believe in a worldwide system of democracy, in which all peoples of every nation and every color vote, then Europe does stand condemned. But in a higher court than world opinion, European culture stands alone in the light, while all the other civilizations (which can't really be called civilizations) stand shrouded in hellish night.

The distinctiveness of pre-20th century European culture does not consist of its material achievements – its science, its exploration, etc. European culture is distinct because of its spiritual depth. During the years I taught English literature, I had many opportunities with my students to view staged productions of Shakespeare's *King Lear*. The students' varied reactions to the play were amazing. Some slept, some made jokes, some were artificially attentive because they thought I'd punish them if they weren't, and some wept and understood. Well, the Europeans wept and understood Christ's passion play, while those of other cultures were either indifferent, hostile, or artificially attentive (like the defeated Aztecs) because of the Europeans' power.

There are numerous theories as to why the Europeans embraced Christ. Some historians point out that the pagan gods of the central and northern Europeans were more humane than the pagan gods of Asia Minor and Rome. Thus, according to this theory, the Europeans were more open to the concept of a loving God than were those of other cultures. And some assert it was simply God's choice: the Europeans were predestined to be the Christ-bearers. But whatever reason, the central fact is this: the Europeans rejected the cruel gods of sacrifice and embraced the God of love and mercy. European civilization was a response to God's love. Certainly, it was imperfect in comparison to God's love for us, but when compared to all the other civilizations... well, there is no comparison.

We are now engaged in a war quite different from the one Stoddard depicts in his book about Haiti. Then, the war was still largely one of white civilization vs. the barbarians of color. Since then, white folk have been engaged in a civil war with a new breed of Gnostic whites, and they have lost the civil war and become a conquered people.

Shelby Foote once stated that the two great geniuses of America's civil war were Abraham Lincoln and Nathan Bedford Forrest. I concur. And the difference between those two geniuses was the difference between the new utopian world and the antique Christian world. Lincoln articulated, as only a genius could articulate, the utopian theory at the heart of the American experiment in democracy, which "brought forth on this continent a new nation, dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal." And if all men are not equal, then equality will be forced on the unequal.

In contrast, Forrest represented those early adventurers and Southern cavaliers of whom Thomas Nelson Page wrote. Forrest's wisdom was in his blood, and his wise blood told him that the white man and his culture was inherently unequal to all other men and to every other culture.

Forrest's genius, a genius of the blood, was grounded in the particular. Lincoln's genius was grounded in the universal. And the universal won. Despite Lincoln's personal abhorrence for race-mixing, it became an inevitable necessity in a world of universals. There can be no black or white, no man or woman, no child or father in the universal world of brotherhood-without-kinship, sexuality-without-masculinity-or-femininity, and families-without-patriarchal-authority.

Lincoln was a mild lamb compared to the white-hating whites who were to follow him. Each successive generation has become more demonic. And why do so many white men hate their own? Because in the new faith, there is no such concept as "these are my people" or "this is my own, my native land"; everything is a walking universal in the new faith. There is an idea about what constitutes the human, but there is no humanity. Therefore, the white-hating heirs of Lincoln must destroy anything that stinks of humanity. And who is more human than the Incarnate God? The new white man must destroy flesh-and-blood white men, because they are the last conduits of a culture that saw salvation in the God-Man who saved particular men and women from sin and death. Flesh-and-blood white men do not accept the culture that worships a satanic messiah promising to free men's minds from the prison of their own humanity and God's incarnate humanity.

The white-hating whites and their colored lackeys will not defeat us unless we cease to maintain our distinctiveness. We are the men of the enchanted forest not the barbarian jungle, the men of the sacred hearth not the cannibal's stewpot, and the men of bardic Europe not scientific Europe. Ah, there's the rub. Being the conduits of God's grace has placed us closer to God but also closer to satanic lightning. If we see our distinctiveness in our intellects instead of our European hearts, we will be completely ineffectual in the great battle against the white-hating whites and their barbarian armies of the night, for we will be like unto them.

To stay distinct, white men must stay true to incarnational, non-abstract Europe. We must be true to the civilization of mercy. What Robert Frederick said of Shakespeare, the most European of poets, is equally true of Europe:

"What the world owes to other poets can be estimated. What it owes to Shakespeare can no more be measured than what it owes to the light of heaven. The withdrawal of the one from the material, or of the other from the world, would alone enable us to understand our obligations to either."

It is not possible to take white, incarnational European culture out of the world and still have a civilization – and by civilization, we mean that which enshrines such things as faith, love, honor, and beauty. The past and the future of mankind on this earth, without old Europe, would be and will be nothing less than a city without light, without hope, and without mercy.

Although I have Welsh ancestors, they are not the main reason I chose to use "Cambria Will Not Yield" as the title for my blog. The lines, "Keep these fighting words before you, Cambria will not yield," speak directly to the European condition. We must keep the vision of Europe, His Europe, before our eyes, and never yield. His Europe is sacred Europe. His Europe is the only Europe for men who have a tragic sense of life, men who realize that mere sacrifice is not enough.

Our civilization, at its heart, is one great prayer for mercy. When the white satanists bid us drink the multi-racial, anti-European brew, they bid us join them in the ultimate sin against the Holy Ghost, for they ask us – no, they demand it of us – to destroy the civilization of mercy. There can be only one answer to such a demand: Cambria Will Not Yield! +

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### **Segregation: A Moral Imperative - JULY 25, 2007**

The late Richard Weaver was a rare scholar. He was a scholar who knew the limits of scholarship and the underrated value of prejudice, intuition, and tradition. In his book, *Language is Sermonic*, Mr. Weaver informs us that every society has "God words," words that when invoked mean more than the literal definition of the word, words that represent what a country holds dear and worships. Weaver thought that 'democracy' and 'pluralism' were two God words in our society. Every society also has its devil words; ours include 'prejudice' and 'authoritarianism'.

The word 'integration' has also become a God word in our society. To merely invoke the word silences all opposition and places a halo on the invoker. And 'segregation' has become a devil word, the invocation of which immediately results in the demonization of the person attempting to use it in a positive sense.

We refuse to accept demonization. Segregation is the bulwark of society; without segregation, society becomes a herd of cattle, a species, without a soul.

To the liberal, 'segregation' connotes Negroes in the back of the bus, cross burnings, lynchings and bigotry. And segregation might very well entail Negroes in the back of the bus, cross burnings, and lynchings, but the motivation for such actions is not bigotry, it is love. If one loves one's faith, he wants to keep the beliefs and values that stem from that faith, pure and undefiled by other faiths. Thus he places a wall between his faith and the faith of others. And when one loves his kith and kin, he wants to keep them segregated from those who are not his kith or kin.

Although it is now regarded as a given that segregation of the races is a bad thing, it is remarkable how reality has confirmed the correctness of the original Southern segregationists. What, following the war, were the fears of Southern whites? They feared that integration would lead to --

- 1) The undermining of their unique civilization, which if not perfect, was at least the closest attempt on the North American continent to incorporate Christianity into a social system. Integration helped undermine that civilization.
- 2) They were afraid that integration would lead to intermarriage, thus threatening the survival of the white race and the civilization which the whites had built. This has happened. I cannot go to any public place anymore without seeing interracial couples.

3) They were afraid that integration would lead to a reign of black revenge and terror. This has also happened.

So why are we supposed to genuflect before the altar of integration? Segregation is not evil; it allows one to practice Christianity to its fullest extent. Albert Schweitzer, a man who is never mentioned anymore because he was a segregationist and a paternalist, did more work of Christian charity for black people than any other man or woman of any color, living or dead. But he did so because he had a belief in segregation. Because his white beliefs had been kept segregated from black values, he was able to minister to the physical and spiritual needs of blacks. He could give them the values of his civilization because he, and the men before him, had kept their values segregated.

But what about the brotherhood of man? What about unity and harmony? Well, false unity is not unity. We can all abandon what we hold dear in order to be unified under false principles that nobody really believes in. Or we can adhere to principles that we hold to be true, and segregate ourselves from those who hold contrary principles. Then unity, if it comes, will come from conversion. "I think those principles and that way of life in their city is better than mine, and I will attempt to turn my own segregated city into one like theirs." And the work goes on till every segregated city has the same principles and the same spirit. Thus, true unity comes only from segregation, not integration. Integration breeds only hatred, spiritual indifference, and intellectual dishonesty. +

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### **That Within Which Passeth Show - JULY 25, 2007**

Suspend for the duration all your preconceived notions about Shakespeare received from literary critics and journalists. To understand a real poet, you must strip away all the layers of sludge from around your heart and let it respond to the poet. If we truly have souls, then we have a genuine heart, perhaps unknown to us, that can hear the poetic muse.

Let us meet the poet: he sees, not in a purely rational or clairvoyant sense, but in an intuitive poetic sense, that he stands on the threshold of a new world. This new world is not a better world. It is a world split apart by the Aristotelian-Thomistic separation of reason from grace. And the Protestant reaction to the break has not put the splintered wreck of the faith back together again. Henceforward, that pernicious heresy of the intellect divorced from the heart, the Gnostic heresy, would be a force to be reckoned with.

The poet saw the new force corrupting all of Europe. He saw a new Christianity, crafted onto the old Christianity. This new Christianity, spawned from the isolated intellect, was of necessity a dialectical faith. It set husband against wife, brother against brother, reason against grace, clergy against layman, and the heart against the intellect. In short, the poet saw the complete dislocation of man from the life of God. God would henceforth exist only as an intellectual construct. Man was on his own, left to intellectually conjugate God, but doomed never to know Him again.

But the Bard knew God. Giving his hero the name of his dead son, who was living (he firmly believed) in the arms of his Lord, the Bard launched Hamlet into the world to attack the Gnosticism of the new religion. But he wanted his hero to be a real hero. He wanted his hero to face the heresy of the age and of the future and to defeat that heresy.

Hamlet comes from the University, where students regularly have their heads severed from their hearts and souls. He suffers from the Gnostic disease himself and seems to be at a loss as to how to deal with the ill tidings he has received from his father's ghost. He is scared, confused, and angry. He is out of joint and not capable, as he acknowledges – "Oh cursed spite" – of setting things right.

But by the end of the play he does set things right. How? Because Hamlet loves. If one looks only at external events, Hamlet is a murderer, a usurper, and a cad who drives a young woman to suicide. But we who have followed Hamlet through the maze know differently. Hamlet loved his noble father; those pseudo-theologians who tell us that Hamlet is damned for following the vengeful dictates of his father fail to see how the Ghost's injunctions differ from mere pagan blood-letting ("Leave her to heaven") just as they fail to see how nature and grace blend together in a Christian soul.

Likewise Hamlet loves his mother in more than just the Freudian sense. And Ophelia? Is it possible to doubt that he loved her? No! It is at Ophelia's grave that Hamlet finally puts his own fragmented soul together: "This is I, Hamlet the Dane."

And when Hamlet walks out alone to fight a duel that he knows will mean death, he does so because he accepts that --

[T]here's a special providence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be now, 'tis not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now, yet it will come: the readiness is all: since no man knows aught of what he leaves, what is't to leave betimes? Let be.

The reason Hamlet has held such fascination over the years for the general audience and for the literary critic is that he is the first stage hero to confront modernity. Thus the literary critic will delight in dissecting the 'sicko' who defies

modernity, and the base, common populace will champion or condemn Hamlet depending on how far down the modern slope they have traveled.

But let us not have any doubt that it is modernity which Hamlet confronts in the person of Claudius. Claudius is the post-Christian man, the precursor of the anti-Christ. He knows the ways of God, he can ape the good well enough to fool even the elect, but his heart and soul are at the service of the devil.

It is significant that Hamlet, who is a genius, cannot move successfully against Claudius until he ceases to try to combat him with only his own genius. When he gives himself up to Divine Providence and acts in the fullness of his personality as King and son, he defeats Claudius. And between his discovery of his uncles' treachery and his death, Hamlet gives us the definitive refutation of modernity. Remember when Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, acting for Claudius, try to exploit their former friendship with Hamlet in order to "pluck out the heart of his mystery"? Hamlet finds them out with ease and speaks not only to them, but to Claudius and all psychotherapists, neoclassicists, formalist theologians, and Gnostics of the modern world when he enjoins them to "play upon the pipe."

Hamlet. Will you play upon this Pipe?

Guildenstern. My Lord, I cannot.

Ham. I pray you.

Guild. Believe me, I cannot.

Ham. I do beseech you.

Guild. I know no touch of it, my Lord.

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

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

Ham. Why look you now, how unworthy a thing you make of me: you would play upon me; you would seem to know my stops: you would pluck out the heart of my Mystery; you would sound me from my lowest Note, to the top of my Compass: and there is much Music, excellent Voice, in this little Organ, yet cannot you make it. Why do you think, that I am easier to be play'd on than a Pipe? Call me what Instrument you will, though you can fret me, you cannot play upon me.

Yes, only the heart can know the mystery of another heart. To the intellect alone, the heart remains an enigma. Horatio, whose philosophy is inadequate, still has enough heart to pronounce the correct benediction for his friend and King.

Now cracks a noble heart. –good night, sweet prince;  
And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest!—

Shakespeare sets the stage for us. The Gnostics will always be at war with the God-Man. They hate, like Satan, anything that is tainted with humanity. So above all, they hate the Incarnation and the civilization that placed the Incarnate God at its center. What Shakespeare tells us in the conflict between Claudius and Hamlet is that we cannot defeat the Claudiuses of the world if we are like unto them. It cannot be brain against brain, Moriarty against Holmes. It must be the integral, heroic man of heart and blood against the disembodied, heartless, bloodless villain – it must be Hamlet vs. Claudius, Tell vs. Gessler, Bulldog Drummond vs. Peterson, and the Scarlet Pimpernel vs. Chauvelin.

The bloodless, chestless men will always be with us. They are the waste products of a Christian civilization; but they should not be at the center of our culture. It is the duty of white Europeans to push them back to the dark fringes of civilization.

Hamlet curses the day that he was "born to set it right." But he ultimately accepts his destiny and he does set it right. The white European hero culture is Hamlet's culture. It is our culture, and it is His culture. We are called to defend it against the white technocrat, the colored hordes, and against all the forces of hell. +

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### **Tintagel vs. Haiti - JULY 14, 2007**

Samuel Francis was one of the few men who pointed out the ugly lie at the heart of the cultural diversity agenda of our government, our schools, and our churches. When the people in these institutions say "cultural diversity," they claim to mean, "You respect my culture and I'll respect yours." But in reality they mean, "All white culture is evil and must be eradicated from the face of the earth."

And in fact there has never been a nation with multiple races in which one race was not dominant over the other. I think it is better for the white race and for the black race if the white race is the dominant race. I base that politically incorrect sentiment on the historical record. When white folk dominate, if you look at the totality of their actions, an amazing record of noblesse oblige and Christian charity emerges. When the black race dominates, there is unspeakable barbarism and darkness. Read T. Lothrop Stoddard's book, *The French Revolution in San Domingo*, to see the prototype for all black states.

Stoddard begins the book, written in 1914, with his reason for presenting us with an historical account of the revolution in San Domingo:

The world-wide struggle between the primary races of mankind – the "conflict of color," as it has been happily termed – bids fair to be the fundamental problem of the twentieth century, and great communities like the United States of America, the South African Confederation, and Australasia regard the "color question" as perhaps the gravest problem of the future. To our age, therefore the French Revolution in San Domingo – the first great shock between the ideals of white supremacy and race equality, which erased the finest of European colonies from the map of the white world and initiated that most noted attempt at Negro self-government, the black republic of Haiti – cannot but be of peculiar interest.

Yes, it should be of peculiar interest. But it isn't. White people just ignore the warning sign.

When the white citizens of San Domingo foolishly linked their government to that of the French, they suffered through the chaos of the French Revolution in their own country. But the reign of terror in France was a Sunday picnic compared to what happened in San Domingo:

The time was now ripe for the final blow. When the French troops had left the country in November, 1803, Dessalines had promised protection to all white civilians who chose to remain, and shortly afterwards a proclamation had invited all white exiles to return. The favorable treatment accorded those who remained after the departure of Rochambeau induced a considerable number of colonial whites to return to San Domingo. But no sooner was the black leader firmly seated on his imperial throne than those unfortunates discovered their mistake in trusting the word of Dessalines. Scarcely had the new year begun when orders went forth to massacre the white population, and on April 25, 1805, a ferocious proclamation set the seal on this awful proscription and laid down that doctrine of white exclusion ever since retained as the cardinal point of Haitian policy.

The nature of these events is well shown by the letter of a French officer secretly in Port-au-Prince at the time, who himself escaped by a miracle to the lesser evil of an English prison in Jamaica. "The murder of the whites in detail," he writes, "began at Port-au-Prince in the first days of January, but on the 17th and 18th March they were finished off en masse. All, without exception, have been massacred, down to the very women and children. Madame de Boynes was killed in a peculiarly horrible manner. A young mulatto named Fifi Pariset ranged the town like a madman searching the houses to kill the little children. Many of the men and women were hewn down by sappers, who hacked off their arms and smashed in their chests. Some were poniarded, others mutilated, others 'passed on the bayonet,' others disemboweled with knives or sabers, still others stuck like pigs. At the beginning, a great number were drowned. The same general massacre has taken place all over the colony, and as I write you these lines I believe that there are not twenty whites still alive – and these not for long."

This estimate was, indeed, scarcely exaggerated. The white race had perished utterly out of the land, French San Domingo had vanished forever, and the black State of Haiti had begun its troubled history.

And what happened after Stoddard published his account of the first black attempt at self-government? Did white people take note and take the precautionary measures necessary to ensure the survival of the white race? Of course not. Rhodesia went the way of Haiti, and then South Africa followed suit largely because of outside pressure from Britain and the United States.

And what about Britain and the United States? They are both endeavoring to transform themselves into larger versions of Haiti, which, to put it mildly, seems rather self-destructive, doesn't it?

And it seems there is always some Christian clergyman who can be seen, torch in hand, running around setting fire to every European virtue. Look! There goes 'chivalry' up in flames. And over there I see 'love of kin' going up in flames. And now I see Father Spirit-of-the-Times setting fire to 'charity' while the whore called Ms. Modern Times looks on and applauds.

And then from the shadows steps an old man, with the eyes of a prophet.

"Think about what you do this day. As Judas betrayed Christ, so do you betray Him when you burn all the fruits of His glorious life and death."

But the crazed clergyman does not heed the old man, and in fact it appears he sees but does not hear him. The applause of the whore is all he hears. So the fire rages and eventually envelops the clergyman and the whore. Before the flames completely engulf them we can see them embracing each other, still enjoying the sight of the old European virtues in flames, but not realizing that they embrace for the last time.

In the morning the old man with the prophetic eyes walks through the rubble and ashes. He weeps. In the distance he sees, through his tears, a tall figure walking toward him. The figure is hooded and wearing the garb of some ancient religious order. He walks right up to the old man.

"Why do you weep?"

"Because I once ruled this very kingdom, or at least one like it. We were one race, one faith, and our swords and our hearts served Him. But we were defeated from within. My own queen and my most trusted knight betrayed me. That was long ago. But I returned, hoping to stop the destruction of this kingdom and these people. But it was too late and they did not heed me. And so I weep, for I have seen it all turn to ashes a second time."

"But you mustn't weep, my king."

"You know me?"

"Yes, I know you. You are Arthur Pendragon. And I have come to tell you that you shall be a king once more. Across the sea, in your own Tintagel, there is a small band of Europeans. They are eating roots and berries and have no knowledge of the true faith. But they are Europeans and they need you. They have that special fire in their hearts. They long to serve a true king, a king who can tell them about the King of Kings, a king who will show them why a sword is shaped like a cross. You must go to those people and be a king once more."

And then a strange thing happened. The old man was an old man no more. He was young again. He was Arthur in his prime.

The monkish stranger walks with Arthur to the shore where a ship waits for him. The ship is manned by an angelic crew. Arthur turns to the stranger.

"I think I know your voice, but I dare not believe what I hope. Are you not my own true knight, the bravest of the brave and the purest of the pure? Are you not Sir Galahad?"

The stranger steps out of his monkish attire revealing a knight in light armor.

"Yes, my king, I am Sir Galahad. And together we will build a nation of one race, one faith, one king, and one Lord."

And so they sailed for Tintagel, to build a new Europe, which was a very old Europe, and to worship a new God, who was a very old God. +

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## **William Tell - JULY 08, 2007**

Of the great counterrevolutionary heroes of literature and legend, William Tell is one of my favorites. Despite Carlyle's attempt to make a revolutionary hero of him, Tell will forever be in the vanguard of the counterrevolutionaries. Why is Tell a counterrevolutionary? Because of what he fights for and who he fights against. He fights first for his family, secondly for his countrymen, and thirdly for the holy Roman Emperor. His quarrel is not with the right ordering of Christendom with a Christian emperor as the overseer of numerous independent Christian states. Tell's quarrel is with a petty tyrant named Gessler. Gessler tramples on the sacred hearth rights of the Swiss people, and by doing so, violates his oath to the Emperor to rule as Christ the King would rule.

Tell, with no political aspirations whatever, does not seek a quarrel with Gessler. He lives the simple life of the mountain folk. But his life is not that of the incomplete woodsman hero of American folklore: Tell is an integral family man. He roams the mountains with his sons during the day, and nightfall finds him sleeping, not Natty Bumppo-style under the stars with an Indian, but under a humble roof with his wife and sons.

Gessler, however, is the type of man who must impose his pettiness of soul on those with largesse of soul. Hence the tyranny of the hat. We all know the result. Gessler begins the quarrel, but Tell finishes it. Because he has a heart on flame with love for his son and for his beloved mountain country, Tell knows it cannot end with the challenge of the apple. It has



to end with an arrow in Gessler's heart, or else his children, his wife, and his country will be forever in danger. After the deed is done, Tell, as Schiller describes the scene, appears above the mountain rocks and issues his apologia for the execution of Gessler:

Tell: Thou know'st the marksman—I, and I alone  
Now are our homesteads free, and innocence  
From thee is safe: thou'lt be our curse no more.

Yes, innocence is safe. Tell reaches the pinnacle of heroism. The true hero fights for innocence, for the hearth, for the babe at his mother's breast, and for the babe unborn in his mother's womb. We need William Tell in the 21st century. +

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### **Of Peccaries and Wal-Mart - JULY 08, 2007**

A friend of mine moved to Arizona about 10 years ago. At that time, the apartment complex where she moved was inhabited by predominantly white, English-speaking people. Now the apartment complex is inhabited predominantly by non-English-speaking Mexicans and Middle Eastern Arabs.

Besides the daily fear of robbery and assault, my friend must also live with the different customs of those Aztecs from south of the border, one of which is to allow peccaries, a breed of wild pig, to roam the apartment complex.

Nor are those not directly located on the borders immune from the Aztec invasion. (I use the term 'Aztec' because the illegal and legal Mexican immigrant is seldom of the white Spanish breed.) My cousin, who owns a small farm, has told me about a long row of trailers near his land which house the Mexicans who work at the local Wal-Mart. In this particular Wal-Mart, my cousin reported, the workers were not permitted to sit at any time during the working day. They even eat their lunches standing up, and they probably are not even allowed to sit down to die.

No pot-bellied, country club Republican should be allowed to claim he is a capitalist and a conservative. There is nothing conservative about capitalism. The capitalist wants open borders, which destroy nationhood; he wants a low minimum wage, which destroys home and hearth; and he wants an ever-expanding, ever-changing economy, which destroys home, hearth, and nation.

The big-wig capitalists at the turn of the century were called robber barons. Their descendants are even worse. We are entirely too gentle with them considering they have robbed us of something more valuable than money: our European heritage. +

Ere I own a usurper  
I'll crouch with the fox  
So tremble false whigs,  
In the midst o' your glee,  
Ye have not seen the last  
O' my bonnets and me.

--Sir Walter Scott

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### **What Do Bin Laden, Star Wars, and Harry Potter Have in Common? - JULY 08, 2007**

I must forcefully disagree with those American conservatives who have presented the "war on terror" as a war of the good forces of democracy and freedom vs. the evil forces of Bin Laden and his legions. I see the war as a battle between two evil forces, both diametrically opposed to Christianity, and both heretical perversions of Christianity.

Let's deal with the American heresy first: in the apocryphal gospels, written about the same time as the genuine ones (the alleged gospel of St. Thomas is an example), Christ is depicted as a great magician who goes around zapping things and people. Tricks and gimmicks figure prominently in the bogus gospels. In contrast, the Christ depicted in the Gospels of Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John is reluctant to perform miracles. Satan tries to get Him to do miracles just for miracles' sake, and Christ rebukes him. When Christ does perform miracles, it is out of an overwhelming sense of compassion for some individual human being, the daughter of Jairus, Lazarus, the blind man, the paralytic, and so on. His miracles are consistent with the truth that He came to reveal through the miracle, namely that God has a human heart with a love that passeth all understanding. The loving image of Christ was held to be the true one by the majority of Europeans throughout the Christian centuries. But there was always that other view on the fringes of Christendom: the view of Christ as magician

and conjurer. The adherents to the magical version of Christianity seek to emulate Christ the magician, not to worship Christ the God-Man.

And it is the modern technocrats who are the heirs of the early magicians. The reason capitalists love Harry Potter and Star Wars is because both celebrate the triumph of magic and technology over Christianity. Who needs a God when one has magical powers and the technology such powers give?

The magician-technocrat is always a utopian. From Robespierre's reign of terror to eliminate terror, to the Yankee's war on "inequality," to the modern American unending war on terrorism, the goal is always a utopian one. Robespierre wanted to purge France of all evil doers, and the North wanted to purge the world of backward, bigoted, reactionary agrarians. The modern American terrorists want to bomb every country that doesn't agree to be a free market democracy. And please, in regard to my last assertion, don't try to tell me the reason we are adding nation after nation to our bombing list is because we are concerned about terrorist attacks in our country. If the technocrats were really concerned about terrorist attacks, they would move to restrict immigration. But that they will not do, since to do so would violate the technocratic creed of "markets without end, amen."

Of course, the technocratic, utopian magicians are no longer on the fringes of Western civilization, they are Western civilization. They dominate even the Christian church. No organized group of Christians opposes them. Some isolated resistance does exist in the ranks of some fundamentalists and in the hearts of some poets, but such resistance is very marginal. Christianity has returned to a minor cult status in the world.

The temptation, if one is opposed to the new dominant, technocratic religion, is to support any movement in opposition to it. Enter the Moslem heresy. But Islam does not hate the West because of its technology; it hates the West because it still believes the West to be Christian. Moslems envy the West's technological power, but they do not oppose the West as liberals claim because of our materialism. Islam followed Christianity, and, like all heresies, took just one aspect of Christianity and made that its 'all' while condemning every other aspect of the Faith. The all-powerful, transcendent God became the Moslems' Allah, while the incarnate God of love became a blasphemy. Watching the Islamic world and the technocratic world clash is like watching a dragon fight a Cyclops. Whichever one wins, it will go bad for the Christian bystander.

The situation of the Christian today is not directly analogous to the Christian of the Roman catacombs. The modern Christian, like the catacomb Christian, is a member of a disdained and persecuted minority religion, but he is unlike the catacomb Christian in a very profound way. The modern Christian is a member of a religion that once was a dominant religion.

Most of the signs and symbols of the old Christian Faith still exist in bastardized forms, making it much harder for a Christian now to know who his enemies and his friends are. It is also much harder to evangelize, because Christianity is not a new religion as it was in the time of the catacombs but a religion that has been tried and rejected.

Although in the minority, antique Christians could make a very sizeable breach in the enemies' wall if they would stop being fooled by post-Christians who still use the old Christian words and forms to cloak very anti-Christian deeds. Leaving it up to God to judge the disposition of souls, Christians should judge the actions of post-Christian deceivers. When George Bush proclaims he is a Christian and then pursues a "one World" democratic, capitalist faith, he is not a Christian. When the Catholic popes pursue a policy of ecumenism that leads to joint worship with Muslims, they are not believing Christians by any yardstick of any Christian living prior to the 20th century. And when Catholic and Protestant clergy tell us that black voodoo and Christianity are compatible, they reveal to us that they are not Christian and are in league with the enemy.

The first step in any war is to know whom one is fighting. It is possible to defeat Muslims and post-Christian technocrats if one puts them both in the ranks of the enemy, where they belong. +

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## **The Whiteman Unchained, Part II - JULY 01, 2007**

I read R. Jamison's recent post in which he quoted a black columnist's reaction to the white protests of the torture-murders of Channon Christian and Christopher Newsom. The columnist's reaction? "Cry me a river."

To say I felt rage would be a gross understatement. I felt something burn within me that went beyond rage. And yet I did not go down to Knoxville, kill the murderers, and beat the columnist to within an inch of his despicable life. Why didn't I? For the obvious reason that I don't possess the superhuman courage to offer myself up for martyrdom. Antique Christians make a mistake when they depict liberals as weak. Liberals often seem weak to those on the right because they will not

fight in defense of the things for which old style Christians used to fight. But liberals will fight, and kill, for causes they hold dear. The murder of Paul Hill by liberals is a case in point.

I want to emphasize, however, that I would kill those inhuman murderers and beat the liberal columnist senseless if the liberal state did not stand ready to execute me for such actions. However, I do not refrain because I think my Christian faith forbids it. Indeed, I would claim that my desire to kill the murderers and punish the columnist stems from my Christian faith. So either I or our contemporary Christians are in error, because they certainly would not support my view of Christianity and killing.

I could, if I desired, cite chapter and verse from Catholic and Protestant moral theologians on the subject of a 'just' war, and the prohibitions on an individual taking up arms against the state. But I will not cite from those weighty tomes. And I will not, because, just as our initial intuitions of life are anterior to our rationalizations about life, so are our heartfelt passions, to kill in defense of and to punish home when innocent blood is shed, anterior to the theological commentaries on the subject of when a Christian should kill. The theologians are no more capable of giving us sound advice on killing than a eunuch is capable of fathering a child.

How did men, real Christian men, of the past respond to atrocities committed against their own? They came upon the perpetrators of such deeds and killed them. Sometimes, when Christian men were in power, they punished home with the full weight of the state behind them. But when they were out of power and ruled by satanic forces (as was the South during the "Reconstruction" era), they still found a way to punish home.

There is no escaping it. Either our American European and European ancestors were wrong about Christianity and killing, or our contemporary "Christians" are wrong.

The truth of the matter is that democracy, as Richard Weaver has pointed out, means something much more than a form of government to modern Christians. It is Zion. Read through the rhetoric of one of the first, "new breed" Democratic war mongers, Abraham Lincoln. Though he objected to the excessive zeal of the radical abolitionists, he threw his lot in with them, because both "were moving toward Zion." There is no difference between the secular Zion of the democracy advocates and the worker's paradise of communism. The utopian theory behind both systems states that the people rule. And in both systems, a tiny oligarchy actually rules.

Institutional Christianity is satanic because the churches have bedded down with the whore called democracy. Our satanic democratic government has nothing in common with the town meeting styled democracy of the rural farmers and tradesmen of the 1700s. It is a capitalist oligarchy without room for anything that touches or deals with the spiritual dimension of man.

And the only opposition to the democratic oligarchy seems to come from the ranks of the white pagan groups. White Christians are deterred from action because, despite their grumblings about them, they have an inordinate respect for their clergymen. But the clergymen have placed their hopes in a philosophical system that consists of pseudoscientific meanderings and psychological hocus pocus. They still call it Christianity, but it is not. If we look at the past with a sincere attempt to understand the spirit behind the traditions of our ancestors, we will be able to judge our contemporaries who claim they support murder and torture because they are democratic and Christian. Understanding tradition is an act of the imagination and the heart. One has to have a desire to see things as the men and women of the past saw things. You cannot simply copy an external ceremony or rite and be united with the past, and what we find when we unite with the past is that Christian men fought and killed in defense of kith and kin.

If we clear away all the cant about "sacred democracy" and break free from clerical domination, we will see that defending our own and punishing those who attack our own is a tactical problem, not a moral one. We have a duty to protect and defend. The only question should be, how do we do so in the face of the most thoroughly satanic governmental power structure ever conceived.

We are in a much more desperate situation than the Scottish people were in after their defeat at Culloden in 1745, and than the South was in during the era of Reconstruction. In both cases in point there was a clannish solidarity among the disenfranchised. The Scottish Highlanders paid double rents, one to the English under compulsion, and a second to their exiled chieftains out of loyalty. And in the South, the Klan was able to rise and ride because there was overwhelming support for their efforts. In the contemporary U.S. and Europe, there is no spirit of clannishness, which is the reason that the white Christian remnant writes anonymous blogs in cyberspace. Such blogging is a step up from hiding in the basement, but our ultimate goal should be the restoration of Christian Europe and the defeat of democratic capitalism and racial babelism.

The modern white man believes that democracy, whether it be democratic socialism or democratic capitalism, is the end of human history. The colored tribes, because they can be ruled by sacrificial offerings of "worthless, non-productive whites," are an essential part of the post Christian's democratic vision. Whether it be McCain's vision of grateful Mexican peons licking his presidential feet or Pope John Paul II's vision of happy, vital Africans kissing his pontifical ring, it is the same fantasy: A high, mucky-muck white liberal presides over large tribal hordes of colored men and women who have enough sense, unlike his fellow whites, to accord him the dignity and honor he deserves. That is their delusional vision. And it should be noted that even fundamentalist Christians, who profess to be against evolution as it pertains to the origin of man, believe in an evolutionary, mystical concept of American democracy; they believe that it is God's preferred system of government and that any previous or contrary system of government is backward and unChristian. But such is not the case. The first European Christian form of government was the clan. And as we move from the clan to monarchy to democracy, we make a descent, not an ascent. The hearth, the village and the field, those are the components of a Christian commonwealth, not the factory, the city, and asphalt. This ludicrous notion that without democratic capitalism we would all live in huts without indoor plumbing is nonsense. We would not have condos or skyscrapers, but we would have houses that were homes with Christian hearths.

The difference between a tribe and a clan is the hearth. In a tribe, fire is necessary to cook with, and both human and animal meats are cooked on the tribal fires. But the hearth fire in a clan is the place where two or three gather together in His name. It has been sanctified because He is welcome there. When many such hearths are banded together, they constitute a clan, which is why it would be an ascent to a higher plane of existence, not a descent, if white people could become clansmen again.

One thing should be fixed in our mind before we proceed against the satanic whites and their barbarian minions. There will be no mercy in them. They have rejected the religion of mercy. In their value system there is no punishment too severe for the undemocratic, unredeemed white Christians. So maybe in the beginning, the fight will have to be with blogs. But when the time is ripe, it is Christian to fight and to kill in defense of, and to punish home.

It is important as well that we not let young white men who have a desire to fight with something besides words be siphoned off by satanic, Christ-hating Christians. When society only permits warlike behavior in defense of satanic causes, it is difficult to stop young men from serving those causes. "It's easy for you to say," the young man says. "Your blood has cooled with age." But I do know what the young white male feels, because my blood has not cooled with age and because I have vivid memories.

I think every police officer, at least those with white blood, has a very basic, rather romantic, notion of his job. He believes that he is Wyatt Earp or some such figure, and that he stands between the bad guys and civilized society. I know I had such notions when I was a young police officer. But the reality was quite different. I was only allowed to act against lower class, drunk and disorderly whites. I was not allowed to act against the more dangerous black criminals. To do so, we were informed (not directly, but implicitly) would bring a host of civil rights organizations against us and could result in our own incarceration. Now in my district there was a black section that we were periodically told to go through and show a police presence. But we were not to respond in any way to what was thrown at us – bottles or words – as we proceeded down the mean streets. On some hot summer nights things got so bad in the district that our sergeant took an entire squad of police officers through the black district. On one such night, a homemade bomb was thrown from one of the houses bordering the street. It hit one of the officers. I felt a rage run through me similar to the rage I feel now toward the black torturer-murderers. Apparently I was not the only officer who felt that rage because that night we didn't crawl. It was a very instructive experience for me. Sneering, smug barbarians became cringing, cowering creatures. The barbarians do not know what to do when enraged white men show a united front.

Although nothing was done that night that was morally wrong, much was done that was politically incorrect. There were repercussions, from white liberals of course, and many officers were made to regret the one night when they responded to what was in their hearts and blood instead of the dictates of white liberalism.

It might seem that I've muddied the waters. I started with a plea for Christians to break the chains of democracy and to start thinking about fighting and killing in defense of kith and kin, and I ended with a plea to young white men to shun warlike behavior. But of course there is no contradiction. My plea is not for killing for the sake of killing. The barbarians do that. It is a plea for a sense of clannishness among white Christians and a realization of what actions might be necessary to defend the clan. Sometimes defense of the clan will require violent action, and sometimes it will require a loss of a career because that career would require a young man to act with violence against the interests of his clan. If Christian males, for instance, ever get past the blogging stage and really start to show a united front against black and Mexican barbarians, do you think a president such as George Bush would hesitate for one second to send federal troops against them?

What seems like a hopelessly complicated problem in moral theology is not all that complicated. Show me a man with a truly European heart, a heart in tune with His Heart, and he'll know the difference between fighting for the leviathan and fighting for kith and kin. And when white men break free from the mind-forged manacles of democracy, such men will rise and ride when they see the fiery cross. +

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## **Ballad of the Alamo - JUNE 27, 2007**

To George Bush and his fellow traitors in Congress.

Lest we forget...

### **BALLAD OF THE ALAMO**

In the southern part of Texas, in the town of San Antone,  
There's a fortress all in ruin that the weeds have overgrown.  
You may look in vain for crosses and you'll never see a one,  
But sometime between the setting and the rising of the sun,  
You can hear a ghostly bugle as the men go marching by;  
You can hear them as they answer to that roll call in the sky:  
Colonel Travis, Davy Crockett and a hundred eighty more;  
Captain Dickenson, Jim Bowie, present and accounted for.

Back in 1836, Houston said to Travis:  
"Get some volunteers and go fortify the Alamo."  
Well, the men came from Texas and from old Tennessee,  
And they joined up with Travis just to fight for the right to be free.

Indian scouts with squirrel guns, men with muzzle loaders,  
Stood together heel and toe to defend the Alamo.  
"You may never see your loved ones," Travis told them that day.  
"Those that want to can leave now, those who'll fight to the death, let 'em stay."

In the sand he drew a line with his army sabre,  
Out of a hundred eighty five, not a soldier crossed the line.  
With his banners a-dancin' in the dawn's golden light,  
Santa Anna came prancin' on a horse that was black as the night.

He sent an officer to tell Travis to surrender.  
Travis answered with a shell and a rousin' rebel yell.  
Santa Anna turned scarlet: "Play Degüello," he roared.  
"I will show them no quarter, everyone will be put to the sword."

One hundred and eighty five holdin' back five thousand.  
Five days, six days, eight days, ten; Travis held and held again.  
Then he sent for replacements for his wounded and lame,  
But the troops that were comin' never came, never came, never came.

Twice he charged, then blew recall. On the fatal third time,  
Santa Anna breached the wall and he killed them one and all.  
Now the bugles are silent and there's rust on each sword,  
And the small band of soldiers lie asleep in the arms of The Lord.

In the southern part of Texas, near the town of San Antone,  
Like a statue on his Pinto rides a cowboy all alone.  
And he sees the cattle grazin' where a century before,  
Santa Anna's guns were blazin' and the cannons used to roar.  
And his eyes turn sort of misty, and his heart begins to glow,  
And he takes his hat off slowly to the men of Alamo.  
To the thirteen days of glory at the siege of Alamo.

by Dimitri Tiompkin and P. F. Webster

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## On Reading - JUNE 24, 2007

I would like to, as a preface to this post, offer a disclaimer. I am against reading for the artsy, nose-in-the-air reason found in the misnamed, now defunct "Common Reader" catalog: "Only We, of the pure and beautiful class, can understand the joys of reading." Far better to be a non-reading, beer drinking attendee of hockey games than such a reader as the "Common Reader" tried to cultivate.

Having issued that disclaimer, let me hasten to add I do not believe a true integral education can be acquired without the voluminous reading of an enthusiast. No one can get an education from the minuscule amount of reading required by a university "education."

What follows is a discussion of some of the authors that have had a major impact, for good or ill, on me over the years.

### Fyodor Dostoyevsky

Dostoyevsky was the passion of my young manhood, as he has been the passion of so many young men since he first penned his *Notes from the Underground* and the five magnificent novels that followed. The great thing about Dostoyevsky is that he clears away all the rot and leaves one with a clear choice: Christ or the abyss. Konstantin Mochulsky captured the essence of Dostoyevsky's work when he said that Jesus Christ was the one great love of Dostoyevsky's life.

In *Notes from the Underground*, Dostoyevsky hurls his defiance at optimistic, Christless liberalism. He asserts man's free will against the 2+2=4 world of the rationalists. Better to live in a subterranean cellar of nihilism and despair than to adopt the soulless optimism of the new world order.

But Dostoyevsky does not leave us in the cellar. In *Crime and Punishment*, *The Idiot*, *The Devils*, *A Raw Youth*, and especially *The Brothers Karamazov*, we go through an arduous pilgrimage that ends at the foot of the cross. And the Christ we see at the end of our journey is a European Christ. Father Zosima's Christianity has nothing to do with Russian Orthodoxy. When Dostoyevsky turned to Christ while in prison, it was not to the Christ of his Orthodox childhood that he turned but to the simple suffering servant of the Gospels. The love of the God-Man was burned into his soul.

Much has been made of Dostoyevsky's anti-Catholicism, but there is no antithesis between Dostoyevsky's Christ and the Christ of Christendom. Dostoyevsky's quarrel with Roman Catholicism was with its rationalism; it was against the smug Grand Inquisitors of scholasticism which he revolted, not the Christian faith itself.

Although I recently read *The Brothers Karamazov* to my children, I must confess that I seldom read Dostoyevsky any more. And that is not because I find him flawed, but because having come to a belief in the God-Man, I need more than a Dostoyevskian vision to sustain my belief in Him. Dostoyevsky spends too much time in the dark, subterranean cellars of nihilism and despair. One needs to take the subterranean cellars into one's account of existence, but too much time therein can make one forget about the other world of light. Dostoyevsky realizes this of course, but has only one hand on the windowsill of religious affirmation, while the rest of his body lives in the dark cellar. All of life cannot be a film noir where one infers the light because there must be an opposite of darkness. We need something more; we need to win before we lose. Amidst the tragedy of existence, there must be white moments when one climbs over the windowsill and sees the wonders of His love.

Dostoyevsky's work is not devoid of white moments. He would have understood what C. S. Lewis meant by the term, "surprised by joy." But I need more glimpses of what is beyond the windowsill than Dostoyevsky provides, which is why, in middle age, I read more Walter Scott than Dostoyevsky. Yet, I honor the great Russian and owe him a great debt. He is one of the giants of Christendom.

### Miguel de Unamuno

Unamuno has much in common with Dostoyevsky. He also makes the choice clear: Christ or the abyss. But with Unamuno one gets less of a sense of a firm hand on the windowsill of religious faith; he has only one finger on it.

Yet his critique of scholasticism is invaluable, and his "tragic sense of life" must be the starting point for religious faith.

So far as I am concerned, I will never willingly yield myself, nor entrust my confidence, to any popular leader who is not penetrated with the feeling that he who orders men, men of flesh and bone, men who are born, suffer, and, although they do not wish to die, die; men who are ends in themselves, not merely means; men who must be themselves and not others; men, in fine, who seek that which we call happiness. It is inhuman, for example, to sacrifice one generation of men to the generation which follows, without having any feeling for the destiny of those who are sacrificed, without having any regard, not for their memory, not for their names, but for them themselves.

All this talk of a man surviving in his children, or in his works, or in the universal consciousness, is but vague verbiage which satisfies only those who suffer from affective stupidity, and who, for the rest, may be persons of a certain cerebral distinction. For it is possible to

possess great talent, or what we call great talent, and yet to be stupid as regards the feelings and even morally imbecile. There have been instances.

These clever-witted, affectively stupid persons are wont to say that it is useless to seek to delve in the unknowable or to kick against the pricks. It is as if one should say to a man whose leg has had to be amputated that it does not help him at all to think about it. And we all lack something; only some of us feel the lack and others do not. Or they pretend not to feel the lack, and then they are hypocrites.

A pedant who beheld Solon weeping for the death of a son said to him, "Why do you weep thus, if weeping avails nothing?" And the sage answered him, "Precisely for that reason—because it does not avail." It is manifest that weeping avails something, even if only the alleviation of distress; but the deep sense of Solon's reply to the impertinent questioner is plainly seen. And I am convinced that we should solve many things if we all went out into the streets and uncovered our griefs, which perhaps would prove to be but one sole common grief, and joined together in beweeching them and crying aloud to the heavens and calling upon God. And this, even though God should hear us not; but He would hear us. The chiefest sanctity of a temple is that it is a place to which men go to weep in common. A miserere sung in common by a multitude tormented by destiny has as much value as a philosophy. It is not enough to cure the plague: we must learn to weep for it. Yes, we must learn to weep! Perhaps that is the supreme wisdom. Why? Ask Solon.

--from *The Tragic Sense of Life*

Nicholas Berdyaev

I no longer read Berdyaev's works, but in my early twenties I was his devotee. His great virtue was his emphasis on God-Manhood. This sounds like a rather simple formulation, but Berdyaev emphasized that Christ was the only solution to the riddle of man. Scholasticism, Berdyaev asserted, almost made Christ unnecessary. For since we only intuit God because of our own humanity, it is not possible, Berdyaev maintained, to understand or know God except through Christ:

God is not an absolute monarch: God is a God Who suffers with the world and with man. He is crucified Love; He is the Liberator. The Liberator appears not as a power but as a Crucifixion. The Redeemer is the Liberator, and that not as settling accounts with God for crimes that have been committed. God reveals Himself as Humanity. Humanity is indeed the chief property of God, not almightiness, not omniscience and the rest, but humanity, freedom, love, sacrifice.

--from *Slavery and Freedom*

Berdyaev also refuted the whole modern European notion of objectivity. All metaphysical truth was subjective, Berdyaev claimed -- subjective in the sense that it was not rational as  $2+2=4$  is rational.

The spirit is always subjectivity and in this subjectivity transcension takes place. The objectivizing direction of consciousness leads into another sphere. Objectivization is an apparent attainment of the transcendent. It is precisely the objectivized transcendent which remains in the immanence of consciousness. The objectivizing consciousness remains in a closed circle of immanence, however much it affirms the objectivity of the transcendent, and precisely for this reason that it does affirm that objectivity of the transcendent. This is the clearest confirmation of the paradox that the objective is subjective and the subjective objective, if we make use of that out-of-date terminology.

The conception of the Absolute is the extreme limit of the objectivizing of abstract thought. In the Absolute there are not signs whatever of existence, no signs of life. The Absolute belongs not so much to religious revelation as to religious philosophy and theology. It is a product of thought. The abstract being which is in no way distinguished from non-being. You cannot pray to the Absolute. No dramatic meeting with it is possible. We call that the Absolute which has no relation to an other and has no need of an other. The Absolute is not a being, is not a personality, which always presupposes a going out from itself and a meeting with an other. The God of revelation, the God of the Bible is not the Absolute. In Him there is a dramatic life and movement, there is a relation to an other, to man, to the world. By the precepts of Aristotelian philosophy they have changed the God of the Bible into pure act, and excluded from Him all inward motion and every tragic principle. The Absolute cannot issue from itself and create the world.

-- *Slavery and Freedom*

I broke with Berdyaev over his contention, in which he differed with Dostoyevsky, that before the Fall, man was androgynous and would again return to androgyny. That interpretation of the Fall was offensive enough for me to leave Berdyaev behind, but I still respect his work. And I must admit that he and the other Russians, such as Vladimir Solovyov and Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn, have served me better than the "Roman Catholic authors."

Shakespeare

A Lutheran pastor once confided to me that he was a Christian because of William Shakespeare. He was an old man at the time, and I was a young man, and I soon lost touch with him. But if I could speak to him today, I would tell him that I too am a Christian because of William Shakespeare. And please consider your letters of complaint already written and read, those of you who want to tell me that Christians are made by the grace of God and not by any human agency. I would not deny that all grace comes from God, nor would that Lutheran pastor, but are there not human conduits of God's grace?

Do you recall what Philip said to Nathaniel after he, Philip, had seen Jesus? He said, "We have found him, of whom Moses in the law, and the prophets did write, Jesus of Nazareth, the son of Joseph." And of course Nathaniel was underwhelmed, as we all would have been: "Can there be any good thing come out of Nazareth?"

Philip replied, "Come and see."

Philip was a wise man. He didn't try to dazzle Nathaniel with a long recitation of Biblical prophecies pertaining to the Messiah; he simply brought Nathaniel into Christ's presence. And that is what Shakespeare does. By playing Philip to our Nathaniel, he brings us into Christ's presence. He presents us with a most compelling portrait of the heart of Our Lord. Many fail to appreciate this portrait because they are holding on to only a partial faith.

What was the meaning of the Incarnation? Did Our Lord take flesh, dwell among us, suffer, die on the cross, and then rise from the dead, only to reveal to us a philosophical system? Why not simply come to one prophet in a vision? Or why not reveal, through signs and wonders, His recommended system, to a select band of sages who could then teach and disseminate the information to all God's people? Or better yet, why not just send everyone on earth a registered letter with everything spelled out?

No, none of those options could work. The key words, joined, are God-Manhood. To reveal only the divine elements of an esoteric system would not have revealed God's full nature. Nor would it have revealed to us our true natures. For in revealing to us that His divinity is linked to His humanity, He also reveals to us that our humanity, which we share with Him, is also connected to His divine life. We know now, after the Incarnation, the Crucifixion, and the Resurrection, that He "wilt not leave us in the dust"; we are not made to die.

From the moment the veil of the Temple was rent, all philosophical systems were forever subject to Him. Speculative thought must be channeled through hearts connected to His Sacred Heart, or it becomes mere bagatelle at best and satanic revolt at its worst. In this decadent period of post-Christian history, we find churchmen of every stamp and laity from every walk of life who hold on to an intellectual version of Christianity alone. "Study that catechism, read the Church documents, learn, learn, learn; get the facts about your faith," we hear from all corners. In stark contrast to the get-the-facts men is Gerard Manly Hopkins who grasped the essence of Christianity better than anyone, when he replied to the question, "How can I know God?" with the simple words, "Give alms."

That quite simple answer, "give alms," is the key to so much. It is an excess of humanity, a charitable overflowing of the heart, which brings us closest to Our Lord. The formalists in both the Protestant and the Catholic camps are always trying to get us to shun humanity in favor of philosophical systems, with a Christian flavor to be sure, but without Christ's humanity or our own.

Shakespeare in *The Merchant of Venice* (which I choose here to represent his works as a whole) presents quite explicitly a vision of Our Lord that does full justice to His humanity without denying His divinity. Indeed, divine humanity is divine not because it is something other than human, but because it is more human.

But mercy is above this sceptred sway,--  
It is enthroned in the hearts of Kings,  
It is an attribute to God himself;

Yes, God is not something completely alien to us, who can only be conjured up by great magicians and wise men. We are separated from Him, not by our humanity, but by our lack of humanity. Shylock is legally in the right if the Incarnation never took place, but he is terribly wrong if it did. Because if the Incarnation really happened, we are assured that to be in full union with Christ we must be more passionate, more humane, more merciful, and more charitable. Shylock's scale, no matter how mathematically precise, will never be correct.

I find it quite heartening to see that Shakespeare still survives and has a certain popularity. And I'm not referring to his inclusion on college syllabi; his plays are not living, breathing things to academics. No, I'm talking about a survival among readers and theatergoers who still have some spark of soul left in them. It is amazing in this Gnostic age that one still sees audiences that can be moved by the Gentle Bard.

And whereas it is quite true that we can all get to heaven without reading Shakespeare, it is also equally true that we cannot get to heaven without going there through, with, and in, Our Lord, Jesus Christ, whose inner life has been so carefully drawn for us by William Shakespeare. Shakespeare provides the proofs. He does not, like Dante, build the reader a cathedral; but he supplies the passion that gives one the desire to enter a cathedral. His vision is deeper than the theologians and the theological poets.



There is an old folk tale with many variations that best depicts the Shakespearean vision. A beggar appears at the cottage of an old man. Though close to starving himself, the old man invites the beggar to share a humble meal. During the course of the meal, the old man feels as if he is on fire, not with a fire that singes, but with a fire that gives him joy and contentment. The beggar finishes his meal and departs. The old man ponders and wonders about the beggar. That night as he kneels to pray, he realizes why he felt himself to be on fire: the beggar was Our Lord. Through humanity comes the Triune God.

I do not overstate the extent of the spiritual crisis we face. Few people believe we even face a spiritual crisis, and the ones who do, recommend more study and more Gnosticism as the solution. Let me suggest a different response.

When I was a schoolboy, my class once took a trip to a local museum. In this museum was a huge man-made heart through which you could walk and observe all the heart's inner workings. Neither I nor my classmates really cared to know about the inner workings of the heart, but we were very interested in the adventure of talking a walk through a mysterious cave. And if you ignored all the left ventricle and right ventricle nonsense, you could believe that you were going through a mysterious cave.

Well, let's turn that artificial heart into a real human heart. And let's allow the Gnostic to wander with Virgil off into outer space. We shall take Shakespeare's hand as he leads us through this giant human heart. We will go through numerous passages, down deep staircases, and finally, after a journey worthy of Jules Verne's imagination, we will arrive at the heart's center. And, lo and behold! At the center of this human heart we will find another heart. This heart has a wound in it, and it is surrounded by thorns, surmounted by a flame consuming a cross. +

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The magic of Shakespeare is that the words he penned four hundred years ago still send tingles and shivers through the spine, so that even in translation they thrill people in countries that were unheard of in the England of his time. Though any more searching literary appraisal than this would be beyond the essentially historical approach of this book, the biggest disservice anyone can do to Shakespeare is to be so dazzled by his works as to argue that they could not have been written by anyone so ordinary as a Stratford-upon-Avon-born actor. The very essence of Shakespeare was his humanity: that he was neither a blue-blooded nobleman nor a university trained academic, but a humbly born player who wanted to give his calling the sort of material that could really make it soar, to reach every level of society. Where he was different from his contemporaries is that he felt with and for others in all their faults and frailties. In *Julius Caesar* Shakespeare has Julius say of Cassius, 'He is a great observer, and he looks quite through the deeds of men', and he could hardly have coined a more appropriate description of himself.

-- Ian Wilson in *Shakespeare: The Evidence*

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### **Bulldog Drummond – A Tribute - JUNE 24, 2007**

I'm very fond of Sapper's (H. C. McNeile) character, Hugh 'Bulldog' Drummond. I like Drummond because he stands in opposition to the intellectual detective heroes such as Sherlock Holmes. Although far from an imbecile, Drummond doesn't conquer through superior intellect; he conquers through sheer British pluck and bulldog tenacity.

Sapper always poked fun at his own and his hero's intellectual capabilities, but he very astutely delineated the metaphysic at work undermining the Western world in general and England in particular in his novels. Drummond is always up against some capitalist who uses the radical dregs of society, letting them think they are accomplishing their purposes, to destroy the old order. Of course, the two-fisted, ale-drinking Drummond always defeats the capitalist-radical coalitions. But somewhere along the line Drummond must have left us, because the sinister coalition has triumphed throughout the Western world. Infinitely more than we need Joe DiMaggio, we need Bulldog Drummond. So put out an S. O. S., calling Bulldog Drummond.

The 'Bulldog Drummond' books:

1. Bulldog Drummond
2. The Black Gang
3. The Third Round
4. The Final Count
5. The Female of the Species
6. Temple Tower
7. The Return of Bulldog Drummond
8. Bulldog Drummond Strikes Back
9. Bulldog Drummond at Bay
10. Challenge

The first four books all deal with Drummond's battles against the evil genius Carl Peterson. The fifth, my favorite, deals with Drummond's battle against the black widow mistress of Carl Peterson, Irma. This book features the most politically incorrect ending in all of literature. The first five books should be read in order; the other books need not be.

After McNeile's death in 1937, his friend Gerard Fairlie kept the Drummond character going, but I have not read the Fairlie books, so I cannot say whether or not they are up to the original ones. +

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### **Not a Nation - JUNE 23, 2007**

"America today is not a nation as we in Europe understand the term; it is a collection of diverse, and often warring ethnic communities just occupying the same territory." -- John Tyndall

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Everywhere I go I see the "Support our Troops" signs. Is it possible that anyone of white European ancestry believes that the culturally and sexually diverse army of corporate America is fighting for him? Yes, there are some deluded creatures with eviscerated hearts and addled brains that do believe it. They are men who have truly learned to love "Big Brother."

Our country is not a traditional nation. We are an 'idea' nation, which by definition is not a real nation. We were founded on a nebulous idea of liberty. But liberty from what? Well, that would have depended on whom you asked. Some, like Madison and Jefferson, wanted liberty from traditionally interpreted Christianity, while others wanted the liberty to practice their own type of Christianity, and others still simply wanted the liberty to do whatever they pleased. Since one cannot become a pure idea in one generation, Americans have a history of heroic achievements and chivalric deeds. But all such heroic achievements and chivalric deeds sprang from our European roots and our connection to the British nation. As we gradually disconnected from our European roots and became enamored of the prostitute called the 'American Idea,' we lost touch with the loyalties and passions that make a particular people a nation instead of a blasphemous idea.

A nation has one race, one faith, and one culture. The great war of the 1860s in this country was the last attempt of my folk, the white folk, to become a European nation on the American continent. And now? The immigration rates since 1965 tell the story. White folk do not believe in either a racial or a religious view of nation. But the barbarian hordes do believe in a racial concept of nation. So we will eventually be a nation, but not a Christian nation and not a white nation. We will be a barbarian nation. Yeats described it quite well:

Turning and turning in the widening gyre  
The falcon cannot hear the falconer;  
Things fall apart; the centre cannot hold;  
Mere anarchy is loosed upon the world,  
The blood-dimmed tide is loosed, and everywhere  
The ceremony of innocence is drowned:  
The best lack all conviction, while the worst  
Are full of passionate intensity. +

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### **The Underground Men - JUNE 17, 2007**

The most striking aspect of the Western world today is the absence of white Christian males. Where are they? They have gone underground, because Christian masculinity has been proscribed as illegal.

In olden times, the white Christian male was seen as an essential part of the social structure. He was the spiritual head of his family, loving his wife as Christ loved His church, and the guiding light of his young children. Certainly it is easy to go back through history and find many examples of the failure of the Christian patriarchal system, but you have to be a modern, satanic Christian not to concede that if Christianity is to be taken seriously then the patriarchal family is the main unit of society. But of course Christianity is not the faith of modern man, so the Christian patriarchal system has been jettisoned. What has taken its place?

The technocratic white man currently rules the Western world. But his is a curious rule; he rules a kingdom of unruly barbarians and Amazon warriors by making sacrificial offerings to the barbarians and strategic appeasements to the Amazons. He would rather deal with those two legions of Satan than face Christian men, because his reign of technology and money is directly opposed to Christ's reign of charity. If that reign of charity were to be reinstated, the technocrats' reign would end. And it is the Christian male who traditionally has sallied forth to defend and build His reign of charity.

The technocrat is strategically right, although certainly not morally right: he must favor the barbarians and the Amazons because they are like unto him, as he is like unto Satan. We can understand so much if we keep that central fact before us. The technocrat needs a satanic society if he is to rule.

The white technocrat hopes to keep the barbarians at bay by sacrificing a certain percent of what he hopes will be 'inconsequential' whites. Of course the risk he takes is that he might become a sacrificial victim himself, but still, the risk is small. He is much more worried about the Christian male, which is why he yawns in the face of the torture-murders of whites such as Channon Christian and Christopher Newsom but sends government troops at the first sign of a white protest of the torture murders.

Now the Amazon poses a different problem for the white technocratic male. He can go his entire life and keep the barbarian at bay by offering other whites up for sacrifice and keeping within the confines of his gated community. But he needs (unless he is of the other persuasion) to bring a female into his orbit. At some level of his being he might prefer a Christian woman, but in the cold light of reason he knows he must wed the Amazon, because the Christian woman would expect him to be, horror of horrors, a Christian male. And he proceeds to deal with the Amazon as Satan dealt with Eve. He poses as the Amazon's liberator by presenting to her as rights those things which God forbade her for her own protection. The Amazon is allowed to abort, to fight in the military, and to compete in the workplace. She is allowed to be male in all things, providing she stays a biological female. But since even the technocratic male and the Amazonian female have souls, both are inwardly restless.

The Amazonian feminist who has denounced femininity claims she doesn't want to be seen as simply a body, but of course that is the only thing of interest she has left. The technocratic male has to pretend that he is really impressed with the mind of the Amazon, but he is not. The female mind can only function properly when it is connected to a female soul, and when she denounces her soul in the attempt to be masculine she becomes the very thing she claims to detest – a brainless bimbo. One need only look at all of the pretty plastic female newscasters who pollute the airwaves. They try to look so serious and talk like men, but does any male really take them seriously for any other reason than the fact they are biologically female?

The de-feminized, de-Christianized female is the most dangerous creature on the face of the earth. She has all the power that comes with femininity but lacks any of the moral restraints that Christianity gave to her. Lady Macbeth is rightly regarded as a monster when she asks the spirits of darkness to "unsex me here" and later gives the faltering Macbeth an impromptu pep talk that makes one's blood run cold:

I have given suck, and know  
How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me;  
I would, while it was smiling in my face,  
Have pluck'd my nipple from his boneless gums  
And dash'd the brains out, had I so sworn as you  
Have done to this.

But when virtually every woman is a Lady Macbeth, can they still be called monsters? No, not by the men in charge of the society that has spawned the legions of Lady Macbeths. But the Christian underground man can say what she is – a fiend from hell. And who would be married to hell? The technocrat of course. And he pays a prize for his hellish union. The modern Lady Macbeths are fond of saying that a man wants only one thing of them, and that is true of the modern technocrat. Of course he only wants one thing; what else can she offer? But the modern Lady Macbeth wants only one thing from the male as well. She wants him to act aggressively in behalf of her illicit whims. In the case of Lady Macbeth, it meant that her husband had to kill Duncan; in the case of our contemporary, spiritually unsexed females, it means that the white technocrat must aggressively fight for her whims in the technocratic world of bulls, bears, and computers.

The female of the species will never know what it is like to be loved enough to be put in the female's proper place, the Christian hearth, and the technocratic male will never know what it feels like to have "one whispering silken gown," across his life. And that is a tragedy. But the technocratic male and the de-feminized female chose their fates. Far more tragic is the fate of the victims (the children who are murdered in the womb or who are spiritually neutered at birth), the 'collateral' damage, if you will, of the satanic utopia of the Bill Gates and Nancy Pelosi's.

There is a group of white men who are still allowed to graze in the pastures of the upper world. They are to be found leaning over their backyard fences talking about the upcoming hunting season or about next Sunday's football game. If you want to alienate these white grazers, just bring up some topics like the Mexican invasion, the black war against whites, or George Bush's plan to eradicate all national boundaries. They'll run back into their house, turn the TV on, grab a beer from the fridge, and tell their wife that the guy next door is some kind of nut.

As long as the grazers are allowed to shoot off their guns a few times a year and watch the gladiators on TV, they are content. But they don't realize that they are the ones being fattened up as sacrificial victims for the barbarians of color. If you try to warn the grazers, they will simply burp.

And the sons and the daughters of the grazers are easily siphoned off. The daughters who have the ability are allowed to enter the world of the technocratic males, and the ones who do not are permitted to mate with the barbarians in order to escape the odium of being wedded to a white man with connections to the older, white civilizations.

The sons of the grazers usually cannot become technocrats, because there is very little room at the top of the food chain. The sons are permitted to fight for the technocrats, however. Aggressive, masculine, even warlike behavior is countenanced by the technocrats if the aggressive masculine action is done in defense of the ruling technocratic oligarchy. The Iraq war is a case in point. "Support our troops!" cry the technocrats. Of course they should support the troops: the troops are fighting for them.

Before we come to the underground men, let us pause to acknowledge a few saints. They are the Christian women. Because they are female, they are not, as the Christian men are, banished to the underworld. They are allowed to stay loyal to the crucified white males, but why should they? They have nothing to gain by remaining faithful, at least nothing in the worldly sense. They are a dying breed. If you are an underground man, and you find such a woman, cherish her.

And now we come to the men who were and are the subjects of these wars. It is easy to deprecate the white Christian, underground male of today if we compare him to men like Robert E. Lee and Nathan Bedford Forrest, but the battlefield is different today, and the enemy is much more formidable than it was in the days of Lee and Forrest. The Christian warrior of today has much more of an internal war than did the Christian warrior of old. If not completely equal, can we not at least say that the heroism of the modern underground Christian man, in his fight to keep his soul unpolluted by the satanic forces surrounding him, is close to the heroism of such men as Lee and Forrest? I think it is. I have known such men. They stand with Cyrano and tell the world that they have held "One thing without stain, Unspotted from the world, in spite of doom, Mine own! My white plume..."

The technocrat might hold the world in his hands, while the white Christian men are banished to the underground. But when the great Cavalier makes his final charge, He will look for the men with the white plumes. And we will be ready to ride with our King in the great and final conflict. +

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### **Ethnic Cleansing and Satan Worship - JUNE 10, 2007**

I recently, while trying to clear my desk of the ever-mounting pile of papers, came across a transcript of a C-Span broadcast from 1999. The broadcast featured a meeting of the Council of Conservative Citizens on the subject of immigration. The speakers varied on their solutions to the problem, but all recognized that America's immigration policy was really an ethnic cleansing policy. "If these shadows are not altered, the white race will disappear" was the consensus of the men present at the forum.

The late Samuel Francis's talk was particularly insightful. He told the story of a group of businessmen in Richmond, Virginia, who decided to put some murals of famous people up on a new canal walk downtown in order to attract tourists to the city. One mural was of the Negro, Gabriel Prosser, who had led a bloody, anti-white slave revolt in Charleston, and another was of the Indian chief who had wanted to kill Captain John Smith. There was also a mural of Robert E. Lee.

This, Samuel Francis said, is what businessmen call "multiculturalism." But it is not what the Negroes call multiculturalism. Multiculturalism for the Negro means black power. Enter on the scene City Councilman Sa'ad El-Amin. (I hope I don't have to tell you what color he is.) El-Amin demanded that the mural of Robert E. Lee be taken down. The businessmen complied, of course. And of course the mural of the bloodthirsty Indian savage and the bloodthirsty Negro barbarian were not taken down. That, Mr. Samuel Francis said, is the reality of the racial war we face today. What whites think is multiculturalism is what the blacks know to be an outright war. "Who will be master?" is all they care about.

I remember there were Catholics at the C of CC meeting who pointed out, with sadness and shame, that Karol Wojtyla was in favor of open borders. But that was completely consistent with his liberal policies on capital punishment and war. We are not supposed to defend our society against murderous thugs (he routinely begged clemency for child molesters), nor are we to defend our race against those who seek to eradicate it.

I checked the C of CC web site after the meeting. The emails from many black folk were not denials of their evil intent but were instead gloating affirmations of their intent to destroy the white race.

It's been almost seven years since that C of CC meeting. How do we stand now? We stand even closer to the abyss. The Catholic and Protestant churches are just as anti-white as they were seven years ago. Furthermore, there is a maniacally anti-white, Robespierre-type personality in the White House. But ultimately the leaders of the Christian churches must bear the blame for the death of the white Christian peoples. 'Why not the Jews?' is a question I'm frequently asked. "Aren't they manically anti-European?" [1] Yes, the Jews are behind most of the anti-European movements, but organized Jewry is not something new. It has been with us ever since that little child of Bethlehem became the centerpiece of Western civilization. The Jews were not, of themselves, capable of destroying Western civilization; they needed professed Christians willing to denounce Christ. And that is the something new that has emerged in the 20th century, coming to fruition in the 21st century. There've always been the Illuminati – and I mean no specific cult when I use that term – who loved knowledge and the power they thought it could bring them more than they loved the Man of Sorrows. But in the 20th century the Illuminati have become legion. Of course this didn't happen overnight, but it is now a reality. The Christ who is worshipped in the modern churches is not the same Christ to whom the Europeans, prior to the 20th century, bent their knees. To see this is true, one need only refer to the principal historians of every age, the true chroniclers of history: the poets or the bards. The Christianity depicted in the novels of Walter Scott, La Fanu, Ian Maclaren, and so on, is diametrically opposed to the Christianity presented in the modern Christian churches. The older Christianity spoke to the hearts of men who were destined to die but who hoped they were not born to die. The old hymn expressed it well: "The hopes and fears of all the years are met in thee tonight."

One's own death is a very personal thing, and only a personal God, a God who loves in the particular, not in the generic, would bother about the death of one such individual. There was no denial in the older Christianity of the universal nature of Christ's personal concern for individual human beings. But the great insight of old Europe was that the universal nature of God's love could only be known through the particular, the personal (which includes the racial), and the parochial. And how did the European gain this insight about God? The same way that Edgar knew about the miseries of his father: "By nursing them." The first man of Europe had to decide whether to open for the old beggar knocking at his door. At first, he let him in and gave Him a meal and a seat by the fire because his heart was stirred by pity, but as the evening wore on he was conscious of a burning fire, not in the hearth, but in his heart. And behold, the beggar man was Christ the King!

It must have been like this. The everlasting glory of the European is that he and he alone saw that "Mercy was an attribute to God himself." To have seen that, to have placed the God of Mercy at the heart of his civilization instead of the warrior gods of his ancestors and the bush and voodoo gods of the colored peoples, was the greatest achievement in human history.

Racial identity was different for the old European than it was for the colored people. [2] The European looked on miscegenation with horror because he was the Christ-bearer. Who would stand up for the God of mercy if he didn't? And when the whites mixed with the non-whites, as the Spanish did in Mexico, it was a sin against the faith. A true European Christian knows, with a certainty that is bred in the bone, that if he is to remain Christian, and if the church is to remain Christian instead of Babylonian, he must remain true to his Christ-bearing ancestors and remain white.

I recently read the magnificent Drumtochty novels of Ian Maclaren to my children. To leave that Christian world, which one must do when done reading, and to enter the modern world is exactly like leaving Narnia for that hideous modern school, as the children in C. S. Lewis's *The Silver Chair* must do. I'm not a conspiracy-theorist, but I think there is one conspiracy that has been overlooked: Satan, so lacking in vision and the poetic sense, has an advertiser's skill in imitation. If he sees something that is successful he apes it. And I think he has very successfully managed, within the Christian churches, to get Satanism accepted as Christianity. The figure of Christ presented in the churches today is really Satan. Certainly no one can be happy who has consciously and completely given themselves to Satan, so I don't mean to suggest that our modern churchmen and those who follow them have made a conscious pact with the devil. [3] They retain certain aspects of the old Christian faith – love of their own family (though not of their own race) and a respect for Christmas – which distinguished the Christians of old. But their vision of Christ is not the vision that the older Christian Europeans had. The new Satanic Christians see Christ as one who illuminates, not as one who saves. He is a God of the academy, not of the hearth. He is a God of the intellect, not of the heart. He is a God of a multiracial Babylon, not of segregated Christian communities. In short, the new Christ is not Christ, he is Satan.

All societal problems of any weight are at bottom religious ones. When Europe and her satellites were Christian, they were white. And when they ceased to be Christian, they ceased to be white. The black problem and the immigration problem are problems of faith. Europeans must love Him enough to banish the ape-ish clown who is using His name to perpetuate his filthy, dirty ideas throughout the world. I don't see how it is humanly possible to force Satan, now that he is so comfortably entrenched in the very bowels of Western civilization, into exile. But then I don't see how it was humanly possible to have built a civilization based on mercy rather than sacrifice, to have written *King Lear*, or to have composed *The Messiah*. To the Christ-bearers, everything is possible. +

[1] Because of his place at the head of the most visible and organized of the Christian churches, the Roman Catholic pope is in a position to do greater harm to Christianity than the Jews are. And I would suggest that if every evil act ever perpetuated against Christians and the Christian church by the Jews was put together, they could not equal, nay, could not even touch the evil that was wrought by John Paul II with his anti-European ethnic cleansing policies. It is so painfully ironic. A utopian mind like that of the late John Paul II's could only have come from a culture that had raised men high enough above the purely animal level to allow them to dream utopian dreams. And yet utopian schemers like Wojtyla dream for the destruction of the civilization that allowed them to dream. Move out of your ivory towers, ye churchmen of the West, expose yourselves to feel what wretches feel -- the Christian laymen, who are devoid of support from churchmen who should, but do not, set up borders to keep heathen philosophies out of the church and who are devoid of support from governments that have mandated the ethnic cleansing of white European Christians.

[2] The colored is proud of his race because it is his. And sometimes he loves his own. The antique, white European loved his own because they were his own, but he was proud of his race because of who his race carried on their shoulders.

[3] Though not embracing Satan fully, consciously, and completely, I think the modern churchman has very definitely rejected Christ. How else can we explain his refusal to acknowledge the obvious? When European civilization was white it was Christian. Now that it is multiracial, it is not Christian. The result has not been good for white or black.

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#### Plain Folk of the Old South

"The term 'folk' has for its primary meaning a group of kindred people, forming a tribe or nation; a people bound together by ties of race, language, religion, custom, tradition, and history. Such a common tie we call folkways. A folk thus possesses a sense of solidarity and is quite different from a conglomerate mass of people. It has most if not all of the characteristics of nationalism. Indeed, it may be contended with much force that there can be no true nationalism where the population does not constitute a folk."

-- Frank L. Owsley

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#### **The Romance of Christianity - JUNE 10, 2007**

The great shift from a romantic view of the Christian faith, the most notable exponent of which was St. Paul, to a more classical or philosophical view of the faith was a fateful turning point for Western man. It seemed like such a slight change during the Middle Ages, but the desolation that has come about because of the shift is a tragedy of epic proportions.

The Classicist usually starts from a general premise, takes a panoramic view of humanity, and then forces the individuals seen in his panoramic view to fit into his general premise. Milton, who sets out to justify the ways of God to man, is a perfect example of the classical approach. Milton's is a very ambitious, general premise, but he fails to prove it, and instead makes Satan seem sympathetic. The reason he fails is because he doesn't work from the particular to the general as a Romantic would.

Dostoyevsky, the Romantic, sets out to tell a personal tale of the *Brothers Karamazov*, and in doing so builds up a much more effective case for the ways of God. He does so by not attempting to rationalize the mystery of evil and suffering. In the climactic scene between the atheistic Ivan Karamazov and the believing Alyosha Karamazov, it is not the syllogism which Alyosha uses to confront Ivan's atheism; it is the humanity of Christ that he brings into the lists. In Dostoyevsky's original manuscript this was not the case; he had Alyosha give a reasoned rebuttal to Ivan's atheism. But with his magnificent intuitive sense of the essence of Christianity, Dostoyevsky changed his first draft and had Alyosha stand by the God-Man alone, while Ivan stood by his well-reasoned, impassioned refutation of Christianity.

In my judgment, it has been one of the great errors of Christian apologists over the last three centuries that they have not avoided the trap that Dostoyevsky did avoid. They have followed the path of Milton and attempted to justify the ways of God to man by way of the syllogism. It hasn't worked. It never will. The impassioned atheist will always defeat the Classicist. Only the Romantic's loins are sufficiently girded to do battle with the Ivan Karamazovs of the world. The Classicists fail because they insist on regarding the Christian Faith as something that can be explained by charts and diagrams. Ronald Knox sensed there was something wrong with this type of apologetic and hoped for a better one.

What I am concerned with is our apologetics, and that great work of apologetic, some day to be written, which shall suggest to the reader that in approaching Christian theology he is approaching something that is alive, not a series of diagrams. The hardest part of the author's task as I see it, will be to introduce some human element into natural theology; to prove that God is, and what God is, not merely with the effect of intellectual satisfaction, but with a glow of assent that springs from the whole being; 'did not our hearts burn within us when he talked to us by the way?'

Why can't the Classicist and the charts-and-diagrams theologian be effective? Because they try to go too far with reason alone. They see divinity only in man's rationality but not in the divine intuitions and those "white moments" that bring us to the foot of the Cross. And by trying to go too far with reason alone, they overreach themselves. They give false answers,

like Job's comforters, to questions about evil and suffering that are best left to the Alyoshas and St. Francis of Assisi of the world.

I vividly recall a public debate I witnessed as a twenty-year-old college student. The debate was between an Ivan Karamazov-styled atheist and a Thomist. I was quite prepared to side with the Thomist, because I was a very reluctant agnostic at the time, but I had to admit at the end of the debate that the Thomist had not made a very good case for God. By relying solely on the Thomistic proofs for God's existence, he left the more human side of the argument to the atheist. When the Thomist took the panoramic, philosophic view of Ivan Karamazov's seven-year-old girl being beaten with a knotted rope, he left me and most of the audience with a decidedly hostile opinion of religious faith. "Apparently," I thought, "there is a type of atheism that is purer and cleaner than some people's religion." It was some years later before I saw a different side of God, through the good offices of Dostoyevsky and Shakespeare.

Richard Weaver, steeped in the classics as he was, might seem like an odd man to call forth in defense of Romanticism. But Weaver condemned only the Romanticism of Shelley and Keats, not genuine Romanticism. Any man who says that "Sentiment is anterior to reason," is very much in line with Romanticism. Weaver goes on to say, "Surmounting all is an intuitive feeling about the immanent nature of reality, and this is the sanction to which both ideas and beliefs are ultimately referred for verification."

The mistake of the Classicist is not that he classifies; he commits his grave error when he classifies without regard for the initial intuitive feeling which surmounts all of reality. By leaving out that intuitive feeling, the Classicist goes forever around in a circle unconnected to reality, leading nowhere.

There is an epiphany, much like the one experienced by St. Paul, at the heart of all our intuitions. It is the task of the dramatic poets, by their vision, and the saints, by their example, to help us to realize that in the deep recesses of our soul there is a passionate ardent lover who calls us by name.

The classical theologian tells us that such romantic intuitions are pure nominalism: "What you are saying is that nothing is true unless a particular individual feels it to be true."

No; what I am saying is that if we strip away the artificially contrived rationalizations and the false passions (as distinct from the true), we are ready to respond to the revealed truth of the God-Man. If, on the other hand, we make reason independent from revelation, asserting only reason can prove the truths of revelation, and if we make nature separate from grace, then we have pure reason forever looking at material nature, with no room for the particular human being or the particular God-Man who should be at the center of creation. I see in the Classicists' separation of nature from grace, and reason from revealed truth, the source of white-hating Christianity and atheism.

Was Karl Adam incorrect when he placed such great emphasis on the false path taken by Western man when the separation of nature from grace occurred? I think not.

Our thought is now divorced from the totality of being, from the wealth of all the possibilities, since it has isolated itself from the creative thought of God. Too little attention has been paid to what Étienne Gilson, in his great book, *La Philosophie de S. Bonaventure*, has told us about the literally passionate hostility shown by that brilliant Franciscan towards the Aristotelian epistemology taken over by SS. Albert and Thomas Aquinas. At that time in the fight against the Platonist-Augustinian illumination theory, which referred every ultimate and absolute certainty to an inflowing of divine light, and thus linked in the most intimate union created and divine knowledge, human perception was thrown on its own resources, and consequently knowledge and faith, the natural and supernatural, were neatly separated, and it was then that the primary conditions were created in which a world, which was more and more rapidly breaking loose from the primacy of faith, could emancipate all human thought from the creative thought of God. Men artificially mapped out a particular field of reality and called it Nature. They thus awakened and encouraged the evil illusions that the other reality, that of the supernatural, of God, had been brought into apposition with it from without, and that it was a more or less secondary reality. Nature was secularized by being released – from the epistemological standpoint – from its actual union with the supernatural, and the fiction was favoured that Nature was a thing per se capable of complete explanation independently of any outside factor. Thus we have all become secularized in our thought and we have schemata in our hands, or rather in our minds, which do not lead to the Divine, to Christ, but away from him.

– The Son of God

Let me place the dramatic poet, William Shakespeare, and the saint, Francis of Assisi, at the forefront to drive home the case for the romantic vision.

Shakespeare has survived even in these post-Christian times as no other great poet of Europe has. The late Alan Bloom, certainly not infallible but in this instance quite profound, says this about Shakespeare:

[Shakespeare] is the only classical author who remains popular. [Ed: Bloom obviously uses the word 'classical' to indicate an older, traditional poet, and not in the sense in which I use it.] The critical termites are massed and eating away at the foundations, trying to topple him. Whether they will succeed will be a test of his robustness... But it is still true today that all over the world the titles of Shakespeare's plays have a meaning that speaks to common consciousness. Hamlet, Lear, Othello all call forth images in the minds of all classes of men across national boundaries. Perhaps the understanding of, or even acquaintance with, Shakespeare's plays is rather thin, but no one reacts with boredom or the sense that he stands only for bookish edification. This is why the theater is so lively in England and they keep producing such wonderful actors there. Racine and Molière in France, Lessing and Goethe in German, and Dante and Petrarch in Italy have no vitality in the eyes of ordinary young persons. They are dead, merely culture. No normal young person would prefer spending time with one of these great writers to going to a concert of the latest rock group. Shakespeare is practically our only link with the classic and the past. The future of education has much to do with whether we will be able to cling to him or not.

Leaving aside the literary critics, who do not appreciate Shakespeare on any deep level, let us ask ourselves why Shakespeare still moves us. The key, I think, lies in the phrase most often used to describe him: "The Gentle Bard." We sense on some deep, often unconscious level of our being, that Shakespeare knows all our faults, all of our blackest sins, and yet he sees something redeemable in us. Shakespeare, Chesterton once remarked regarding *King Lear*, is optimistic about human nature even when he is being pessimistic. Yes, redeemable, worthy of mercy; this is the view of man we get from Shakespeare. We do not get proofs based on the nature of pure essences, we see proofs based on the nature of man. Such creatures as Cordelia, Edgar, and (dare we say it?) ourselves were not made for death.

St. Francis embodied in his person the romantic vision of Shakespeare. His faith was uniquely his own subjective faith, and yet it was grounded in the objective fact of revealed religion. His personal intuitions did not separate him from God, they brought him to God. He did not run away from men when he ran to God, he carried them with him and allowed them to see, through him, the face of the living God. And, just as the vision of Shakespeare prompts us to call him the Gentle Bard, so does the magnificence of St. Francis inspire us to think of gentleness and peace, not the peace of pacifism or the peace of unbelief and ecumenism, but the peace that passeth all knowledge. +

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## Dislocation - JUNE 05, 2007

While reading Slavomir Rawicz's account of his long walk (*The Long Walk: The True Story of a Trek to Freedom*, Lyons Press, 1997), I was struck with certain similarities between his life and that of the fictional hero, Dr. Zhivago, from Boris Pasternak's novel of the same name. Let me briefly describe Rawicz's life as he relates it in his book.

The author was a young Polish army officer in 1939, and while on leave at his home near the Russian border, he was arrested by Russian Communists. The Russians, in their infinite wisdom, knew that all Polish army officers living on the border were spies, so Rawicz was taken to prison and tortured for a year and then sentenced to serve twenty-five years in Siberia.

But Rawicz did not want, for some inexplicable reason, to spend twenty-five years in Siberia, so he and six companions escaped and walked through Siberia, Mongolia, the Gobi Desert, and the Himalayan Mountains to freedom.

The critics hailed Rawicz's odyssey as a triumph of the human spirit, which it certainly is, but I would label it a triumph of the Christian spirit. It isn't the fact that Rawicz and the other men survive that matters most, it is the fact that they survive while maintaining their human dignity that counts. For instance, when a young, attractive Polish girl joins the seven men early in their escape (she had escaped from another camp), all the men treat her in a protective, fatherly fashion. She is not made into a company whore but is instead treated as a Madonna figure.

In addition, when a person falls and cannot continue, the others refuse to go on without him. That kind of deep blood Christianity demonstrated by the seven men and the girl is what makes this book special. (Alas, three men and the girl do not make it.) Incredible survival stories are interesting, but it is the way these men and the girl conduct themselves that sets this survival story apart from other such stories.

One of my favorite sections of the book is the white moment when one of the men, a gentle giant from Latvia, performs a Herculean feat of strength and a supernatural act of charity. After going countless days and nights without food or water, he still manages to carry the young Polish girl through the desert.

"Stick beside me, Slav," said Kolemenos. "I am going to carry her." And he lifted her into his arms, swayed for a moment as he adjusted himself to the weight, and staggered off. He carried her for fully two hundred yards and I was there to ease her down when he paused for a rest.

"Please leave me, Anastazi," she begged. "You are wasting your strength." He looked at her but could not bring himself to speak.



We made a shelter there and stayed for perhaps three hours through the worst heat of the day. She lay still—I do not think she could move. The ugly swelling was past the knees and heavy with water. Kolenos was flat on his back, restoring his strength. He knew what he was going to do.

The sun began to decline. Kolenos bent down and swung her into his arms and trudged off. I stayed with him and the rest were all about us. He covered fully a quarter of a mile before he put her down that first time. He picked her up again and walked, her head pillowed on his great shoulder. I can never in my life see anything so magnificent as the blond-bearded giant Kolenos carrying Kristina, hour after hour, towards darkness of that awful sixth day. His ordeal lasted some four hours. Then she touched his cheek.

“Put me on the ground, Anastasi. Just lay me down on the ground.”

I took her weight from him and together we eased her down. We gathered round her. A wisp of a smile hovered about the corners of her mouth. She looked very steadily at each one of us in turn and I thought she was going to speak. Her eyes were clear and very blue. There was a great tranquility about her. She closed her eyes.

Rawicz never returned to Poland to see the young bride that he had married only months before his imprisonment. He does not make it clear whether his first wife was killed by the Communists or whether he was simply unable to get back to her. He merely says she was lost to him. He also never saw his mother and father or his friends in Poland again. He lived in exile in England, and married an English woman who gave him four children. At the time of the book's publication, he was in his eighties.

In comparison, Dr. Zhivago's life spans the last years of the Czars and the early years of the Bolshevik's regime. He is married and working as a medical doctor at the time of Russia's entry into World War I and is conscripted into the Czar's army to work in a hospital near the front. After finishing his work for the Czarist forces, he attempts to return to private life, but after a few years of family life he is forcibly abducted into the Bolshevik army. He eventually escapes by taking a long walk across Russia but never sees his wife and children again. He is also, eventually, separated from his second common-law wife and daughter through the exigencies of the Communist Revolution.

What the fictional character Zhivago and the author Rawicz have in common is that they both are uprooted from a traditional way of life by the new materialist, Communist system. They could not hide themselves in the new system as one could hide in less totalitarian systems. “Is there no escape for him? Couldn't he run away?” “Where could he run, Larisa Feodorovna? You could do that in the old days, under the Tsars. But just you try nowadays.”

I suppose one could read Rawicz's book or Pasternak's novel and come up with the American response, “Thank God we are a free country and not a Communist one.” But such a response would be off the mark. The essence of Communism is its materialism. When individuals are no longer seen as members of communities, churches, and families, but as consumers, workers, and producers, they have ceased to be human in the eyes of those who rule and have become inhuman cogs in an inhuman machine of government. Dislocated lives such as those lived by Zhivago and Rawicz are the result of such materialism. But we must realize that our own materialistic economic system has perpetuated the same type of dislocation that materialistic Communism has. The methods of coercion differ but the goal of both the Russian Communists and the U. S. capitalists is the same: a Utopian, machine-based society governed by an elect few and peopled by robot-like human beings. The Russian Communists tried the masculine method of coercion: “Do what we say or go to the Gulag.” The American capitalists took the feminine approach and seduced their victims first. The seduction has been more successful than the closed fist. In America we do willingly what the Communists had to force their people to do. We send our children to state schools, treat men and women as economic units only, and sever all ties with kith, kin, and place in order to “go where the jobs are.”

The question, “Who are you?”, used to be answered in the Old Country with an answer like, “I am Michael, son of Jonathan, the blacksmith in the village of Avoca.” Now, one answers the question with, “I am Mike, super computer whiz and a child of cyber space.” Economic systems can bear a certain amount of dissection and reorganization, but human souls cannot. They are made for the “the tilled field and hedgerow, linked to the ploughed furrow, the frequented pasture, the lane of evening lingerings, the cultivated garden plot.” They are not made for the dynamo.

The two great Utopian states, Communist Russia and the United States, have denied the one thing that is necessary for mankind to breath: the human soul. And yet the U.S., having consumed the Russian heresy, has tottered into the 21st century with no signs of repentance. Dislocation, so long as it is not accompanied by the harsh physical suffering of Rawicz and Zhivago, will be looked upon as normal, and those who resist will be labeled as psychologically unstable or even criminally insane. Thus sickness will be health, and health, sickness, and the deaf will shout warnings to the deaf. +

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“Then he made John sit in the machine and he himself sat beside him. Then he began pulling the levers about and for a long time nothing happened: but at last there came a flash and a roar and the machine bounded into the air and then dashed forward. Before John had got his breath they had flashed across a broad thoroughfare which he recognized as the main road, and were racing through the

country to the north of it—a flat country of square stony fields divided by barbed wire fences. A moment later they were standing still in a city where all the houses were built of steel.”

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

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## **The New Black Church - JUNE 05, 2007**

I once, when still a member in good standing of the Catholic Church, attended a dinner party which was also attended by a white priest. The priest was the pastor at the church where most of the parishioners were black. When one of the white dinner guests asked him, quite innocently, why he didn't say the rosary before mass in the black church, the priest replied that "devotion to the Blessed Mother was not part of the black faith." Now, the important issue here is not whether you think Catholics place too much emphasis on the Virgin Mary; the issue is white betrayal. Why should a guardian of the faith sacrifice a major devotion rather than offend black people? It was not a case of wanting not to offend the sensibilities of new converts from Protestantism unaccustomed to such devotions, because no white convert was ever exempted from the rosary, nor would he have expected to be exempted. No, what was going on in that parish, orchestrated by the kindly Father Trendy, was the repudiation of European Christianity for a new, black Christianity.

The new creed was never written down, but if put into words it would read: "White European = The Antichrist. Anti-white European = Christian." So, welcome the black Übermenschen faith.

The new black faith was, of necessity, everything the white faith wasn't: it was anti-European instead of European, and it was black rather than white. It suddenly became very Christian to call murderous thugs like Nelson Mandela "great saints," and to support the Africanization of not only Africa, but of Europe and the United States as well. It was good to shout, "Africa for blacks!" – and our clergymen led the cheering section – but it was a very bad thing to shout, "Europe and its satellites should remain white!"

Well, we will soon have the black Europe and the black church that our churchmen seek. But like little children who get sick when they are allowed to consume as much chocolate cake as they demand, the white-hating, white churchmen will sicken and surely die when they are forced to worship in a black-dominated church, because the black faith is not the Christian faith; it is a very cruel faith that knows not charity.

If white Christians truly looked on blacks as human beings instead of fantasy figures, they would see that blacks are "half devil and half child," and they would take the appropriate steps to deal with the demon children. The first step would consist of strong and fierce suppression of their violent tendencies, and the second step would include evangelization and charitable outreach à la Albert Schweitzer. But there should be no step that includes mongrelization and white capitulation to black devil worship.

This is not just some little theory of mine. Look at the evidence. Look at Haiti or New Orleans or any of the African countries. What kind of faith is it that prevails when blacks predominate? It is a faith without the Gentle Savior that the men and women of Europe and the first apostles came to love. In the new faith, we bow down before an African god, a cruel god, a barbarian god.

And of course it is insane and contradictory for the black-worshipping white clergyman to want the black faith to prevail, because if he truly loved the black man (which should not be our main reason for supporting European Christianity), he would want the black man to give up voodoo Christianity and adhere to the faith of the white man. But like the swine in the Gospel story, our white clergymen are determined to plunge headlong over the cliff. We don't have to go over with them, however.

The white betrayal of whites is not confined to liberal clergymen. Even so called conservatives and traditionalists in the Catholic and Protestant churches are quite willing to play the race card in order to advance their own agendas. They fantasize that if they kowtow to a black constituency, they can keep them under control with their superior grasp of the technique of clerical manipulation, and thus be the power behind the tribal hordes. But that will not be the case. The Gnostic liberal and the Gnostic conservative-traditionalist always overestimate their abilities to control events. What will happen to the Gnostic clergymen was acted out on the silver screen in countless jungle movies. The movie, *Tarzan and the Lost Safari*, starring Gordon Scott (the last decent Tarzan) is a case in point. [1] And I make no apology for taking an example from a simple story because what their "wisdoms could not discover these simple fools have brought to light."

In the movie, Tarzan, with the aid of a great white hunter, tries to lead the white survivors of a plane crash through the dangerous land of the Opar men. Unbeknownst to Tarzan and the white survivors, the great white hunter has made a deal with the Opar men; he will deliver the whites into their hands in exchange for ivory. But things go awry for the great white hunter. The chief decides to kill him as well as the other whites, reasoning thus: "You betray your own people, you will

betray us.” Tarzan, because he is Tarzan, manages to turn the tables on the black Opar men and free all the whites, except the treacherous great white hunter who is killed by the Opar men (he does not win who plays with sin).

In real life, the blacks will indeed kill the treacherous white hunter, but there will be no Tarzan to rescue the rest of the whites.

And again, it is not a question of liberal vs. conservative. When the concrete, personal faith of the God-Man becomes an abstraction to the liberal and the conservative, then both are the enemies of the antique faith of the white man. The liberal churchman sees the black man as the great and pure new Christian who has been on the fringes of European civilization and who has not taken part in the building of it. Hence, he is the only pure one. He has had no connection to the great evil – European civilization.

And the conservative envisions millions of black adherents aiding him in his warfare with the liberal churchmen. [2] Of course the conservative never imagines that instead of gaining new adherents to his intellectualized version of Christianity, he will end up in the same stew pot as the liberals.

The modern clergy are determined not to see the black man as he really is. And of course that is entirely in keeping with their view of God. They are determined not to see Him as He really is. And there are none so blind as those that... +

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[1] It is amazing how accurate the pre-1960 jungle movies are in their betrayal of blacks. There is always a great white-capitalist or a group of greedy white capitalists who will sell out their fellow whites for gold. And the black natives always want one thing. They want to murder and torture whites. It is certainly remarkable to see how true to their much celebrated African roots American blacks have been.

[2] For instance, fundamentalist Henry M. Morris in his book, *The Long War Against God*, plays the race card by equating evolutionists such as Darwin with racism and therefore smearing all “racist” whites as Darwinists and Nazis.

The late Rev. Jerry Falwell regularly equated Southern slavery and legalized abortion as the same type of social evil, thus jettisoning his white Christian ancestors while kowtowing to modernity.

And on the Catholic side, Michael Davis of the Latin Mass movement, threw an Italian Cardinal, who spoke out against the election of a black Pope, under the racial bus in order to gain black and liberal support for the Tridentine Mass movement.

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### **Satanic Legions - MAY 28, 2007**

’Twas the hour when rites unholy  
Call’d each Paynim voice to prayer,  
And the star that faded slowly,  
Left to dew the freshen’d air.

Day his sultry fires had wasted,  
Calm and cool the moonbeams shone;  
To the Vizier’s lofty palace  
One bold Christian came alone.

-Sir Walter Scott

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The recent torture murder of the young white couple and the white reaction to it was quite representative of what has been happening in the white European world for the past fifty years. Generally the white victims’ deaths are met with silence. In some rare cases, such as that of Channon Christian and Christopher Newsom, there is a small protest by some courageous white men. That protest is always accompanied by a larger protest from white-hating whites, many of whom call themselves Christian.

It’s difficult to fathom how someone can claim to be Christian and then come out in favor of brutal murder and torture, but that is now the case, and has been for the past fifty years, in the nations that used to comprise Christendom. But are the white haters really Christian? Of course not. And it is a waste of time and effort to dialogue with them, first, because they have the whip hand as the North did after the Civil War, and those holding the whip are not going to dialogue with those under the lash. And second, you cannot dialogue with non-Christians, because such individuals have no desire to seek the truth. They have only a desire to achieve power.

I think the late Pope John's reaction to the torture-murders of some of his own Catholic missionaries in Africa – he was saddened but full of loving kindness for the perpetrators – is the supreme example of the type of professed Christianity that is not Christianity at all. Indeed I think it no less than the worship of Satan.

If you side with Pope John and the white-hating whites who protested against the white protestors in Knoxville, you are standing with the sneering, Christ-hating, Gnostic man-devils that have plagued Christendom throughout its long history. The dauntless European, the true Christian, who follows St. Paul's teaching in 1 Corinthians 13, has always sought to protect the helpless and punish home when the helpless were massacred. To punish home. That is a Christian sentiment. All the Gnostic verbiage by sacrilegious popes and Protestant ministers cannot wash that desire out of the blood of a true Christian.

We must face the reality, however, that there are very few Christians left. The vast majority of whites have united with the colored races to form a culture that can only be described as the incarnation of Satan. It should be clear to us now. We fight against the forces of hell. They are an enemy without mercy, without pity, without love. They are fueled by a hate that passeth all understanding. It is impossible to understand how Satan, who was in daily contact with the Lord God, could still hate Him and hate him enough to form a kingdom opposed to everything holy and Christlike. Where Christ was gentle, Satan was harsh; when Christ rebuked sin, Satan praised it; in everything Satan opposed Christ. And there is an exact parallel in our own times. Whereas the old Europeans adhered to the code of chivalry, the new Europeans call such a code sexist. While the old Europeans believed that Christian men had to fight in the name of the God of mercy against merciless barbarism, the new European sides with the merciless barbarians. Everything is reversed; we live in hell.

And for practical purposes, leaving the dispositions of their souls to God, we must assume that the vast majority of whites will remain implacably opposed to white European Christians. They have been exposed to Christianity through the great poets of the West and in the faces of their European ancestors. And they have spoken with the voice of those who are legion, and they have said, "We prefer barbarism." Granted, it is a kind of techno-barbarism they prefer, with themselves at the top of the social order. The white-hating techno-barbarian could not live for one day with the Aztec or the African in their native environments; what he envisions is a kind of multi-racial series of condos or housing developments with himself in the nicest one. And he certainly doesn't envision that he, the epitome of satanic enlightenment culture, will be devoured by those lower on that satanic food chain which he has substituted for Christian Europe.

In a very real sense, former white Christians have become Judaized, and by that I mean they hate Christians with a hatred that is fueled by religious zeal. Shakespeare has depicted this kind of hatred in *Merchant of Venice*. When Shylock is offered thrice the bond, he refuses – he will have his pound of flesh:

"I pray you, think, you question with the Jew.  
You may as well go stand upon the beach  
And bid the main flood bate his usual height;  
You may as well use question with the wolf  
Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb;  
You may as well forbid the mountain pines  
To wag their high tops and to make no noise  
When they are fretten with the gusts of heaven;  
You may as well do any thing most hard,  
As seek to soften that – than which what's harder? –  
His Jewish heart.

And just as a northern Copperhead can be more southern than a southern liberal, so could a Jew be more Christian than a Christian if, like Shylock's daughter, he converted to the religion that requires mercy and not sacrifice. But the vast majority of professed Christians are now like the vast majority of Jews: they hate the things of Christendom with a passion.

I liken the white Christian's situation to that of the old Western good guy who walks out to fight the bad guy in the final shootout. But when he faces the bad guy, he discovers that there are two more bad guys armed with Winchester rifles behind him, one lurking behind the saloon door and the other poised behind the bedroom window of one of the loose women of the town. Now, if the hero is a man with a fervent belief in the power of democracy and dialogue, he will plead with the bad guy and tell him that "By golly, this just ain't fair." And when that fails, which of course it will, because the bad guy does not believe in fair play and chivalry (that's why he's a bad guy), the hero will plead to all the silent citizens of the town hiding behind locked doors. "Don't you know these are bad guys? Don't you know if you let them kill me that you will be next?" But the "good" citizens already know that the bad guy is a bad guy -- that's why the majority of them like him and why the rest are too afraid to oppose him. So the gunfight takes place and the hero takes two rifle bullets in the back and six Colt .45 slugs in the belly, delivered by the bad guy standing over his body.

But there is another scenario that could also take place. Let's suppose our hero is not one who believes in dialogue or democracy. He knows that the bad guy is deaf to any appeal stemming from the Christian honor code. And he also knows that the townspeople either are against him or are indifferent. So what does he do?

Well, he still goes out to face the bad guy, but being forewarned by his wise blood, he takes measures to ensure that if the match won't be totally equal, at least it will be one in which he has a fighting chance. That's all he wants, a fighting chance, and then let God do the rest.

I'm not far afield when I take us out into the mean streets of the Old West. The Western hero has his roots in Europe. And the European hero is filled with a love for the God-Man, who loves with a love beyond all understanding of the satanic intellect. The zeal which that love inspires can overcome Satan and all his legions. It has in the past. +

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### **The Racial Link to God - MAY 23, 2007**

In J. J. Pollitt's book, *Art and Experience in Classical Greece*, he points out that after Greece's Golden Age, which was terminated by a plague and the Peloponnesian War, Greek art did not reflect the tragedies that had befallen Greece as a whole nor individual members of their nation. Instead, their art reflected a new obsession with detailed vase painting and ornate, flowery and superficial sculpture. The message was clear: "Humanity equals pain; let us seek refuge in technique and superficiality and block out the horrors associated with humanity."

I definitely see this escape from humanity taking place in the Christian churches of today. We have supped full of horrors, but instead of responding to the horror, churchmen give us formulaic solutions to life's problems that have been worked out in committee by scientists, psychologists, and the Hallmark Greeting Card Company. The church leaders have fled from the man of flesh, blood, and bone, the man who must die, and have taken refuge in an abstracted, utopian vision of man. But their dream man has no concrete existence. He exists only in their abstracted minds.

It is impossible to overstate the negative effect of the shift in the Christian churches from a reality-based faith to a utopian-based one. All the proofs of God's existence hatched from the great minds of the West and all the sacramental rites have their basis in our trust in His humanity. If that vital link to His humanity is severed, we will be men without hope, desperately and pathetically clinging to technique and technology to save us from the void.

I see only one remaining link to the older Christians who believed in a non-abstract, a non-utopian Christianity. That link is race. Yes, I know. To even suggest that there is a racial component to Christianity is to invite comparisons to Mussolini and Hitler. But I would ask those inclined to shout "racism" to look at the bloodless faith of the modern Christian universalists and then ask themselves if such a desiccated faith can really be the true faith. Maybe it is time to examine the claims of those who advocate a blood faith.

At face value, it seems like those who shout racism every time the words white and Christian are coupled are correct. Is not the Faith universal? Are we not ultimately spiritual beings whose bodies shall return to the dust while our immortal souls go to heaven or hell?

Yes, we are spiritual beings, but how has God chosen to reveal that truth to us? He took flesh and became man. He revealed himself to us through the blood. Those who believed in Christ became united to Him spiritually, but the incarnation also taught us that God does not disdain to pass spiritual gifts through the blood.

The European peoples, the white race, accepted Christ en masse and in depth. They built a civilization based on their belief in the incarnation, birth, death and resurrection of Jesus Christ, true God and true man. Other peoples of other races have believed the same thing, but no other race has built a civilization centered on that belief. There is a racial wisdom in the blood of the white man that must remain untainted and untouched by the blood of other races lest that blood wisdom disappear from the earth. And when white men do not respond to the call of the blood and they seek other gods, they are traitors to their blood.

What about the other races? What about our mutual descent from Adam? Doesn't that mean we are all brothers and that skin color doesn't matter? Well, that sounds nice, but it seems to me that we always end up with a blasphemy if we start with a universal and work our way down to the particular. If we start with the particular and the provincial, and then move to the universal, we are more likely to arrive at the truth. And the truth is that Christ started His earthly work with a particular woman, a particular family, and a provincial people. And yes, He extended His message to all peoples, but He did not denounce the prophets or the true and the good among His own people in order to advance the Faith. He denounced the Pharisees who had hardened their hearts against the true spirit of their own faith, but He did not denounce His heritage, divine or human. That is the key difference between what Christ did and what the Christian universalists are

doing today. They are not denouncing the modern scribes and Pharisees, the academics of church and school; they are denouncing the good and true Christians of old Europe. And of course one wouldn't expect them to denounce the modern Pharisees because, behold, they are the modern Pharisees.

Let me speak frankly because there is no time left to temporize on this most important point. Anyone that truly knows Christ knows only a European Christ. That is because the essential Christ, the real Christ, is revealed only in the European tradition. In the past, the convertite, whether he was an African, a Chinaman, or a Red Indian, saw a European Christ when he converted. But this has all changed. The convertite is just as likely now to see a black Christ or an Indian Christ or a Chinese Christ (usually presented through a liberal European prism), which means that the convertite has converted to some religion other than Christianity. And this is because only the European formed a culture that was intimately connected to Christ.

Paradoxically if Christianity loses its provincial character, it will lose its universal character. In point of fact, this has already happened. One is more likely to find a man with some of the antique Christian virtues intact in a "racist" organization than in any of the Christian churches. And how could it be otherwise? Without pieta there can be no Christianity.

I don't think one should need any other reason to support the white race than the reason that it is one's own race. But in truth our Lord is not a cruel practitioner of liberal "either-or" politics. The liberal white-hating whites tell us that white Christians must self-destruct in order to advance the black man. But if we are stubbornly provincial and racist and support our race, we will be supporting a universal church that offers a vision of a personal god to all races. But if we turn away from our European heritage, which of course we have, and participate in the mongrelization of the white race, then we will witness the creation of a Christ-less Kingdom of Babel.

And all of this stems from a desire, like the one of the vase-painting Greeks of the post-classical period, to flee from the harshness of reality. The Greeks, however, had no comforter. They can be forgiven for seeking to flee from the dark, sinister woods. But the European woods are different. Why did we ever listen to those false prophets who told us to leave the woods? The European woods are sacred because they bring us in contact with hearth, home, and kin, all of which bring us closer to Him. It is a consummation devoutly to be wished. +

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### **The Revisionists' Mother Goose - MAY 23, 2007**

The liberals hate everything traditional. One of their pet passions is children's literature. If they had their way (come to think of it, they have had their way), everything good in children's literature would be banned or rewritten. Following are some Mother Goose rhymes the liberals have already condemned or rewritten, or ones they will condemn or rewrite soon:

*Tom, Tom, the Piper's Son*: The man who beat Tom for stealing the pig was sent to prison for two years, and Tom was sent back out on the street. Tom became a repeat pig thief, and then one day he shot a pig merchant.

*Robin Hood and Little John*: "Robin Hood, Robin Hood, Telling his beads..." The rosary beads violate the liberal doctrine of the separation of church and state. In the new version, Robin has worry beads.

*Jack Sprat*: The man who could eat no fat and his wife who could eat no lean both go to a diet counselor, and Jack is told to divorce his obsessive-compulsive wife.

*Humpty Dumpty*: Sued the King and all the King's Men for not putting a guard rail on the wall.

*Georgie Porgie*: The boy who kissed the girls and made them cry was charged with sexual harassment.

*The Old Woman Under a Hill*: She failed to keep her hill dwelling up to the residential building codes; her home was condemned. Rabbits live there now.

*The Old Woman Who Lived in a Shoe*: She is now serving a jail sentence for child abuse and for failing to use family planning services.

*Bobby Shafto*: Bobby Shafto is forbidden to go to sea. That is sexist. His sister goes instead. However, an insensitive tidal wave kills Sister Shafto and all hands on deck. Bobby Shafto opens up a beauty shop and combs down his yellow hair.

*Peter, Peter, Pumpkin Eater*: Peter is now serving time for spousal abuse. Imagine, putting one's wife in a pumpkin shell! Serves Peter right if he never gets out. One odd footnote to the whole sordid affair – Mrs. Peter Pumpkin Eater says she was never happier than in those days when Peter used to slap her around and put her in the pumpkin shell. Odds life.

Just Like Me:

"I went up one pair of stairs."

"Just like me."

"I went up two pairs of stairs."

"Just like me."

"I went into a room."

"Just like me."

"I looked out of a window."

"Just like me."

"And there I saw a monkey."

"Just like me."

The implicit racism of this rhyme is obvious.

*Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary*: The mere suggestion that a female could be contrary is indefensible. +

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### **Black Hell - MAY 21, 2007**

The brutal (brutal is too polite of a word, but words fail me) torture murders of the white Knoxville couple, Channon Christian and Christopher Newsom, at the hands of black savages was not unusual. It has been going on in Africa for the past 60 years (see Anthony Jacob's book, *White Man Think Again*) and in this country for the last forty years. And it will not end until white people become a clan.

I was very disheartened recently when I received an email from a white man who was responding to an article I wrote entitled, "To Win or Die with Europe." In the article I made the point that white people needed a spirit of clannishness rather than a spirit of "democratic humanity." The emailer thought that our common European heritage was an insufficient starting point for a call to arms. Well, if it isn't a starting point, I would like to know what is. Europe and America have destroyed themselves with internecine warfare. Surely it is time to turn our faces to the enemy (they've seen our backs) and stop devouring our own.

I don't know if there is anyone else who feels this way, but I must add that I am sick to the very depths of my soul with the 'wise' counsel of those who suggest we write petitions and support the Republican Party. What has democracy ever done for my people, for white people? Democracy only makes sense if your society is entirely white; voting then means you are only deciding which group of white people to elect. But when the brutish apes outnumber the whites (which, if you count the whites who have betrayed their race, is the case in the United States) then democracy is not an option. Oh, you might write a petition or file a lawsuit as a delaying tactic, as the communists do when they are not in power, but ultimately the goal is counter-revolution, not democratic reform.

The white-hating whites who even bother to take note of new, brutal murders will tell us that we must understand, we must be patient, we must recognize the complexities of black culture. But it is the antique white man who does understand. "Here they come, black as hell and thick as grass," were the words of Private Wall, one of the brave defenders of Rorke's Drift. The linking of blackness and hell is appropriate. The Scots believed that when the devil visited earth he did so in the form of a black man. If not literally correct, the Scots were certainly metaphysically accurate. A society that lets black savages run rampant to rape, murder, and torture is so close to hell itself that one need not quibble over which is the more hellish. They are one. Lieutenant Chard, also at Rorke's Drift, in very simple words tells us what we must do in the face of black savagery: "Never say die or surrender." +

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### **We are all exiles - MAY 17, 2007**

The South took the hit for every white American back in the 1860s. Now, it should be obvious to all Yankees that we are all Southerners now. We are all exiles.

from "The Beaufort Exile's Lament":

Your noble sons slain, on the battle-field lie,  
Your daughters' mid strangers now roam;

Your aged and helpless in poverty sigh  
O'er the days when they once had a home.

"Going home! going home!" for the exile alone  
Can those words sweep the chords of the soul,  
And raise from the grave the loved ones who are gone,  
As the tide-waves of time backward roll.

"Going home! going home!" Ah! how many who pine,  
Dear Beaufort, to press thy green sod,  
Ere then will have passed to shores brighter than thine--  
Will have gone home at last to their God!

Anon.

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## **The Soul of Honor - MAY 17, 2007**

My name is and was Matt Collins. Well, my full name is Matthew Edward Collins. My death was a bit of surprise to me. I was pretty darn fit for a 61-year-old man. I jogged five miles four times a week, and didn't smoke, drink, or eat fatty foods. But still I had a heart attack while playing tennis at the Club, and there I was dead. Dead, dead, dead! It was quite depressing. And then came some more bad news. I got the news that there was a heaven but I didn't qualify. If you think flunking an exam or being told you didn't get some job you wanted is bad, just try dying and being told you don't qualify for heaven. And the rap on me wasn't so much that I had behaved abominably while on earth, but that I had not, and I quote, "made any commitment to the good." Well, apparently I wasn't the only one. I was lined up with thousands of others in the same stewpot I was in. (Of course, I don't mean an actual stewpot.) Some angelic type of being gave us all the rundown. It was wall-to-wall people, all jockeying for better positions in order to hear the angelic type guy.

"You have not merited heaven or hell. You are in a kind of limbo right now. You can do nothing more for yourselves. You need a champion to fight him." I looked in front of me and saw an enormous dragon right out of *The Seventh Voyage of Sinbad* movie.

The angelic type being explained, "Unless a champion comes forth to slay yon dragon, the Dragon of Detached Indifference and Materialism, you will all be sent to hell. Should a champion emerge and defeat the dragon, you will be sent to purgatory, and although you will suffer much there, you will eventually go to heaven. From the time I turn this glass over, you have exactly one hour."

It was a long hour. I didn't have a wristwatch, but judging by the amount of sand left in the hourglass I would guess that we were down to our last minute.

Then he appeared, on horseback, saber in hand, and dressed in the garb of a 19th century British soldier. There was no hesitation as he charged the dragon.

The dragon spit fire and knocked our champion off his horse. But that didn't deter our champion. As the horse took off in the opposite direction, the soldier charged the dragon again. On foot he seemed even less of a match for the dragon than he had on horseback. But the battle, we are told, does not always go to the strongest. The soldier overwhelmed the dragon. He would strike at it with his sword, and before the dragon could retaliate, he would maneuver to another point and strike again. Finally it was the dragon that fell, not the soldier. The champion severed the dragon's head from its body.

Our champion simply waved and slipped away in the mist as we all found ourselves transported to our own little purgatories. Not very pleasant places these purgatorial dwellings, but we now have great hope for the future, thanks to our champion.

"Who was he?" I asked the angelic being, before being escorted to purgatory. The angelic being smiled.

"Well, he was not the Lone Ranger, nor was he one of our angels. He was the last knight of Europe, and his name is Percival Christopher Wren."

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His actual pen name was P. C. Wren. There is much that could be said against Wren's novels from a literary standpoint, but I won't say those things because a writer, like a man, must be taken "for all and all." And taken for all and all, P. C. Wren stands as a towering figure in world literature because he took the beau ideal of chivalry further than any other author. The description that best suits him is the one he used to describe the hero of his novel, *Soldiers of Misfortune*: "He



loved Chivalry, Truth and Honor, Freedom and Courtesy But Was Head-Strong, Stubborn, Romantical, and Most Unwise.”

The Wren heroes possess a sacred sense of honor. They mix with Muslims, Chinese, and Hindus, and they find men and women with great nobility of soul in these other cultures. But the Wren hero knows the hierarchy: There is one culture and one code that stands above the rest – the culture of the European (especially, of course, that of the Briton) and the code of chivalry. The pagan and the Christian virtues cannot be neatly separated from each other in the human heart, but a man finally belongs, in essence, to either the Christian God-Man or to the pagan gods. Wren, like his heroes, does not preach much about it, but it is Christ and not Apollo who inspires him. The great Wren heroes might admire the Vikings and fight with equal ferocity, but their souls are gentle, and their deaths, like their lives, are Christian.

Wren is often described as a “mere adventure writer,” and therefore is considered to be of little consequence. But the overt adventure in Wren’s novels is only a metaphor for the more intimate adventure of the human soul. Wren is, above all else, a metaphysician. Like Dostoevsky and Shakespeare, it is the human soul that interests him. The military settings that he frequently uses are merely a means to an end, the probing of the human soul. And like Shakespeare, Wren does not probe from an Olympian height. He leads with his heart. Like a fighter who could win with speed and finesse but who chooses instead to stand toe-to-toe and slug it out, Wren suffers with his characters and with us.

Wren is able, in the best of his novels – *Beau Geste*, *Valiant*, *Dust*, *The Bubble Reputation*, *Soldiers of Misfortune*, *Man of a Ghost*, *Worth Wile*, and *The Disappearance of General Jason* – to give us a portrait of the truly good man, as distinct from the merely religious man. He does that by starting from within, with that initial intuition about the spiritual life, and working outward.

In this he differs from the more superficial writers such as Waugh, who start from without and give us a highly stylized portrait of what a religious man, based on the external evidence, should be like. In contrast, Wren makes us say, when reading about the struggles of one of his heroes, “The action of my life is like it, which I’ll keep, if but for sympathy.” The type of authors labeled Catholic or Christian generally write from the script, “I think, therefore I am.” Wren has a different code: “I feel, therefore I am.” And it works because it is closer to reality than the Descartesian code. When some theological statement is wrung from a Wren hero, it comes out organically and stands as an irrefutable truth, because it has come out of the fiery furnace of existence, the same furnace faced by Shadrach, Meshack, and Abednego.

In *Beau Ideal*, while they are awaiting execution, a fellow legionnaire, a secularized Jew, tries to get John Geste to explain why he was kind to a man who betrayed him and placed him in the executioner’s block. The Englishman in the following passage is John Geste, brother of the incomparable Beau Geste.

“Tell me,” said Jacob the Jew (or Jacopi Judescu, the Roumanian gipsy). “What was really your reason for the sloppy feeble ‘kindness’ to Ramon Gonzales? ... I am a philosopher and a student of the lowest of the animals called Man... Was it to please your Christian God and to acquire merit? ... Or to uphold your insolent British assumption of an inevitable and natural superiority? ... You and your God—the Great Forgivers! ... ‘Injure me—and I’ll forgive you and make you feel so damned uncomfortable that you’ll be more injured than I am.’ ... Aren’t you capable of a good decent hate or...”

“Yes, I hate your filthy voice, dear Jacob,” replied the Englishman.

“No. Tell me,” persisted Jacob. “I loathe being puzzled... Besides, don’t you see I’m going mad? ... Talk, man... These corpses... Why did you behave like that to Ramon Gonzales? ... He betrayed you, didn’t he? ... I would have strangled him... I would have had his eyes... Didn’t he betray and denounce you after you had found him in the desert and saved his life? ... To Sergeant Lebaudy?”

“Yes. He recognized me—and did his, ah—duty,” was the reply.

“For twenty-five pieces of silver! ... Recognized you as one of the Zinderneuf men he knew at Sidi, and promptly sold you? ... Consigned you to sudden death—or a lingering death—for twenty-five francs and a Sergeant’s favor! ... And here the Judas was—wondrously delivered into your hand—and you ‘forgave’ him and comforted him! ... Now why? ... What was the game, the motive, the reason, the object? Why should a sane man act like that? ... What was the game?”

“No game, no motive, no reason,” answered the Englishman. “He acted according to his lights—I to mine.”

“And where do you get your ‘lights’? What flame lit them?”

“Oh—I don’t know... Home... Family... One’s women-folk... School... Upbringing... Traditions... One unconsciously imbibes ideas of doing the decent thing... I’ve been extraordinarily lucky in life... Poor old Ramon wasn’t... one does the decent thing if one is—decent.”

“You don’t go about, then, consciously and definitely forgiving your enemies and heaping coals of fire on them because you’re a Christian.”

"No, of course not... Don't talk rot..."

"Nor with a view to securing a firm option on a highly eligible and desirable mansion in the sky—suitable for English gentlemen of position—one of the most favorable residential sites on the Golden Street..."

"Not in the least... Don't be an ass..."

"You disappoint me. I was hoping to find, before I died, one of those rare animals, a Christian gentleman—who does all these funny things because he is a Christian—and this was positively my last chance... I shall die in here."

"I expect Christianity was the flame that lit those little 'lights,' Jacob... Our home and school and social customs, institutions and ideas are based on the Christian ideal, anyhow... And we owe what's good in them to that, I believe... We get our beau ideal quite unconsciously, I think, and we follow it quite unconsciously—if we follow it at all..."

"Well, and what is it, my noble Christian martyr?"

"Oh, just to be—decent, and to do the decent thing, y'know."

"So, indirectly, at any rate, you returned good for evil to Judas Ramon Gonzales because you were a Christian, you think?"

"Yes... Indirectly... I suppose... We aren't good at hating and vengeance and all that... It's not done... It isn't—decent..."

"But you puzzle me. What of Ramon the Judas... Ramon who sold you? He was a great Christian, you know... A staunch patron of your Christian God... Always praying and invoking your Holy Family."

"There are good and bad in all religions, Jacob... I have the highest admiration for your great people—but I have met rotten specimens... Bad as some of my own..."

Silence.

"Look here, Christian," began Jacob the Jew again. "If I summoned up enough strength, and swung this chain with all my might against your right cheek, would you turn the other also?"

"No. I should punch you on the nose," said the Englishman simply.

Silence.

"Tell me. Do you kneel down night and morning and pray to your kind Christian God, Englishman? The forgiving God of Love, Who has landed you here?" asked Jacob the Jew.

"I landed myself here," was the reply. "And—er—no... I don't pray—in words—much... You won't mind asking questions for fear of being thought inquisitive, will you, gentle Jacob?"

"Oh, no... Let's see now... You forgive the very worst of injuries because you are a Christian, but not because you're a Christian... You do as you would be done by, and not as you've been 'done' by... You don't pray in words and hold daily communion with your kind Christian God—you regard Him as a gentleman—an English gentleman, of course—who quite understands, and merely desires that you be—decent, which of course, you naturally would be, whether He wished it or not... And you'll punch me on the nose if I smite you on the cheek—but you don't even do that much to any one who betrays you to a dreadful death... And really, in your nice little mind, you loathe talking about your religion, and you are terrified lest you give the impression that you think it is better than other people's, for fear of hurting their feelings..."

"Oh, shut up, Jacob. You'd talk the hind leg off a dog."

"What else is there to do but talk? ... And so you are perfectly certain that you are a most superior person, but you strive your very utmost to conceal the awful fact... You're a puzzling creature... What is your motivating force? What is your philosophy? What are you up to? ..."

"Well, at the moment, I'm going to issue the water-ration... Last but one..." said the Englishman.

"I can't understand you English..." grumbled Jacob.

"A common complaint, I believe," said the Englishman. The quiet American laughed. Then later in the same scene, a French legionnaire lies dying:

He desired the services of a priest, that he might "make his soul." On the other side of him, the Englishman and the American did what they could to soothe his passing, and Jacob the Jew produced his last scrap of biscuit for the nourishment of the sick man... He offered to chew it for him if he were unable to masticate...

"It's a privilege to die in your society, mes amis," said the Frenchman suddenly, in a stronger voice. "To die with men of one's own sort... Officers once, doubtless, and gentlemen still... I am going to add to the burden of debt I owe you... But I am going to give you something in return... My dying assurance that you are going to live... I most clearly see you walking in the sunshine, free and happy... Walking towards you a woman—a truly beautiful woman... She loves you both—but one far more than the other... You fight on her account... your weapons are generosity, unselfishness, sacrifice, self-abnegation, the love of a man for his friend..."

The Frenchman has articulated Wren's beau ideal and it is a Christian beau ideal. In *Soldiers of Misfortune* when Otho Belleme takes it upon himself to leave Oxford to care for a girl "in trouble" whom he has not gotten in trouble, and who is not in any way romantically involved with him, the Dean of Students recognizes whom it is that Otho is imitating:

Otho's interview with the Dean was as peculiar as he had expected, if less painful.

He frankly and fully stated the facts of the necessity for his leaving Oxford, and having done so, he added the truth concerning Victoria, so far as he knew it. The Dean had heard many strange tales in the course of his long and wide experience, and he wondered if this were not the strangest.

"And where are you taking this girl, Mr. Belleme?" he expostulated.

"To my mother, Sir," replied Otho. "I hope and believe that she'll sleep under my mother's roof to-night."

"Well, well, well," mused the Dean, his elbow on his desk, his great head resting on his hand, as he toyed with a pencil and stared unseeingly at the big sheet of blotting-paper spread before him. "I really do not know what to say, or to think, Mr. Belleme. Have you—er—any—er—personal and private interest in this girl—if I may ask the question?"

"None whatever, Sir."

"You are not what is—er—called—ah—in love with her?"

"Not in the slightest, Sir."

"Are you quite sure it is just the purest altruism—the highest and most disinterested charity, Mr. Belleme? ... And aren't you undertaking something more serious than you realize it to be—something of which no one can foresee the end—in making yourself responsible for this poor girl?"

The Dean watched him curiously—his fine and powerful face wearing a look of deep interest.

"Do you quite realize what you are doing in making yourself responsible for her?" he continued. "You know that the world and his wife, —especially his wife, —will think and say and do... They will certainly 'revile you and persecute you and say all manner of evil against you—falsely'—falsely, I firmly believe."

"It may be folly, Sir," said Otho, "but..."

"It is folly," interrupted the Dean. "Great folly... nearly as great as the worldly and social folly of some of those who have left all and followed..."

There are white moments in Wren's novels during which one is taken to that sacred glen where everything is quiet. And in that place, one hears, very faintly but distinctly, the beating of that sacred heart which sustains the world. What more can you ask from a storyteller? +

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## Speaking of God - MAY 17, 2007

I once read a debate between John Calvin and a Thomist. I agreed with the Thomist on some points and with Calvin on some others, but when I finished reading the whole debate I was left with a vague feeling of disgust. As with so many things that one reads, I tucked that little debate and my reaction to it back into the recesses of my mind, but it has surfaced again. And now, some 25 years later, I have a better understanding of that vague feeling of disgust. Both St. Thomas and Calvin were brilliant men, and they seem to be in favor of Christianity. But I wonder if either of them is a very good spokesman for it. And I don't mean to be flippant, but I must say that I don't understand, when reading St. Thomas or John Calvin, why God would bother with mortals such as we. He seems so terribly self-sufficient and content without us in Thomism and Calvinism. I don't see God the lover, the God who weeps, in either Thomism or Calvinism. What Richard Weaver said of Socrates – "One should not talk about one's gods that way" – could also be said of St. Thomas and Calvin. Did St. Paul talk about Christ the way they did? Did Christ talk about Himself that way?

The Rev. Hislop makes a very good critique of the pagan, Greco-Roman structures of the Roman Catholic Church, but he fails to see the other subcurrent. St. Patrick and thousands like him did not set Europe aflame with tales of Babylon or the Greek philosophers. They set Europe aflame with the Christ story.

What was good and pure about the Protestant Reformation was the attempt to know Christ the lover again, to know Him as St. Paul and as St. John knew him. But He cannot be put into the golden bowl of a narrow theology. The analytic mind cannot comprehend God; He is unknowable when approached by way of the syllogism, but He has made Himself accessible to us through the human heart. George Fitzhugh has written eloquently of that mode of perception: "The problem of the Moral World is too vast and complex for the human mind to comprehend; yet the pure heart will, safely and quietly, feel its way through the mazes that confound the head."

It's truly remarkable that when we want to get serious about God, we bring out the theologians and start to talk in the mumbo-jumbo of the dialectic. There is no time for that kind of talk anymore. European culture is facing extinction because the intellectual hierarchy of the Christian churches have turned the God of Abraham, Isiah, Jacob, and St. Paul into a solution to a riddle in a philosophical parlor game. In the face of death we need the Christ of whom the elder Thomas Campbell spoke in 1828. He was moved to write an essay, "Christianity is Neither a Theory Nor a Philosophy," after recovering from an illness that had brought him to the brink of death.

The vain pride of attempting to improve Christianity in the external exhibition of it in the churches, that it might vie in splendor with the pompous exhibition of the Jewish and pagan religions, and the presumptuous folly of explaining its mysteries according to the notions of the heathen philosophy, and finally, of reducing the whole subject of divine revelation into the form of a *rational, systematic science*, [italics added - Ed.] 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, Maestricht, and Turretine, are exquisite monuments of this egregious folly. As well might we attempt to imbibe vital heat by embracing a corpse, as to derive spiritual life, light, or comfort, from the perusal of those voluminous works. Do you ask, why? The reason is obvious: these are the works of men, not of God. Not from heaven, to make us spiritually wise unto salvation; but from the pride and folly of man, to make us metaphysically and logically wise unto disputation. Vain man would be wise, though man be born a wild ass's colt (Job XI: 12). Wise, indeed, in his own way; wise above what is written; yea, constructively wiser than God, for he would improve upon his works.

I think Thomas Campbell has honed in on the terrible error we make when we set the Christian God within the confines of pagan philosophy. His uniqueness is blurred when we do that, and consequently we turn hearts of fire into dead embers. Men and women who should be aflame for Christ turn to alternative gods.

The marriage between Christ and Europe has ended in divorce not because He has ceased to love us, but because Europeans have ceased to see Christ as distinct from Socrates and other great thinkers. And wasn't that inevitable when the "best" theologians talk about Him within the context of pagan philosophy?

Pat Buchanan talks about putting a moratorium on immigration. I would certainly like to see that. But there is another moratorium that I would also like to see, and that is one on mumbo-jumbo, scientistic God-talk. And then we might be able to see the Christ, the son of the living God, as St. Paul saw Him on the road to Damascus. And then "your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, and your young men shall see visions, and your old men shall dream dreams." +

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## Dreams - MAY 17, 2007

We are such stuff  
As dreams are made on, and our little life  
Is rounded with a sleep.—

The Tempest

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It's been a year now since the death of my mother and I've noticed something peculiar, or maybe not so peculiar. When my mother was alive, I occasionally dreamt that she was dead. When I awoke, I was greatly relieved to find it was only a dream. I usually found some pretext to call her after such dreams just to see how she was doing. Naturally, I didn't tell her that I had dreamt that she was dead.

Now, in the past year, I have dreams at least twice a week in which my mother is alive. And of course when I awake there is a great sadness for the obvious reason that reality sets in and I realize, all over again, that my mother is dead.

Now, I'm not saying that the fact that I dream about my mother being alive is some kind of proof that she is alive. But then again, why do we dream such things? Shakespeare's oft-quoted line, "We are such stuff As dreams are made on..." can be given, and often has been given, a negative interpretation. But I have never viewed the quote in that light. If we are such stuff as dreams are made on and we dream that the dead are alive, how can that be something negative? Yes, a dream can also be a nightmare. But then Prospero is pretty explicit that it is a dream. And he concedes that our ending could be despair, but then bids us look up with that incredible, "unless I be reliev'd by prayer..."

Our dreams and our prayers -- Shakespeare, through Prospero, links them. When viewed in that light, it is very comforting, at least to me, to think that we are such stuff as dreams are made on. +

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## **The Four Feathers - MAY 15, 2007**

**Book Review:** *The Four Feathers* by A. E. W. Mason (Grosset & Dunlap: New York, 1901)

I would be hard pressed to come up with a major author who does not, in some aspect of his work, deal with a military theme. This is quite understandable. Human souls, when placed in the extremities of combat, are often more fully revealed than they are in less intense situations. And it is an author's business to lay bare the soul of man.

But many books with a military theme and setting fail to give us any kind of spiritual revelation. They are often boring, documentary-style books, giving us mere facts about the military; or they are propaganda books designed to show us either an unrealistically horrible or an unrealistically glorious view of the military.

*The Four Feathers* fits none of these categories, and it contains the best depiction of the military experience outside of Shakespeare that I have ever read.

There are men who fight and fight courageously in this book who are nevertheless moral cowards. And there are men who fight reluctantly and with great fear and trepidation who rise to heroic heights. What A. E. W. Mason really has done, through his protagonist, Harry Feversham, is to show us the moral dimension of heroism. Without that moral dimension, heroism is mere guts, which is pagan, not Christian.

One might admire the pagan hero's courage, but it is the Christian hero who gives us a glimpse of the living God. It is the difference between Robert E. Lee and G. Gordon Liddy. Or in film, it's the big difference between the heroes depicted by Gary Cooper and Douglas Fairbanks Jr. and the heroes depicted by Clint Eastwood and Arnold Schwarzenegger. The former are Christian heroes, the latter are merely pagan ones.

I love Harry Feversham. He strikes a blow for every armchair warrior and poet who believes that the warrior bard will ultimately prevail against the foreign Turk and the brutish homegrown bore.

A work like Mason's *The Four Feathers* could not be written today because our Western culture has been eradicated by the dialectic. Masculinity means only one thing now – aggressiveness, and it is permitted and admired only when it appears in the female. And femininity means only one thing now – passivity, and it is permitted only when it appears in the male.

In contrast to the modern, obscene, dialectic depiction of human beings, Mason paints a portrait of human beings with souls, working out their eternal destinies in a world that has not yet surrendered to the dialectic.

There is a passage of incredible poignancy in the book which I must quote. Feversham, in disguise, has gotten himself thrown into an Arab prison in order to rescue a fellow countryman. His countryman, Colonel Trench, is about to strike Feversham because he fears that he will be knocked to the floor and trampled if he doesn't hold his own in the crowded prison.

"Back!" he cried violently, "back, or I strike!" and, as he wrestled to lift his arm above his head that he might strike the better, he heard the man who had been flung against him incoherently babbling English.

"Don't fall," cried Trench, and he caught his fellow-captive by the arm. "Ibrahim, help! God, if he were to fall!" and while the crowd swayed again and the shrill cries and curses rose again, deafening the ears, piercing the brain, Trench supported his companion, and bending down his head caught again after so many months the accent of his own tongue. And the sound of it civilized him like the friendship of a woman.

Ah, how could a modern appreciate that passage? The modern does not believe that there are differences in cultures. How could the sound of a language associated with Christian things hearten and humanize a man? And stranger still to the modern – how could the friendship of a woman civilize a man? The modern knows only viragos and hard-eyed business

women. “Surely, Mason must be from Mars.” No, not Mars, but Christian Europe, which to the modern is more remote than Mars. +

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## Judge Priest - MAY 15, 2007

**Book Review:** Back Home: Being the Narrative of Judge Priest and His People (Grosset and Dunlap: New York, 1912) and *Old Judge Priest* (George H. Doran Co.: New York, 1916) by Irvin S. Cobb

The setting of these tales is Kentucky in the early 1900s. The Civil War is a living memory to many of the older inhabitants of the region and is still a significant event to the younger members of the communities. All the stories center around one Judge Priest, a portly judge in his mid-sixties, who fought with Forrest during the War for Southern Independence.

In his autobiography, *Exit Laughing* (1941), Cobb tells us of Judge Priest’s origins:

Now Judge Priest, who became a mainstay and a breadwinner for the Cobb family over a stretch of thirty years or longer, was a consolidated likeness, into which I diagrammed elementary parts of three separate persons. In him, as he ambled across a border southern terrain, was a trace of my father, but only mental attitudes here, not bodily aspects; and an occasional touch taken from my former fellow townsman and crony, Hal Corbett, who made a briefened appearance among these strolling memories chapter before last. But predominantly he was a reincarnation of the late Judge William S. Bishop and physically almost altogether was Judge Bishop—the high bald forehead, the pudgy shape, the little white paintbrush of a chin whisker, the strident high-pitched voice which, issuing from that globular tenement, made a grotesque contrast, as though a South American tapir had swallowed a tomtit alive and was letting the tomtit do the talking for him. The habits and the traits embodied in this triple-sided composite portrait mainly were his too: his exterior dovelike gentleness under which deceiving surface lurked a serpent’s shrewdness; his deftly concealed manipulations of local politics; his cultivated affectation of using a country jake vernacular when off the bench and his sudden switch to precise and stately English when on it; his high respect for the profession that he followed and for the office that he held so many years; his divine absent-mindedness; his utterly unreasonable fear of thunderstorms.

Touching on these two last-named peculiarities, tales were told. Once when company was present in his home a sudden forked flash in the murky heavens and a great thunderclap sent him fleeing to an umbrella closet under the front stairs where he fastened the door behind him and cowered among the galoshes. His wife pursued him there and through the keyhole she said: “Judge Bishop, I am ashamed of you—you a brave soldier of the war, to behave like a veritable coward before our guests. Don’t you know, Judge Bishop,” – the good lady was very religious – “don’t you know that if the Lord wants to smite you dead, He will find you, no matter where you hide?”

“Maybe so, Madam, maybe so,” came back the muffled answer. “But by Gatlins, I’ll put Him to as much trouble as possible!”

In midsummer he went to a bar association meeting upstate. As he was leaving, Mrs. Bishop said: “Judge, I’ve packed six clean shirts for you and six clean collars so don’t you go mooning around, like you usually do, and forget to change every morning.” (In those days, before pajamas were ever dreamed of and nightshirts were regarded as being fussy, not to say effeminate, many a cultured Southern gentleman slept by night in the hard-bosomed back-buttoning linen which he had worn through the day.)

When he came home she was waiting for him at the depot with the family buggy.

“You look warm,” she said.

“Warm?” he echoed. “I’m parboiled. I’m cooking in my own gravy. I’m broken out with nettle rash like a baby. I think I’m fixing to die.”

“Why, the weather here has been very seasonable,” she said.

“It wasn’t too warm in Frankfort, either,” he said. “That’s the funny part of it. Seemed to me I got hotter and hotter all the time. Maybe I’m sickening for a stroke or something. Right now I’m sweating like a free nigger at election.”

“Right now? Why there’s a cool breeze blowing... Judge Bishop, bend over here and hold still!”

She undid a wilted collar and ran an exploratory finger down inside his neckband—down inside six neckbands, to be exact. Obeying orders, he had each morning put on a clean shirt. Only one detail he had inadvertently skipped. He forgot to take off the shirt he’d slept in.

Although set in the 1900s, the best and noblest characters in the tales are the old Confederate veterans and the men and women who support the old ways. The good ‘darkies’ are the ones who also support the old South. (Cobb is a bit unrealistic on that subject, in contrast to Caroline Gordon’s *None Shall Look Back* and Stark Young’s *So Red the Rose*.) The villains are the mean-spirited souls of both races and the new breed of capitalist whites.

Not all the stories sing as sweetly as “A Beautiful Evening” and “When the Fighting Was Good,” but taken as a whole, the Judge Priest stories give us a pleasant glimpse of a place where community still existed, fragile and disappearing, but still living.

I recommend reading the stories; but even greater (much greater) than the stories is the movie loosely based on the story, “Words and Music.” The movie, called appropriately enough, *Judge Priest*, is directed by (who else) John Ford. Will Rogers, a contemporary and close friend of Irvin Cobb, plays Judge Priest. The movie is far and away the best movie ever made about the South and the Great Cause. I don’t see how it is possible for one to view the movie without forever being a die-hard Southern partisan.+

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### **The Equality of the Dung Heap - MAY 15, 2007**

An essential part of our heritage is becoming Negroized. *Tin-Tin in Africa* is banned from sale in the U.S., and *Doctor Dolittle* is rewritten to appease blacks. Howard Pyle’s fairy tales are rewritten with blacks rather than white characters, the musical version of *Oliver Twist* has a black Oliver, *A Christmas Carol* gets an all-black cast, Shakespeare’s *Love’s Labour Lost* has interracial couples, and the list goes on. I’m sure readers could supply hundreds more examples.

It doesn’t take a heroic, knightly act of superhuman courage to oppose such assaults on the European cultural heritage. If white people would just refuse to buy new Negroized versions of older classic works and refuse to buy tickets to Negroized movies of *Doctor Dolittle*, *Oliver Twist*, and *Love’s Labour Lost*, they could force the white capitalists who produce such mongrelized works of art to cease and desist. But that would require a racial solidarity that whites don’t possess.

And I should add that the black productions of white works would not be nearly so offensive if they made some attempt to preserve the spirit of the old works, but they don’t. The Negroized versions become new jazzy, be-bop works that insult the original ones.

I remember eating a souvlaki in a Greek restaurant a few years back. It was the Christmas season, and the proprietor of the restaurant, an older Greek fellow, had the radio tuned to a station playing Christmas carols. After a wonderful rendition of “Silent Night” finished playing, a Negroized, be-bop version of “It Came Upon a Midnight Clear” came on the radio. The Greek proprietor listened in disbelief for a minute and then turned it off.

“Imagine,” he said, “Taking a wonderful song like that and destroying it. It shouldn’t be permitted.”

And of course the proprietor of the restaurant was correct. Such things shouldn’t be permitted. But the complete Negroization of white culture has been mandated. The “separate but equal” accommodation, articulated in *Plessy v. Ferguson* (1896), was the South’s way of dealing with the fact that an inferior capitalist society had conquered their culturally superior one and had mandated the infusion of Negroes into their society. By providing separate schools, restaurants, swimming pools, and so on, and calling them separate but equal, Southerners hoped to stave off the tragedy of racial integration.

But the liberals, north and south of the Mason-Dixon Line, were not buying “separate but equal.” Separate is inherently unequal, the liberals reasoned, in *Brown v. Board of Education of Topeka* (1954). And although it is morally wrong to mandate integration, the liberals were right in saying that separate is inherently unequal. Any culture of value is unequal to other cultures. Nineteenth-century European culture is superior to twentieth-century European culture, the Southern culture of the 19th century was superior to the Northern culture, European culture is superior to African culture, and so on.

There can only be an equality in barbarism, because there is no value in barbarism. No one can be higher, in the cultural sense, than someone else in a barbaric culture that has no concept of ‘the higher.’ In barbarism there are people in power, of course, but they are all equal in the cultural sense. Everyone is equal: they are barbaric. And that is the moral evil of integration. The infusion of barbarism into a civilized society does not elevate the barbarian, it brings down the civilized people.

Twenty-five years ago I first saw a white person listening to Negro rap music. He was retarded. Now, I see white youths listening to Negro rap music on a regular basis; this is called equality.

At its onset, integration was presented by the liberals as the enfranchisement of the disenfranchised. What Christian could object to that? The most courteous, respectful (at least outwardly) Negroes were pushed forward to show the reasonableness of integration and the unreasonableness of segregation. But once the barrier of segregation is broken, a radical change takes place. Joe Louis evolves into Muhammed Ali, and Jackie Robinson becomes Darryl Strawberry. Our

whole concept of sports, leisure, and religion has been radically altered as a result of the integration of Negroes into society.

Occasionally some liberal, now a neoconservative, like Charlton Heston, will say, "Gee, when I held hands with Martin Luther King, Jr., I didn't think I was assenting to the complete dismantling of civilization." But that is exactly what Mr. Heston, who at least had the courage to oppose that dismantlement, was consenting to. Integration is death for civilizations with value. Indeed, everything of value in those civilizations will be destroyed.

Our leaders tell us that we must adjust. We must learn to love the dung heap. No, that is something I will not do. I stand with Alexander Smollet, who, when enjoined to surrender to the seemingly invincible barbarians, said:

"Now you'll hear me. If you'll come up one by one, unarmed, I'll engage to clap you all in irons, and take you home to a fair trial in England. If you won't, my name is Alexander Smollet, I've flown my sovereign's colours, and I'll see you all to Davy Jones." +

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## **The Hero - MAY 05, 2007**

Eugene O'Neill is one of American's greatest playwrights. Although a professed enemy of all organized religion, his plays are permeated by Christianity. His characters are, like O'Neill himself, Christ-haunted and looking for redemption. Three of his later plays, "A Moon for the Misbegotten," "Hughie," and "A Touch of the Poet," are especially well-written plays with great spiritual depths.

It is the play, "A Touch of the Poet" that I would like to use to begin a discussion of the hero. In the play there is one central character (Cornelius Melody) and two major supporting characters (Nora Melody, his wife, and Sara Melody, his daughter). Cornelius Melody had been a military hero in the old country. He now, at age forty-five, runs a tavern in Boston. The year is 1820. Talk of Andrew Jackson and the 'common man' is always in the air. Melody, however, will have none of that. He drinks alone and rides alone on a special charger. When he rises in the morning and feels depressed after a night of heavy drinking, he puts on his old military uniform and recites from Lord Byron in front of the mirror:

I have not loved the World, nor the World me;  
I have not flattered its rank breath, nor bowed  
To its idolatries a patient knee,  
Nor coined my cheek to smiles, nor cried aloud  
In worship of an echo; in the crowd  
They could not deem me one of such – I stood  
Among them, but not of them.

Cornelius Melody needs a vision of himself as a hero. No matter how low he sinks he can always face the world as long as he believes he is still the hero that he was at the battle of Talavera.

Through a long series of events, Con Melody ceases to see himself in a heroic light and is shattered by the experience. His daughter, who had always sneered at her father's attempt to maintain his heroic image, is surprised to find that her view of existence is altered for the worse when her father ceases to believe in his own heroic image. And of course this was because she had always, despite her outward contempt, believed, in the deepest regions of her soul, that her father was a hero.

It is easy to deprecate Con Melody's rather pathetic attempts at maintaining a heroic self-image. And O'Neill certainly doesn't try to give us a happy ending to the play by showing us Con Melody making a successful 'comeback' attempt. But what O'Neill does is to lay bare an essential truth of existence: our religious vision, our *raison d'être* so to speak, is tied up to our belief in, and our vision of, the Hero. If we lose that vision and belief, we have lost our faith.

I've commented on the demise of the Christian hero before, but I'm returning to the subject again because I believe it is of paramount importance. Our belief in heroes is linked to our belief in Christ himself. And I would submit to you that we do not believe in Christian heroes anymore. We have the straight liberal type like Gandhi (so admired by the late John Paul II) and the liberal-pagan type like Eastwood and Stallone, who use their male chromosomes in defense of liberal causes. But the Christian hero? He no longer walks down the 'mean streets,' which is why the back alley-type of mean streets have become the main streets, traveled by pagan punks, liberal leeches, and capitalistic carnivores.

The Christian hero springs from a culture that is either essentially Christian or from a culture that at least still has a positive image of a Christian society that used to exist. The Zorro figure in Johnston McCulley's *The Mark of Zorro* (1919) springs from an imagination that remembers what a Christian hero should be. Only Walt Disney Studios (the real Disney)



managed to recreate Zorro with his Christianity intact. What distinguishes the Christian hero from the modern, liberal and pagan heroes? Well, let's look at McCulley's Zorro.

First, Christianity is in his blood. Zorro doesn't have to consult a moral theology book before he acts, because according to the code of chivalry or (to use the exact term which McCulley uses) the code of the cavalier, right and wrong are self-evident. Years of adhering to a tradition that is bred in the bone and in the blood have made an honorable man's course of action clear.

For instance, when Captain Ramon insults Zorro's swordsmanship, he is content, in contrast to the pagan hero who would kill for such an insult, to merely wound Ramon as punishment. But when Ramon dares to press his attentions on a Spanish lady, Zorro kills the disreputable captain, in contrast to the modern liberal Christian who knows nothing of chivalry and who thinks Christianity and pacifism are synonymous.

Zorro spares Ramon when only a personal insult is involved, and he kills him when the code of the cavalier has been breached. And he does all this without consulting an expert in moral theology or biblical exegesis. Wise blood is always superior to the syllogism. It is also more practical because when you carry your faith in your blood, your hands, unencumbered by heavy tomes of philosophy and theology, are free to carry a sword and dagger.

The second element of a Christian hero like Zorro that is not present in the modern liberal hero is a deep respect for the special mission of women. They are the life-bearers and the nurturers, as well as the inspiration for the hero. The female counterpart to the hero inspires by her fidelity to virtues of the hearth. The hero is the good woman's support and comfort because he defends her rights as wife and mother. But he is seen as the hated oppressor by evil women because he denies them access to the world outside the hearth.

Try to find an image of the hero in any realm of the church or in the world today that excludes the female from the male realm; because not excluding her hurts the female as well as the male. "What about the priesthood?" you say. "Is the female not excluded from that role?" Yes, she is. But only for legal reasons. Christ was a male, so the church authorities have reluctantly kept the priesthood a male domain. But they have given away all the rest of the Pauline teaching. They have supported the role of women in secular society and in the church. They have not defended the women of the hearth nor have they attacked the dragon ladies who have abandoned the hearth.

And we also must distinguish between the Christian and Gnostic view of women. The Gnostic sects, such as the Society of St. Pius X, are spiritually akin to the Muslims, who hate femininity itself. Both deny the spiritual nature of women. They believe women must be kept out of the male sphere of action, not because they have an exalted calling in another sphere, but because their femininity is evil in itself. In their eyes, there is no legitimate Eros, there is only the evil, fleshly act. The act must be tolerated because male warriors and male priests are needed, but the sex that is most intimately connected to the fruits of intercourse must be denied their spiritual role as nurturers and fair ladies who inspire heroic deeds. There is an excess of sex in the Gnostic sects but there is no Eros, and the soul that goes to Gnostic heaven is a masculine one, but one devoid of true masculinity because it is without chivalry.

The third trait of the hero is that he has the ability to properly direct his efforts. He does not worship action in and of itself. His actions must support the reign of charity or else he will not act. The capitalist thinks the Christian hero is lazy because he will not compete in the free market arena. And the pagan considers him cowardly for refusing to enter the lists in order to prove his manhood. Like Don Diego Vega, the Christian hero fights only when issues that directly affect the reign of charity are involved. And then, Zorro rides.

It is important to note that the Christian man of action is not necessarily a military man. In times when the state is Christian, the hero fights for king and country, but when the state is at war with Christ, the Christian hero is an outlaw, such as Zorro, Rob Roy, and William Tell. No matter how bravely a man fights, he is not a hero if he places his sword at the service of an unholy cause.

And finally, whether the hero is Zorro, Shane, Forrest, or von Stauffenberg, he turns our face towards Him. By self-sacrifice, by putting the spiritual above the temporal, the hero, at the last trump, in the twinkling of the eye, when all hope seems gone, rescues us from a purely material vision of life which is death to the soul. The plight of Señorita Lolita Pulido illustrates this point. But to appreciate her dilemma we must try to imagine what it is like to be a Spanish maiden who actually believes death is preferable to the forced attentions of a man without honor, a man who is not a cavalier.

The señorita must be forgiven for lacking the modern enlightened notion that sex is mere friction and of little consequence one way or the other. She finds herself trapped and alone with the evil Captain Ramon.

She fought him, striking and scratching at his breast, for she could not reach his face. But he only laughed at her, and held her tighter until she was almost spent and breathless, and finally he threw back her head and looked down into her eyes.

“A kiss in payment, señorita!” he said. “It will be a pleasure to tame such a wild one.”

She tried to fight again, but could not. She called upon the saints to aid her. And Captain Ramon laughed more, and bent his head, and his lips came close to hers.

But he never claimed the kiss. She started to wrench away from him again, and he was forced to strengthen his arm and pull her forward. And from a corner of the room there came a voice that was at once deep and stern.

“One moment, Señor!” it said.

Captain Ramon released the girl and whirled on one heel. He blinked his eyes to pierce the gloom of the corner; he heard Señorita Lolita give a glad cry.

Then Captain Ramon, disregarding the presence of the lady, cursed, once and loudly, for Señor Zorro stood before him.

When we get our last fatal illness we will all hope for a cure, a last minute reprieve from the clutches of death. But in our last illness, the reprieve will not come. Señor Zorro will not be there. Or will he? An embrace is not a kiss. When Señor Death tries to claim his kiss, will we hear the greatest cavalier of all say, “One moment, señor!”?

Without the hero, we would be forever doomed, like Sisyphus, to push the materialist rock up the very material hill. The hero enables us to see beyond the rock and beyond the hill, to a glass mountain of fair ladies and grand endeavors, presided over by the Hero. +

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### **When Only One Side Fights a War - MAY 05, 2007**

On May 20, 1995, an article by Paul Sheehan was printed in *The Sydney Morning Herald*, an Australian newspaper. The article was entitled, “The Race War of Black Against White.”

The longest war America has ever fought is the Dirty War, and it is not over. It has lasted 30 years so far and claimed more than 25 million victims. It has cost almost as many lives as the Vietnam War. It determined the results of last year’s congressional election.

Yet the American news media do not want to talk about the Dirty War, which remains between the lines and unreported. In fact, to even suggest that the war exists is to be discredited. So let’s start suggesting, immediately.

Mr. Sheehan then goes on to list the horrible carnage that has taken place in the black war against whites. The statistics merely confirm what all whites know, but it is chilling to read the actual body count.

Sheehan concludes with an accurate account of the American establishment’s culpability in the white genocide:

When all the crime figures are calculated, it appears that black Americans have committed at least 170 million crimes against white Americans in the past 30 years. It is the great defining disaster of American life and American ideals since World War II.

All these are facts, yet by simply writing this story, by assembling the facts in this way, I would be deemed a racist by the American news media. It prefers to maintain a paternalistic double-standard in its coverage of black America, a lower standard.

When I published Sheehan’s article about 12 years ago, a gentleman wrote me to ask if I could think of any time in history when there was a war in which only one side was fighting. I couldn’t think of any example. Indeed, I think our situation (along with the other European nations) is unique. And of course it is unique because Europeans are unique. We were the Christ-bearers, the only people to accept Christianity in depth and breadth. When we believed in our civilization and the God-Man who inspired it, we were strong and we protected our sacred civilization and our people. And we were respected and feared by the colored people. But as we ceased to believe in our God, we ceased to believe in our civilization and consequently were no longer willing to take the measures necessary to defend ourselves. The coloreds passionately believe in their various pagan faiths but we no longer believe in our Faith. And please spare me the ridiculous suggestion that we jettison Christ and go back to our Greco-Roman heritage. No, we are irretrievably linked to Him, and a curse on those who would wish it otherwise, and as our passion for Him declines so will our love for European civilization decline. In his book, *In Search of England*, H. V. Morton has this to say about Tintagel:

I have all my life thought of Tintagel as one of those places which no man should see. For eight hundred years the story of that king who rides down history on a harpstring has soaked itself into the imagination of the English people. Charlemagne for France; Arthur for England. The story grew here. On this grey rock above the sea, Uther Pendragon took that lovely queen, Igerne; and so began the story

that ran through medieval Europe challenging the imagination of poet and writer, gathering strength and beauty, to break at last in the splendid climax of the 'Grail' music...

Tin-tagel!...

At night, with the moon, falling over the tumbled walls, Tintagel seems more dead than ever: the ruins of Egypt leap to life in the moonlight, so do many of our castles and abbeys; but Tintagel is to be found only within the covers of a book. And I thought, as I looked down on it from the other side of the valley, saw the thin line of light run along the walls, picking out a gateway here and a crumbled corner there, that most of us have belonged to that Round Table – so many of us, in fact, that if Arthur came back to give us youth again and called us out to joyous adventures he would have an army great enough to ride from Camelot to the conquest of the earth.

But he could not make that claim today. Arthur could not find an army to ride with him. In order to do that European man would have to throw away his little paper gods, his constitutions and his catechisms. He would have to place his hand on the sword and swear to fight without ceasing until the heathen were driven into the sea and the true King was on the throne. "But of course that's just silly, impractical nonsense," says the empirical man. Well, it might seem impractical, but it really is the only genuine solution to the white man's dilemma. We have all read the Death of the West books, from Burnham to Buchanan. And in the statistical realm, the empirical realm, we are dead. The colored hordes are upon us and they outnumber us. But numbers only matter in the world of the white techno barbarians and the colored barbarians. Since when has a European Christian knight ever been deterred by mere numbers? What did Sir Galahad say?

My good blade carves the casques of men  
My tough lance thrusteth sure,  
My strength is as the strength of ten,  
Because my heart is pure.

Look who is at the heart of European civilization. Nothing was impossible for the Europeans, from Charles Martel, to Cortez, to Gordon, and the endless legion of the red cross knights of Europe who rode under His banner to do battle with the barbarian hordes. The blood red tide is loosed because we have attempted to stop the bleeding wounds of Europe with democratic antiseptic instead of a fiery cross. Place the cross on the wound, it will heal. However, to do that we need faith. But I think faith comes from love. If we look at Europe, the real Europe, the Europe of the Christian hearth, the evening lingerings, we will love it. And then we will up and ride, and we will fight, not as the heathen fights, until tired or sated, but we will fight without ceasing until Europe is European again and America is European again. +

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### **Betraying the Code - MAY 03, 2007**

There was much hoopla over the anniversary of Jackie Robinson's infiltration of the previously all-white sport of baseball. And of course the liberals are right – it was an epoch shattering event. But the liberals are wrong when they view it as a good thing. Robinson's enfranchisement accelerated the Negroization of American sports. And that development resulted in the end of sportsmanship. Sportsmanship, as practiced by Americans, had its roots in the British sporting tradition, which took its inspiration from the principles of Christian chivalry. Winning, in the British tradition, was not as important as adhering to the code. A loser who lived up to the code was more honored than someone who won, but who broke the code.

Jackie Robinson brought his own code, the barbarians' code, into the game of baseball. He took bench jockeying to a new low. Statements about the opposing players' sisters and mothers, which had previously been considered beyond the pale, were part of Jackie Robinson's repertoire.

And of course those black athletes who followed Jackie Robinson were even worse. But the larger the pool of players to choose from, the better your chance of winning and making money. So the marriage between the capitalist and the Negro was consummated with Jackie Robinson's entry into baseball. And what a happy marriage it has been for them.

But what about the white folk? Should we give our blessing to that marriage by watching and attending sporting events where black athletes and white commentators degrade all the virtues of the heart and the soul that white people used to hold dear? When capitalism, the Negro, and sport are combined, the watching of sporting events becomes a vulgar indulgence akin to pornography. Presumably one would refuse to watch a film which approvingly depicted black cannibals cooking and eating white missionaries; why then should we watch all the values of our civilization being undermined in pagan rituals called sporting events?

In Walter Scott's novel, *Old Mortality*, he depicts a period of Scottish history when the Covenanters felt that Charles II was not keeping his promise to grant them religious liberty. They regarded themselves as disenfranchised. The Crown sought to force them to feel enfranchised by requiring them to participate in state sanctioned sporting events. The Crown's effort failed because it only strengthened the Covenanters' resolve not to participate in the sporting events.

Two things emerge from Scott's description of the mandatory participation edict of Charles II:

- 1) Sports are an integral part of a nation's soul. They reflect the very essence of what the nation stands for. If you are at odds with your nation you must divorce yourself from that nation's sporting life.
- 2) The seductive feminine approach (the Gingerbread House technique) is more likely to make converts than the straightforward masculine approach. Instead of forcing the Covenanters to participate in the sporting events, Charles II should have hired a marketing guru to put the proper spin on the events. Maybe a little Scripture reading at the beginning of the events and a few comely maidens, not too indecorous, to give out the prizes... You get the picture.

In point of fact, the Covenanters had nowhere near the cause that we have for divorcing ourselves from our nation's (or more accurately our non-nation's) civic sporting life. But we have eaten the soul-numbing honey of the locusts for so long that we are completely anesthetized. We truly love 'Big Brother.'

Recently a "conservative" military man published a book equating God, the war in Iraq, and football. How telling. Sport is linked to our Faith. What, if we look at American sports, do Americans revere? They revere capitalism and Negroes.

How did we get from the sporting life exemplified in *Tom Brown's School Days* and *The Chariots of Fire* to the pagan spectacles of today? We got there by the same process a man follows when, lured by the prospect of gold, he places a ladder into a mineshaft and climbs down, rung by rung. But surely by now we should see that the gold mine is a pit, and it stinks of sulphur. +

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### **To Win or Die with Europe - APRIL 22, 2007**

Although underreported, it is now clear that the United States has shown far too little concern for the civilian casualties of Iraq. Should this surprise us? How can a nation that has so little respect for its own peoples' desire for a secure homeland have any respect for another peoples' homeland.

Every American of European ancestry is told from the first hour of his birth that he has been born into a unique nation. His is a proud inheritance. Is it really? It doesn't seem that way to me. I'm proud of the Christian inheritance my ancestors brought over from Europe, but I'm not proud of an anti-nation that respects creed over blood, religious diversity over Christianity, freedom over virtue, and the power of government over the hearth.

Despite the fact that we are told we don't need a homeland founded on a common faith and common ties of blood, many American Europeans still long for one. It is not possible to completely kill the yearnings in a European heart. I know I have always longed for a homeland, which is why I suspect I have always been in sympathy with the Southern side in the Conflict between the States. There was a real sense of the homeland in the Old South. Thomas Nelson Page suggests a reason for this:

The difference between the Southern civilization and the Northern was the result of the difference between their origins and subsequent surroundings.

The Northern colonies of Great Britain in America were the asylums of religious zealots and revolutionists who at their first coming were bent less on the enlargement of their fortunes than on the freedom to exercise their religious convictions, however much the sudden transition from dependence and restriction to freedom and license may in a brief time have tempered their views of liberty and changed them into proscribers of the most tyrannical type...

The Southern, on the other hand, came with all the ceremonial of an elaborate civil government—with an executive, a council deputed by authorities at home, and formal and minute instructions and regulations.

The crown hoped to annex the unknown land lying between the El Dorado, which Spain had obtained amid the summer seas, and the unbounded claims of its hereditary enemy, France, to the North and West.

The Church, which viewed the independence of the Northern refugees as schism, if not heresy, gave to this enterprise its benison in the belief that "the adventurers for the plantations of Virginia were the most noble and worthy advancers of the standard of Christ among the Gentiles." The company organized and equipped successive expeditions in the hope of gain; and soldiers of fortune, and gentlemen in misfortune, threw in their lot in the certainty of adventure and the probability that they might better their condition.

Under such auspices the Southern colonies necessarily were rooted in the faith of the England from which they came – political, religious, and civil. Thus from the very beginning the spirit of the two sections was absolutely different, and their surrounding conditions were for a long time such as to keep them diverse.

So, in Page's view the North was settled by Europeans with utopian notions and a willingness to impose those notions on others, and the South was settled by adventurous (but less discontented and quarrelsome) Europeans more in tune with the ancient rhythms and evening lingerings of Europe. Certainly that generalization doesn't apply to every individual (Washington Irving, born in New York City, for instance, was not a utopian), but I think Page's assessment is essentially correct.

And our current American oligarchy, instead of encouraging white American school children to feel connected to the land of their ancestors and to their ancestors' faith, teaches them to despise their European inheritance. It's small wonder that white adolescents grow up without any sense of racial pride and see nothing wrong with mixing their blood with that of blacks. In fact they see it as a positive good because in doing so they are killing their European blood ties.

I've written about H. V. Morton on several occasions because I love his books. During a time (1920 – 1950) when other European intellectuals were traveling to the Far East or Africa looking for something novel and exciting, Morton traveled through Europe and wrote about his travels because he correctly saw that the history and the people of His continent were the only really interesting history and people to write about. And that history has been suppressed by the Gingerbread House technique. "The great satanic wisdom of American totalitarianism is this: if you ban the old books and the old traditions, the people might still love them enough to fight for their restoration. But if you give them a gingerbread house to munch on and coat the older books and traditions in monkey vomit, the people will joyfully let the old books remain unread and the old traditions die."

In the works of the great novelists of the late eighteenth century and the entire nineteenth century, the villain is often an Uncle Silas type. He can ape the Christian forms because he has a superior intelligence, but his heart belongs to Satan. But so long as Christian principles rule society, the Uncle Silases have to keep their hatred of Christ and Christians a secret. Now, however, Uncle Silas no longer needs the mask; his type now rules. And they are not going to permit a bred-in-the-bone Christianity to surface again. They will permit Church-on-Sunday/Mass-on-Sunday Christianity to exist because that type of Christianity generally supports Uncle Silas-demonism. And when it doesn't, it is ineffectual because it is not integral. A true bred-in-the-bone Christianity is rooted in European history, European traditions, and European blood. If white European Americans were actually exposed to that type of Christianity, the Uncle Silases would once again be on the periphery of society instead of at its center. It's not a spirit of our "democratic humanity" that we need. White people need a spirit of clannishness. When the fiery cross appears high on the mountain top, we must rally to it. And then, man to man and "in the van," we'll win or die with Europe. +

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#### The Gathering

Time rolls his ceaseless course. The race of yore,  
Who danced our infancy upon their knee,  
And told our marveling boyhood legends store,  
Of their strange ventures happ'd by land or sea,  
How are they blotted from the things that be!  
How few, all weak and wither'd of their force,  
Wait on the verge of dark eternity,  
Like stranded wrecks, the tide returning hoarse,  
To seek them from our sight! Time rolls his ceaseless course.

Yet live there still who can remember well,  
How, when a mountain chief his bugle flew,  
Both field and forest, dingle, cliff, and dell,  
And solitary heath, the signal knew;  
And fast the faithful clan around him drew,  
What time the warning note was keenly wound,  
What time aloft their kindred banner flew,  
While clamorous war-pipes yell'd the gathering sound.  
And while the Fiery Cross glanced like a meteor round.

--Sir Walter Scott in *The Lady of the Lake* (Canto Third)

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#### My Little Welsh Home

I am dreaming of the mountains of my home,

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

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

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

-- W S Gwynne Williams

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## Westerns - APRIL 22, 2007

The Western has been called America's finest, most original contribution to the world. I would concur. The American West has fascinated such diverse poetic talents as G. K. Chesterton and Dylan Thomas.

Living under a demonic government of the Deists and for the capitalists, Americans had to go West if they wanted to get a whiff of free air that was not already owned by the robber barons. Father Luigi Ligutti describes in his book *Rural Roads to Security* how this Western escape valve was lost:

The entrance of women into the industrial field tended to reduce the wages of men, since men were no longer the sole support of a family; the idea of a family wage for the head of the family was slipping to that of a mere individual wage in competition with women and children. Still labor was not at once shackled by this condition. There was still a possibility of escape, and when escape is possible, liberty is not dead.

Harold Faulkner gives the alternative when he writes: As long as public land could be had at nominal cost, "wage slavery, in the sense that there was no escape, did not exist. If times were hard and wages low, the worker could always go West." (*American Economic History*, 3rd Ed. New York: Harper, 1935.)

After 1850, transportation underwent marked improvements. Steam railroads increased 300 per cent between 1850 and 1860.

With steam transportation established, the factory system began that forward leap which continued, with but brief lulls during the great panics, through the remainder of the century.

This twofold development, growth of factories and improvement in transportation, was directly instrumental in changing from bad to worse the conditions of labor. Wages tended to become standardized at a minimum, since goods from one city were brought into competition with the same type of goods from another city. Price plus quality capture the market. By established custom the necessary curtailment was taken from wages. Transportation and growth of factories also made profitable the subdivision of labor, thereby creating vast numbers of detail jobs, simple enough to be classed with unskilled labor and each paid the correspondingly lower wage.

The specialized capitalist, alert to the possibilities of saving by division of production, concentrated industry in fewer and larger plants. Labor, long below the ability of housing itself in health and decency, huddled more densely in the industrial tenements. This urbanization of population paralleled the concentration of industry and was, in greater part, due directly to it.

Labor declined rapidly, losing not only ownership of tools, productive property, and control of conditions of labor, but also home ownership as well. Company tenements, company stores, company commodities were being provided, but in a very inadequate manner, and under circumstances that left only a shadow of liberty or recognition of rights on the side of the working people.

Another factor that greatly stimulated urbanization of population was the rapid disappearance, since 1880, of desirable western land obtainable on easy terms. During the first half of the nineteenth century public land of rare quality was limitless and given on terms that were meant to be an invitation and reward for settlement. Little or no capital was required to secure and work a claim. The disappearance of such public land closed a safety valve of escape from the city and dammed the floods of immigrants in the already close confines of industrial cities. [Emphasis added]

Urbanization, so rapid and so concentrated, created a host of social and economic problems. Of these the most tragic to human freedom was the increasing depth of helpless surrender to which an ever greater and greater portion of the nation's citizens was reduced, succumbing to the unscrupulous and liberalistically sanctioned avarice of the "robber barons." Labor had become depersonalized as

regards the relations of employer and employee. Corporate ownership and control lodged in the hands of a relatively few. These few, interested primarily in greater profits, better business, and more production, neither saw nor cared to see the laborers, nor still less the slums in which they existed. Public opinion protested, and government took action again and again, but the philosophy of wealth continued unconquered and almost unquestioned except in subconscious thought, and the conditions of labor, even though improved, lagged behind that of the favorites of fortune as far as ever.

When one couldn't escape to the West anymore, to live a life uncontaminated by capitalism, one could at least dream of a different world in the movie theaters of America. The code of chivalry might be dead in the land of the robber barons, but it still existed on the silver screen when Roy Rogers, Gary Cooper, and Wild Bill Elliott rode the range.

Walker Percy, in his novel *The Moviegoer*, describes the feeling many of us have felt when viewing one of the clean and pure Westerns of the pre-1960s:

*Fort Dobbs* is good. The Moonlite Drive-In is itself very fine. It does not seem too successful and has the look of the lonesome pine country behind the Coast. Gnats swim in the projection light and the screen shimmers in the sweet heavy air. But in the movie we are in the desert. There under the black sky rides Clint Walker alone. He is a solitary sort and a wanderer. Lonnie is very happy. Therese and Mathilde, who rode the tops of the seats, move to the bench under the projector and eat snowballs. Lonnie likes to sit on the hood and lean back against the windshield and look around at me when a part comes he knows we both like...

Clint Walker rides over the badlands, up a butte, and stops. He dismounts, squats, sucks a piece of mesquite and studies the terrain. A few decrepit buildings huddle down there in the canyon. We know nothing of him, where he comes from or where he goes.

A good night: Lonnie happy (he looks around at me with the liveliest sense of the secret between us; the secret is that Sharon is not and never will be onto the little touches we see in the movie and, in the seeing, know that the other sees—as when Clint Walker tells the saddle tramp in the softest easiest old Virginian voice, “Mister, I don't believe I'd do that if I was you”)...

The cinematic Western thrived in the 1930s and 1940s in the form of the B-Western. B-Westerns vary in quality. I favor the ones that feature a hero with a moral code written in his heart over the preachy sheriff ones, but the worst B-Western is better than the most critically acclaimed modern movie about a lesbo-policewoman or a sensitive young student who fights a one-man campaign to end hatred and bigotry in the South.

The essential thing in the B-Western and in the good A-Westerns is that the hero supports the code. And by ‘code’ I do not mean the motion picture code; I mean the code of chivalry. The weak, the poor, the mothers, the fair maidens, and the farmers are defended against the barbarians and the chestless, villainous, capitalist masterminds who live to plunder, rape, and murder.

John Ford's *Stagecoach* (1939), starring John Wayne, was the first A-Western made. (By A-Western, of course, I mean that the movie was a main feature and not just a second feature or Saturday matinee.) The A-Westerns of the 1940s and 1950s that followed generally reinforced the code, but the A-Western heroes of those pictures were more rough-hewn and more flawed than the B-Western heroes and often had to grapple with personal demons as well as with bad guys.

Take the movie *Naked Spur*, starring Jimmie Stewart, for example. In that movie the male protagonist, played by Stewart, tracks and captures a wanted killer. Stewart's character had been cheated out of his ranch by a faithless finance while he was away fighting the war. He is determined to get the money to buy another ranch even if it means buying a ranch with blood money. But by the end of the movie in the final showdown with the forces of evil, Stewart relents and renounces the blood money, thus maintaining the code.

With very few exceptions, the A-Western hero of the 1940s and 1950s maintains the code. But in the 1960s the code has broken down. Instead of watching Randolph Scott standing tall and declaring, “There are some things a man can't ride around,” we are treated to a new type of Western. In this Western there is no Christian knight, which is what the cowboy hero was, a “knight without armor in a savage land.” There are now only social commentary movies which demonize the white man and deify the Indian (*Soldier Blue*, *Little Big Man*, etc.) and existentialist clap-trap from Italy with anti-heroes such as Clint Eastwood and Lee Van Cleef.

There was, of course, one who took exception to the anti-hero Westerns of the 1960s, and that was John Wayne. He took the code into the 1960s and the 1970s with him. There is an interesting story that illustrates this point. When Don Siegel was directing the final showdown scene in *The Shootist* (1976), John Wayne's last movie, the script called for Wayne's character to shoot one of his antagonists in the back. John Wayne refused to do it. Siegel told him that Clint Eastwood had done it when he, Siegel, had directed Eastwood. John Wayne replied, “Well, I don't do it.” The script was rewritten to accommodate John Wayne. A minor difference? No, ‘it’ makes all the difference in the world.

John Wayne, Gary Cooper, Randolph Scott, Roy Rogers, Joel McCrea, and countless other Western heroes represented a proud, long line of men who supported the code, the code of great knights, swashbucklers, and saints. That code is gone

now. Not even our Christian leaders would recognize it, and if they did they would condemn it. But the code existed, and the American Western is one of our reminders that it did once exist.

I have many favorite Westerns. There is *The Searchers*, *Big Jake*, and *She Wore a Yellow Ribbon*, all starring John Wayne. And there is *The Garden of Evil* and *The Hanging Tree*, starring Gary Cooper. And the list goes on: *Night of the Grizzly* with Clint Walker; *Fort Dobbs*, also with Clint Walker; *The Tall T* with Randolph Scott; and *South of St. Louis* with Joel McCrea.

But the finest and purest of all the Westerns is *Shane*. In almost every other Western the hero gets to ride off into the sunset with the heroine as his reward for virtue and valor. And there is nothing wrong with that. But the character Shane rises to an even higher level. He rides off alone, having faced and killed the villains, to save a family whose joys he cannot share and a way of life for farmers whom he cannot join.

I used to tell my students that we all, as we are growing up, have a Shane in our mind's eye. The pity is that most of us replace Shane with the image of Mr. Wall Street or Mr. Go-With-the-Flow. "Such heroes as Shane are only for storybooks; they are not for real life," the 'mature' adult says. Ah, but they are for real life, at least the only real life that matters. +

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### **The Whiteman Unchained – Breaking the Chains of Democracy - APRIL 15, 2007**

There was an excellent article published in *Middle American News* (April 2007) by Chilton Williamson, Jr., titled "Our Rulers Are Choosing a New People." Mr. Williamson's point was that the reason our rulers do nothing about the Mexican invasion is because they want a new, nonwhite populace that will be "more docile, more pliant, more rulable." He makes the distinction between a people with a tradition of government and a tradition of being ruled: "suffice it to note here that the Third World immigrants, coming as they do from ungovernable countries, are themselves ungovernable. And being ungovernable, they can only be ruled – unlike the majority of the U. S. population, which can still remember what real government is like, and should be."

Mr. Williamson is certainly correct in his assessment. So wither do we go and what do we do? Magazines like *Middle American News* and *The Truth At Last* usually confine themselves to getting the information about the Third World invasion out to the public. It is helpful to get the information, but unfortunately the writers for these various publications have no solutions to suggest other than political ones. They want us to vote for anti-immigration candidates and to write protest letters and sign petitions. Those type of measures work when those who govern have not declared your race of people as non-people, but when you have been declared a non-person no candidate will be permitted to run who represents your interests and no letter you write or petition you sign will be taken seriously. There is no solution to the white man's dilemma within the confines of democratic government.

When I was growing up my civic teachers were fond of repeating the quote, "Democracy is a terrible form of government, but all the others are so much worse." But experience gives the lie to that oft-repeated assertion. I have no romantic attachment to the age of hereditary monarchies. The monarchical eras were depressing spectacles of bloody reign changes and bloody wars, but there was nowhere near the bloodshed in the monarchical wars as there was in the democratic wars, and no matter which side won, puritan or cavalier, at the end the nation remained white and Christian.

Now, we can't suddenly turn a switch and go back to a non-Parliamentary, hereditary monarchy (even though I am a direct descendant of Charlemagne and am willing to take the job), but we can start thinking about working outside the framework of democratic government.

Democratic government is no longer a means to an end in the countries of the West. It is the end. Democratic government is the secular Zion that all mankind is supposed to be moving towards, but George Fitzhugh's caveat should be heeded: "We are the friend of popular government, but only so long as conservatism is the interest of the governing class." In the Northern part of our nation it is doubtful if conserving (and what else is there to conserve but Christian civilization) was ever the goal of the governing class. And in the Southern half of our country, conservatism ceased to be the interest after Reconstruction ended. During Reconstruction, the white ruling class was an unrecognized ruling class, but it was still a white Christian ruling class. But the unfortunate re-enfranchisement made the Southerners subject to the very un-conservative Northern governing class. That class's complete triumph was completed during the 'integration by bayonet era' of the 1950's and 1960's.

Even if one disagrees with me about when our ruling class ceased to be conservative, and of course I use 'conservative' in the European sense of the word, not in the liberal capitalist sense, he surely must see that at the present date our ruling class has ceased to be conservative. And he must see, as Chilton Williamson has pointed out, that white Christians are the enemies of the American ruling class. They have declared war on us.



Now, of course we don't have the power to mount a conventional war against the reigning American oligarchy, but we can start looking at ourselves as a conquered people under alien rule. It is ironic that the most law-abiding people in the United States, Christian white people, should also be the most disenfranchised. This has to stop. We are certainly more disenfranchised than the men who screamed, "Taxation without representation is tyranny." And yet we fly the flag and obey the law. White people should not serve in the capitalist military, they should not honor the capitalist flag, and they should seek to undermine every major institution of American culture by any means at their disposal. They must stop being passive observers of the American oligarchy's atrocities. The abortion issue is a case in point: I fully support the actions of Paul Hill, the preacher who shot an abortion doctor and his assistant as they walked to their jobs at the abortuary. However, very few of us have the courage for that type of martyrdom. I know I don't. But there are plenty of things one can do, if one steps outside the parameters of the democratic oligarchy, to undermine the ruling class, although we do have to divest ourselves of the notion that it is white people who must obey the law.

In my twenties (I'm in my fifties now), I was a member of a group of people who met in front of an abortion clinic to protest what was going on in the clinic. Near the clinic was a bench with an advertisement for Planned Parenthood. A member of our group remarked that the advertisement was disgusting. And of course we all agreed with him. I then made a tactical error. I told the leader of our group, a dignified elderly gentleman, that I planned on coming back in the evening and destroying the bench. He was horrified. "You shouldn't break the law," he intoned, and he informed me he would report me to the police if I did. Do you see a disconnect there? After centuries of "abiding by the law," white people have an instinctive horror of doing anything outside the law, even if that law has severed all ties to Christ and bound itself to Satan.

Once we divest ourselves of the notion that obeying the law is an absolute good, a whole vista of opportunities opens up in regard to protecting our borders and in protecting our homes. It took the Spaniards 770 years to rid their country of the Moslems, who are now returning. But they made a vow that they would "fight to the knife." We need to take a similar vow.

Shakespeare is the supreme poet of the West. He speaks to us still, reaching out over the years as if the years were only a few short days. In Hamlet he depicts a young King, a legitimate King, who has a quite natural horror of shedding human blood. But as the full meaning of kingship and kinship comes upon him, he courageously, despite augury, does what needs to be done. He realizes that he cannot turn to anyone else to "set it right." He is the legitimate king. If he won't fight for legitimacy, who will?

And so it is with the white Christian remnant. We are the legitimate heirs of the civilization of Europe. If we won't fight for it, who will?

Again, a direct military confrontation is out of the question. But a commitment to look beyond the confines of democratic government is a necessity. If anti-immigration candidates appear, we can certainly support them. But ultimately, it is not from the ruling, democratic oligarchy that we can get help. We will remain a conquered people if we expect aid from that quarter.

None of us know exactly where the lines of our will and God's grace meet, but one thing is certain: If we don't venture forth against the dragon, God cannot aid us in the battle. So far, the multi-cultural dragon is undefeated because he has yet to be challenged. I refuse to believe he is invincible. +

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### **Not Wise Enough - APRIL 15, 2007**

This fellow is wise enough to play the fool,  
And to do that well craves a kind of wit.

*--Twelfth Night*

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Imus was one of Liberaldom's court jesters. But a court jester must observe the "mood on whom he jests, The quality of persons, and the time..." This Don Imus most certainly failed to do. If he had been a wise court jester he would have known:

1) Black people can say anything they want to say about white people, no matter how mean or derogatory, but white people are absolutely forbidden to say anything remotely mean or derogatory about black people.

2) When black people want to break a color barrier by joining an all-white country club or by entering an all-white beauty pageant, there is no such thing as color. We are all equal. But when a white person makes a joke in poor taste about black

women just as he does about white women, then there are black people and there are white people. And the tasteless white prankster is punished.

3) Rule three will help the court jester to adhere to rules 1 and 2: White is evil and black is good. Keep that simple fact before you, Mr. Court Jester, and you will be able to perform safely in the great American Babylonian court.

**Addendum:** My standards of decency are in line with the Victorians, so 99% of Don Imus's shtick was outside of my acceptable range, but it was truly disgusting to see politicians to whom he had kindly given air time completely turning on him. And for what? For a tasteless remark about black women that didn't even rate a 2 on the 1-10 tasteless meter compared to remarks he had made about white Christians. And the irony is that Imus is a black-worshipping heathen like all the rest of the liberals who have condemned him. +

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### **Thor's Challenge - APRIL 08, 2007**

Reading Laurel's recent post mentioning her Scandinavian background put me in mind of Longfellow's poem, "The Saga of King Olaf." Longfellow is out of fashion these days because his poetry is understandable and Christian, but I read this recently to my children and they enjoyed it.

It begins with a challenge from Thor:

Thou art a God too,  
O Galilean!  
And thus single-handed  
Unto the combat,  
Gauntlet or Gospel,  
Here I defy thee!

The Christian King Olaf accepts Thor's challenge:

There he stood as one who dreamed;  
And the red light glanced and gleamed  
On the armor that he wore;  
And he shouted, as the rifted  
Streamers o'er him shook and shifted,  
"I accept thy challenge, Thor!"

A good read. +

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### **The Empty Tomb - APRIL 04, 2007**

It seems that almost every Easter season nowadays we are treated to a movie whose basic theme is that the Christian faith is a humbug. This year, the movie was a "documentary" that shows us the human remains and burial place of none other than Jesus Christ. Caiaphas and the Jewish leaders, who had more than a passing interest in producing Christ's corpse, couldn't find the body, the Romans couldn't find the body, but some 21st century docu-dramatists did discover the body. Amazing!

Of course if the makers of the documentary or the troglodytes who financed it were really interested in going over the actual case for the physical resurrection of Christ, they could read a book called *Who Moved the Stone?* by Frank Morison. Morison started out as a prosecutor determined to prove that the story of Christ's resurrection was nonsense and ended up as a witness for the defense.

I have an impression, not solely dependent upon this isolated passage in the gospel of the Hebrews, that as dawn approached in that quiet garden, something happened which caused one of the watchers hurriedly to awaken his companions and to proceed to a closer inspection of the tomb. It may have been only the stirring of the trees, or the clanging of a gate in the night breeze. It may have been something more definite and disquieting, such as that which later shook and utterly humbled the proud and relentless spirit of St. Paul. 'He appeared to Cephas... then to the twelve... he appeared to James... last of all, as unto one born out of due time, he appeared to me.' Did He appear also in the first instance to 'the servant of the priest'?

If that were so, then we should indeed have stumbled, almost unconsciously, upon the true answer to one of the profoundest questions which has engaged the thought of the Church from the time of the Early Fathers to our own--viz.

why it was that, despite the wavering of tradition concerning the locality of the Appearances, the disciples were so immovably convinced that the Resurrection itself took place in the early hours of Sunday morning.

There may be, and, as the writer thinks, there certainly is, a deep and profoundly historical basis for that much disputed sentence in the Apostles' Creed--'The third day he rose again from the dead.'

But Mr. Morison was a man with a respect for truth and not simply a huckster out to cash in on the anti-Christ market.

It wouldn't do a bit of good though to place *Who Moved the Stone?* or some other similar work in the hands of the docu-dramatists. In fact, it would do little good if Christ appeared in their living rooms. They have lost what Henri de Lubac called a "taste for God." They are not open to any proofs which might indicate that on the third day He did indeed rise from the dead.

We have all lived with the Christ-hating liberals so long now that we take them for granted, like an old set of deck chairs. 'They've been there for ages -- I can't think of a time when they weren't there.' But when you think of the liberals' passionate hatred of the Christ story, it does seem strikingly odd. Why would a person prefer to believe in a meaningless impersonal universe rather than in a personal God who promises eternal life? There is a mystery there, the mystery of the human personality. Why do some choose hell? C. S. Lewis's description of the dwarfs who refuse to be "taken in" by Aslan (in Chapter 13 of *The Last Battle*) is one of the best descriptions I have ever read of the defiant satanic spirit that says, 'I refuse to see the light lest I be forced to serve the light.'

There will always be the defiant dwarfs. We can't convert them, we can only do battle with them. And we must do battle with them for the sake of those who are under their influence, not because they are of the dwarf's party, but because they have not been exposed to any view of existence but the dwarf's view of existence.

The sightless, empirical view of existence represented by the dwarfs is the reigning orthodoxy of the modern age. It was once a minority viewpoint at the periphery of Christendom, but now it is at the center. I know I certainly imbibed the dwarfish viewpoint when I was growing up. By the time I was nineteen, my beliefs coincided with those of Frank Morison prior to his conversion: I had a deep, illogical respect for the person of Christ but could not believe in the resurrection because it was unscientific. But the blinders came off when the poets of Europe taught me to see through and not with the eye, or to put it more bluntly, when I learned that scientific thinking was not thinking at all.

Science is a very narrow field of study. It encompasses only the material world. So if you scientize thought, you will confine human thought to the barriers of the material world. Yet, in the modern world the label "scientific" automatically confers a legitimacy to one's studies or one's thought that would not be conferred if the thought was not scientific. It's a closed circle. Thought that is not scientific is viewed as not genuine and is then disregarded. In addition, any critic of the scientific mode of non-thought is not taken seriously. And the temptation, for someone of religious faith, is to couch one's defense of the Faith in material terms so that one can be taken seriously by the enemy. But of course this plays right into the enemies' hands. You have placed yourself in the position of the woman who was asked by Winston Churchill, "Madam, would you sleep with me for five million pounds?"

"My goodness, Mr. Churchill... Well, I suppose... we would have to discuss terms, of course..."

"Would you sleep with me for five pounds?"

"Mr. Churchill, what kind of woman do you think I am?"

"Madam, we've already established that. Now we are haggling about the price."

How often do we do this -- accept the enemy's scientific view of the world and then try to argue within the enemy's parameters? The 'women in the military' issue is a case in point. The Christian against the use of women in the military often uses the empirical, scientific defense against the enemy because the enemy will not listen to any other argument. Indeed in the enemy's world there is no other argument. But what happens when the poetic or metaphysical argument is abandoned? Defeat is the result:

Christian: "Studies show that women are not as strong as men."

Scientizd Man: "Strength is not the primary asset of the modern soldier. Besides, with training women can perform up to and above the minimum strength requirements that the Army maintains for men."

I don't have to go through the whole gamut of assertions and counter-assertions. You've heard them all. The argument always ends up as a victory for the materialists, even if he is wrong in all or most of the particulars. He wins because the debate has never left the scientific or material realm.

Let's look at an even more pertinent case, the case study of the pro-lifer vs. the pro-choicer.

The pro-lifer has all the material arguments on his side, so he uses them. He shows the pictures of the baby from conception to birth. Behold, it's a living, human being. And yet the pro-lifer loses; abortion remains legal. Why doesn't the scientific, rational materialist accept realistic proof of the humanity of the child in the womb? Because the rational, scientific view of the world is not reality-based. It is an alternative religion. The scientific rationalist is more of a mystic than a Christian. He is constantly making mystic leaps of faith. He leaps over the hurdles of the obvious reality-based differences in sexes, and he leaps over the even more imposing, reality-based hurdle of the living child in the mother's womb. He's a regular leaping Lena.

Now, if one makes the argument in the case of women in the military that it doesn't matter if a woman is 220 pounds worth of Amazonian muscle and a man is 160 pounds of mediocre manhood, the man should fight and not the woman because women are meant, by God, to be the gentle nurturers and givers of new life, one will lose the debate with the materialist. And if one makes the case in the pro-life/pro-choice debate that innocent human life is sacred because it is created in His image, one will also lose the debate with the rational-scientific man. But in both cases the metaphysical argument is the argument that should be made, first, because it is the true argument, and second, because it will clarify the Christians' position vis-à-vis the scientific rationalist. The materialist is not someone a Christian can debate; he can only be fought with. Someone morally obtuse enough to send women into combat and to murder innocent babies is certainly not somebody with whom one can dialogue.

The scientific materialist is always a Gnostic. Because he sees no animating, spiritual principle in the physical world, he sees no connection between the world of sense and the world of the spirit. The physical world exists only to serve the abstracted mind of the post-Christian scientific man. Thus a woman's breasts, for instance, are simply mounds of flesh. They are not, by virtue of their ability to produce milk, signs of God's intent that those who give life and nurture life in its early stages should be closest to babies during those early years. "Caring for children is merely a physical function," says the rational materialist; "A man can be a nurturer in those early years, after birth of course, just as easily as a woman."

And because the scientific man views the world of sense as inanimate matter only, he places no significance on events that take place in that world. Nor does he view people who inhabit that world as individual personalities. The events and the people only exist to be manipulated and subjected to the mind of scientific man. He can make scientific documentaries about the fiction of the resurrection because he doesn't feel any obligation to connect events that take place in the world of sense to any kind of reality. The concept of truth, the type of truth that is seen through and not with the eye, is alien to the scientific, rational man. He cannot see. What does St. John tell us? "And the light shineth in darkness, and the darkness comprehended it not."

All the various churches have condemned the documentary, but aren't they acting a bit like the girl who allows every liberty but the ultimate one? Beginning with Aquinas and continuing on through the later scholastics and the Protestant theologians, the Christian intellectuals have been systematically scientizing Christianity. Christ is no longer the animator of the material world; He is now viewed as part of that world. Even He, according to the modern Church, must bow to the scientific laws of nature, as the Greek tragic hero ultimately had to bow to the three sisters who controlled the strings of fate.

Is our life a fairy tale or is it not? The message I hear from the Christian Churches is -- Maybe. Yes, in any mainstream church you will hear the proper words. But don't you get the impression that the hierarchy of the Christian churches is much like the Russian communist hierarchy was in their latter days? Members of the hierarchy had to mouth the communist party line because their jobs depended on it, but they really had lost their belief in communism. Does that sound too extreme? I don't think so. Where your treasure lies, there lies your heart as well. What do our clergy cherish? Do they spend their time, like St. Paul, preaching Christ crucified, Christ risen? No, they largely spend their time talking about racial integration and the glories and wonders of the noble black savage. This is because they must fill the void created by their acceptance of the scientific view of religion. If no definite scientific conclusion exists about Christ's resurrection then the Christian faith must be held in abeyance until science gives a definitive verdict on it. And in the meantime the clergy will preach the glories of blackness crucified and blackness risen from oppression.

But we, Christians of the post-Christian era, do not have to bend our knees to black idols or wait for the verdict of scientists before we worship the risen Lord. In the real world, the fairy tale world of the vagabond King from Nazareth, the verdict has already been given. And that verdict says that on "the third day He rose again from the dead." +

## Betrayal - MARCH 25, 2007

I will forgive much if a man is sound on the race issue, and I will forgive nothing if he is not; which means I have few friends in the intelligentsia because the white intelligentsia has betrayed their race. And by the term 'intelligentsia' I mean those who make their living with pen and mind, not necessarily those who are intelligent.

The black intelligentsia defends blacks, the Mexican intelligentsia defends Mexicans, the Puerto Rican intelligentsia defends Puerto Ricans, etc. But only the white intelligentsia betrays its own.

The betrayal stems from a secularized Christianity perpetuated by cowardice.

It is the white man who embraced the Christian Faith, lived the Christian Faith, and held the image of the God-Man in the deepest regions of his soul. So, it is no coincidence that the most depraved, secularized versions of Christianity should also come from the soul of the white man. And the betrayal of one's own race, the race which was the Christ-bearing race, is a base perversion of Christianity. The Good Samaritan was able to see the humanity of another because he saw the humanity of his own. He loved his own. He did not wake up in the morning and strangle his wife and children so that he could go out on the highway and help others. No, if he had done that he would not have been the type of man who would help others; he would not have been the Good Samaritan.

Of course, this is not a difficult concept to grasp. In fact, it takes a deliberate, cold-blooded dive into stupidity to so pervert the Good Samaritan parable, which is why I say the betrayal of the white race is perpetuated by cowardice. One does not get tenure if one is "racist," one does not get published in the "higher class" publications, and one does not get the approval of one's peers. But what about truth? What about faith, hope, and charity? How can we credit anything said by a member of the intelligentsia who bases his writing on a lie and a betrayal of his own? Of course, we can't credit anything he says.

If one reads only respectable publications from the mainstream press – periodicals such as the *New Republic* and the *National Review* – and if one only circulates with people in academia or the clergy, one gets the impression that the hatred of whites and the worship of blacks is a universal sentiment that unites all people everywhere. But if one circulates with older white folk in the plus-45 age range who do not work in academia or in the sexier professional jobs, one gets a very different impression. Every time I meet such people (and sometimes, despite all liberal brainwashing, I meet younger ones), the same opinions surface: "We don't have a crime problem, we have a black problem," and, "You bet there are cultural differences – they are barbarians."

Are these older whites simply prejudiced? Yes, they are prejudiced; they are prejudiced in the way they should be. They have a prejudice for truth rather than falsehood and a prejudice for decency over barbarism.

The reason that there must be such draconian methods used to enforce black worship is because it runs so counter to the truth. As with the enforcement of feminism, there can be no tolerance of any divergence from the party line, because the party knows that the slightest crack in the totalitarian system can bring the whole lie-infested structure down.

Very few members, almost none, of the white intelligentsia have dared to defend the white man and attack the black man. Anthony Jacob practically stands alone. He didn't mind being called a racist, which he was not, nor a Nazi, which he also was not. He loved the older white civilization, and he defended what he loved. I honor him, and I revere him for his love for, and his passionate defense of, the civilization and the people that I love.

It is nothing short of lunacy, or Liberal unrealism, to attempt to meld civilized white men and uncivilized black men into an enduring 'family unity'. The two cannot mix: and all attempts to make them mix will work gravely to the detriment of the Whites, upon whom civilization exclusively depends. To my mind it is self-evident that the Anglo-Saxon and the kindred peoples are absolutely irreplaceable, and that without them the civilization they engendered and represent would, with the possible exception of one or two curious deviations or malformations, soon cease to exist. Let there be no mistake about this. When we speak of civilization we are referring to that which is wholly our own. There is no other civilization whatever. At best there are one or two minor foreign cultures. At best there are one or two successful foreign copyists of our civilisation's more material aspects. But there are absolutely no imitators of its moral and spiritual uniqueness, because there are no other people like the Westerners whose possession it is.

From *White Man, Think Again!*

**Addendum:** I think the abandonment of the white race by conservative Christians is the main indicator that Gnostics own the soul of that group as well as the soul of the liberal groups. A love of kith and kin is at the heart of Christianity as is a belief in the resurrection of the body. Both that love and that belief are eroded when the new ideas of race are adopted.

For this reason I view authors such as Joseph Pearce (one among legions) as politically correct modernists rather than as counter-culture writers. Pearce, in his latest book on Solzhenitsyn, tries to present Solzhenitsyn as a pro-democracy, anti-racist, modern Christian. He excuses Solzhenitsyn from the charge of racism with this quote from Solzhenitsyn:

Much in man is determined not so much by his physical side or by blood but by the spirit... Russia covers large territories with different people mixed together. You cannot trace the blood... He who is Russian is so by spirit, is so by heart, by the direction of his loyalties and interests. So there is a spiritual unifying of people and not a blood-based one.

Who is being disingenuous here? Does Pearce seriously believe that this applies to anyone but Russians and their kindred races? Dostoyevsky, for instance was half Lithuanian. But does Pearce really believe that Solzhenitsyn would like to see Russia overrun with be-bopping Negroes or Moslem Afghans?

“Ah,” you say, you armchair integrationist, “Solzhenitsyn wouldn’t mind if a huge influx of Orthodox Christian Negroes entered Russia.” No, he wouldn’t, but this is the point: a huge influx of Orthodox Negroes is not going to enter Russia. That fantasy is just as ridiculous as the Wilhelmsen-Bozell fantasy of a huge conversion of American blacks.

There are two different ways of abandoning the West. The first way is the way of the liberals: “The West is evil and should be abandoned.” The second way is the way of the conservative Christians: “The West has nothing to do with race.” That is tantamount to saying that the Incarnation has nothing to do with Christianity. To deny the means by which God revealed Himself to man leaves man cut off from God. And to leave the defense and the preserving of European culture to anyone but the white man is to leave the white race and all the other races bereft of the spiritual substance of that culture. +

“King am I, whatsoever be their cry;  
And one last act of kinghood shalt thou see  
Yet, ere I pass.” And uttering this the King  
Made at the man. Then Modred smote his liege  
Hard on that helm which many a heathen sword  
Had beaten thin; while Arthur at one blow,  
Striking the last stroke with Excalibur,  
Slew him, and, all but slain himself, he fell.

From Tennyson’s *Idylls of the King*

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## Flags - MARCH 25, 2007

My mother used to give me t-shirts she had bought at various rummage sales. They come with various logos, some of sports teams, whiskey distillers, etc. It would be a mistake then for someone to assume I am a devotee of the sports team or the distillery whose logo I wear on my back; I simply can’t afford to turn down a free t-shirt.

One can sometimes place too much significance on symbols. But I do think there is a great deal of significance in the comparison of the Confederate flag, the U.S. flag, and the British flag. The British flag (called the Union flag or the Union Jack) is a combination of the crosses of the patron saints of England (St. George’s cross, red on a white field), Scotland (St. Andrew’s cross, white saltire on a blue field), and Ireland (St. Patrick’s cross, red saltire on a white field). So in Britain one can be in complete opposition to the current British government but remain a proud, flag-waving Briton because the flag still symbolizes ancient Christian Britain.

Now over to America. Our flag went through various arrangements: the stars were initially set in a circle, and then, by order of President Monroe, they were set in parallel lines. We adopted the colors of the Union Jack but not the crosses. Significant? Or is it of no more significance than my whisky distiller t-shirt? I think Alfred B. Street has described with insightful accuracy the significance of our flag:

The stars were disposed in a circle, symbolizing the perpetuity of the Union; the ring, like the circling serpent of the Egyptians, signifying eternity. The thirteen stripes showed with the stars the number of the United Colonies, and denoted the subordination of the States to the Union, as well as equality among themselves.

Yes, the new flag symbolized an alien, non-European idea that was to pollute North American and then the world.

The Confederate flag, or more accurately the flag of the Confederate Navy and the battle flag of the Army of Northern Virginia, is a modification of St. Andrew’s cross. That symbol is in keeping with the ethos of the South. Their war was a war of a non-revolutionary, Christian society against a non-Christian, revolutionary one. +

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## **‘Tis the Time’s Plague - - MARCH 25, 2007**

I am against the Bill Kristol-George Bush war for reasons I have stated often enough. And call me irresponsible, I do not subscribe to the “It was wrong to start with, but now we must not leave,” philosophy. Shedding more Iraqi blood and sacrificing more American blood will not magically make wrong right. Besides, we have a real enemy on our border that has declared war on the United States. Why not, if you’re going to ask soldiers to risk their lives, ask them to risk their lives in defense of their homeland, instead of corporate American’s bragging rights in the Middle East?

Although against the current war, I am not, like the late John Paul II and the Quakers, a pacifist. I do believe there are times when a Christian must kill. But I am in disagreement with the modern, post-Christian justifications for the shedding of blood. The moderns, such as George Bush, believe as Robespierre believed, that if blood is shed in the name of democracy and liberty, the men who shed that blood are absolved from all guilt. I’ll go further. They believe that they have performed a holy act and are beyond the ken of mortal men who do not have the courage or vision to perform such sanctified massacres.

Well, ‘tis the time’s plague when madmen lead the blind. There is currently no Christian organization in existence that wants to give genuine guidance on the important question: When should a Christian kill? The Catholics are Quakers, the Protestants are all over the board, and Catholic traditionalists take the Muslim view of war – kill them all.

Nor are the old Catholic catechisms any help in deciding the difficult question of when a Christian should kill, because they all assume conditions which no longer exist – a sound Church and a moral government – and hence, prohibit an individual taking arms against the state or involving himself in acts of private retribution. But in the absence of Christian government, following the old catechisms, which are based on Aquinas, means there can be no counter-revolutions and no justice against those who prey on the innocent, such as state-sanctioned abortion doctors and black murderers.

As always, it is the Christian poets to whom we can turn for guidance. Hamlet is faced with a situation analogous to that facing a modern European and the modern European America. Hamlet has only an abstracted faith with which to face a situation that calls for a real faith. He must face what Miguel de Unamuno called the agony of Christianity: he must either become human by following the way of the cross or forever remain in the rank of the Gnostics, who would play upon man as if he were a musical instrument.

Hamlet. Why, look you now, how unworthy a thing you make of me!  
You would play upon me, you would seem to know my stops,  
you would pluck out the heart of my mystery,  
you would sound me from my lowest note to the top of my compass; and  
there is much music, excellent voice, in this little organ, yet cannot you make it speak.  
‘Sblood, do you think that I am easier to be play’d on that a pipe?  
Call me what instrument you will, though you can fret me, you cannot play upon me.

And later, Hamlet, having made his declaration to the world, “This is I, Hamlet, the Dane,” shows us that it doesn’t matter whether the augurers are right in their predictions. A Christian doesn’t heed them. His duty is determined by what’s in his blood and his heart, and he must do his duty in spite of dungeon, fire, sword, and augury. Therein lies the great Christianity of Hamlet. And as a Christian, Hamlet fights and kills because the treacherous sword of the Gnostics is “unbated and evenom’d” with that which kills not only the body but the soul as well.

We should note that Shakespeare presents the conflict as it is really played out in modern life. Claudius has the Catholic Faith, if mere adherence to outward forms counts as having the Faith. But the Christian hero, having stripped the false layers of Gnostic skin from his own soul, recognizes the evil beneath Claudius’ pious exterior. The Poloniuses of the world who have settled for a false view of existence do not have the ability to recognize evil; hence, they side with men who are evil but who have achieved success in the Darwinian jungle, for that is the only objective standard they have. And when there is no longer a hero who can recognize evil and fight it, we have a situation analogous to present day America and Europe.

The English author P. C. Wren is anti-modern because he takes the concept of the hero seriously. His heroes are not anti-heroes. Wren often places his heroes in situations where an evil person is able to wreak havoc because conventional society has lost the ability to identify evil. In *Beggars’ Horses*, Captain Bartholomew Hazelrigg is faced with a dilemma that would force the computer-trained brains of modern, moral theologians to combust. A thoroughly evil woman has murdered, maimed and destroyed a great number of men who have gotten in the way of her evil designs. Yet conventional society regards the woman as the paragon of virtue. Only Hazelrigg knows what she is and what she is still capable of doing if she is not stopped. He arranges to meet the woman on the moor one day and quickly ends her career in crime.

In *The Man the Devil Didn't Want*, also by Wren, the hero of the novel is faced, like Hazelrigg, with a villainous antagonist whose villainy has not been recognized by conventional society. He is a murderer and a blackmailer. The hero of the novel forces the villain into the Foreign Legion and then takes him into the desert.

"Yrotavál," said I, you attempted to murder me yesterday. Silence! You are doing something worse than murder to my brother. You have driven him to insanity, perhaps suicide. You actually did murder Corporal Bjelavitch and Sergeant Paggallini, and by your own account you have murdered other men. Any Court of Law before which you were tried would convict you and sentence you to death. I am now going to take the Law into my own hands. I sentence you to death."

"It is murder!" shouted Yrotavál, as I drew my revolver from its holster.

"Silence! Stand back!" And I leveled my revolver at his face. "Murder or not, I'm going to kill you—as you tried to kill me."

"You can't prove..." began Yrotavál, his voice high and hoarse.

"No, I can't. Though I know it; and you know it. But I am not killing you for that. I..."

"It is murder! Murder..." screamed Yrotavál. "You talk about me being a murderer and..."

"Murder or execution, Yrotavál, I'm going to kill you now... Even if it brings me down to your level. I have warned you. I have tried to stop you. You've been blackmailing my brother again..."

"It's a lie. It's a lie. I haven't written a word since..."

"That's enough. I know that you have. It was you who persuaded him to sham blindness and you've blackmailed him ever since."

"It's a lie. He began it. He asked me to sham deaf and dumb and..."

"You yourself admitted that it was your idea. You yourself admitted blackmailing him and..."

"I stopped. I stopped when you..."

"About turn!" I roared, and, so strong was the habit of years, the force of mechanical instinct, that Yrotavál almost instantly obeyed.

Should I bid him kneel? Should I bid him pray?

Yrotavál kneel! Yrotavál pray! I thought of Luke. I thought of Rosanne—and pulled the trigger.

With a convulsive jerk and jump he fell forward. Placing the muzzle of my revolver to his ear, I shot him again.

With the entrenching tools I made a shallow grave, thrust his body into it, shoveled the earth and gravel back into the hole, and covered the place with large loose stones.

I was cool, nay cold, collected in mind and calm in spirit.

Having finished my task, I marched back to the poste, taking with me the light pick and shovel.

On the way, I visited the sentry-groups posted to guard the passage of the water-fatigue party to the stream.

"Did you hear a shot?" I asked Corporal Mallen, the American tough guy and Bad Man, for whom I had much admiration and a high regard.

"Sure, Sergeant," he said. "Two."

"Legionaire Yrotavál has been shot," I informed him.

Corporal Mallen appeared to bear the bad news bravely.

"Isn't that just too bad!" he said.

As I turned away and he saluted, a smile flickered for an instant across his grim face.

--from *The Man the Devil Didn't Want* by P. C. Wren

In reading both accounts of the killing of a human being, my heart soared. Why? The obvious answer would be that I am a heartless, bloodthirsty brute. Well, the reader is entitled to his opinion, but that is not really the reason. My heart soared within me because Wren depicts so well the type of Christianity I believe in. I believe that charity demands sometimes that



we must kill. And we cannot hide behind catechisms or social conventions to excuse us from our duty. It sickens me to see the old fairy tales being written without the traditional destruction of the villain at the end. This robs the tale of its Christian content. Evil is real, the devil is the source of it, and human beings, of their own free will, do his bidding. Such individuals must be confronted and in some cases, killed. Charity demands it. Such, I believe, is the express command of our Christian Faith. I will have no part of a Christianity that denies that central charitable tenet. +

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## **Dead on Arrival - MARCH 23, 2007**

“What your wisdoms could not discover, these shallow fools have brought to light.” --from William Shakespeare’s *Much Ado About Nothing*

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“Since you have a good heart, and are willing to divide what you have, I will give you good luck. There stands an old tree; cut it down, and you will find something at the roots.” – from the Grimm Brothers’ tale “The Golden Goose”

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In the classic film noir, *D.O.A.*, Edmund O’Brien plays a man who has been fatally poisoned and has only 48 hours to live. In those 48 hours, he attempts to find the “who, what, where and how” of the poisoning.

The existential moral is obvious. We are all D.O.A. from the moment we are born. And, according to the existentialists, all we can do is struggle nobly until we succumb. Well, at least the existentialists spare us the sentimental slop: “Dying is perfectly natural; there is nothing to it.” Or how about the Blood, Sweat and Tears line? “There’ll be one child born in this world to carry on.” It’s all sheep-dip. The existentialists are preferable to the false comforters.

However, there used to be a religious Faith that didn’t seek to ignore the existential view of life. Quite the contrary, this faith absorbed it, made it its own, and then transcended it. Camus’ Sisyphus was transformed into Christ carrying his cross to Calvary.

What the Christian churches have succeeded in doing over the centuries is to take a mystery religion in which the Hero conquered death through divine charity and make it into a Coca-Cola commercial. The existential view of life is not confronted and transcended in modern Christianity; it is simply covered over with artificial Log Cabin syrup.

I have given various names to the artificial ‘syruping’ process over the years: the ‘dislocated intellect’, the over-intellectualization of the Faith, Gnosticism, and the Triumph of the Greeks. Since the last is most recent, let’s go back to the Greeks.

The existential view of life, which sees man as worth something but doomed to die and sink into nothingness, was presented by Aeschylus and Sophocles. The more cynical view that man was worth little and doomed to die and sink into nothingness was presented by Euripides. Camus is in the Aeschylus/Sophocles line, while Beckett (*Waiting for Godot*, etc.) is in the Euripides line. I side with Aeschylus and Sophocles; I think their view of existence, sans Christ, is the more correct one, and I think they represent ancient Greek culture at its best.

Now we come to the intellectuals, the self-proclaimed “the best and the brightest.” Plato and Aristotle stand at the front of a long line of intellectual giants who have offered us solutions to the existential dilemma, “I am a man, and I must die.” Plato is at his best when he breaks his own injunction against the poets and waxes poetic about the cave, intuiting a divine force. And for this reason he was considered by the early Church Fathers and Christian intellectuals to be compatible with Christianity. Aristotle, on the other hand, was not considered to be compatible by the early Church Fathers: there was no mystical element in Aristotle; he was a straight materialist, the first great cataloguer, an entomologist, a systems analyst man, the man with a white lab coat. Aquinas, at first opposed fiercely by the Platonists, managed to get Aristotle into the Catholic pantheon by showing that the real and the particular were the nuts and bolts of Christianity and not the nebulous mysticism of Platonic philosophy. But both Plato and Aristotle are harmful. And the Church, by attempting to pour Christianity into the faithful using classical cups, over time gradually poisoned the faithful. The salvation process was reversed: we once were saved but now are lost. Or, to use the existential parlance, we are again D.O.A.

To see why the classical-Christian mix has been so damaging to Christianity, let us look back to the Roman Empire shortly before the coming of Christ. What type of religion prevailed? Was it the borrowed Greek religion of Zeus, Hera, Apollo, etc.? No, that religion was given mere lip service. Was it the religion of the philosophers? No, there were some Platonists, Aristotelians, Epicureans, and Stoics among the intelligentsia, but those faiths did not move the masses. The great mass of people were attracted to the oriental mystery religions emerging everywhere throughout the Roman Empire. And what did these mystery religions provide that the philosophic systems did not? Personal contact with the deity.

Even the gods, with whom the believers thought they were uniting themselves in their mystic outbursts, were more human and sometimes more sensual than those of the Occident. The latter had that quietude of soul in which the philosophic morality of the Greeks saw a privilege of the sage; in the serenity of Olympus they enjoyed perpetual youth; they were Immortals. The divinities of the Orient, on the contrary, suffered and died, but only to revive again. Osiris, Attis and Adonis were mourned like mortals by wife or mistress, Isis, Cybele or Astarte. With them the mystics moaned for their deceased god and later, after he had revived, celebrated with exultation his birth to a new life. Or else they joined in the passion of Mithra, condemned to create the world in suffering. This common grief and joy were often expressed with savage violence, by bloody mutilations, long wails of despair, and extravagant acclamations. The manifestations of the extreme fanaticism of those barbarian races that had not been touched by Greek skepticism and the very ardor of their faith inflamed the souls of the multitudes attracted by the exotic gods. – Franz Cumont in *Oriental Religions in Roman Paganism*

The Greco-Roman gods and the Greco-Roman philosophies failed to reach the deeper regions of the soul; hence, they were abandoned; but the Oriental religions, while allowing for a more personal contact with a human deity, did not fulfill man's need for a humane deity. However, the masses were ready, much more so than the intellectuals, for a personal savior, because of their involvement in the mystery religions. They needed Mithra with humanity. And this is the great insight of Europe's most Christian of writers:

To arouse the hope that there may be a god with a heart like our own is more for the humanity in us than to produce the absolute conviction that there is a being who made the heaven and the earth and the sea and the fountains of waters. Jesus is the express image of God's substance, and in Him we know the heart of God. –

George MacDonald in *The Miracles of Our Lord*

What the Roman masses needed – a humane God who took a personal interest in their salvation – is what we all need, even intellectuals who don't know they need such a God and who would have us accept a different type of God. I see the entire history of the Church as an attempt by the faithful to cling to the personal over the impersonal and to the incarnate God over the Olympian God. In the Catholic Church this struggle manifests itself in devotions to the Sacred Heart, the cult of the saints, and the cult of the Virgin. Unfortunately, the intelligentsia of the Church often intellectualizes the various devotions until the devotions have little of the original spirit left. In Protestantism, the struggle for the personal savior is seen in the fight for the Gospels as the intimate story of the Christ vs. the Biblical exegetical Gnostics who analyze away the religious content of God's word.

Christopher Dawson once said that the Catholic-Protestant wars ended with Europe divided and seemingly estranged forever. But he then went on to say that there was a unity that still existed. That unity consisted of the devotion to classical culture shared by both the Protestant and Catholic intellectuals. Dawson suggested that this was a good thing. I disagree, and I would suggest that the conflict is not between Protestant laymen who believe in the Christ of the Gospels and Catholic laymen who say the Rosary, but between Protestant-Catholic peasants and the Greek intellectuals of the Catholic and Protestant worlds.

The reason I claim that Fundamentalism has outlasted Catholicism is because Fundamentalism has preserved more of its peasant faith than has Catholicism. Because of clerical dominance, the former faithful of the Catholic Church have been more thoroughly Gnosticized than remnant Fundamentalists. More ideological peasantry is needed in the Catholic ranks. Whereas Protestantism has its peasant fundamentalist remnant, Catholics instead have only the Platonic Novus Ordo and Aristotelian traditionalism. The former tends to impersonal, Jungian ecumenism and the latter tends to impersonal man-as-insect theology; in both, the personal savior, the God-Man, is lost in Greek vapor.

The old apologists can be forgiven for their over-reliance on the Greek forms. Before Vatican II, the rotting Greek foundations of the Church still seemed strong. But now that the rot is visible, it is not permissible to continue to fuse Christianity with classical philosophy. To do so overlooks the fact that Christ came to deliver us not only from the barbarism of Isis, Cybele, and Mithra, but also from the tyranny of the academy from which devotees of the mystery religions had sought relief. And in fact, there are devotees of Cybele in the Novus Ordo seeking refuge from academic Platonism as well as devotees of Mithra in the traditionalist ranks seeking refuge from academic Aristotelianism. Both groups should seek Christ, and they might still find Him if the Church ever lifts the Greek shroud from His face.

We need, if we are to conquer Greek Gnosticism, to recapture the tragic sense of life. We must turn off the Coca-Cola commercials of the Platonists and Aristotelians and sit with Lear in the hovel and expose ourselves to "feel what wretches feel." It is a mystery, but it is always in stables and hovels, on our knees, that we see the living God. Tragedy is turned into a triumphant fairy tale ending, but only when we have rejected the Greek way and taken the humbler route through the stables. +

## Away in a Manger

Away in a manger, no crib for a bed,  
The little Lord Jesus laid down His sweet head.  
The stars in the sky looked down where He lay,  
The little Lord Jesus, asleep on the hay.

The cattle are lowing, the Baby awakes,  
But little Lord Jesus, no crying He makes;  
I love Thee, Lord Jesus, look down from the sky  
And stay by my cradle till morning is nigh.

Be near me, Lord Jesus, I ask Thee to stay  
Close by me forever, and love me, I pray;  
Bless all the dear children in Thy tender care,  
And fit us for Heaven to live with Thee there.

-Anonymous

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## Some Thoughts on “Who Are We?” - MARCH 18, 2007

Samuel Huntington has created a minor stir in academia by arguing in his book, *Who Are We?*, that the core culture of America is Anglo-Protestant. But he has created only a minor stir because he tells everyone in the introduction to his book that the preservation of the Anglo-Protestant culture, which he admires, does not depend on the survival of the Anglo-Protestant people who created it.

Huntington's view, that the white man is not essential to the maintenance of the white man's civilization, is common among conservatives, Catholics, and neocons. When the late Frederick Wilhelmsen said Western culture had nothing to do with race, he was expressing the common opinion of those who admired the West but did not think the white race was necessary for the survival of the West. It's a seductive theory. I once believed in it myself. But it is false. It is false because the Incarnation is true.

Divinity comes through humanity. It cannot be manufactured in a test tube utilizing the rarefied vapors of the idiot savants of theology and science. A particular people created Western civilization in response to the love of a particular God. To claim that another people can carry the burden of that civilization and defend that civilization is the same as saying that all children should be placed, at birth, in a giant supermarket where they can be distributed at random to anybody who comes into the store. Christianity does not destroy ties of kinship and ties of blood. It deepens them. A curse on all those who would sever those ties which are the ties that bind us to Him. +

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## John Tyndall: Lest We Forget - MARCH 17, 2007

In the fall of '05 I wrote a brief R.I.P. for that brave heart of Britain, Mr. John Tyndall. I never met the man personally, but I miss him a great deal. Like Samuel Francis, Mr. Tyndall fought the good fight and suffered much at the hands of liberal and "conservative" one-world globalists. Here, I would like to discuss three different issues that he discussed in his publication, *The Spearhead*, shortly before his death.

1) The issue of repatriation: should the British National Party hold to its policy of expelling all non-whites from Britain?

It was Mr. Tyndall's position, which I agree with, that the BNP should stick to its 'no compromise' position and continue to campaign for the expulsion of all non-whites from Britain. Some young upstarts in the party thought the party should accept the non-whites already in Britain, even allowing them into the BNP, and then campaign on the new policy that no more non-whites be permitted in Britain. They advanced this policy because they thought it was more practical and not because they thought Tyndall's goals were not desirable.

Tyndall's response was that you always should campaign for what you deem as right, being fully aware of its impossibility for the present, because a victory in which you do not achieve your goal is not a victory. I would add that if the British people were brought to a mindset where they could see the wisdom of allowing only whites to come into Britain then they could be just as easily persuaded to gradually relocate all the non-whites. (An exchange with South Africa: their whites for the British blacks would be one possibility.)

2) It is not because of a lack of moderation on the part of its advocates that the white cause is losing in Britain and America.

Mr. Tyndall made this point in a speech he gave during his last visit to the United States. In thousands of talks throughout Britain he found that white Britons were in sympathy with his cause. But they would not support his party. Why? Because, Mr. Tyndall pointed out, his party had no power. People were afraid of losing jobs or being imprisoned for support of the white cause. This is why, Mr. Tyndall concluded, it was necessary for white nationalists to achieve power, and it is why he continued to support the BNP. Unfortunately Mr. Tyndall is right about that. Human beings in the aggregate, but not in every particular, will always go with the powerful rather than the principled. Which brings us to the third issue.

3) Mr. Tyndall had a running debate with an older, counterrevolutionary gentleman. The counterrevolutionary thought parliamentary democracy was over and that white Britons should develop an elite band of white counterrevolutionaries and take over Britain.

Tyndall's response was that there was no support for such a movement and that British nationalists should continue to work for electoral victories. Both the counterrevolutionary gentleman and Mr. Tyndall agreed on the desirability of a white Britain, they just disagreed on the means of achieving it. And I should also note that Mr. Tyndall did not oppose a counterrevolution, like so many American conservatives do, because he thought democracy was sacred or that violent counter-revolution was bad. He opposed it because he thought a white Britain could be brought about electorally and that it could not be brought about by counterrevolution.

On this issue, I both agree and disagree with Mr. Tyndall. On the one hand, it is true that there is no support for a counterrevolution in Britain, but it is equally true that the BNP has had very little success. They win a local election every once in awhile and the liberals and the conservatives get upset, but they never make the sweeping gains necessary to actually have an impact on national policy. And as the country goes increasingly nonwhite, the chances for white victories in elections have become even more remote. I think white British nationalists should continue to run for office, but they should also start developing a counterrevolutionary movement. There is a time for extreme measures. And if the existing British government does not halt the tide of color, and it certainly appears they will not, then white Britons should prepare extreme measures to deal with the tide of color. It is the most serious invasion they will ever face. When the Saxons supplanted the Welsh, it was a tragedy because the Welsh culture was Christian and the Saxon culture was not. But over time, the Saxons adopted Christianity and formed a Christian culture. They were the superior culture when the largely pagan, partly Christian Normans invaded. And over time the Saxon culture Christianized the Normans. But it will not be thus when the people of color complete their invasion. Only the white European adopts, if he sees it as superior to his own, the religion of the conquered. The nations of color have never adopted the religion of a conquered people. They respect only strength, and a conquered people's religion is seen as weak.

There is such strength in the British people; maybe at the last trump, when the invasion seems almost complete, they will fight for God, kith and kin, and country.

I think the same principles that apply to Britain also apply to the United States. We, after all, are an extension of white Britain. It's difficult to say which country is in a more deplorable state. The similarities are striking. Both countries face a tide of color that their white governments are unwilling to stop. There seem to be greater pockets of resistance in Britain than in the U. S., but neither country seems to have much of a resistance movement. There also seems to be more of an absolute, unshakable, messianic belief in democracy in this country than in Britain. One wishes that the warning of T. S. Eliot would have been heeded – "The term, democracy, as I have said again and again, does not contain enough positive content to stand alone against the forces you dislike – it can easily be transformed by them. If you will not have God (and he is a jealous God), you should pay your respects to Hitler and Stalin."

When the colored tide becomes overwhelming, there will probably be an upsurge of white nationalism in the European people. It will be too late at that point to save America or Europe, but it could be the start of a reclamation effort and a discovery of the roots of the only true civilization the world has ever known. +

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England's Answer

Truly ye come of The Blood; slower to bless than to ban,  
Little used to lie down at the bidding of any man.  
Flesh of the flesh that I bred, bone of the bone that I bare;  
Stark as your sons shall be – stern as your fathers were.  
Deeper than speech our love, stronger than life our tether,  
But we do not fall on the neck nor kiss when we come together.  
My arm is nothing weak, my strength is not gone by;

Sons, I have borne many sons, but my dugs are not dry.  
Look, I have made ye a place and opened wide the doors,  
That ye may talk together, your Barons and Councillors –  
Wards of the Outer March, Lords of the Lower Seas,  
Ay, talk to your gray mother that bore you on her knees! –  
That ye may talk together, brother to brother's face –  
Thus for the good of your peoples – thus for the Pride of the Race.  
Also, we will make promise. So long as The Blood endures,  
I shall know that your good is mine: ye shall feel that my strength is yours:  
In the day of Armageddon, at the last great fight of all,  
That Our House stand together and the pillars do not fall.  
Draw now the threefold knot firm on the ninefold bands,  
And the Law that ye make shall be law after the rule of your lands.  
This for the waxen Heath, and that for the Wattle-bloom,  
This for the Maple-leaf, and that for the Southern Broom.  
The Law that ye make shall be law and I do not press my will,  
Because ye are Sons of The Blood and call me Mother still.  
Now must ye speak to your kinsmen and they must speak to you,  
After the use of the English, in straight-flung words and few.  
Go to your work and be strong, halting not in your ways,  
Balking the end half-won for an instant dole of praise.  
Stand to your work and be wise – certain of sword and pen,  
Who are neither children nor Gods, but men in a world of men!

--Rudyard Kipling

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### **The White Deer Returns - MARCH 11, 2007**

From "Sanctuary" by Donald Davidson

...you may lie  
On sweet grass by a mountain stream, to watch  
The last wild eagle soar or the last raven  
Cherish his brood within their rocky nest,  
Or see, when mountain shadows first grow long,  
The last enchanted white deer come to drink.

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I think one of the reasons that liberals hate Hitler so much is because he revealed their big secret of mass hypnosis: if you tell a lie big enough and often enough, most people will come to believe it. For quite some time now all the institutions of our country—the press, the churches, the government, and the civic organizations—have been propagating the lie that the white man and the culture he created is evil. In contrast to the white man, the great liars tell us, stands the black man: pure, noble, and oppressed.

White children are taught to hate their ancestors and to prepare to live a life of reparation for the wrongs done by their ancestors. Black children are taught that everything beautiful is black and that no act of vengeance against 'whitey' is too vile or wrong. After all, is not 'whitey' the fount of all evil?

How did it come about that the descendants of the creators of Christendom should curse and excoriate their ancestors and refuse to lift one finger in combat against the despoilers or lift one voice in anger against them?

It is very difficult to find an articulation of why the white man is the 'fount of all evil.' The 'fact' is just supposed to be quite self-evident. If one challenges the unreasoned assumption, one is immediately either marginalized, excommunicated, imprisoned, or killed. But amidst all the noxious anti-white gas, there does seem to emerge some fuzzy apologies for the white man's guilt.

The blacks hate whites, because they hate all those outside their tribe, but the white-hating whites base their hatred on Christianity. Let's examine the various briefs against white people by white "Christians."

1. Liberal Catholics. On the subject of race, the Vatican stands with the liberals. The liberals claim that the whites have despoiled Africa and violated the Christian principle of brotherhood by enslaving blacks. Is there any truth to this charge?

I'm sure that every white who entered Africa did not do so with the intent of helping Africans, but Europe at the time of the African colonization was still largely Christian in its ethos, and the record of Europeans in Africa is astonishing. Wherever they went, tribal warfare was held in check and the corporal works of mercy flourished in areas mercy had never been before. The life of Edmund Hodgson is one among thousands of examples of the truly heroic efforts of whites in Africa:

Northern Katanga was also the territory of a renowned English Missionary, Edmund Hodgson of the Congo Evangelistic Mission, who had been in the Congo for forty years before he was murdered by the Baluba. He was a surgeon, builder and teacher. He founded 157 churches in the Congo, roofing many of them himself. His pay, if it may be mentioned, eventually reached the grand equivalent of £17 a month in Belgian currency, which in the Congo is enough to buy you a good meal and a haircut. He built schools, where for the first time the tribal language was set down in writing. He built a motor launch, which he used as an ambulance; and as the years went by he built several more, giving each one away to the Natives as a new one was finished. He was also a crack shot, ridding the villages of a rogue elephant and marauding lion. On one occasion he was called out to deal with a pride of six lions that were stalking a village, and shot all six of them the same day. His biggest enemies in the early years - as in the later - were the witchdoctors and secret societies, who of course ruled by terror. Hodgson wrote to the C.E.M. headquarters in England: "The witchdoctors are like banks and bookies. They win every time. To denounce a witchdoctor is the worse sin known." But, traveling on a battered old bicycle through hundreds of miles of swampland for months at a time, he set out to break them. A fellow missionary said of him: "Often he would walk into the middle of a secret society meeting to rescue the young girls they used for their orgies. He was a mild man, but he would risk any danger to prevent these children being tortured, wading in with his fists if necessary."

In 1952 Hodgson's wife died; and he toiled on alone, taking his leave every five years but still having to work to make ends meet. But, following Independence, he saw his life's work literally going up in flames. He wrote: "This last six months has seen the bottom drop out of this fast-created world. Now there is no Belgian or African authority in this district. The sad part of it all is that it is the innocent ones who suffer..."

Shortly after Hodgson wrote this report he visited the 'parish' of the New Zealander, Elton Knauf. He was at something of a loose end now, as his churches had been burned down and he had been forced to leave his own parish by the tribesmen he had spent his whole life slaving for. He and Knauf went on a mercy mission, taking food and medical supplies and even money to distressed villagers. It was in an area where, like his own, nearly all the mission posts had been plundered and burned down. Soon their truck was stopped by Balubas, and the two men were dragged out. The tribesmen offered to let Knauf go. But he refused to leave Hodgson, and so both men were put to death. According to a Christian tribesman it was a slow death, and both men died praying. Unlike the witchdoctors who ruled the people by terror and had survived through the ages, the white men had tried to inspire the people by self-sacrificing example, and had succeeded only in making the supreme one.

Of white men like these, tribute seems inadequate. Silence seems more fitting. But normally, while they are alive, they receive the sort of silence of which Kipling wrote: "The reports are silent here, because heroism, failure, doubt, despair, and self-abnegation on the part of a mere cultured white man are things of no weight as compared to the saving of one half-human soul from a fantastic faith in wood-spirits, goblins of the rock, and river-fiends."

--from *White Man Think Again!* by Anthony Jacob

And what happens in Africa when the kindly restraining hands of the whites are taken off the Africans? What happens when whites tell Africans that they, the Africans, have been right all the time, and when whites rush to condemn other whites as racist and sexually repressed? Does African then return to a Golden Age? History says otherwise:

It turned that in Kongolo nineteen missionary priests had been massacred by the Congolese troops, and that African student priests had been commanded to throw the bodies into the river. One of the student priests related that the bodies had been stripped and their hands cut off, eyes stabbed, and other unmentionable mutilations as well as arrows planted in the bodies." On hearing of this massacre the late Pope John said his heart was full of grief but that he had "no feeling of hatred—only loving charity and forgiveness." No doubt he felt the same way about the outrages inflicted on the nuns, forced to dance naked and sing hymns in praise of the Messiah Lumumba before being taken and ravished and subjected to bestial tortures. It appears that nothing, absolutely nothing the black man does will ever open the eyes of the people in Europe. They are determined not to see because if they do see it will mean that they will have to discard their 'humanism' and find another philosophy. To deprive them of their liberalism will be like cutting off their hands and feet.

Northern Katanaga is where the cannibal Balubas live. According to a missionary, Mr Burton, of the Congo Evangelistic Mission, cannibalism, which had always been practiced in secret among the Balubas, is now quite openly practiced. In extenuation of African cannibalism, a newspaper article explained that it had a purely "religious" significance. But Mr Burton stated that there were two types of cannibalism: the ritual type, for ceremonial sacrifice; and the other, which was simply a craving for human flesh. "It is like alcohol—the more they get, the more they want," he said.

--*White Man Think Again!*

Did you take note of Pope John's new interpretation of Christianity that was to become the standard for all subsequent popes? We no longer have to forgive our own personal enemies; we have only to forgive other people's enemies. And we get to call the victims (and the defenders of the victims) names—names like uncharitable, insensitive, unforgiving, racist, and reactionary.

The record of whites in North America is supposed to be as vile, if not more so, than the record of whites in Africa. But let's take the whole record. Did the Southern whites take free, happy blacks from the heart of Africa and bring them to a life of torture and barbarism on this continent? No, they did not. They took black slaves, enslaved by other blacks, and made them serfs, under working conditions far superior to that of the Northern factory workers and the serfs of Russia. After fighting and losing a civil war, did the Southern whites continue to segregate whites from blacks and to enforce that segregation with violence if necessary? Yes, the Southerners did. And they should be lauded for their efforts, not vilified. The Southerners had something sacred to protect.

The liberals love to show us pictures of lynched black men, but those pictures don't tell the whole story. What was the crime of the lynched black man? And if the lynching is unjustified, the lynching record of the Southern whites must be measured against the records of other dominant races and civilizations. How well did the blacks do in Haiti or the Arabs in Arabia? What emerges in the South is an incredible record of Christian forbearance and charity toward a foe who himself would have no mercy were he in power.

And why are the atrocity stories so one-sided? Why do we never see pictures of the victims of black atrocities? Indeed, to bring that up is uncharitable and racist.

And the civil war continues. Who will speak and fight for all the silent victims of black barbarism? Do we care? They seldom die quickly because their murderers have no concept of mercy, which is after all only a central tenet of the evil white man's religion.

2. Conservative Catholics. There is no difference between liberal and conservative Catholics regarding the present. Conservatives, like liberals, view blacks as wronged and therefore sacred. William F. Buckley, Jr., and countless conservatives like him are a living testament to the two-step process of self-deception. First, one accepts a lie because one is afraid to speak the truth. Then one begins to believe the lie rather than accept the fact that one is a coward.

Conservative Catholics do differ somewhat from the liberals in their view of the European past; they are unwilling to label all white culture as evil, and a few of them will even say some good things about the South. But they all parrot the notion that a defense of European values has nothing to do with a defense of the white man. "The white man has betrayed the faith," they chortle, "so he must be supplanted by the black man." Yes, the majority of whites have betrayed the Faith, but are blacks a noble race of savages prepared to take up the white man's mantle and restore the Christian faith to its former glory? Where is the evidence for this?

It is Islam, not Christianity, which is gaining in Africa; and when African blacks become Christian, their Christianity is a different faith from that of the old European Faith. It is a syncretistic combination of voodoo, animism, and tribalism, which is why those conservatives who push for the immigration of black Christians miss the mark. Black Christianity is not Christianity; the rare black who practices real Christianity is shunned by his fellow blacks as a tool of the white man. Where genuine Christianity still lives among whites, blacks oppose it.

The problem of lapsed, white Christians will not be solved by turning, with false utopian dreams, to the black race. It will be solved by appealing to whites to pick up the mantle of their sacred, Christ-bearing ancestors and to renew the struggle for Christendom.

I have not included Catholic traditionalists in the discussion because traditionalists are outside the human sphere. While there are some human beings in their ranks who just stumbled into traditionalism while trying to escape clown masses, the traditionalist hierarchy cares nothing about race or any issue that "stinks of humanity." Michael Davies, the chief lay spokesman for Catholic traditionalism in the English-speaking world, revealed all we need to know about traditionalists when he played the race card against an Italian cardinal who argued against selecting a black pope.

3. Liberal Protestants. The liberal Protestants are much like the liberal Catholics; they are fascinated by the black man as a harbinger of death while at the same time they need to believe he is an oppressed noble savage in need of their beneficence. Neither the liberal Catholic nor the liberal Protestant has ever done a thing to improve the black man's lot or to convert him to Christianity. They merely use the black man as a trump card against fellow whites.

4. Conservative Protestants. The conservative Protestants such as Jerry Falwell and Pat Robertson have completely capitulated to the blacks, as have the conservative Catholics.

5. Fundamentalist Protestants. Some fringe Christian fundamentalist groups have held the line on issues such as immigration and mixed marriages. But unfortunately they are a dying breed. Bob Jones of Bob Jones University caved in awfully quick.

6. Conclusion. The white surrender to black savagery was orchestrated by white Christians, but the surrender was not mandated by Christianity.

Such great counterrevolutionary thinkers as Plinio Correa de Oliveira and Thomas Molnar have told us that revolutions succeed when those in authority begin to doubt their own legitimacy. Thus, those in authority fail to avail themselves of the means of supporting their regimes. Similarly, white Christians began to doubt Christianity. They began to doubt its uniqueness, and began to doubt whether there was really anything so extra special about Jesus. Would not Gandhi or Nelson Mandela or Martin Luther King, Jr. serve as well? So Christianity became a major force for egalitarian notions of the universal brotherhood of all men of all faiths.

But when Christian principles are adhered to, Christians should discriminate against those values that are non-Christian, and they should segregate themselves from those who are non-Christian. Richard Weaver makes such a case in *The Southern Tradition at Bay*: "Civilization is measured by its power to create and enforce distinctions. Consequently there must be some source of discrimination, from which we bring ideas of order to bear on a fortuitous world."

White Europeans have more than a right; they have a duty to preserve white European culture. They cannot do this while teaching their children the evils of the only culture that placed mercy rather than sacrifice at its center. +

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### **The Young Drummer At Bay - MARCH 04, 2007**

"Why do the Old and New Testaments read like fairy tale books and why does our Lord speak in parables if we were meant to theorize about God in the manner and style of the heathen Greeks?"

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The late Victor Herman subtitled his autobiography, *An Unexpected Life*. And indeed to go from an American home to the Russian Gulag is certainly unexpected, but I think most of us would probably tack on Herman's subtitle to the book of our own lives. I know I would.

The most unexpected aspect of my life involves the Catholic Church. I never, having once entered the Church, would have thought that I could feel such an intense loathing for it some thirty years later. A day never passes in which I fail to ponder the difference between what I imagined the Catholic Church to be and what it turned out to be in reality. The imponderables and the perplexities of the dichotomy whirl through my head day and night. And unfortunately (or fortunately?), I cannot take refuge in the traditional refuge from Catholicism, namely fundamentalist Protestantism.

I once said that Catholicism and Protestantism needed each other because neither was complete without the other. Well, yes, they do need each other because neither is complete without the other, but even if fused together, they still would lack something. Both lack a poetic vision; both have adopted different systems to block out the poetic vision, but both lack that essential element. Let me define what I mean by poetic vision.

The poetic vision is the integral way human beings see reality, a kitchen sink full of passions, intuitions, sentiments, and ratiocinations. It is messy; it seems unnecessary, arduous, and imprecise compared to pure reason, but it is the way we human beings perceive reality.

When organized religion circumvents the poetic process in order (we are told) to clear a path that leads directly to God, we end up losing God. We lose God because we can no longer see Him.

Human beings are wedded to the poetic. We cannot see reality through abstractions. We can see a distorted reality through abstractions, but we cannot see true reality. It is no tragedy when non-Christian religions adopt distorted, abstracted versions of reality and worship their inhuman and debauched abstractions, but it is a tragedy when the true religion of the God-Man becomes an abstracted false religion of debauchery and inhumanity.

The Catholic Church keeps the poetic or the fairy tale mode of perception at bay by encircling its parishioners with Greco/Roman/Babylonian walls. Theoretically there are gates in the walls leading to the God-Man, but at each gate there is a sentinel. The parishioner wishing to pass through the gate is 'searched' before he is allowed to pass through the gate. If anything that suggests the poetic is found, it is confiscated. Without the poetic vision, the pilgrim parishioner is blind and unable to see God.



The fundamentalist Protestant seems, at first glance, to have solved the Greco/ Roman/Babylonian problem. He has eliminated the Catholic-Pagan walls and sentinels, but there is still a wall and there are still sentinels that keep the poetic vision at bay.

The new wall is the mystical 'Born-Again' wall. Unless one can show evidence of having had a 'blessed assurance' experience with the living God, one is not allowed through the gates by the new sentinels. This is certainly a bit of a contradiction because if one has had the 'Blessed Assurance' experience, why is it necessary to pass through the gates? Nevertheless, those who wish to pass through the gates are still, as in the Catholic-Pagan system, searched for evidence of the poetic. The pilgrim found with poetic contraband is not allowed through the gate. By insisting on the direct infusion of divine grace, the Protestant eliminates the myriad human encounters that authors like Thomas Hughes [1] have written about, which constitute the real divine grace that allows us to be born again. Even St. Paul, who had a genuine born again experience of the kind fundamentalists tell us we all must have to be saved, had other preparatory moments of grace before his road-to-Damascus experience. How do I know that? I know that because St. Paul tells us so in his letter to the Corinthians. Implicit in his "and have not charity" letter is an understanding of the divine-human connection. He reveals in 2nd Corinthians that he understands how the love of one human being for another can lead to a moment of grace in which the lover "can see His blood upon the rose."

If there are good Christians in the Catholic Church, which most certainly there are, and if there are good Christians in the Protestant churches, which most certainly there are, why make all this fuss about their respective systems? I make the fuss because both systems seem designed to eliminate Christianity. While theoretically holding to the Christian creed, they encourage one to abandon one's humanity, one's vision, and thus one's faith. Without a poetic understanding of the creed, faith becomes a problem in geometry instead of a living, vital faith. Some Catholics manage to smuggle contraband bits and pieces of the poetic past the sentinels and thus manage to get a glimpse of the living God. And an even greater number of Protestants, because their system is not as efficient as the Catholic system, manage to smuggle elements of the poetic past the sentinels. But the systems are designed (and the Catholic one maniacally so) to kill the poetic vision of man and hence, kill his faith in the God-Man.

In the stories of her poets and in the faces of her people, the old Europe reflects the true Christianity. Heart responds to heart and vision to vision. How does a Catholic Christian know that a Feeneyite's doctrine is straight from hell even though he can back it up with quotes from 17 different church councils? Because the Catholic Christian's heart rebels against it. He has seen the face of Christ in Christians outside the Church, and no narrow sectarian Catholic heathen can convince him otherwise. And how does a Christian know that he is born again despite the fact that he has not had the proscribed formulaic born-again experience? Because he has had his white moments when he sees, in the many facets of the human experience, the face of Jesus Christ.

The cultural back door is the front door. The European cultural heritage represents the attempt of the faithful to wrest Christ from the sentinels and to hold His pure image aloft for all the world to see. The image of Christ has not disappeared from the world because the Christian churches have failed; it has disappeared because the churches have succeeded: they have succeeded in killing the poetic vision of European man.

The fight for the old Europe is the fight for the faith. Anthony Burgess advised college students to forget relevance and find out who Nausikaa [2] was. That's not good enough. We must forget relevance and find out who Maud Ruthyn [3] was. +

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[1] *Tom Brown's Schooldays* (Puffin: UK, 1984), p. 288: "And let us not be hard on him, if at that moment his soul is fuller of the tomb and him who lies there, than of the altar and Him of whom it speaks. Such stages have to be gone through, I believe, by all young and brave souls, who must win their way through hero-worship, to the worship of Him who is the King and Lord of heroes. For it is only through our mysterious human relationships, through the love and tenderness and purity of mothers, and sisters, and wives, through the strength and courage and wisdom of fathers, and brothers, and teachers, that we can come to the knowledge of Him, in whom alone the love, and the tenderness, and the purity, and the strength, and the courage, and the wisdom of all these dwell for ever and ever in perfect fulness."

[2] Nausikaa: a Greek maiden who aids Odysseus in his travels

[3] The Christian heroine of J. S. LeFanu's novel, *Uncle Silas*

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## **Blundering Along - MARCH 04, 2007**

An Angel of Death has been abroad throughout the land: you may almost hear the beating of his wings...

--John Bright

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I recently spent some time reading about the Crimean War, frequently and quite accurately referred to as the Crimean Blunder. In the essentials there are some striking parallels between the Crimean Blunder and the current Iraq Blunder.

(1) The pretenses for the wars were lies.

In the case of the Crimean War, the British claimed that a victory by Russia over the Turks would upset the balance of power in Europe; and if you didn't like that reason, the British war hawks countered with the humanitarian reason: "We are helping the hapless and helpless Turks."

Russia was a third-rate power at best, which their defeat forty years later in the Russo-Japanese war revealed, and incapable of "upsetting" the balance of power in Europe. And as regards the second claim, it was not Britain's business to go to war for anything other than national interest. And the additional kicker, which was not the case in the Iraq war, was that Russia's cause was the humanitarian cause.

The stated reason for our involvement in the Iraq war was to eliminate the weapons of mass destruction. The secondary reason, which became the only reason, was to bring the blessings of democracy (whether they wanted them or not) and megatons of bombs to the Iraqi people.

(2) "God wants this war."

It was a bit of a stretch to make the claim that the Crimean War was a Christian crusade, but the British did it, although Russia, a Christian nation, was fighting for the right to protect Orthodox pilgrims in Turkey, while Turkey was fighting for the right to deny Orthodox pilgrims any rights at all in the Holy Land. In order to make the stretch, Russia was demonized. The British war faction claimed that Russia's Christianity was only on the surface (there was some justification for that allegation, but Turkey had not even a surface Christianity) and that the Russians were in reality a barbarous people much worse than the humble, peace-loving Turks. It seems like a ludicrous argument, but that is what Lord Langford and others advanced.

In our own Iraq war (in the eyes of the Christian evangelicals), we are fighting a Christian Crusade because the enemy is Muslim. But a genuine Christian knows that killing Muslims just for the sake of killing Muslims is not Christianity, it is murder. And secondly, we are not a Christian nation fighting for Christian principles.

It is easier for us to demonize Saddam Hussein than it was for the British to demonize Russia, but even if it is proved that Saddam Hussein was a demon, does it follow that we have a moral right or a national interest in removing him?

(3) The Press supported the war and those who opposed it were deemed unpatriotic and cowardly.

There were many newspapermen in Britain who had misgivings about the war, but when public opinion seemed to be in favor of the war, they joined the cry for war. The British Quakers opposed the war, but they were largely ignored because they opposed all wars. Two public men, John Bright and Richard Cobden, opposed the war. Cobden believed in a non-interventionist policy in all foreign disputes, but once the fighting had begun, like our own Patrick Buchanan, he thought all criticism of the war should stop.

John Bright's criticism of the war did not cease with the war, for he, quite rightly, did not think support for an impolitic and an immoral war was patriotic. Although Bright was a Quaker, he did not base his opposition to the war on Quaker doctrine; he based his opposition on the conviction that the war served no particular national interest and that to go to war for any other reason than that of national interest was immoral.

Although no one, some twenty years after the war, would have disputed the fact that Bright was correct, he was, at the time, vilified as unpatriotic and cowardly. He was burned in effigy and deprived of his Manchester seat in the general election.

The hard left, represented by such people as the late John Paul II and the Quakers again, were our irrelevant critics of the war. The late Samuel Francis was the patriotic voice of reason that was vilified and called unpatriotic by the liberal and neo-con press.

(4) All citizens were enjoined to support the troops' bravery no matter what they thought of the war.

Tennyson wrote his famous poem, "The Charge of the Light Brigade" in praise of the famous disastrous charge of the same regiment. What are we to make of it? I think courage should always be given a certain respect, but courage in a cause that is wrong is not the type of courage that makes us think of the higher things. William Tell, standing in the mountain pass and firing the arrow that kills Gessler, and the men of the original Ku Klux Klan, standing between the helpless men and women of the South and the Haiti-zation of the South, demonstrate the type of courage that takes us to a transcendent realm.

Like the Crimean War, the Iraq war does not elevate the participants beyond a certain degree of respect when they perform their duties with courage. The participants are mainly tragic figures, the victims of someone else's blunder. +

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This is war, -- every crime which human nature can commit or imagine, every horror it can perpetrate or suffer; and this it is which our Christian Government recklessly plunges into, and which so many of our countrymen at this moment think it patriotic to applaud!

You must excuse me if I cannot go with you. I will have no part in this terrible crime. My hands shall be unstained with the blood which is being shed. The necessity of maintaining themselves in office may influence an administration; delusions may mislead a people; Vattel may afford you a law and a defence; but no respect for men who form a Government, no regard I have for "going with the stream," and no fear of being deemed wanting in patriotism, shall influence me in favour of a policy which, in my conscience, I believe to be as criminal before God as it is destructive of the true interest of my country.

-- John Bright

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### **The Code - MARCH 04, 2007**

During the murder-torture of Teresa Schiavo, the odious phrase, "We are a nation of law," kept coming up. Both Bushes, Jeb and George, used it to avoid doing what any honorable man in a position to do so would have done, namely, stopped the murder-torture of Terry Schiavo.

One could make a case, and I would agree with it, that our forefathers, while maintaining Christian customs, severed, by means of the U. S. Constitution, the connection between Christianity and law. Now in the 21st century, without the benefit of Christian behavior and customs, our law stands alone, secular and supreme.

But in the Christian era of Europe and its satellites, there was an honor code that stood above the law. When the law didn't serve a Christian end, men of honor defied it. If one reads through the novels of Scott or the works of the older historians, one can see that the law often depended on who was in and who was out. Men of honor needed a code that was much less changeable. And it was not the code of the pagan, it was the code of the Christian, exemplified in Nicholas Nickleby's "Stop! This shall not go on," and in the Christian knights of the original Ku Klux Klan who also declared, "Stop! This shall not go on."

If I don't see the honor code, I don't see Christianity. Bush can blab about his 'born again' status all year long, but I know he is not a Christian because he has no honor. He has nothing but the secularized law, and the law, divorced from Christianity, is a whore.

When, in some distant, future time if you are young enough now, you see men of honor riding to do battle against those who would use the law for evil ends, then you will know that Christianity is once again the Faith of Western man. +

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### **Christian Warriors - MARCH 04, 2007**

I have very little sympathy with big wars to "make the world safe for democracy" or to "liberate foreign nations from tyranny." It is the little wars for family and clan that engage my sympathy, which is why my favorite warriors are men who fought reluctantly and only when family and clan were attacked.

My two favorite Christian warriors are Rob Roy and William Tell. Rob Roy was a simple drover, minding his own business, when the English sought to divest his family of not only their home and property but also of their very lives. This was not to be borne. And Rob Roy made the English wish that they had left him alone. He brought them fire and sword. And, thank God, Rob did not end up like so many other Christian warriors, on the gallows or imprisoned. He died peacefully in the Highlands.

We all know of William Tell, the reluctant counterrevolutionary. "Place a hand on my kith and kin and I'll find you and kill you though all the forces of hell stand in my way," was the sentiment of William Tell. Gessler was doomed from the moment he acted with malice toward Tell's son.

There is an incredible nobility in such heroes as Rob Roy and William Tell, and it is because of what they fought for. The modern wars for democracy and humanity will never produce heroes such as them because the modern wars are not for home and clan; they are for unspeakably foul causes such as democracy and capitalism. There is not one pure breath of mountain air in such causes. +

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## **Another Interview with the Young Drummer - MARCH 04, 2007**

Interviewer: I've stored up a lot of questions for you, so if you don't mind I'll skip the preliminaries and just start firing away.

Young Drummer: Go ahead.

Int: I had a conversation with a relative the other day that mirrored hundreds of similar conversations I've had throughout my life. They always trouble me. My kinsman is a member of the Methodist Church. He has a woman pastor who believes that homosexual marriage is completely compatible with Christianity. But that is not what I find disturbing. I'm used to lunatic clergy; what I find disturbing is my kinsman's reaction to the minister. He himself doesn't think homosexual marriage is sanctioned by Christianity, but he is glad that he and his minister agree on the essentials, namely, that Christ is Lord. A Catholic priest once said a similar thing to me in regard to a debate he had with a pro-choice Lutheran. He said he wasn't pro-choice himself, but he didn't view the Lutheran's pro-choice stance as an obstacle to their concelebrating the Mass. (I might add, by the by, that the same Catholic priest thought I was not a Christian because of my views on segregation.)

YD: What is your question?

Int: My question is this: Is everyone who cries, "Lord, Lord" a Christian? Can someone really say – well, of course, they can say it – but can someone really be a Christian and be pro-choice or in favor of gay rights? And what can you say about the faith of someone who can disregard such "minor" differences and still agree on the "essentials"?

YD: There is no exact line separating the Christian from the pagan and the post-Christian, but one can still discern the different sects. There is an instinctive sympathy that exists between Christians, and an antipathy that exists between Christians and non-Christians. Your kinsman is, at heart, with the post-Christians because he does not want the Christian creed to have any connection to reality. If the creed is true, certain principles flow from it. If you deny those principles, you deny Christianity. It is one thing to fail to live up to the principles of one's faith – we all do that – but it is another thing to deny the principles altogether.

Int: To paraphrase Long John Silver, "Those are mighty harsh words, Captain."

YD: You did ask for my opinion.

Int. But are there issues that are too muddled in which we cannot discern a clear Christian cause?

YD: Of course there are, although it is often the case that the issues are more muddled in theory than they are in practice. But, yes, there are such issues. Let's take two examples, very similar in many respects.

First, let's consider the war for the restoration of James III as King of England, Scotland, and Wales. Now, there are circumstances when a King steps beyond the pale of Christian civilization. In such circumstances he should be removed; Richard II and Richard III both fall into that category. But James II was not lawfully deposed. He did nothing as egregious as Richard II and Richard III. Hence, the attempt, by Bonnie Prince Charles, to restore James II's son to the throne was a just cause. But there was room for doubt. Some time had elapsed and stability had been restored. Was it worth the bloodshed to restore the Stuart monarchy? My heart belongs to the Stuart cause, but I can certainly see that there could be Christians, real Christians, on the other side of the issue.

Your own un-Civil War is another example. My heart is with the South – they were in the right – and the North's leaders were most certainly post-Christians, but I think it was entirely possible for a Northerner to participate in the war, fully believing he was doing his duty as a Christian.

Int: So far you've only used examples from wars between Europeans during the Christian era. What about the modern era and wars between Europeans and non-Europeans?

YD: For instance?

Int: The current immigration war. All the Christian churches support immigration. As a matter of fact, they equate a pro-immigration stance with Christianity. It is only the pagan groups who oppose immigration.

YD: I think one can say with certainty that the Christian Churches supporting immigration have entered into the post-Christian stage of Christianity. They have abstracted Christ out of existence. Nothing exists for them outside of their own narrow minds. They've killed the wellsprings of humanity from which genuine religious feelings come. There are no longer human beings in their world; there is only humanity in the abstract.

Int: What about the professed Christians supporting the war in Iraq?

YD: They are a different breed from the post-Christians; they are pagans whose hearts belong to Thor.

Int: But it is the outright pagans who, along with the left, oppose the war.

YD: Yes, which is why one is better off being an outright pagan than a man with a pagan heart who cloaks his pagan desires in Christian phrases.

Int: Let me shift topics and ask about the 'born again' experience. There is a fundamentalist Baptist preacher who has been making the rounds of my neighborhood. Every time he comes to the neighborhood, I invite him in. I'm afraid, however, that I'm a big disappointment to him. I listen to him, I ask him questions, but I do not tell him that I have been born again and that I am assured of my salvation. We are at an impasse when it comes to the born again experience. It boils down to this: I think he definitely has had a very real conversion from heathenism to Christianity, but I do not believe it happened in one blinding moment as he, obviously, feels it has. But I do not question the reality of his conversion as I would question the reality of the conversion of someone like George Bush, for instance. But the Baptist minister does not accord me the same courtesy. He does not accept the validity of my conversion to Christianity in my mid-twenties because I did not have the necessary 'born again' experience. I am still among the unredeemed, which quite possibly is true, although not because I have not had the born again experience.

YD: I think the Protestant born-againers, such as the minister that came to your house, err; but they err by an excess of emotion which, although an error, is a better error than that of over-intellectualism, the error of the Catholic heathens.

Int: If the born-againers could turn down the 'born again' experience a few notches, I would be in agreement with them. I know there are what I would call 'white moments' in one's life where one feels connected to Him and sees "His blood upon the rose," but these moments do not seem enough for the born-again types. But maybe it is just a question of semantics. I was a long distance runner long before it became fashionable. When it became fashionable, I started hearing something about a "runner's high." "Strange," I said to myself, "I've never experienced a runner's high." I had often felt a certain buoyancy or effervescence after a long run but never something as dramatic as a "high." What do you think?

YD: I think that's part of it. They have added an enthusiastic element to what you would call a "white moment" and elevated the white moment to the status of an ecstatic vision. But there is a very definite religious difference there that cannot be brushed away by saying it is only a difference in semantics. They bypass the human element. Your white moments occur when you see, in the hearts of His creatures, a vision of Him. Their born again moment comes direct from God, sometimes via a human conduit, but still direct from God. That experience is nothing like the experience you are talking about when you talk about white moments.

Int: You're right; I want desperately to have something in common with a group professing to be Christian, but I guess one can't force something like that.

YD: No, you can't.

Int: But you don't completely negate the Protestant's 'born again' experiences?

YD: The word, "Protestant," takes in a large group of people. No, certainly I don't negate every single 'born again' experience. I negate those that seem to produce slimy individuals (for how can contact with the living God produce slime?) such as George Bush and Billy Graham. But I do think the process is more as St. Paul describes it, and he had a truly born again experience, when he says we see through a glass darkly. We have communion with the living God, but it is imperfect. And I think we go from an imperfect, but nevertheless genuine communion, to a non-existent relationship when we try to comprehend God with our minds alone. Then the abstraction game that the Catholic theologians are so fond of comes into play and we have lost God entirely. +

## In Defense - MARCH 03, 2007

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

And the capitalist carpetbagger's part in the drama?

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

"Why would he do such a stupid thing?"

"Just to show the brute power of his fifty millions of dollars over the human body. The awful power in that brute's hands, represented in that money, is something appalling. Before the war he cracked a blacksnake whip over the backs of a handful of Negroes. Now look at him, in his black silk hat and faultless dress. With his millions he can commit any and every crime from theft to murder with impunity. His power is greater than a monarch's. He controls fleets of ships, mines and mills, and has under his employ many thousands of men. Their families and associates make a vast population. He buys Judges, Juries, Legislatures, and Governors, and with one stroke of his pen to-day can beggar thousands of people. He can equip an army of hirelings, make peace or war on his own account, or force the governments to do it for him. He has neither faith in God nor fear of the devil. He regards all men as his enemies and all women his game."

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### **Rorke's Drift - FEBRUARY 25, 2007**

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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## **The Ancient Rhythms - FEBRUARY 25, 2007**

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

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

...pry loose old walls.  
Let me lift and loosen old foundations.  
Lay me on an anvil O God.  
Beat me, hammer me into a steel spike.  
Drive me into the girders that hold a skyscraper together.  
Take red-hot rivets and fasten me into central girders.  
Let me be the great nail holding a skyscraper through blue nights into white stars.

--from “Prayers of Steel” by Carl Sandburg



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

Resistance to steel-girder capitalism, however, seems doomed to failure, because so much effort must be expended in trying to survive and stay above the lower half of the pyramid that one has no energy for counterrevolution. (I don't see why Enron executives were singled out for running a pyramid scam when all of our economy is based on one.)

Nevertheless, since the only alternative to counterrevolution is a surrender to capitalism, even the tired and poor need to be summoned to the counterrevolutionary ranks. One fights for victory, but even in defeat there is the supreme consolation one has saved his soul through the strife against the dragon. This is not always apparent while the battle is raging, but it becomes clear afterward.

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

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

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

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

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### **The White Deer - FEBRUARY 25, 2007**

You may lie  
On sweet grass by a mountain stream to watch  
The last wild eagle soar or the last raven  
Cherish his brood within their rocky nest,  
Or see, when mountain shadows first grow long,  
The last enchanted white deer come to drink

--Donald Davidson

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

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

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

Thirdly, I take issue with "Christians" who adopt, with glee, the false formula that says, as the white race falls, other races shall rise. In reality, I think the equation reads: as the white race falls, so fall all other races. The idea that white Christian churches can export a new, pure, nonwhite Christianity to other cultures is ludicrous. The Church has not stopped

exporting white Christianity to other non-white nations; it has simply stopped exporting healthy, integral Christianity and is instead exporting decadent, liberal Christianity under the guise of a purer, non-racist brand of Christianity.

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

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

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

Are we, as Christians, obligated to prefer polyglot societies to white societies? The modern Christian says we are, and Brazil is often held up as a model country. But is there some divine intent behind the separation of the races? The fact that the races were separated by God and the fact of the Tower of Babel story seem to indicate to me that God did intend the races to be separate. But of course liberals reject the reality of the Tower of Babel. They must needs reject almost the entire Bible if they are to hold to their view of polyglot universalism because there is no biblical sanction for their hellish vision.

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

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

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

“The River,” corrected the Rat.

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

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

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

### **Addendum**

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

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

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

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

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

Now, to the incident. Dave had finished his four p.m.-to-midnight shift and was heading back to his station. He was late because he had to finish up with a fender bender accident. On his way back to the station, he saw a congregation (not a religious one) of young black people. Two blacks in particular caught Dave's attention, a boyfriend/girlfriend pair in their early twenties. The young black male was screaming at the young black woman, who appeared to be pregnant and was screaming back at the male. The screaming match was taking place on a bridge over a large stream. The stream was shallow enough and the bridge high enough to render someone quite dead if that someone were thrown off the bridge.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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## **The Needle's Eye - FEBRUARY 04, 2007**

They bade me come to the House of Prayer,  
They said I should find my Saviour there:

I was wicked enough, God wot, at best,  
And weary enough to covet rest.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

--Thomas Nelson Page

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### **Nevermore - FEBRUARY 04, 2007**

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

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

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

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

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

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

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### **White Suicide - FEBRUARY 04, 2007**

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

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

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### **Bred in the Bone - FEBRUARY 04, 2007**

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

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

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

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

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### **Quoting Idiots - FEBRUARY 04, 2007**

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

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

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

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

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### **For the Greater Good - FEBRUARY 04, 2007**

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

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

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

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

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## **The Gnostic Confidence Man - FEBRUARY 04, 2007**

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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## **The Noose Tightens - FEBRUARY 04, 2007**

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

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

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

The rather surprising factor in the Kevin Lamb firing was that it took only one phone call from a radical organization to get him fired at a "conservative" publication. To me the situation emphasizes the fact that things have slid too far to allow for any compromise on the race issue. In the 50's and 60's, it was possible to be polite with well-meaning people who really

believed all black people were just like the black people in *To Kill a Mockingbird* and *A Patch of Blue*. But one can't be polite to those people any longer. The issue has become too clear, too deadly clear, to permit country club whites to bask in the warmth of Western culture while simultaneously handing that culture and the people who created it over to savages. It is a war, not one we chose, but a war nonetheless. And in war one must choose a side. The *Human Events* type of white-hating conservatives have chosen to side with the enemies of the white race. I think the old expression, "Well, at least now I know who my friends are," applies here. Or maybe it would be more appropriate to say, "At least now I know who my enemies are."

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

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

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

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### **Educated Idiots - FEBRUARY 03, 2007**

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

--George Fitzhugh

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

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

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

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

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



means: “The poor fellow is as stupid as a rhinoceros.” The end result of philosophical speculation is the Parisian sneer and smirk.

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

Morton supplies us with the answer:

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

But one hopes that somewhere, deep in the forest, or high in the mountains, beats a heart that will not yield to the educators nor bend his knee to the White Witch. And that heart will become a flaw in the educators' machine. And from that flaw will come other flaws. And that great precise recorder of human conformity and sterility will be forced to convey, to the educators, that their perfect, Godless black hole world is crumbling... well, such is the hope. Mere delusion? The ancient faith of Christians is based on such a "delusion." +

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

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

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### **Sir Walter Scott: Down These Mean Streets - FEBRUARY 03, 2007**

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

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

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

No ear may hear his coming;  
But in this world of sin,  
Where meek souls will receive him, still,  
The dear Christ enters in.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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Harold the Dauntless

xiv.  
"Harold," he said, "what rage is thine,  
To quit the worship of thy line,  
To leave thy Warrior God?—  
With me is glory or disgrace,

Mine is the onset and the chase,  
Embattled hosts before my face  
Are wither'd by a nod.  
Wilt thou then forfeit that high seat  
Deserved by many a dauntless feat,  
Among the heroes of thy line,  
Eric and fiery Thorarine?—  
Thou wilt not. Only can I give  
The joys for which the valiant live,  
Victory and vengeance—only I  
Can give the joys for which they die,  
The immortal tilt—the banquet full,  
The brimming draught from foeman's skull.  
Mine art thou, witness this thy glove,  
The faithful pledge of vassal's love.”

xv.  
“Tempter,” said Harold, firm of heart,  
“I charge thee, hence! whate'er thou art,  
I do defy thee – and resist  
The kindling frenzy of my breast,  
Waked by thy words; and of my mail,  
Nor glove, nor buckler, splent, nor nail,  
Shall rest with thee—that youth release,  
And God, or demon, part in peace.”—  
“Eivir,” the Shape replied, “is mine,  
Mark'd in the birth-hour with my sign.  
Think'st thou that priest with drops of spray  
Could wash that blood-red mark away?  
Or that a borrow'd sex and name  
Can abrogate a Godhead's claim?”  
Thrill'd this strange speech thro' Harold's brain,  
He clenched his teeth in high disdain,  
For not his new-born faith subdued  
Some tokens of his ancient mood:—  
“Now, by the hope so lately given  
Of better trust and purer heaven,  
I will assail thee, fiend!” –Then rose  
His mace, and with a storm of blows  
The mortal and the Demon close.

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

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## Washington Irving - FEBRUARY 03, 2007

Some writers for *Middle American News* and the *Occidental Quarterly* have asserted that the United States is not a propositional nation. They say the country is not based on an idea but on European traditions. I would agree that America should not be a propositional nation, but I do not think it is entirely accurate to say it is not founded on propositional premises. Surely the majority of the founding fathers did not view the U. S. Constitution as the French Jacobins viewed

their constitution, as a 'brave, new world' document, but at least three Americans, Jefferson, Madison, and Franklin, did. And it is the propositional view of the nation, which means we do not have a real nation, that has prevailed.

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

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

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

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

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

From Irving's "Christmas Day":

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

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

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

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

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

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### **In the Bleak Midwinter - FEBRUARY 03, 2007**

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

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

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

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

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

--Christina Rossetti

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### **The Ongoing Revolution - FEBRUARY 03, 2007**

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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### **I See No England - FEBRUARY 03, 2007**

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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### **Augustus Pinochet, R.I.P. - FEBRUARY 03, 2007**

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

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### **George Fitzhugh – Taking the trouble to write the truth - FEBRUARY 03, 2007**

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

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

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

From Fitzhugh:

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

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

And:

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

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



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

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### **En-Dor - FEBRUARY 03, 2007**

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

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

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

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

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

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

Oh the road to En-dor is the oldest road  
And the craziest road of all!  
Straight it runs to the Witch’s abode,  
As it did in the days of Saul,  
And nothing has changed of the sorrow in store  
For such as go down on the road to En-dor!

--Rudyard Kipling

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### **Conversion by Spanish cannon - FEBRUARY 03, 2007**

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

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

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

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

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

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### **Whatever Happened to Personality? - FEBRUARY 03, 2007**

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

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

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### **Democratic Tyranny - FEBRUARY 03, 2007**

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

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

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

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### **“Only My Blood Speaks” - NOVEMBER 04, 2006**

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

A man, if he is going to be a man, will come to a crossroads in his life. At that time he will hear the din of philosophical speculation which will appeal to his pride. And he will also hear the sound of the harp which will appeal to his blood. If he follows the music of the speculators, the music of the harp will fade and become, in the mind of the man, a fantasy, a dream, something that has no basis in reality. But if the man answers the call of the blood, he will gradually become so imbued with the sound of the harp that he will be immune to any other claim upon him. He will, like Hamlet, (“It is I, Hamlet the Dane”) finally know who he is and to whom he belongs.

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

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

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

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

I think Walter Scott demonstrates the way individual European men and women should go and the way European culture should go. He got his law degree and could have become a successful lawyer, but the fairy stories of Europe and the history of the European people were burned deeply into his soul. He answered the call of the blood and followed bardic Europe instead of rationalist Europe. And so should we all, but therein lies a great mystery. What can rekindle the fire of a love that has turned to ashes? From a strict scientific standpoint, the answer is nothing. You can't rekindle ashes. But then the nonscientific Bard of Europe has told us all things are possible for those... But first we must see Him clearly. And then we shall love again and see ashes turned into a "chariot of fire."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

## **All the King's Horses and All the King's Men - NOVEMBER 04, 2006**

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

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

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

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

The key point that a wandering pilgrim detective must keep before him is that Calvinism and Thomism are only explanations of the Christian Faith; they are not the Faith itself. Great saints have come out of both the Protestant and Catholic churches, but they have done so because they have drawn from a well-spring much deeper and purer than the well-spring recommended by their church. Conservatives in the Catholic Church, when they talk of getting back to their roots, go back to the very modern medievals. And conservatives in the Protestant church go back to Mr. Depravity, John Calvin. Why not go back to the original architect who said, "And lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world." The wisest words of the 20th century were written by Herbert Butterfield:

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

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

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

## The Racial Divide - NOVEMBER 04, 2006

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

There are two ways that whites betray whites. The first way was illustrated recently by some liberal, white, degenerate government-something-or-other during a debate with Pat Buchanan. Buchanan, who is a milquetoast on the subject of immigration, was simply making the point that the Mexican immigration was coming too fast and that the U.S. was not going to be able to absorb the Mexicans. He was not even claiming, as he should, that we should close our borders to all Mexican immigration. The degenerate white liberal sneeringly played the race card, stating that Pat hated all non-whites and that he would not object to the immigration of people of the white race. Just once I would love to hear a white man respond to that sort of bullying with, "Yes, I would prefer that America restrict immigration to white people because they are my people and because they created this country." But of course Pat would never say that. He very patiently stated that he was simply in favor of a slower Mexican invasion than was envisioned by the liberals. But the sneering liberal won. Pat was a racist. Case closed.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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## **In Search of Europe - NOVEMBER 04, 2006**

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

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

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

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

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

And later:

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

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

We bear the burden of the day,  
And often toil seems dreary  
But labour ends with sunset ray,

And rest comes for the weary;  
May we, the Angel-reaping o'er,  
Stand at the last accepted,  
Christ's gold sheaves for evermore  
To garner bright elected...

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

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

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

'You have England,' I said.

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

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

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

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

What could you do with such a prince?

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

And then this:

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

'What is this?' asked the chief.

The salesman explained.

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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## Putting the Pieces Together - NOVEMBER 04, 2006

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

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

insurmountable objection to a man of his liberality of sentiment. What," he said, "would Mr Butler think of as an answer, if the offer should be made to him?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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### **Big Fat Liars - NOVEMBER 04, 2006**

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

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### **A Welsh Coal Miner's Prayer - NOVEMBER 04, 2006**

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

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

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

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

By W. Calvert

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### **Mock On, Mock On - OCTOBER 03, 2006**

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

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

– William Blake

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## **The Knight and the Miller - OCTOBER 03, 2006**

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

—Herbert Butterfield

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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## **Uncle Silas: The Funeral - OCTOBER 03, 2006**

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

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

## Hatred of the Past - OCTOBER 03, 2006

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

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

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

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

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

Something of the awfulness, even of Death itself, is referable to this. No more can I turn the leaves of this dear book that I loved, and vainly hope in time to read it all. No more can I look into the depths of this unfathomable water, wherein, as momentary lights glanced into it, I have had glimpses of buried treasure and other things submerged. It was appointed that the book should shut with a spring, for ever and for ever, when I had read but a page. It was appointed that the water should be locked in an eternal frost, when the light was playing on its surface, and I stood in ignorance on the shore. My friend is dead, my neighbour is dead, my love, the darling of my soul is dead; it is the inexorable consolidation and perpetuation of the secret that was always in that individuality, and which I shall carry in mine to my life's end. In any of the burial-places of this city through which I pass, is there a sleeper more inscrutable than its busy inhabitants are, in their innermost personality, to me, or than I am to them?"

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

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

The right-wing, like the left-wing, condemns the past. But where the left-wing condemns the past as evil and the individuals from the past as sinful, the right-wing condemns the past as disordered and the individuals from it as weak. They also look to the future, but unlike the left, they look to a future that has been ordered by the mind of Aristotle and the discipline of the Romans. They, like the leftists, only praise individuals from the past whom they see as forerunners of

their vision of the future. Thus right-wingers look to writers who were Christian with a small c and pagan with a capital P as their heroic forerunners.

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

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### **Catholic vs. Protestant - OCTOBER 03, 2006**

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

—King Lear

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

I'm not saying there were never any Christians in the Catholic Church, but I do think the Church has, over time, become a most unChristian institution. One gets used to hearing our Church leaders support every radical and vile cause that comes along, but shouldn't that tell us something about the Church?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

But should this be so? Does a commitment to the Catholic sacramental system mean that our intuitive faculties that hear those inner voices must always be suppressed in deference to the rational faculties of the Catholic clergy? No, it should not. Such a system kills the romance of the Faith. It kills love, honor, and bravery. In short, it kills the soul. Is there no room in Catholicism for that old quaint notion that what the heart prompts is the echo of the soul? Apparently not. But the Church should make room for such antiquarian notions because now she sits, so cold, so still, on a throne of ice, inaccessible to human beings with hearts that still live. +

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### **What Homer Knew and Plato Didn't - AUGUST 17, 2006**

The right-wing pagans who reject Christianity because it is anti-white are partially correct; the institutional churches are against white people and our culture, past and present. But when the pagans suggest a return to Greece, my question is "which Greece?" If you're advocating a return to the Greek philosophers, you may as well stay with the anti-white Churches because they are the heirs of the Greek philosophical tradition. St. Paul had no luck with the Greek philosophers

because everything was speculative to them. They believed in the idea of truth but not in the incarnation of truth. That God could become incarnate was a return to the 'silly' gods such as Zeus and Hera which the philosophers had already rejected. Is it true that an advanced culture never had a sillier religion than the ancient Greeks? That's what the intellectuals, the same ones who admire Greek philosophy, say. But if their religion was so silly, why is the European literary tradition so steeped in Greek mythology? Is it because the European poets are silly too? Well, yes, they are silly to the modern intellectuals; they can be read to produce an effect, an emotion, in the eviscerated academician, but they are not, to the academician, vehicles of truth.

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

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

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

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

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

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### **The Poetic Core of Western Civilization - AUGUST 17, 2006**

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

It matters not whether they profess to be born again or to be members of the Roman Catholic Church; if they smile at or participate in the anti-European invasion, they are not Christians. In the novel, *Count Robert of Paris*, which is set in Greece, Walter Scott depicts a Greek philosopher who desires to subvert the Christian Byzantine empire and reestablish it under sounder philosophical principles. Midway through the novel, Agelastes, the philosopher, gives his apologia for the primacy of philosophy over religious superstition. He derides the Greek gods as childish and unrefined and the Christian God as barbaric and juvenile. Pure, unadulterated reason is the only antidote, he maintains, for such blatant lies and superstitions. And Agelaste’s beliefs, put less bluntly now but essentially the same, are the beliefs of modern Europeans. They treat the ancient Christian faith as a childish fairy tale and expound a newer, philosophical Christianity that suites the improved rational man of today.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

--Henry Van Dyke

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## The Gingerbread House - JULY 25, 2006

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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### **Savagery - JULY 25, 2006**

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Tw’as the hour when rites unholy  
Call’d each Paynim voice to prayer,  
And the star that faded slowly,  
Left to dew the freshen’d air.  
Day his sultry fires had wasted,  
Calm and cool the moonbeams shone;

To the Vizer's lofty palace  
One bold Christian came alone.

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

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## **Who Killed Edward Europe? - JULY 25, 2006**

### **Cast of Characters**

Edward Europe – deceased  
Philip Marlowe – narrator/ detective  
Flora Plato – later calls herself “Susan Christian” – hat-check girl and dance hall floozie  
Aristotle Smarty Pants – Number two man in the Big S’s operation. A very clever fellow.  
Big Tom Aquinas – A mug working for Smarty Pants  
Willie Teilhard – Nicknamed “Slick Willie” – a two-bit confidence man and mug – also working for Smarty Pants  
The Big S – the number one man in the operation – his street address is Hell, but he gets around.  
William Papal – a hit man who works for Mr. S

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

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

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

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

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

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

12 years later –

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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### **Soulless Nirvana - JULY 25, 2006**

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

Communities can facilitate communion or they can destroy it. Berdayev thought the most tragic situation imaginable would be a society that is organized into superficial communities in which the members, in order to avoid the agony of communion, occupy themselves totally with the trivial and commonplace and become quite content with banality and vapidness. Sound familiar? Yes, we have created the nightmarish society that Berdayev wrote about. While Berdayev, having labored in the Lord's vineyards, now rests in the arms of the Lord, we must try to extricate ourselves from the anti-communal society we live in.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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## Unchurched - JULY 25, 2006

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

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

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

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

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

Protestantism as a reaction to Christless Catholicism was a necessary one. To be freed from the tyranny of pagan philosophy was a great blessing. But the desire for worldly success subverted much of the reaction. Calvinism, hatched by an organizational mind and adhered to by those with faith in this world only, gave Protestantism an anti-Christian taint that has still not been removed. It is certain, however, that there is a Christian undercurrent to Protestantism that has blessed the world. The sincere Protestants, pejoratively called 'Christers,' have kept alive an appreciation for the personal Savior that St. Paul saw and heard on the road to Damascus. It's easy to sneer at the born-again types who talk about a personal relationship with Christ because they are so often the victims of mere enthusiasm rather than the recipients of divine grace. But their theology is correct: Christianity is about a personal relationship with Christ; it is simply harder to achieve than the born-again types understand.

The Master's words about Faith and the child go to the heart of the issue. Before we are polluted with some organization's explanation of the story, we hear the Christ story and we fall in love with the hero of that story. I know it was like that with

me. And when I heard the Presbyterian Church's explanation of the Christ story, I never quite believed what they were saying about my hero. When I returned to the Christian faith, having lost it when assaulted by the scientific world, it was to the Faith of my childhood that I returned, not to the Presbyterian Church. Catholicism only entered the picture because I thought, erroneously, that the faith of my childhood and Catholicism were compatible.

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

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

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

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

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### **The Third Dumb Brother - JULY 25, 2006**

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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### **The Speedy Decline - JULY 25, 2006**

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

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

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

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

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

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



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## Interview with the Young Drummer Boy - JULY 24, 2006

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

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

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

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

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

YD: I won't disagree with that.

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

YD: Explain please.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Int: Yes, that's it exactly.

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

When the Church was at its strongest, which is always when an organization is most vulnerable, the shift was made, ever so slightly at first, toward reliance on the analytical eye of the experts rather than on the wise blood of the faithful. Stop thinking of Leo XIII, the collective Pius popes, and the Sheed/Belloc type of writer as antique Christians and regard them

instead as carriers of the modernist disease, and you will be on your way to the true Church. The Devil did not try a frontal assault on the medieval citadel; he came in the back door, disguised as a well-meaning friend called "Theology." "Let us leave no stone unturned in our defense of the Faith," he lied, "and let us show that pure thought and pure religion are one and the same."

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

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

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

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

YD: We are all afraid.

Int: Except Him.

YD: Yes, except Him.

Int: Stay with me then?

YD: I will.

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### **Jury Duty - JULY 24, 2006**

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

I don't believe in the jury system, but it is our system, and I was prepared to lose one or two days if selected. But when the judge casually mentioned that the trial would last two to three weeks, I inwardly vowed to make a concerted attempt to be stricken from the jury. Citing hardship by saying I did much of the homeschooling with my children would, I know, not wash in a district where the politicians and school officials would love to eradicate homeschooling parents from the face of the earth. Instead, when the lawyer for the plaintiff asked if any of the potential jurors was extremely prejudiced against people who sue for damages, I made my case as forcefully as possible. "It ties up police officers' time doing paperwork for insurance companies. It increases insurance rates, etc." I was called up to the judge's bench and was stricken from the list of jurors. But I was told that I was to stay in the courtroom until the jury was selected and not to tell anyone that I had been stricken from the list lest they use the same excuse as I had to get off the jury.

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

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

The lawyer for the plaintiff.

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

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

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

The Sha-Na-Na Iowa Farmer.

I am no fashion plate. In winter, spring, fall, and summer, I wear what is cheap and comfortable. Nevertheless, I must call the reader's attention to a mid-fifty-ish man who was dressed in a pair of overalls and who sported a 1950's greaser type haircut. I expected him to break out in a medley of "Old MacDonald Had a Farm" and "Tell Laura I Love Her." But this man was not outstanding simply because of his wardrobe. When the plaintiff's lawyer asked if anybody knew a Dr. Parker who would be testifying for the plaintiff, the Sha-Na-Na Farmer replied, "I knew a Parker down in North Carolina once.

He wasn't a doctor though; he was a salesman. Boy, he was a funny guy. He used to..." On two other occasions he started regaling the court with stream-of-consciousness reminiscences that had not earthly connection to the case for which he was a potential juror. When the jury selection was complete, this man was chosen!

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

The Curser.

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

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

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

The Woman Who Made a Friend.

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

The Man Who Thought He Was Back in the Army.

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

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

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

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

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

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

## The Grandfather - JULY 22, 2006

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Although not impassable, there are unsuspected difficulties in negotiating the pass that leads to the old line and the antique Christianity. The main obstacle is the Roman Catholic Church. It is not difficult to see the errors inherent in Protestant doctrine or to see the consequences of Protestantism's lack of unity, but the Catholic Church is a more deceptive entity. Its doctrine, at first and even second glance, seems more integral than the Protestant doctrine. Its church structure also seems more unified for a longer period of history than the Protestant one. But one believes a lie if one accepts the view that inside the Catholic Church is the antique and true Christianity while outside the Church is error.

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

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

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

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

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

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## **Not a Proposition, Part II - JUNE 18, 2006**

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

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

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

As long as the white race was Christian, the colored races were held at bay; but a hideous Gnostic cancer reared its head and opened the colored flood gates. When Christianity became a theory rather than a faith, sin became corporate rather than individual. Evil no longer existed in individual human beings; it existed in groups of human beings. And of course the

white male became the source of all evil. The only way a white male could atone for his whiteness was to renounce his white heritage and worship the men of color. One can see a microcosm of this hideous white atonement every time there is some kind of sporting event. White males fill stadiums and gather around the television set to worship the gods of color. In the post-Christian churches, the priests and pastors regularly denounce the white race and extol the virtues and sinlessness of the colored races. The current head of the Catholic Church wanted, or so he said, a black Pope to worship.

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

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

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

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

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

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### **The Lost Thread - JUNE 18, 2006**

"As we have seen, Aquinas regards the direct intuition of divine essences as beyond man's reach."

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

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

Holding the views I do about the primacy of the spiritual or metaphysical realm, it was indeed heartening when I received a letter from a friend containing an article by an author who agreed with me on the subject of St. Thomas Aquinas. The author's name is Philip Sherrard. I must add his name to the list which includes Richard Weaver, Karl Adam, Michael de

Unamuno, Herbert Butterfield, and Vladimir Solovyev of authors who have pointed out the connection between modernity and St. Thomas.

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

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

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

And further on he states:

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

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

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

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

And of course in the secular world, this maniacal obsession with the scientific is the result of the Thomistic separation of nature and grace. We can see the line: St. Thomas ('Knowledge of God comes only from abstracted reason's contemplation of the sensible world') to Descartes ('Human reason is supreme in and of itself without any reference to the sensible world or the supernatural order') to Darwin ('Reason and nature are one and the same, and they are called "science"') to Motley Crue or whatever jungle rock band you care to mention ('We are all apes now').

And why, we need to ask, would someone be a Thomist? Why did the 'angelic' doctor conceive such a pernicious philosophy and why did it gain so many adherents? We can answer those questions if we can answer the question, why did Adam and Eve, who had an intimate, personal relationship with God, succumb to Satan's offer? Wasn't it because they thought there was some power in nature to which Satan was privy that would make them equal to or even more powerful than God Himself? Is that not the same temptation to which the Israelites caved in again and again when they returned to the worship of Baal? And when the Greek philosophers contemplated the natural world, was it not with the same desire as



Adam and Eve, to come to a knowledge of the great mysteries of life independent from God? That impulse, that original sin, is part of our nature. It is easy to see how a man, in the name of God, could delude himself and his adherents into thinking that the satanic impulse to be like unto God could be an inspired way to know God better. Aquinas, extending and systematizing St. Augustine's Gnostic tendencies, carved the entire natural world up into a thousand jigsaw pieces. When one took the time to put those pieces together, he saw (so Aquinas maintained) the face of God. That the completed puzzle showed us God became an article of faith in the Catholic Church despite the fact that when the puzzle was completed we did not see God – well, at least not the God of Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, and St. Paul.

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

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

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

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

When someone has only a vague feeling that something is wrong, one is very susceptible to a man with a theory who offers to channel that vague feeling into a system. Calvin's system still kept man away from an integral relationship with God. Like Aquinas he recognized no spiritual dimension inside of man. Unlike Aquinas however, he saw no spiritual principle in the material world either. He saw spirit only in the heavens: remote, majestic, uncaring, and unloving. C. S. Lewis brilliantly describes that God in *The Pilgrim's Regress*:

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

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

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

This pernicious doctrine that equates the rational with the spiritual and assigns an inferior and even negative role to the intuitive part of man's being, which includes his "poor dreams" and his yearning for God, is called Thomism, but it is really Satanism. Quite possibly Satan believes it to be true. His satanic intellect has never understood the heart of God or the heart of man. Oh, yes, he understands man's predilection for sin. But the heart of man? That he does not understand. There is a divinity buried in the human heart which the satanic intellect can never comprehend.

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

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### **Not a Proposition - JUNE 18, 2006**

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

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

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

There will be no counter-revolution in this country until the propositional notion of country is washed away. It will be a welcome cleansing. Standing foursquare against the counterrevolution are the mad-dog liberals, the Evangelical Protestants, and the Irish Catholic Americanists. It is easy to see why the mad-dog liberals want America to remain a propositional nation, but why do the latter groups want it? I would suggest the reason lies in their flawed concept of religion. Both groups have embraced the propositional faith of the medieval scholastics. The Protestants inherited it from our "enlightened" founding fathers, and the Irish Catholics received it from their church. "If God is a propositional God," the evangelicals and the Irish Catholics reason, "then why not embrace a propositional country?" It is largely pagans who have rejected the false propositional nature of the American experiment because they do not have the same intellectual handicaps that the pseudo-Christians have. The destruction of constitutional America and the restoration of European America can only take place after the defeat of the liberals, the evangelicals, and the Catholics, after which, one will still have to convert the counterrevolutionary pagans to a non-propositional Christianity (which, come to think of it, was the original Christianity of the Europeans).

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

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

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## **The Scholastic Heresy - JUNE 18, 2006**

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

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

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

In theory, the Roman Catholic solution to the 'by what authority' problem makes more sense to me than the Protestant one does. But in practice the Protestant solution seems better. It seems better because I think a sincere struggling pilgrim would get a clearer picture of Christ from an unaided reading of the Gospels than he would from an immersion in the Catholic whirl of *Novus Ordo* vs. traditionalism, and infallible vs. fallible arguments.

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

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

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

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

The medieval scholastics wanted to throw more light on God by freeing reason from the passions. What stops reason from serving our passions? Nothing. An evil passion cannot be overcome by reason because reason is ethically neuter. It will

serve whatever passion predominates. It is passion that rules us all. Only a stronger noble passion can defeat an evil passion. Our passion must be grounded in His passion.

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

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

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

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

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

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### **The Unholy Alliance - JUNE 18, 2006**

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

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

The white race is the only race of people that accepted Christianity in depth and breadth – meaning that most whites were Christians – and it penetrated deeply into many. Certainly other races had Christians among them, but not to the extent of the white race. Is this disputable? No, I think not. The 1930s movie called *The Mask of Fu Manchu* had the Fu Manchu character cursing the hero by calling him a “white Christian,” correctly linking white and Christian. One can also now link white and post-Christian. Just as only the white race formed a Christian culture, now only the white race has formed a post-Christian culture. And there is a certain sympathy between the post-Christian and the barbarian: both hate the old,

white Christian culture. It is this mutual hate that makes the post-Christian white think he can blend with the colored races and form a brave new barbarian race and culture. But there is a significant difference between the colored barbarians and the post-Christian barbarians. The post-Christians are technocratic barbarians. Whereas the Aztecs tore out the hearts of human adults and children in public ceremonies, post-Christians tear out the hearts of human infants behind closed laboratory doors. And whereas the modern post-Christian capitalists sits with his laptop computer and downsizes unseen thousands into oblivion, the Negro walks the streets of our cities and chops up thousands of innocent whites in a perfect imitation of the Mau Maus of the old Belgian Congo.

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

It used to puzzle me when I heard members of the Catholic old guard rejoicing over the natural savages, usually the Negro, who they believed were going to re-Christianize the West. I didn’t understand, from a Christian standpoint, how the old guard could delight in the destruction of the remaining vestiges of Christian civilization. And I didn’t understand, from a simple pagan standpoint, how white men could rejoice in the destruction of their own people. It was only when I came to understand that the old guard were in that Catholic half-way house with their heads steeped in Greek modernity and their hearts with the old Europe, that I realized they didn’t see the black man as he was. They saw only an abstraction. Hence the black man became, in their sick minds, all that the white man once was: brave, chivalrous, and Christian. But ‘tis not so.

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

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

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

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### **Out of the Depths Have I Cried to Thee - JUNE 17, 2006**

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

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

The disembodied-brain heresy of the Greeks can best be described as the Olympian heresy. The Greek philosophers placed reason on Mt. Olympus in place of the old gods and studied, probed and dissected man from their Olympian height. Plato

saw man as a walking universal, as part of the spiritual force of life from whence we all come. But Plato's universal is not a personal force; it is not a God to whom we can speak to, as the Hebrews spoke to the living God:

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

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

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

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

Shakespeare.

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

At the beginning of the play, Hamlet is in an abstracted state of mind that could lead him to become, like Claudius, a disembodied brain at the service of Satan. But Hamlet has that within which passeth show; he resists the temptation to become a purely intellectual being. Instead he begins a quest toward integrality. All around him are abstracted caricatures of human beings, trying to make him view life as they view it, a game in which one must manipulate human beings as one would chess pieces. Hamlet perseveres. And it is at Ophelia's grave when he realizes he loves, that the real Hamlet, the integral, heroic Hamlet, comes to the forefront: "It is I, Hamlet, the Dane." He never looks back nor fails in his duty after that.

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

Nathaniel Hawthorne.

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

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

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

In the latter part of the last century there lived a man of science, an eminent proficient in every branch of natural philosophy, who not long before our story opens had made experience of a spiritual affinity more attractive than any chemical one. He had left his laboratory to the care of an assistant, cleared his fine countenance from the furnace smoke, washed the stain of acids from his fingers, and

persuaded a beautiful woman to become his wife. In those days when the comparatively recent discovery of electricity and other kindred mysteries of Nature seemed to open paths into the region of miracle, it was not unusual for the love of science to rival the love of woman in its depth and absorbing energy. The higher intellect, the imagination, the spirit, and even the heart might all find their congenial aliment in pursuits which, as some of their ardent votaries believed, would ascend from one step of powerful intelligence to another, until the philosopher should lay his hand on the secret of creative force and perhaps make new worlds for himself. We know not whether Aylmer possessed this degree of faith in man's ultimate control over Nature. He had devoted himself, however, too unreservedly to scientific studies ever to be weaned from them by any second passion. His love for his young wife might prove the stronger of the two; but it could only be by intertwining itself with his love of science, and uniting the strength of the latter to his own.

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

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

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

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

P. C. Wren.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

And yet he was human enough in his fanatical patriotism.

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

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

John Buchan. Written in 1916, the novel *The Power-House* pits a perennial Buchan everyman hero, Leithen, against Mr. Andrew Lumley, a capitalist powerhouse, a brain detached from everything human. At first meeting, Leithen dislikes Lumley. When he tries to find a reason for his dislike, he decides that Lumley is just too "Olympian." And as he comes to know him better, he realizes that Lumley also is satanic: "Do you know what it is to deal with pure intelligence, a brain stripped of every shred of humanity? It is like being in the company of a snake."

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

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

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

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### **God is a personality - JUNE 16, 2006**

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

-- Nikolai Berdyaev in *Slavery and Freedom*

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### **The 19th Century Counter-Attack, Continued - JUNE 16, 2006**

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

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

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

It seems to me, when I read an author such as Walter Scott or George MacDonald, that the 19th century Christians were the last Christians to believe unashamedly in Christ's humanity. And I say this because they were not ashamed of the ideals, such as chivalry and the cult of the Christian hero, which sprang from a belief in Christ's sacred humanity. Therein, I think is the reason for the gulf between us and the 19th century Christians. We are ashamed of Christ's humanity and



therefore embarrassed by the older European culture which reflected that sacred humanity. It is more than just a slight fault, this turning away from the human Christ toward a more cosmic Christ. It is a sickness that leads to the death of the soul. Christ warns us about it in Mark 8:38:

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

And again in Luke 9:26:

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

At the end of the day there is only one, absurd, archaic hope left for the West, and that hope is the Christian hero. He is a man so blinded by love for the old European culture and the One who inspired it that he doesn't pay any heed to the new, false, Christless versions of Christianity and the new, emerging cultures of darkness. He is not a Nietzschean

Übermensch, a man of the future; he is a man of the past, the European past. And he endureth all things and hopeth all things because he has that burning flame in his heart that the 19th century Christians and St. Paul called charity. +

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## **The Nineteenth Century Way to God - JUNE 11, 2006**

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

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

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

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

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

### **The Greek Heresy.**

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

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

"I don't understand," said Tom.

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

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

"Why not the same thing?"

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

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

"How do you mean?" said Tom.

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

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

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

Chivalry.

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

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

And what are the works of Walter Scott if not an attempt to bridge the scholastic-created gap between God and men by way of chivalry? The fair damsel was imprisoned in the Darwinian tower and guarded by a capitalist dragon. (Yes, I know Scott wrote before Darwin's thesis was published, but the scientific worldview that spawned Darwin was present when Scott wrote.) It was left to the knight with "But the greatest of these is charity," engraved on his shield to rescue the maiden from the dragon.

The Hero.

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

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

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

He raised himself up and looked round, and after a minute rose and walked humbly down to the lowest bench, and sat down on the very seat which he had occupied on his first Sunday at Rugby. And then the old memories rushed back again, but softened and subdued, and soothing him as he let himself be carried away by them. And he looked up at the great painted window above the altar, and remembered how, when a little boy, he used to try not to look through it at the elm-trees and the rooks, before the painted glass came; and the

subscription for the painted glass, and the letter he wrote home for money to give to it. And there, down below, was the very name of the boy who sat on his right hand on that first day, scratched rudely in the oak panelling.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

#### **Addendum:**

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

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#### **Murder Most Foul - JUNE 04, 2006**

Only two men, Shakespeare and Dostoevsky, would not be surprised at the depths of depravity that our society has reached. Dostoevsky, because he had great vision and because he lived in a century where the seeds of decadence were starting to sprout; and Shakespeare, because of the depth of his vision and his unparalleled insights into the human soul,

would not be surprised. But if we were to take any other man or woman from any century other than the 20th or 21st century, they would die from shock if they could see what we have become.

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

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

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### **Evolution - JUNE 04, 2006**

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

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

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### **The Monks of Bangor's March - JUNE 04, 2006**

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

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

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

Woe to Saxon cruelty,  
O miserere, Domine!

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

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

— Sir Walter Scott

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### Tempest Toss'd - JUNE 04, 2006

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

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

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

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

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

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

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### **Samuel Francis, R.I.P. - JUNE 04, 2006**

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

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

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

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

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

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### **Reflections on the Old Testament - JUNE 04, 2006**

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

1) Lord, what Fools...

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

## 2) Segregation and Slavery

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

## 3) Prophets and Prophecies

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

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

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

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

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

## 4) God's Providence

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

## 5) Evil Women

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

## 6) Fairy Tale Mode



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

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## **Two Cities: Supernatural Man vs. Born-Again Man - MAY 25, 2006**

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

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

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

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

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

*-The Monastery by Sir Walter Scott*

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## **Philosophical Speculation: None Dare Call It Thought - MAY 25, 2006**

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

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

reason. This is not so. Every philosophical system ever conceived has been false and pernicious. God's revelation and man's passionate, integral, poetic response to that revelation are the only antidotes to philosophical speculation.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

## **Babylon, Part Two - MAY 25, 2006**

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

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

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

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

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

The Catholic Church that I encountered during my sojourn in that institution was certainly a Babylonian church. Any devotee who followed the hierarchy was either a Babylonian liberal of the Novus Ordo type or a Babylonian Luciferian type (the traditionalists). The clergy were the deities Hislop describes. The blessed mother was presented in the Novus Ordo as a kinder, gentler deity than Christ, and, in the traditionalist ranks, she was presented as the Babylonian queen of power. One looked in vain to find the virgin who would pray for you, not because she was more merciful than Christ or more powerful than Christ, but because you, a sinner, felt the need of a gentle woman's prayers.

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

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

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

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## **Considering The Two Babylons by Reverend Alexander Hislop (1856) - MAY 25, 2006**

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

It was a matter, therefore, of necessity, if idolatry were to be brought in, and especially such foul idolatry as the Babylonian system contained in its bosom, that it should be done stealthily and in secret. Even though introduced by the hand of

power, it might have produced a revulsion, and violent attempts might have been made by the uncorrupted portion of mankind to put it down; and at all events, if it had appeared at once in all its hideousness, it would have alarmed the consciences of men, and defeated the very object in view. That object was to bind all mankind in blind and absolute submission to a hierarchy entirely dependent on the sovereigns of Babylon. In the carrying out of this scheme, all knowledge, sacred and profane, came to be monopolised by the priesthood, who dealt it out to those who were initiated in the “mysteries” exactly as they saw fit, according as the interests of the grand system of spiritual despotism they had to administer might seem to require. Thus the people, wherever the Babylonian system spread, were bound neck and heel to the priests. The priests were the only depositories of religious knowledge; they only had the true tradition, by which the writs and symbols of the public religion could be interpreted; and without blind and implicit submission to them, what was necessary for salvation could not be known. Now compare this with the early history of the Papacy, and with its spirit and modus operandi throughout, and how exact was the coincidence!

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

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

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

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

That the Roman Catholic Church from Augustine to Aquinas to Teilhard has played a dangerous game of Russian Roulette with paganism that has had disastrous consequences is a premise that I accept with all my heart. And I wish the Catholic hierarchy would face that fact and attempt a real renewal instead of the ongoing carny show renewal called Vatican II. But if the Church is the whore of Babylon, then it is useless to talk about renewals. One should, as Hislop says, have nothing to do with her:

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

One way of determining if the Roman Catholic Church’s paganism is a regrettable slide we should fight to correct or the central tenet of the church which would necessitate its abolition is to look and see whether the Protestant churches expunged, after their break from the Roman Church, the pagan Babylonian elements from their churches. If they haven’t, then the paganism of the Catholic Church is a problem inherent whenever sinful man tries to organize a church and not a case of the intrinsic evil of the Roman Church. And the Protestant churches have largely, like the Catholic Church, turned from Christ to Baal. No less a Protestant than the ardent anti-evolutionist, fundamentalist Protestant, Henry M. Morris, has conceded it. Writing in 1990, he stated

If the written Word was considered to be the product of evolution, so was the living Word. Jesus Christ was no longer accepted as the unique Son of God but simply as a highly evolved human being, perhaps the pinnacle of the evolutionary process. His resurrection became a “spiritual” resurrection and the virgin birth was rejected altogether. His miracles were

explained naturalistically, and his death on the cross was like that of any other martyr, with no particular saving efficacy except as an example.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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