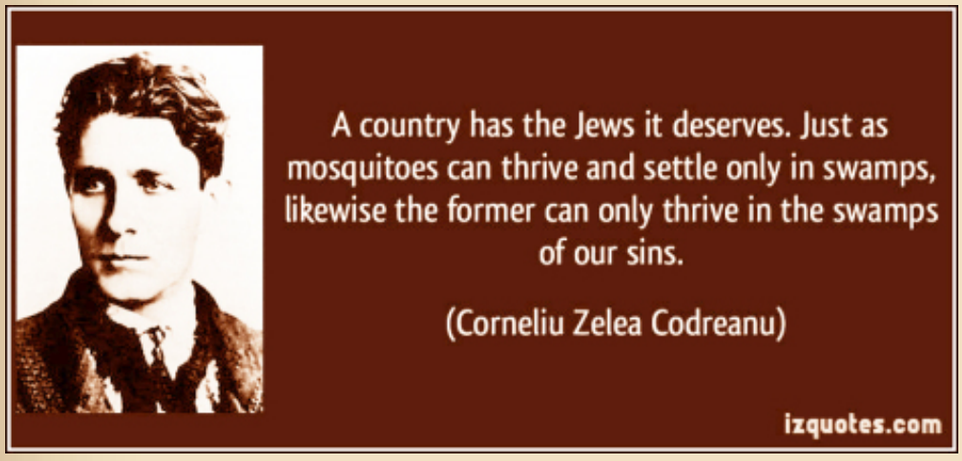
On European and American swamps



And which are our sins? Christianity and capitalism, of course...

* * *

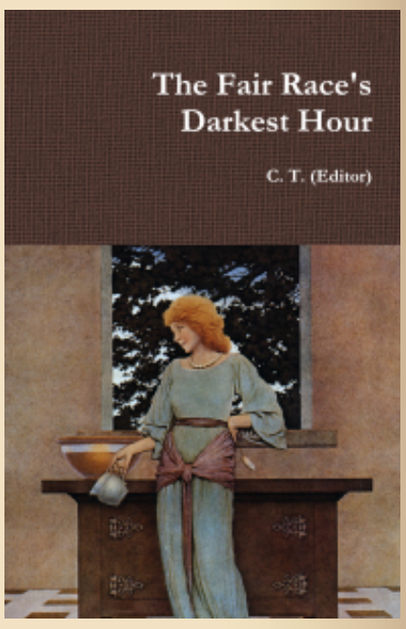
In my last entries I spoke in high terms of Andrew Anglin but now I am disappointed that he has not given up our parents' religion.

The US government doesn't grant me a visa to enter again the hegemonic country of the New World. One positive thing about it is that, if I ever escape from Latin America's largest city, I would go to the Old World.

I have little to do even with the most radical white nationalists in America. Take for example the other radical that I've been recently promoting in my last posts, Alex Linder. He recently commented about Hitler—:

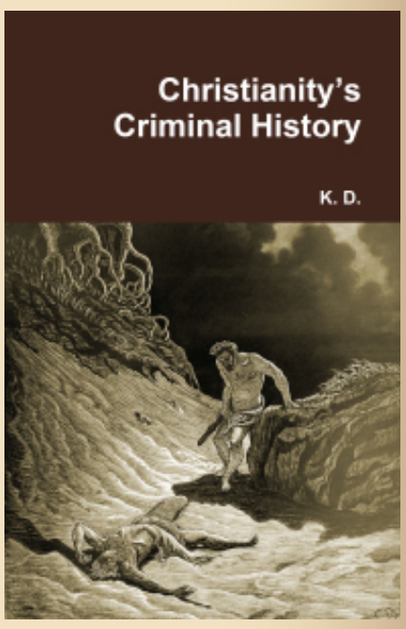
> He tried to reform the people pretty directly. I don't agree with his approach, I don't think there's anything fundamentally wrong with whites. It truly is the case, I believe, that if you remove the jew, with its incessant lying, poisoning and degeneracy promoting, things will snap back to normal in short order. I really believe that.

—but hasn't yet responded to my rebuttal on such statement. [Note of October 18: OK, Linder has now responded but not to my satisfaction. He is a bicausalist Type-A anyway...]



This site in a nutshell: here. See also "The 14 words" and "New tablets of stone".

The Fair Race's Darkest Hour is a compilation of texts by seventeen authors that changed my world-view. A softcover edition of the book is available: here.



Why I am closer to Europe than to the US? Because at least one European is awakening to the fact that white decline has a more complex etiology than what American white nationalists believe. I tried to demonstrate this in a compilation of articles, *The Fair Race's Darkest Hour* which will be available from Amazon soon. But even after it is released in print form this generation of racists rarely wants to read books.

If you don't want to do a serious study about white nationalist myopia in America at least listen to what Tom Sunic recently said at Budapest. In a nutshell (what I concluded by gathering so many authors in *The Fair Race's* hundreds of pages) Sunic blames capitalism and our parents' religion as the main culprits.

Starting in minute 13:45 see a YouTube video on his Budapest speech this month. You may also listen the Red Ice Radio interview of Sunic after minute 50:18 here.

PUBLISHED IN: ALEX LINDER ALT-RIGHT / WHITE NATIONALISM ANDREW ANGLIN CHRISTIAN QUESTION (CQ) CORNELIU ZELEA CODREANU EUROPE FAIR RACE'S DARKEST HOUR (BOOK) JEWISH QUESTION (JQ) MATERIALISM / CAPITALISM TOM SUNIC UNITED STATES ON OCTOBER 17, 2014 AT 11:46 AM COMMENTS (24)

Holohoax "hoax"?

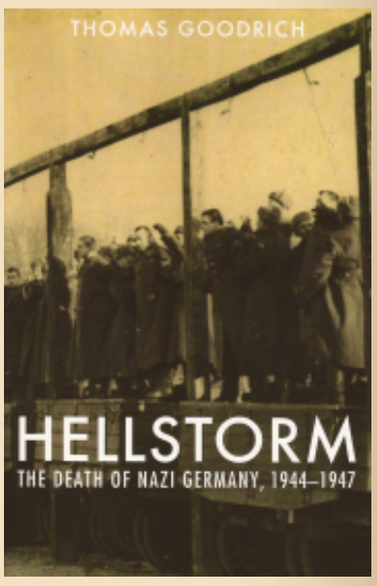
In the previous post I linked to an article where Andrew Anglin steamrolled a spineless coward in the white nationalist movement, Colin Liddell. Today Greg Johnson has, again, criticized Anglin. I am tired of this debate but must clarify something about what Johnson said on the so-called Jewish holocaust. Making mock of Anglin's term he wrote:

> *The "Holohoax" hoax*
>
> Both Anglin and [Alex] Linder stridently assert that (1) the Holocaust is a hoax, and (2) this hoax is the foundation of Jewish power today, such that undermining the orthodox Holocaust story will undermine Jewish power.
>
> I think that both claims are false.
>
> First, even if one deducts all the falsehoods and exaggerations so ably debunked by revisionists, there is still Holocaust enough for Jewish purposes.

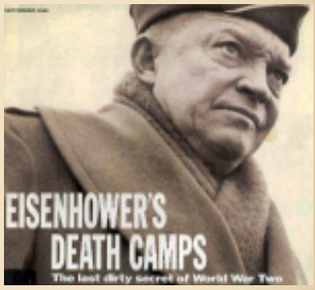
While I thoroughly agree with Anglin and Linder that the message for the masses must be boiled down to a mere bone, we bookworms may have the luxury to split hairs on historical

A translation of the work of Karlheinz Deschner on the criminal history of Christianity is available: here.

Thomas Goodrich's *Hellstorm* is the most important book of the 21st century.



Its subject-matter: the Holocaust perpetrated by the Allied forces on the Germans, civilians included (here).



Here: an SS pamphlet explaining National Socialism.

How we are light-years away from the secular, Neo-Christian ethics of the Alt-Right can be surmised in "Darwin's exterminationism".

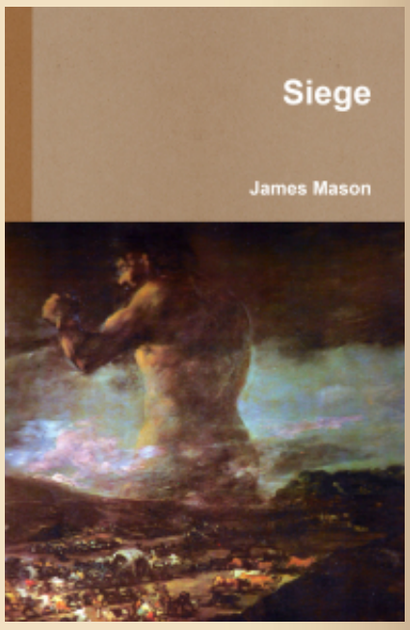
matters. As I have tried to convey by the end of *The Fair Race's Darkest Hour* we still have to rely on a yet-to-be published study by David Irving on Himmler (for the moment see here) to guess what exactly happened to the Jews in the Second World War. But my central point in *The Fair Race* was clear: whatever happened to them—although one thing is clear: the six million figure is completely bogus—the Jewish holocaust story is still a hoax.

A hoax: because the current narrative is that only the Germans committed crimes during the war. It's a lie by omission because, as Irmin Vinson says, in almost any war one side can be dishonestly demonized even by a truthful enumeration of its crimes *if the crimes of its adversaries are suppressed*. I have said it many times and I must iterate again: The most relevant information I have found in my adult life is the discovery that the System lied to me about what really happened before, during and after the Second World War. I'll never tire to repeat that what the Allies did *in times of peace* was incomparably more monstrous than the crimes attributed to the Germans *in times of war* —precisely because it was done in times of peace.

The trouble not only with Liddell and Johnson but with the rest of the effete, non-NS approaches of white nationalism is that they avoid the subject that morally *the Germans had the higher ground compared to the Allied forces*. Every time anybody mentions the fate of the Jews during the war a highly red-pilled man should immediately jump with reliable sources demonstrating that the Allies committed tenfold atrocities in times of peace compared to the (bogus) six-million figure in times of war. On page 178 of the abridged edition of *The Gulag Archipelago* Solzhenitsyn cites the estimates of a professor of statistics calculating in more than sixty million the number of lives lost as a result of internal repression from the October Revolution to 1959.

When Solzhenitsyn's *Archipelago* was published W.L. Webb said, "To live now and not to know this work is to be a kind of historical fool." Are the non-NS wing of white nationalists historical fools? If they follow the System narrative of Jewish victimology they certainly are. The tougher type, the national socialists, should read not only the abridged version of the *Archipelago* but use such data every time the enemy shouts "Jewish holocaust!" to undermine white preservation. In his 1998 biography of Solzhenitsyn, D.H. Thomas says that the figures that Solzhenitsyn cites have not been refuted, and on pages 442-443 he adds a table about the causes of death of the Holocaust perpetrated on Russians that dwarfs the so-called Jewish holocaust:

- 1917-1921 – Shooting, tortures – 6 to 12 millions



Presently *Siege* is only available as a PDF.

"1945 was the year of the total inversion of Aryan values into Christian values." —Joseph Walsh

"With the death of Adolf Hitler in the close of the 2nd World War in 1945 Western civilization, as it had existed and is still perceived DIED once and for all. The only thing that was left now was a gene pool." —**James Mason**

"The fall of Stalingrad is the finish of Europe. There was a cataclysm. The core of it all was Stalingrad. There you can say it was finished and well finished, the white civilisation." —**L.F. Céline**

Note that Lenin was under charge then, and that even those four years comprise a figure larger than the "holocaust" attributed to the Germans.

- 1922-1923 – Famine in the Volga region and other areas – 7.5 to 13 millions
- 1922-1928 – Destruction of the old social classes, the clergy and believers – 2.3 millions
- 1929-1933 – Liquidation of the kulaks, organized famine – 16 millions
- 1934-1941 – Mass executions in prisons and camps, starvation in camps – 7 millions
- 1941-1942 – Destruction of *zeks* through hunger and overwork – 7.5 millions
- 1943-1945 – Death in Stalin's wartime camps – 5 millions
- 1946-1953 – Death in Stalin's camps after the war – 6 million

The real six million! But if you add the other years the figure is about a tenfold of the crimes attributed to the Germans (keyword: attributed).

Furthermore, we still have to add the figures of still *another* Holocaust, this one perpetrated on Germans by Eisenhower and other Allied forces in 1945-1947, the subject of Tom Goodrich's book *Hellstorm*.

Incidentally, a documentary on the Hellstorm Holocaust perpetrated even against civilian Germans is coming soon (YouTube clip here).

Right: A statue of a Soviet soldier raping a pregnant German as he holds a gun to her head.

PUBLISHED IN: ALEXANDR SOLZHENITSYN ALT-RIGHT / WHITE NATIONALISM ANDREW ANGLIN DAVID IRVING FAIR RACE'S DARKEST HOUR (BOOK) GREG JOHNSON GULAG ARCHIPELAGO (BOOK) HISTORY HOLOCAUST RED TERROR SECOND WORLD WAR THOMAS GOODRICH ON OCTOBER 15, 2014 AT 11:56 AM COMMENTS (1)

Deal with it!

Further to my previous post. Andrew Anglin has now steamrolled a cockroach in the "right whinge" of white nationalism, a racialist liberal who cannot understand that anti-Nazi is simply a codeword for anti-white (see also Alex Linder's input here). Below, the last section of Anglin's overkilling

To unplug yourself from the Matrix you really need to undemonize Adolf Hitler, Heinrich Himmler, National Socialism and the Third Reich. Click **here** to hit ten articles on vital info about the Second World War that the controlled media concealed from you.

Gens alba conservanda est
("The white race must be preserved")

Worldly gain at the expense of the *Volk* is the main cause of the ongoing destruction of the white race.

See "Revaluation of values": a paraphrase from Francis Parker's Yockey's *The Enemy of Europe*.

piece. Pay special attention to the paragraph where he states that National Socialism was the pinnacle of European civilization.

The sheer idiocy of pro-white liberalism

The last point in the entire debate is that no matter what you do, if you are attempting to restore traditional European society, you are going to look and act basically exactly like Nazis. Because NS was the post-industrial revolution embodiment of traditional Europeanism. It was scientifically formulated as such.

What happens is that the further you try to get away from the label of "Nazi," the more you necessarily have to compromise, because in fleeing the label, you abandon stances and doctrines with similarities to those of the NSDAP, and so are forced to abandon key aspects of a nationalist platform.

Basically, what the Right Whinge are trying to do is combine modern liberalism with a whites-only society. And though I want something very much more extreme than that, if I thought it was possible to achieve that, I might put aside my agenda and embrace it. After all, a whites-only society, whether based on liberal principles or not, would at least give us more radical folks the option of existing how we wish to exist, free from harassment by the system.

We would also end up voting our way into power anyway through the liberal democracy system that the pro-White liberals would doubtlessly leave in place, as conservatives are still the majority in America if you get rid of the Jews and non-Whites, at which point we could form a one-party system and end the vote.

However, this plan for a liberal White revolution can't possibly work. Even if you could manage to combine liberal thought with the concept of a Whites-only society (and you couldn't, as is evidenced by Johnson's attempts to do so, which contain endless inconsistencies and outright contradictions—one of the most blatant being complaining about the White birthrate while celebrating homosexuality) it would be incapable of achieving victory over the present system, largely due to the fact that liberals are weak and gutless cowards, as evidenced by Liddell and others continually speaking out against "hate" and defaming anyone who ever accomplished anything that mattered.

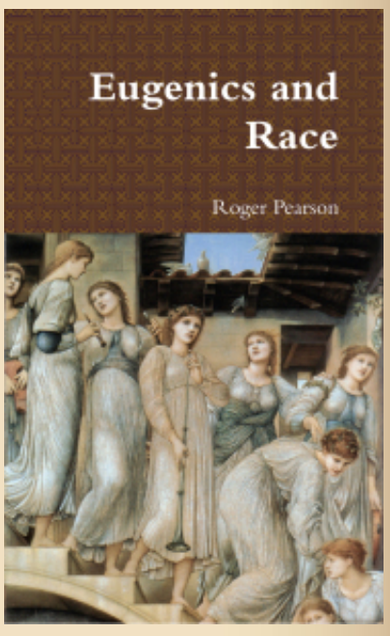
As I have said, they are also fundamentally incapable of rallying the masses.

Fortunately, the collapse of the dollar that is coming will mark the beginning of the end of America's economic and cultural hegemony over Europe.

"The sign of the times is degeneracy. This term—degeneracy—sums up all that is happening to the West."

CONTACT:

cesartort (at) yahoo



"RACISM":

On the origin of the word "racist"

What rallied the masses in the sixties, when liberalism began its conquest of the West, was seduction. They offered free sex, drugs and a general lack of any personal responsibility. Plus a lot of really good music. But the people now have all of these things. So what would you then rally them behind? Just "we need rid of these foreigners and Blacks, so we can have peace"?

It cannot work. Yes, of course people are fed up with foreigners and Blacks, but that idea alone cannot maintain a new Zeitgeist. It cannot stir the youth to revolution. What can stir the youth to revolution is a critique of the entire system of the Jews, and the way it has affected all of us on a personal level.

The fact that we can see all of these people invading our countries and feeding off of us like buzzards on a still breathing man is indeed powerfully upsetting, but at this point those who are inspired by liberal thought—who are definitively a part of a very specific socio-economic class—can still avoid them, for the most part, and it doesn't much matter if in thirty years they are the majority, because who cares what happens in thirty years? Certainly childless middle class White liberals do not.

However, if we look at the entirety of the effects of Jew liberalism on us, the levels of alienation we've suffered in our individual lives, the way our families have been torn apart, the way we have been undermined by the fairer sex which was created by God to be our faithful companion, the way our masculinity has been stripped from us, the way our identity and sense of belonging has been crushed into powder and swept out into the sea—then we are left with material fit for Total Revolution.

We are vocalizing an idea which appeals to the masses, a full-on rebellion against modernity. Hitler is the ultimate symbol of that, because Hitler is Old Europe, and Old Europe is what our very bones are calling out for. National Socialism was the pinnacle of European civilization. In order to progress forward, we must first return to that point.

This is the only plan which can possibly work. Thus we should relish in extremism, not avoid it. It is all or nothing. There is no halfway. Halfway is impossible. The entire Jewish system must be removed.

Unlike Johnson, I won't attack "mainstreamers" as useless, as I believe they ultimately move things in the right direction, even though they don't go the whole way.

However, in the end, the only way we are going to fix society is

The word "racism" from the Nietzschean viewpoint

Two texts by Wm. Pierce:

1. Best article on the Jewish question

2. The West's darkest hour

See how using non-white labor in the Ancient World or capitalism in the Modern World is the main factor for white decline:

Who We Are (abridged)

For a couple of articles on Richard Wagner and LOTR click on pics below:

through hardline National Socialism.

The Jew system doesn't accept apologies for being White and I wouldn't be willing to offer one anyway.

I am White.

I am a National Socialist.

And I am not sorry.

Deal with it.

PUBLISHED IN: ALEX LINDER ALT-RIGHT / WHITE NATIONALISM ANDREW ANGLIN CONSERVATISM DEMOCRACY EUROPE FEMINISM FEMINIZED WESTERN MALES GREG JOHNSON JEWISH QUESTION (JQ) LIBERALISM NATIONAL SOCIALISM REAL MEN SEXUAL "LIBERATION" ON OCTOBER 14, 2014 AT 1:13 PM COMMENTS (4)

The Daily Stormer

Andrew Anglin's blogsite, *The Daily Stormer*, which acknowledges the benign force of National Socialism, is becoming more popular among highly red-pilled whites than the old, much milder approach of racialists—fantastically more popular in fact.

See Anglin's excellent rebuttals of Colin Liddell & Greg Johnson's effete approaches in Anglin's own site (e.g., here), or Alex Linder's recent take on exactly the same subject (here).

Finally it looks like National Socialism is starting to become un-demonized among those whites who have really awoken. This promises a Great Awakening in the future for the whole West.

Sieg Heil!

PUBLISHED IN: ALEX LINDER ANDREW ANGLIN CONSERVATISM GREG JOHNSON NATIONAL SOCIALISM REAL MEN ON OCTOBER 12, 2014 AT 7:35 PM COMMENTS (12)

Extermination • III

The Jewish Problem (Jewish authors):

Larry Auster's unpublished chapter

Excerpts of *Esau's Tears*

The Jewish Problem (non-Jewish authors):

Definition of anti-Semitism

The Culture of Critique's Preface

History of Jewry:

The saga of the European

CHAPTER 1:

THE STAR CHILD

A dream in Madrid

The day after my birthday in 2011 I received a wonderful gift, a long letter in Spanish, from which I translate here only one of the opening paragraphs:

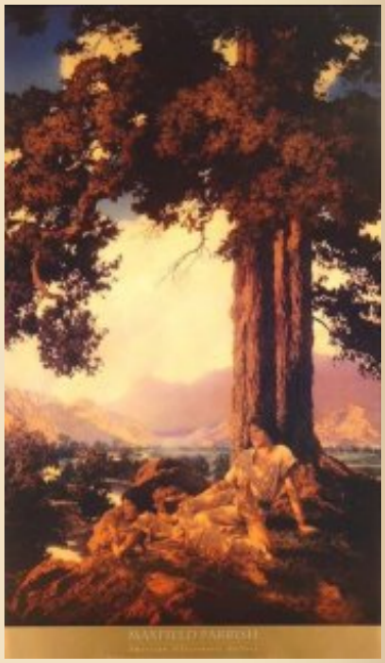
> You see, like you I was raised and educated in Mexico, where I was taught from school and the official media to despise my people and consider myself a mestizo. Had it not been for the rectifier comments of my parents probably I would be one of those many Criollos waving an enemy flag as if it was my own. The point is that it gradually dawned on me that the Mexican society was multiracial garbage where the Mongoloid-American element has replaced the European element, so causing the current state of anarchy and endemic violence.

"Criollos" or "Creoles" were the children of Spaniards born in the New World who had no drop of Amerind blood. It's true what the Criollo said, whom I shall refer to as "Ibero," that in Mexican public education Indian blood far outweighs the Spanish. So true that even some phenotypically Creole people are more identified with the American-Mongoloid element than with their European roots. No wonder the popular Mexican genius says, "Mexico is a surreal country."

Such surrealism is a direct result of the continental experiment of the Counter-Reformation to genetically mix the European-Iberian with the American-Mongoloid. Never before it had been attempted a project of biological and social engineering on a continental scale in previous centuries and millennia! While the Spaniards used to talk of *limpieza de sangre* (purity of blood) and a caste system prevailed in the Americas, with the peninsular Spaniards and the Criollos at the top of the pyramid, the desire to exploit economically the New World alongside the universalism of

Jews

Jew vs. White: More than 3,000 years of conflict



"Racism" is just an expression of evolution. All species go through racial separation on their path to speciation. No exceptions.

In humans racist is just a person who loves his race, for example the nymphs on this sidebar. But in today's mad West the term "racist" de facto means *someone who loves the white race* to the point of wanting to preserve it.

the papacy broke natural barriers between what, following William Pierce, were two different *species* of humans. The mix of European and Indian worsened considerably with the massive importation of blacks to the mainland. Few know that more blacks arrived in the Spanish and Portuguese colonies of America than to the colonies of their Anglo northern neighbors. The difference is that here they amalgamated earlier, resulting in the formation of a crossbreed stock of the three races that explains the falling behind of the nations south of the Río Bravo.

In the mid 1970s I studied two years at the Madrid School of Mexico City. Back then most of my peers were Caucasian, some even blond: children of refugees of the Franco regime. (The school I knew no longer exist. On February 16, 2014 I received a visual shock when seeing more than a dozen classmates of one of my nephews from the Madrid. There was only one that might be considered white.) The Viceroyalty of New Spain lasted exactly three hundred years, from 1521 to 1821. In one of the history lessons I received in the Madrid School, the teacher revealed that the New Spaniards amused themselves by classifying the mixtures between the three races. Note that in the list below, a transcript of the footnotes of the sixteen illustrations of various Mexican parents with their children, the "Morisco" should not be confused with the peninsular Moor, or "Chino" with the inhabitant of China, or "Gíbaro" with the Amazonian Jívaro tribe:

1.- Spanish with Indian, *mestizo*
2.- Mestizo with Spanish, *castizo*
3.- Castizo with Spanish, *Spanish*
4.- Spanish with mora [negress], *mulatto*
5.- Mulatto with Spanish, *morisco*
6.- Morisco with Spanish, *chino*
7.- Chino with Indian, *salta atrás*
8.- Salta atrás with mulatto, *lobo* [literally, wolf]
9.- Lobo with china, *gíbaro*
10.- Gíbaro with mulatta, *albarazado*

11.- Albarazado with negro, *cambujo*
12.- Cambujo with Indian, *sambaigo*
13.- Sambaigo with loba, *calpamulato*
14.- Calpamulato with cambuja, *tente en el aire* [literally, stay in the

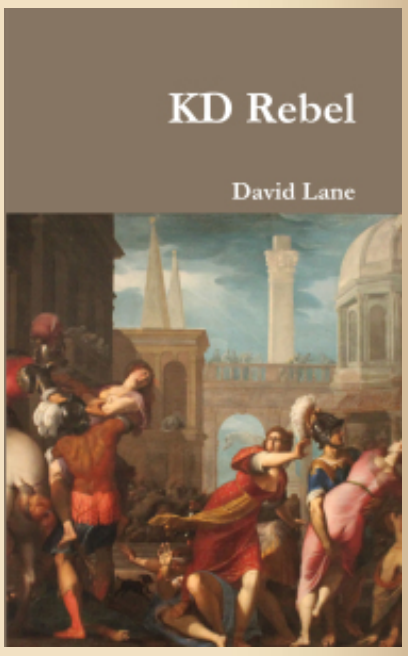
Women from our viewpoint:

The eternal feminine

On racial IQ studies:

The new enemies of science

The roots of civilisation



Who am I?:

See an excerpted translation from the

air]

15.- Tente en el aire con mulatta, *noteentiendo* [literally, I don't get you]

16.- Noteentiendo with Indian, *tornatrás* [literally, jump back]

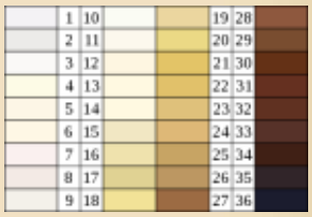
(The Jews were not included in this melting-pot list of the three races as the Inquisition always kept them at bay; although some say that every Spanish has at least a drop of Jewish blood.) In today's Mexico these New Spaniard terms are no longer used but the *naco*, analogous to the North American *nigger*, is used to refer disparagingly the mestizo with pronounced Amerind features.

In a coffeehouse in the center of Tlalpan in Mexico City, on January 26, 2012 to be exact (as good autobiographer, I keep a diary), I personally met Ibero, the author of the above-cited epistle, when he returned from his stay in Spain. After a long conversation we agreed that we would start a radio program for Latin American Creoles, and that we would meet on Saturday to plan the details. Ibero spoke to cancel the appointment the same week we met and mysteriously did not answer my numerous e-mails. I let time pass and decided to phone him more than a year later, on 31 March 2013. His answer was laconic, and the tone of his voice was not benign. I forgot the matter but later that year, on December 14, Ibero called back. He was very apologetic; insisted on an appointment that afternoon, and we met at another coffeehouse in Tlalpan, near where I live, *El caldero chorreado* (a translation of *The leaky cauldron*), in honor of the Harry Potter movie that Alfonso Cuarón filmed.

After coffee I invited Ibero to see my bookshelves, which are under my sister's house. All the talk had been, from the coffeehouse, friendly until for some reason the subject of Mediterraneans and Nordics was brought up. I was surprised that, with bilious zeal, Ibero said something like: "We [the Mediterraneans] have saved them [the Europeans] more than once!" Ibero ignores that the ruling castes of the ancient Greeks and Romans were Nordic, as shown in *FR*. Even in the early Middle Ages, Charles Martel, as a Frank, came from a Germanic tribe. But I was surprised when I told him that, to save myself from the currency crisis that is coming, it would be ideal to move to Iceland. I did not record the conversation, I just wrote down what he said: "They kill you!," "They'd kill us!" or "They'll kill us!" (when writing the diary I was not sure which of those phrases had been the most accurate and wrote down all three). He meant that the Icelanders would kill us if we dared to emigrate there. I was shocked because I thought it was obvious that the *nacos* would terminate us—not the Aryans—after the collapse of the dollar leads to social chaos in the largest metropolis in Latin America. I was stunned at Ibero's vehemence

German Metapedia article about me.

HUMAN SKIN COLORS:



ARCHIVES

Select Month

CATEGORIES

- 14 words
- 2001: A Space Odyssey (movie)
- Abortion
- Abraham (patriarch)
- Abraham Lincoln
- Achilles
- Adam Smith
- Adolf Hitler
- Adversus Christianos (book)
- Africa
- Against the Fall of Night (novel)
- Agamemnon
- Alaric

and did not say anything. But when I showed him in a bookshelf the 2011 edition of Arthur Kemp's *March of the Titans*, he got very upset. Although I do not remember the specific reason of the anger, the image of Ibero greatly exalted when showing him the book is very much present.

I feel bound to say that on my recent trip to the United Kingdom I visited Kemp in an ideal village to live: far from traitorous London and where I saw no people of color. Years ago Kemp's car was vandalized by the *antifa* while working in the British National Party, so I'll omit mention where he now lives. Suffice it to say that he was very kind to me, a real tourist guide. He took me in his car to Chester and several places of interest: beautiful English countryside far from the Babel of the large British cities. My talks with Arthur in one of the very small towns we visited revealed something I suspected but was not sure.

The anger not only of Ibero, but of a good portion of the white nationalist community about *March of the Titans* is due to such an elemental truth that it requires complete brainwashing by racial egalitarianism not to see it: *The concept "Nordic" refers to those whites who are less mixed*. It's that simple. No one who reads Pierce or Kemp fails to see so elementary fact.

History is the tallest tower of experience, wrote Van Loon, the queen of the humanities; and he who fails to base his understanding of race on it—classics like Gobineau, Chamberlain and Günther—won't learn the Letter A of racial studies. Most white nationalists persist in not seeing what they have in front of their noses and claim that those who have lived for millennia in the Mediterranean, so close to the Levant and Africa, have virtually the same percentage of non-whites genes that Scandinavians. Not only many so-called white nationalists cling to the absurd premise that the mixture was negligible. Those Mediterraneans with inferiority complex so take this revelation like a bomb that Arthur's family suffered harassment by e-mail from a Greek man of very dark skin, the *stalker* came to be called, who felt insulted for the book.

Before I met Arthur I supposed the critique of Christianity by Kemp in a book that took years to investigate was a factor of the visceral rejection of *March of the Titans* coming from many white nationalists and Mediterraneanists. In the "very small town" I won't name I became disabused. Questioning Arthur I realized that the cause was simply the most abject state of denial before the elemental on the part of those who had browsed the online version of the book. (Ignorant racists because, as I told Kemp, he had not done anything but "reinventing the wheel" already devised by Gobineau.) And this, even though Kemp was always very polite in his texts by adding, immediately afterwards, that not all Spanish, Greek, Slav or Balkan inhabitants had suffered considerable

Albert Lindemann

Albert Schweitzer

Albert Speer

Albrecht Dürer

Alcibiades

Alcman

Aldous Huxley

Alex Linder

Alexander Alekhine

Alexander the Great

Alexandr Solzhenitsyn

Alexandria

Alexis de Tocqueville

Alfred Rosenberg

Alice Miller

Alt-Right / white nationalism

American civil war

Americanism

Amerinds

Ammianus Marcellinus

An Eye for an Eye (book)

Ancient Greece

Ancient Rome

Anders Breivik

Andrew Anglin

Andrew Hamilton

Andrew Joyce

Angela Merkel

Anti-German exterminationism

Anti-white

miscegenation. Qualifying his findings in each chapter was not enough. The mere fact of making discriminative distinctions drives crazy the "racists" who are currently "fighting" the dogma of equality, Ibero included.

Following my meeting with Ibero in *El caldero chorreado* he invited me to what, as I understood, would be a meeting of Creole nationalists to be held on 21 December. I hesitated but decided to go at the last minute. Besides Ibero I had not met anyone knowledgeable of "white nationalist" literature over the internet, and despite our differences I could not resist the temptation of meeting more people that, like Ibero, were familiar with the subject.

When I parked my car on the street Mecanógrafos in the Sifón neighborhood, where the meeting was held, I was struck by the rock music played in one of the houses. I thought some *naco* neighbors were having a party and wondered if the noise would mar our meeting. Imagine my surprise to learn that the "music" came exactly from Ibero's friend's home! In announcing my arrival to the woman who opened a window, she summoned the one who had invited me. Another surprise: with Ibero a guy on costume with a swastika on his arm opened the door! What left an impression on me was that Ibero's companion was not Criollo. He was clearly a hybrid whose Mongoloid-American element stand out. As a courtesy, I won't mention his name but in this book we shall call him "Mestizo."

Upon entering the party—not a meeting of intellectuals as I had imagined—I was surprised again to see it be held in winter outdoors. At the back of the yard I saw a fabric with the sign of the German SS and another with the Blade of Burgundy: Nazism and Creole nationalism. In my idealized vision I had imagined people like, say, the racially conscious gentlemen of the London Forum I would meet the month before last. But the anti-music and outdoor December party were the opposite: they would perform a crude pagan celebration at midnight, a popular holiday condemned by the pope. More surprising still was that among a few whites were more people of swarthy skin. I could not believe it and the situation turned openly surreal—the surrealism that Mexicans are fond to self-parody—when the friendly Mestizo with his swastika on the arm said "I'm white" to a group of guests, standing and drinking alcoholic beverages. I remembered an adolescent story of Arturo's follies, one of my classmates of the Madrid School. Arturo once got into his car some transvestites and the police stopped him. One of them made a scene by yelling at the police: "I have vagina! I have vagina!..." Arturo commented that, if he said that, it was obvious that he *did not* have one. The same is true of those airing from the rooftops that they are "white." Although I spoke some time in the yard's party with Ibero, Mestizo and a Punk who

exterminationism

Antichrist (book)

Antiochus IV Epiphanes

Aphrodite

Apollo

Apollonius of Rhodes

Arcadia

Arcadius

Archeology

Archimedes

Architecture

Argentina

Arianism

Aristocracy

Aristophanes

Aristotle

Art

Artemis

Arthur C. Clarke

Arthur de Gobineau

Arthur Kemp

Arthur Schopenhauer

Artificial Intelligence (movie)

Aryan beauty

Aryan problem / Deranged altruism

Asia

Athanaric

Atheism and secularism

Athena

showed me the wounds of his fights against the *antifas*, I could not long stand the music and the cold and left. And yes: the trio was very kind to me and accompanied me off the street.

The following month, the first Sunday of 2014, I saw again Ibero and Mestizo but this time in the *Casa del Té*—a place chosen by me—in the Condesa neighborhood where, without quarreling, I informed them that I was the staunchest nordicist in the Anglophone blogosphere. I explained that it was all a platonic love for the nymph Catalina when I was in my early twenties. It was then that Ibero confessed that he did not read my blog, and I assumed that the cause was precisely the nordicist articles I was reproducing and my open contempt for Spain. Let's recall that in *FR* I pick texts by William Pierce and Kenneth Clark where it is alleged that the Iberian Visigoths allowed to be duped by Christianity, thus breaking their ancient taboo of never mixing with non-Goths, and henceforward Spain had not contributed substantially to the development of the *ideas* that create Civilization. But what Ibero and Mestizo ignored is that my nordicism obeyed a tragedy that prevented me to relate, among other realities of life, with Catalina (tragedy that I'll tell in the long chapter "In Search for the Soulmate," although I mention some of it in the first book of *HS*).

Although our differences were irreconcilable, I felt very curious to know a little more about the group. In a couple of weekends after a flu that hit me, Mestizo and I met in other places: the first one, a solitary coffee shop on a side of the central church in Coyoacán; the second, at a restaurant in Paseo de la Reforma with distant group members (Ibero missed those meetings while Punk had problems with the law). At the last meeting I witnessed another incredibly surreal scene. Fabián, who barely knew the group had invited one Gabriel at the meeting: a subject with light skin but whose brachycephalic head denoted rude Indian ancestry. Mestizo degraded Gabriel in front of me, Fabián and Pedro—a son of Spaniards—by telling the other mestizo that, due to his Indian-white mixed breed, he could not belong to the group. Gabriel, who had arrived wearing Nazi paraphernalia, was a young man with good feelings and the degradation ceremony distressed me so much that I left the table. Even for Pedro, an authentic Criollo, it seemed excessive what Mestizo did to the other mestizo for being mestizo, and tried to make modest amends.

If we keep in mind that the ethno-state that will emerge in North America will have to know the peculiar psychology of her southern neighbors, you will understand why I mention such colorful anecdotes. The racial complex of the Mexicans is not limited to Mestizo. There is much "coconut" in the country: people brown outside and white inside. Even so-called neo-Nazi groups in Mexico are composed mostly of this type of people. I have seen in

Athens
Attila
Audios
Augustus
Australia
Austria
Autobiography
Axiology
Aztec people
¿Me Ayudarás? (book)
Barack Obama
Bartolomé de las Casas
Baruch Spinoza
Battle of Poitiers
Battle of Thermopylae
Bayreuth Festival
Beauty
Beethoven
Ben Klassen
Ben-Hur
Benito Mussolini
Benjamin Disraeli
Benjamin Franklin
Beowulf
Berlin
Bernal Díaz del Castillo
Bernardino de Sahagún
Bible
Bill Clinton
Biography
Blacks

the subway of the big city very dark-skinned brown women with bleaching creams on their arms, and have heard of a mother who disowned her daughter for not having being born white. (Mrs. Hypocrite!: she was the one who married a very dark-skinned man!)

Surrealism also occurs in reverse, and even among the Mexican *intelligentsia*. A family member told the bizarre story about a man who visited my parents' house: the partner of the former director of the Madrid School, Cristina Barros, granddaughter of the famous Justo Sierra. (Cristina's daughter, Isabel, was fair-headed, perfectly dolichocephalic and of sublime facial features. To me she always seemed a nymph of pure "nordish" stock but, in reality, her blood was of the most Aryan type existing among Spaniards. She and her family travel with Mexican passports.) Cristina's partner, whose name escapes me, said with total vehemence that he was "a pure Indian"—something that contradicted all appearances! Although it may seem laughable, there are not only "coconuts" aspiring to white in Mexico, but whites who repudiate their Creole blood as well. We cannot understand the impossible chimera of different ethnic groups that is now called "Mexico"—Indians that not even speak Spanish, a few Criollos, the full range of mestizos and dark-skinned browns with negro blood—if one ignores the psychic toll that such concoction of races caused.

The last time I saw Ibero and Mestizo was on 19 April this year I write in a homely meeting at which only these two attended. The other group members are hobbyists, as they take "Criollo" preservation more like a hobby than a profession. In the meeting Ibero said such an aberration that I won't sit and take it.

He said, as I annotated the following day, that he did not mind the blond hair or blue eye to become extinct "provided the generic white survive," i.e., the non-Aryan, peninsular Spaniard like him. Taking into account that I am devoted body and soul *to the archetype of the nymph Catalina* we did not see or talked again after that meeting; but that night I discovered that Mestizo had better feelings, as he was concerned that the blue-eyed blonds became extinct.

If we translate to Oldspeak Ibero's vocabulary his words mean something like: "I don't care that the white race is extinguished always providing the Criollo-types survive," that is, the *mudbloods*, as the vast majority of Creoles are not even remotely as pure whites as Catalina or Isabel.

Ibero turned out to be my ideological antipode insofar I am so devoted to the archetype of my hyper-Nordic Catalina as that feudal nobility of the 12th century who fabled with an inaccessible and deified woman. Since childhood, my mind and my most cherished taste for those I fancy have been clearly and inexorably

Bob Whitaker

Book of Revelation

Brazil

Brenton Tarrant

Brigade (novel)

Brutus

Buddhism

Caligula

Camp of the Saints (novel)

Canada

Cannibalism

Carl Gustav Jung

Carl Sagan

Carl Schmitt

Carlo Collodi

Carolyn Yeager

Carthaginians

Cassius Dio

Catholic Church

Catholic religious orders

Cato

Celsus

Celts

Charlemagne

Charles Darwin

Charles Dickens

Charles Martel

Charles V

Chess

Child abuse

medieval.

The semantic trap in Ibero's ideology is to call generic white those who are not. "White" as I said in *FR* refers to the European mixture that occurred in the United States and Canada before the migration of Jews in the late 19th century. Ibero and Mestizo abuse the term by referring to those folk that are far from the Aryan paradigm—Aryans that still exist, though they are very few, in Latin America. (The statistics of the article with the title of "Blanco" in the Spanish-written Wikipedia are misleading: they are based on surveys of mestizo-Americans that, as Mestizo does, call themselves "white" or "of white ancestry".) Ibero's stance is aggravated by granting amnesty to people who, without a doubt, are as mestizos as his colleague: accused physiognomies that remind me of the Moorish actors I have seen in several Spanish TV series filmed in the peninsula. "Generic white" does not mean Indo-European. Ibero misuses language as mestizo-Americans abuse words like "Latino" or "Hispanic" in the United States to refer to immigrants of the color of poop.

Although Mestizo has good feelings, cognitively he is a goner because, unlike the Brazilian, he has no objection to breed, as Ibero.

The latter is what the Spanish-speaking Metapedia denominates "mediterraneanist": people who believe that the "meds" are superior to the Nordic.

In my discussions with Ibero I noticed he has got a clear animosity toward the real Aryans. In the last meeting I saw them he told me that those who fought with most courage in World War II were the Spaniards; and when I mentioned the looming monetary and energy crises he said he was hopeful that *Spain* would be saved. *That* is what matters to him.

I mention these stories because, I believe, Sebastian Ernst Ronin's critique of white nationalism, a late version of American universalism, is correct. Ronin claims that all nationalism is ultimately ethno-nationalism, and that it makes no sense to use the word "white" in Europe.

The case of Ibero illustrates it. Though born in Mexico, Ibero is an ethno-nationalist (a Creole nationalist) to use Ronin's language, not a "white nationalist." He apparently has no Indian blood: his heart is in Spain or, rather, in an Hispanic America. Extrapolating the concept of "white race" to Europe is launching into a fool's errand. Doing it in Spain would literally charge at windmills for the simple fact that many of the "meds" are not even white. Most people of the Iberian Peninsula will identify with other "meds" and, what is infinitely worse, with clearly mesticized people like the Hispanic Americans. Ronin is right: you cannot create "white" awareness among WASPs *and* MEDs of Europe or Latin America,

Childhood's End (novel)

China

Christian art

Christian question (CQ)

Christian views on Hell

Christianity

Christopher Columbus

Cicero

City of God (book)

Civil war

Civilisation (TV series)

Claudius

Clement of Alexandria

Colin Ross

Color of crime

Committee for Skeptical Inquiry

Commodus

Communism / Bolshevism

Conservatism

Conspiracy theories

Constans

Constantine

Constantine II

Constantinople

Constantius II

Corneliu Zelea Codreanu

Counter-Reformation

Crusades

Currency crash

including authentic Criollos. Perhaps it is worth mentioning that, the day of the pagan party outdoors, Ibero drove back some of the guests: pure English girls living in Mexico. When Ibero's ideology —whom I repeat: has no-Amerindian blood—came up, one of these English said: "But you're not white."

The key to the whole thing is to notice how the inferiority complex of the Mediterranean, so well exemplified in Ibero, sometimes almost comes to desire the extinction of the real whites. It's not only bothering he does not care that *blue-eyed blonds* become extinct—presumably, only an eccentric and expendable subset of the "generic white" in his mind. When I was on speaking terms with him I always detected a kind of peevishness towards them. And what's scary is inferred from this, taking into account the harsh criticism of Ronin to white nationalism.

Although he has no Jewish blood, Ibero is a kind of Jew as he uses his Iberian genotype and phenotype as platform and inferiority complex to degrade the competition. And the competition is no less than the true white. Ibero is, as his internet pennames denote, an "Iberolobo," a "Peninsular." He never emphasizes, as I do, the fact that the peninsular Portuguese irreparably tarnished their genes with sub-Saharan, African blood. Although he and Mestizo —especially Ibero—have a good grasp of the content of white nationalist blogs for English speakers, Ibero's mind orbits around another gravitational field: Spain and its American transplant. He is a silent scholar of English blogs only as inspirational material on how to develop a "Criollo" equivalent in the Americas. By remembering his outburst against Icelanders when I told him if I had money I would move there—with true Vikings genetically speaking—, we will see something fundamental. I never heard from Ibero a similar rebuff against the Mediterraneans, Amerinds, mestizos or Jews. Only the nordish peoples seem to arouse his anger.

I will be told that the case of Ibero is eccentric, and that it is illogical to generalize from an isolated case. But it is not so isolated. Drawing on my recent trip to London I will tell something I saw at the Millennium Bridge.

I joined a walking tour on the bridge led by a young man who spoke, in Spanish, of the desire to divorce of Henry VIII as if it was "a tantrum of a brat" which the Pope did not grant. Although many Spaniards have lost their faith, you may still feel the cultural inertia of previous centuries. Ibero himself, who is not Catholic, has told me he does not like the English. Similarly to the tour for Spaniards, contemporary nationalism reinforces ancient grudges between the nations. Europeans are not united by a common lack of skin melanin! Unlike them I do not care if the divorce was legitimate; only that the establishment of an independent church by Henry VIII helped to break the monolithic power of the

Daniel (biblical figure)

Dante Alighieri

Darkening Age (book)

David (king of Israel)

David Duke

David Friedrich Strauss

David Irving

David Lane

Day of Wrath (book)

Daybreak Publishing

Death in Venice (movie)

Decius

Degeneracy

Degenerate art

Demeter

Democracy

Democritus

Demography

Denmark

Der Ring des Nibelungen (opera)

Destruction of Greco-Roman world

Diocletian

Dionysus

Dominique Venner

Don Quixote (book)

Donald Trump

Dorians

Dresden

Dwight D. Eisenhower

Catholic Church which had chained the thought of the white man throughout Europe. An old-styled nationalist in Spain would never reason that way!

To be fair to Ibero, I must make it clear that his anti-nordicism can go completely unnoticed unless someone presses him a little. That distinguishes him from the ancient hatred of Jews for Aryans, who so badly want to exterminate them that in their Talmud they proclaim that "the best of the gentiles must be exterminated." In other words, the animosity of Ibero before the Aryans is only dormant, not omnipresent as in the case of our ethnic enemies. However, Ibero's mind is perfectly understood when we note his words, that he has repeated more than once: "I'm not a second-class white!" Actually, as the English girl who he gave a raid said, he's not even properly white.

Had Hitler's dream been fulfilled—an Aryan empire from the Atlantic to the Urals—the most Aryanized Spaniards would be already thinking like me, not as Ibero. But I would like to put forward a direct response to his stance that it doesn't matter that blue-eyed blonds become extinct, and that what only matters are the so-called generic whites, with the opposite fantasy: although it was a gift from the unconscious.

Some years before meeting Ibero, in November 12, 2008, I arrived at the Madrid airport after barely sleeping the previous night in mainland and across the ocean for nervousness to travel: something that usually happens to me the day before transatlantic voyages. Falling into deep sleep that night in a city I had never been, something happened. Unlike my dreams that opened the chapters of my *HS*, so riddled with symbols, this time the descent into the abyss of my being took me to something I had known for some time but was no longer in the front of my consciousness. But before quoting the content of the naked "dream" without symbols I must say I slept in a soulless building, which was surrounded by more of them: residential complexes like those that have become so fashionable in the West since the culture fell.

The dream had somehow present the rudimentary faces of the Spaniards who had been in the neighborhood without soul where I slept. The message from my unconscious that awoke me suddenly well after midnight let me know that we had to level all that vacuous culture, wiping out the ugly people living there. In other words, in no way my destiny in life ended with the *Hojas* I wanted to publish (that trip to Spain, I naively believed, would lead to find a publisher for my 700-page book). No: there was not nearly the last word in my *Hojas*. The wake up dream on another continent, after some thirty-odd hours of not sleeping and then falling into the depths of my being, was analogous to those dreams in which

Dylann Roof

Eastern Orthodox Church

Economy

Edmund Burke

Edward Gibbon

Edward I of England

Egalitarianism

Egypt

Eleusis

Elizabeth I

Emperor Julian

Energy / peak oil

England

Enlightenment

Enoch Powell

Erasmus

Esau's Tears (book)

Eschatology

Essay on the Inequality of Human Races (book)

Ethnic cleansing

Eugenics

Euripides

Europe

European Union

Eusebius

Evil

Evropa Soberana (webzine)

Ezekiel

the person believes to have received a divine message: *You still have to speak about the extermination of the Neanderthals, César: you still need to talk about it…*

Six years have passed since that night of late 2008, but instead of delving further into my unconscious let us continue our story.

Quite independently of my dream in Madrid, it would hurt me horrors that whites with brown hair and/or brown eyes became extinct. There are precious Aryans with black hair—think of the Liza Taylor in 1952 who filmed *Ivanhoe* or the 1889 painting by Heinrich Hoffman, *Christ and the Rich Young Ruler* (though of course: the neighborhood Madrilenians where I slept seemed troglodytes compared to them). I'm perfectly capable of appreciating the dark hair to the degree of falling in love if you reach that level of beauty for my eyes. But people like Ibero give us a slight clue to the envy of those who, during the Jacobin terror, sent to the guillotine the blonds of Paris (as Kemp tells us in his magnum opus).

In Europe "white nationalism" not only does not exists: it cannot exist. Ibero is neither white nationalist nor a Nazi, although the website of him and Mestizo, *Visión Blanca*, sometimes exhibits a rare fetish for Third Reich paraphernalia, a subject that Mestizo is more knowledgeable than us. As already explained, Ibero is simply an Iberian-Latin-American nationalist: he defends the Caucasoids of this part of the continent despite their mudblood. What is striking of quite a few white nationalists who blog or comment in English is that, as Ibero, they are capable of the doublethink that someone with brown skin is "white" simply because he is native of towns along the Mediterranean coast. The truth is that some Europeans are as "white" as Ibero's partner, Mestizo. If those internet anti-nordicists who have offended me were confronted with pictures of both, they could not decide who is the American mestizo and who, say, the contemporary Greek.

No wonder that, once broken the Visigoth taboo of not mixing with the Mediterranean, the resulting stock of ancient Hispania embraced Christianity with such superstitious vehemence. Pierce said it clearly: the physical beauty of the Aryans is the splendor of divinity, so that the Christians (as the perpetrators of the Jacobin terror with the guillotined blonds) smashed the statues of the Greco-Roman world. A glance at the chapter on Hispania by Pierce in *Who We Are* is enough to see how the original Iberians mixed with the Semitic Carthaginians from time immemorial—long before the Muslim conquest of eight centuries, of which only the very stubborn say it did not leave a significant genetic mark. (Also, many Russian and Europeans of the Balkans mixed with Asians and Turks respectively.) This passage from the only non-fiction book from the pen of Pierce should be kept in mind:

Fair Race's Darkest Hour (book)

Fascism

Feminism

Feminized western males

Film

Final solution

First World War

France

Francis Galton

Francis Parker Yockey

Francisco Franco

Franco Zeffirelli

Frankfurt School

Franklin D. Roosevelt

Franks

Franz Boas

Frederick the Great

Free speech / Free press

French Revolution

Friedrich Nietzsche

Friedrich Schiller

Fritigern

From Jesus to Hitler (book)

G.W.F. Hegel

Galerius

Galileo Galilee

Game of Thrones

Gaul

Genetics

> The hard lesson taught by the different results of the European colonization of North America, Latin America, Australia, New Zealand, India, and southern Africa is that the only type of colonization with lasting significance is racial colonization; and that racial colonization can succeed only when Whites are willing and able to clear the land of non-White inhabitants and keep it clear.

By white Pierce understood of Indo-European origin; not what the newspeak of our days calls "Mediterranean," "Hispanic" or worse, "Latino." Independently of the behavior of the Brazilian, who according to the humorous illustration above would be a *noteentiendo* or *tornatrás*, he is well above the Criollo nationalists, white nationalists and even neo-Nazis (whom I have referred to in *FR* as fake Nazis). As seen in *FR* the Brazilian strongly believes in the "one-drop rule."

Once one starts tolerating the first drops of non-white blood in one's own body—say: the ancestral taboo that the Visigoths violated—, those drops will mark the beginning of the end. If we look at the history of the Iberian Peninsula from the highest tower of History we see that it is marked by two major Christian betrayals: the conversion of the Goths that broke the color barrier in the 6th century and, a thousand years later, the green light of a Pope for peninsular males to marry the conquered Amerindian. (In Portugal the church even allowed women to marry a number of imported negroes.) Regarding this last betrayal that began in the 16th century it is worth mentioning that, despite the *system of castas* the mestizos, the castizos and the harnizos used to bribe the Spanish authorities to be registered as "Criollos" though genetically they were not. These historical realities help us to understand the mind of Ibero's partner, Mestizo; and also remind me the general amnesty that white nationalists have granted to the populations bordering the Mediterranean Sea.

There is no way to avoid the downward spiral of miscegenation once the line becomes blurred. If white nationalists lack the courage to draw a line highly enough the same fate will fall upon them—what happened to the continent conquered by the Spaniards and Portuguese. So-called Latin America is actually mestizo-America: a gigantic racial rubbish-dump from Río Grande to Tierra del Fuego. And this is true in spite of the fact that a tiny fraction of the population of these countries* remains authentically Aryan.

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* Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Dominican Republic, Uruguay and Venezuela.

Genghis Khan
Genrikh Yagoda
Genuine spirituality
Geography
George Lincoln Rockwell
George Orwell
George Washington
Germanic People
Germany
Giorgio de Chirico
Giselher Wirsing
God
Goethe
Gone with the Wind (movie)
Gore Vidal
Goths
Gratian
Greg Johnson
Guillaume Faye
Gulag Archipelago (book)
Gustave Doré
Hadrian
Hamlet (1948 film)
Hannibal
Hans F. K. Günther
Harold Covington
Harry S. Truman
Hate
Heinrich Himmler
Hellstorm (book)

PUBLISHED IN: ALT-RIGHT / WHITE NATIONALISM AMERINDS ARTHUR KEMP ARYAN BEAUTY AUTOBIOGRAPHY ¿ME AYUDARÁS? (BOOK) BLACKS CHRISTIAN QUESTION (CQ) COUNTER-REFORMATION GOTHS HENRY VIII HISTORY HOJAS SUSURRANTES (BOOK) LATIN AMERICA MARCH OF THE TITANS (BOOK) METAPHYSICS OF RACE / SEX MEXICO MISCEGENATION NEW SPAIN NORDICISM PORTUGAL PSYCHOLOGY SPAIN UNITED KINGDOM WHO WE ARE (BOOK) WILLIAM PIERCE ON OCTOBER 6, 2014 AT 7:29 PM COMMENTS (21)

Edgar Steele (1945-2014)

Read *National Vanguard's* obituary: here.

PUBLISHED IN: OBITUARIES ON OCTOBER 1, 2014 AT 3:37 PM COMMENTS OFF

Extermination • II

"How much good it would do if one could exterminate the human race."

—Bertrand Russell

Quoted in *A Bibliography of Bertrand Russell*

1

No one, to my knowledge, has written a thorough analysis of his parents. But what I said in *Hojas Susurrantes* (abbreviated *HS* this line up) about the murder of children's souls only lays the

Helmut Stellrecht

Henry VIII

Heracles

Hermann (Arminius)

Hermann Göring

Hermann Samuel Reimarus

Hernán Cortés

Herod the Great

Herodotus

Hesiod

Hieronymus Bosch

Hippocrates

History

History of the decline and fall of the Roman Empire (book)

Hitler Youth

Hitler's table talk (book)

Hojas Susurrantes (book)

Holocaust

Holodomor

Homer

Homosexuality

Honorius (emperor)

Horace

Human sacrifice

Huns

Hunter (novel)

Hypatia of Alexandria

Ibycus

Iceland

foundation for a further and deeper elaboration of Psychohistory, which in the last analysis shows us that the human species is a failed species.

2

From a careful reading of *HS* it cannot but be inferred that most of the human species should be exterminated—on top of what is written there, because, as Schopenhauer wrote, if the world is hell, human beings are the devils of the animals. And if we want to save the animals from the human devils, there is no choice but to dispatch the latter.

3

That only some of the most beautiful specimens of whites deserve to continue living; so beautiful in body and soul that they have left human devilry behind, has become so obvious to me as that the cow is a mammal—as we shall see in this sort of continuation to *HS*.

By way of a prologue

Most of the text of *HS* is not original. There are original parts, yes: the long letter to the mother with which the book opens; my experiences to twelve years, and the final part where I analyze my fear of damnation as an internal persecutor begotten as a result of my father's crimes. However, most of *HS* consists of long paraphrases of other peoples' ideas, pastiches and re-workings of their works to present the trauma model (refuting, along the way, the fraudulent professions of "mental health").

I believe that, as a didactic work to *Aryanize* the trauma model away from the Semitic or philo-Semitic hands of Alice Miller and Lloyd deMause, *HS* honors its goal. But the problems I raised—remember how the fourth book in *HS* ends by mentioning the burning of children by their Semitic parents in the Ancient World, wondering if mankind had a right to exist—were left unsolved. Fortunately, this century will be crucial because of the energy devolution that is upon us, especially of oil, for Nature's killing these humans that I hate so much and whose destruction has become my personal religion.

I will not live to see my day: that which for decades I have called the *extermination of the Neanderthals*, in which I include not only non-whites but those white traitors who brought them into the West. But the burden is upon me to bear witness to why I believe that the *être supérieur* should yearn, as so desperately I do, that the primitive version of *modified apes*, as in my soliloquies I call

Iliad (epic book)

Immanuel Kant

Immigration laws

Impeachment of Man (book)

India

Individualism

Indo-European heritage

Industrial Revolution

Infanticide

Inquisition

Intelligence quotient (IQ)

Ireland

Isaac Newton

Isabella I of Castile

Isaiah (prophet)

Islam

Islamization of Europe

Israel

Italy

James Mason

James Watson

Jane Austen

Japan

Jared Taylor

Jean-Jacques Rousseau

Jefferson Davis

Jeffrey Masson

Jeremy Bentham

Jerusalem

the humans of today, both white and of other races, becomes extinct.

Another huge issue never made onto paper is a detailed narrative of my agonizing experiences in 1976, when I was only seventeen, and ten years later, while living in California: experiences outlined in *HS*. Here I hope to talk more about those life lessons. So to confess why I hate humanity to the extent of wanting to exterminate it, at the same time being the first to analyze in detail his destructive parents—so that, after due extermination, in the Acadia of my most cherished dreams the treatment to children and animals be free of my hells—is the double helix of this new text.

But there is much more than that. In the Neanderthalesque literature that I run into the bookstores I never see confessions about male sexuality that go to the merits. In *HS* I quoted an Austrian writer who said that autobiography is the most difficult literary art because the adept of self-portraiture has to betray himself. Of course! How it won't be self-betrayal for a respectable writer to recount, say, his sexual fantasies? Previous literature to the "total autobiography" suffers from cowardice insofar a text that confesses *everything* could be posthumous. But the so-called giants of letters, that I find so small that I do not read, never reached such confessional level. They stayed in the pre-autobiographical phase of literature. Here I will try to amend this lacuna in the section entitled "In search of the soulmate."

Quite apart from the autobiographical question, we propose the need to rescue and/or abduct Aryan women—only the very young and pretty—from what will become multiracial clans after the civilizational collapse pulls us over to strictly ethnic strongholds. To paraphrase George Lincoln Rockwell, "He who doesn't rape won't fight!" will be the motto of a Blonde Beast *redivivus* that, by getting his manhood back, will not only become genocidal of everything that does not resemble him. The Beast will hunt for his females once the collective unconscious falls back to its original form by historical inertia forces. The brutality and savagery resulting from the collapse of the rule of law, together with the most elemental Darwinism, will mercilessly weed the feminized white males. Thanks to the energy devolution of our century the *yin* where today is pending the psyche of these whites will swing, like a pendulum of kilometric arc, to the *Yang* extreme of the right.

We won't only lucubrate to kill non-whites around the globe and renaming cities currently inhabited by people of brown, yellow or black skin with names like "Pierce City" or "Himmler City." The idea is that, alongside the extermination of Neanderthals, the Beast will have to go on the hunt for females, abandoning a

Jesus

Jewish hate groups

Jewish question (JQ)

Jewish–Roman wars

Jez Turner

Johannes Gutenberg

Johannes Kepler

John Calvin

John F. Kennedy

John Locke

John Milton

John Modrow

John of Patmos

John Stuart Mill

John the Evangelist

John Tyndall

José María Morelos

José Vasconcelos

Joseph Goebbels

Joseph Stalin

Josephus

Joshua

Jovian

Judaism

Julian (novel)

Julius Caesar

Julius Firmicus Maternus

Justice

Justinian I

Juvenal

masturbation currently afflicting millions of feminized males. The Aryan sperm injected involuntarily into those who had fornicated with the colored will fulfill the fourteen words during a holy war that will cover the world—and this time fulfilling them by brute force. The obvious objective will be to form families thank to the same *élan vital* that breathed life into the ancient founders of Rome by abducting, and raping, their attractive Sabine neighbors. In other words: if every nation, not just ancient Rome, is born with violence, after the darkest night of the West the Aryan Nation can only be born with extreme violence: from limit to limit of the pendulum's arc, from the extreme *yin* to the extreme *Yang*.

Basic historical inertia: the swung pendulum is rushing toward us with vengeful force because of the incredible liberal lengths it reached in the late 20th and early 21st centuries. So far it swung toward the dark side that the "Day of the Rope" so dreamt by William Pierce in *The Turner Diaries*, a novel written in the 1970s but projected in the 90s, won't be enough. We will go further. Neither Pierce nor Covington—much less Covington: a de facto feminist novelist in *Freedom's Sons*—dared to predict the abduction of the new Sabine women. They did not seem to have considered that if the ancient Latins (Aryans) abducted and raped the Sabines (Aryans who copulated with Aryans), with much greater reason will be legitimate to direct our rediscovered sexual primitivism over those who delivered themselves to non-whites!

Returning to the subject of total autobiography. The victim of his parents and the fucking society who has lost everything requires getting revenge against those who spit on his cross. Only revenge heals the soul, and as I cannot settle scores with the Neanderthals at least I can tell what they did. Going into detail of what I omitted in *HS* will show how the evil that infected my parents also infected my siblings and how some of them, in turn, voluntarily surrendered to evil after reaching adulthood. Also, when analyzing my family, relatives, acquaintances, close and distant persons I met and even strangers whom I only interacted over the net, we will see how their behavior helped me realize that the human being is so obsolete a version of *Homo sapiens* as the niggers of the seedy hostel with whom I spent a night.

Finally, my exterminator conclusions I have come regarding all these people have relevance for understanding the darkest hour of the West. This topic sucked my recent years to the point of putting on a blog in English and its ramifications over a thousand entries summarized in two books: *The Fair Race's Darkest Hour* and *Day of Wrath* (which I will be abbreviating as *FR* and *DW*). The book *Extermination*, that I now start, is relevant because the evil that ails the white man is the same one that destroyed my tree and its

Karl Marx

Karl Popper

Karlheinz Deschner

Kenneth Clark

Kevin MacDonald

Kriminalgeschichte des Christentums (books)

Ku Klux Klan

Lactantius

Latin America

Lawrence Auster

Leon Trotsky

Leonardo da Vinci

Leonidas

Libanius

Liberalism

Library of Alexandria

Literature

London

Lord of the Rings (novel / film)

Lothrop Stoddard

Louis XIV of France

Louis-Ferdinand Céline

Luke the Evangelist

Lycurgus

Maccabees

Madison Grant

Mainstream media

Manosphere

leaves and my dear family of Palenque.* And if I can unravel the evil that destroyed me I will probably unravel the evil that destroys the white race around the world, including the mass migration of non-whites in London I witnessed last month.

In other words, the evil I saw in my parents and the people I met (cf. *HS*) and the evil I see in westerners who are committing ethnic suicide (cf. *FR* and *DW*) is, down to the core, two sides of the same coin. That alone deserves my venture into this new literary genre: the vindictive autobiography.

Mexico City
September 2014

(*) Note that this book is written for those who have already read my previous books, including *HS*, and understand exactly what I mean, for example, with the word "Palenque": the house where I experienced happiness before the catastrophe of my adolescence.

PUBLISHED IN: AUTOBIOGRAPHY ¿ME AYUDARÁS? (BOOK) CHILD ABUSE ETHNIC CLEANSING EVIL FEMINIZED WESTERN MALES HOJAS SUSURRANTES (BOOK) JUSTICE NEANDERTHALISM PATRIARCHY PRO-WHITE EXTERMINATIONISM RAPE OF THE SABINE WOMEN REAL MEN WELFARE OF ANIMALS ON SEPTEMBER 23, 2014 AT 12:33 PM COMMENTS (17)

Extermination • I

Or:

Second thoughts about my "parting word"

I was serious last July when I wrote that I would not add more posts to this page until the financial accident happens. But another sort of accident happened *to me* that ruined my plans (see below), and instead of making a living overseas I find myself writing again.

In the July message I also said that I would "be busy explaining my minority report." Well, I *have* started that autobiographical book in my native language. Its first translated pages are precisely the ones that appear below:

Manu Rodríguez (blogger)
March of the Titans (book)
Marcus Aurelius
Marcus Eli Ravage
Mark the Evangelist
Mark Twain
Mark Weber
Marriage
Martin Bormann
Martin Luther
Marxism
Materialism / capitalism
Maternus Cynegius
Matt Koehl
Matthew the Evangelist
Matthias Grünewald
Maxfield Parrish
Maya civilization
Mein Kampf (book)
Men
Metaphysics of race / sex
Mexico
Michael O'Meara
Michelangelo
Middle Ages
Middle East
Miguel Hidalgo y Costilla
Militarism
Miscegenation

To the memory of Percy

On August 4, 2014 I arrived to London in the hope of moving to a small town in the United Kingdom in order to save my life once Mexico City catches fire after the looming collapse of the dollar.

One of the smartest commenters on my blog, whom I will call "the Brazilian," had promised, through his contacts, forged work permit so I could look for a job in England. Throughout the two years I interacted with him in the blog and then thru personal communications, this guy reiterated that he wanted to help me to move there, and when in early 2014 he indeed moved to England I thought his plans were sincere.

The man is the result of a mixture between the races of his homeland, Brazil. He himself confessed publicly that his ancestors were Iberians, blacks and mestizos. Thus in order he did not feel self-conscious with me, I told him that I was not properly white.

Later in this chapter I will talk about some "Creole nationalists"—Mexicans that show off their Iberian roots and claim to have no drop of Indian blood—with whom I interacted in Mexico. The Brazilian's intelligence had so impressed me that I told these Creole nationalists that my Brazilian, "mulatto friend has an IQ of 140." Moreover, in my intimate soliloquies I said, more than once, that the level of penetration of the Brazilian on important issues to understand the darkest hour in Occident amazed me. I even told to myself that an "upward quantum leap" was crystal-clear when comparing the Brazilian to the vast majority of Aryan commenters visiting my site. No one like him had captured perfectly the disaster that represented Christianity for the white race, to the extent that—like me—the Brazilian considered it a more serious problem that the Jewish problem itself. Even his derogatory remarks about the philosophers sounded to my ears far above the intellectual masturbation we read in some sophisticated pro-white sites in the internet.

The Brazilian's intellectual acumen, along with my huge need to escape Mexico, made my defenses down and I trusted him to the extent of deferring to his judgment my first steps to immigrate. I refer not only to the steps to obtain forged documents but also to roommate concerns. (London is so expensive that almost everyone shares their departments and the poorest even their rooms.)

Miscellany
Moctezuma II
Monarchy
Mongols
Monocausalism
Montaigne
Montesquieu
Morgenthau Plan
Moscow
Moses (Hebrew lawgiver)
Music
My pinacoteca
Name of the Rose (novel)
Napoleon
National Socialism
Neanderthalism
Nero
New Spain
New Testament
New York
Newspeak
Niccolò Machiavelli
Nicolaus Copernicus
Non-white immigration
Nordicism
Norman Rockwell
North America
Norway
Nuremberg
Obituaries

Although, as we shall see later in *Extermination*, thirty-two years before I had a horrible experience in London at a time when I also wanted to escape from Mexico, this time I thought that with such smart colleague our plans could not fail. The Brazilian even offered to pick me up at Heathrow Airport outside London; by telephone he informed me that he would not go to work the Monday I arrived to pick me up.

I thanked him and my flight arrived on time. After exiting from the immigration line, where obviously I hid the British woman who interrogated me that the purpose of my trip was to immigrate, I was surprised that the Brazilian was not there. I waited about twenty minutes at Terminal 4, the specific spot of international arrivals I had mentioned to the colleague, but no sign of him. After half hour he hadn't come. Nor forty or fifty minutes after arriving at the terminal… I had virtually not slept due to my inability to sleep sitting on the plane and I badly needed to leave the soulless airport lounge and go to the hotel I had booked and even paid from Mexico. But the Brazilian did not appear. With the heavy suitcase I carried—suitcase to emigrate, not for tourism—I could not even move at ease in the terminal. I made a change in coins from a fiver to call the Brazilian's mobile phone. What was my surprise that he wasn't at the airport; just on his way, and he claimed he was "about to arrive." I stopped worrying. But time continued to pass, and more than an hour-and-a-half after my arrival at the agreed terminal, he did not appear. I was hesitant to make extra phone calls because the airport's phone had swallowed one or two of my pound coins but tried calling. This second time his tone was less friendly, "I'm almost there!" It must have been about two to three hours after the plane landed that the Brazilian finally appeared, without apologizing for the delay.

I wish to stop now and don't recount the misadventure of that day because it makes me mad that I trusted someone whom I had never met in the real world, but I shall keep writing…

Having been so much delayed would be only the first lack of consideration by the Brazilian to a man more than twenty years his elder, who had arrived sleepless from a transatlantic voyage. After greeting each other, the Brazilian convinced me that the taxi would be very expensive and that we better take the subway to my hotel. Once in the *tube*, as it is called the narrow subway in London, we had to transship over more than once the various lines en route to the hotel, always carrying my heavy suitcase up awful stairs during the transfers. When we got off from a train among the London crowd for one of these transfers, the Brazilian asked me to wait because he wanted to buy something in the store just across the tracks. He climbed the stairs, walked into the shop, came out and smiled at me before… getting out into the street.

Occam's razor

Occidental Observer (webzine)

Odysseus / Ulysses

Old Testament

Oliver Cromwell

On the Genealogy of Morality (book)

On The Historicity of Jesus (book)

Opera

Oracle of Delphi

Oratory

Origen

Oswald Mosley

Otto von Bismarck

Ottoman Empire

Ovid

Painting

Parapsychology

Paris

Parsifal (opera)

Parthenon

Passing of the Great Race (book)

Patriarchy

Pedagogy

Pederasty

Percy Bysshe Shelley

Pericles

Persephone

Persia

Peter Schiff

I was completely flabbergasted! If such a thing happened to me in my right mind, not in the confused state I was, I would have acted differently. But I was at the mercy of a bloke that—allegedly—would solve my migration problems. He was the only contact I knew in London for a (crooked) work permit. As he had already been delayed at the airport without a good reason or having apologized, had I been in my right mind when he went off the street I would have told him to get lost; fled by taxi to my hotel, and would have sought a more reliable contact the following days (say, through Spanish-speaking restaurants). But without sleep as I was, with great anxiety I remained on the tube station watching the largest racial melting pot of Europe (nowadays London has white minority).

The Brazilian should have taken about thirty-five minutes to arrive, or more, since he left and only then I realized that he had not found what he wanted at the front shop; that's why he looked it out on the street. Hours later I discovered it were beers what the miscreant had bought, who had cared a damn that his fellow blogger (the Brazilian used to maintain a blog about "racial realism" in Portuguese) remained stranded with his heavy suitcase wondering what the hell had happened.

As I said, it makes me mad to tell this because *I did not react as I should*. The fact that I did not possess work permit and that the Brazilian had the handle for the grill not only for it, but to get me affordable accommodation—according to him he already had reserved one—played a psychological role in my indecision to make a clean break after the second or third discourtesy. Anyway, when he came laughing and said, "What did you think: that this crazy Brazilian had abandoned you?" I hid my feelings and continued the underground journey to the hotel.

It was during another transfer, now closer to the hotel and where we had to go outside to take another train (I think it was the street where he showed me the tallest building in Europe) that the Brazilian asked me something. He said that instead of going to my hotel, why not accompanying him to the slum hostel where he was living these days. They only charged £60 per week and although his roommates were black—that is, three blacks slept in a single room, beside the Brazilian—, it was only for a week while the better place he had reserved for us would be vacating. The Brazilian had a small back suitcase containing his laptop. He dared not leave it in the hostel with such hosts and carried it every time he went out.

Go figure my dear readers… All of my travel strategy had been based on a bloke that, now I realized, was on the verge of homelessness as he had to carry his belongings in the street for fear of loosing them in a "hostel" without lockers. Had I not been so obfuscated by the turn of events I would have stopped dry the

Petronius

Philippe Rushton

Philo

Philosophy

Philosophy of history

Pindar

Plato

Pliny the Elder

Plutarch

Poetry

Poland

Polybius

Pompey

Pope Francis (Francisco I)

Pope Gregory I

Pope Theophilus of Alexandria

Porphyry of Tyre

Portugal

Pre-Columbian America

Prehistory

Pride & Prejudice (2005 movie)

Pro-white exterminationism

Protestantism

Pseudoscience

Psychiatry

Psychoanalysis

Psychohistory

Psychology

Puritans

adventure that very instant. But cognitively *I was not well*. In fact, *I was completely alienated*. True: I had prepared with extreme meticulousness everything left in Mexico—my library, my manuscripts in ring-binders and envelopes sealed against moisture (I thought I wouldn't be back in years), the taking care of my pet and even a big farewell party for all believed I would leave for good—, but about my stay in England I had deferred all planning to "the mulatto of 140 of IQ."

What a mistake. It was not until my return to Mexico, when I told the details of my misadventure to my old friend Paulina, that I noticed things that a man usually cannot see. Pau listened carefully and explained that men tend to admire intelligence at the expense of the other facet of the human psyche: empathy. I knew that in the white nationalist movement there were people with terrible character flaws. But the fact that the Brazilian seemed a hybrid between mestizo and mulatto was no reason to distrust him, as he believes in the "fourteen words" to the extent of having promised not to leave offspring. (Remember the first lesson to the Hitler Youth of *Faith and Action* by Helmut Stellrecht: "But if your blood has traits that will make your children unhappy and burdens to the state, then you have the heroic duty to be the last.")

Unfortunately, character flaws can be hidden over the internet. And as in Mexico I only had considered the intellectual aspect of this bloke—a "hemiplegia" of mine, so to speak instead of having delved into the two facets of the person—, in a state of complete cognitive alienation to what was happening I agreed to his idea to abort the journey to my hotel and go to his hostel.

I would lie if I lay the blame at the Brazilian. Now that I'm out of the UK I find it obvious that the planning of my trip was grotesque, to say the least. "The drowning will grab at straws," and the urgency of leaving a Neanderthalesque Mexico and survive the dollar collapse was such that I put aside from my consciousness basic matters I should have contemplated at my age, before venturing on another continent.

The journey to the hostel was not underground but from the outside, traveling in one of those red double-decker Routemaster buses so showy in London. And still there came the miscreant character of he whom I had placed my most cherished hopes. Throughout the journey in the underground and on the outside of the biggest city in Europe—a crossing that, due to change of plans, had already lasted more than two hours after leaving the airport—the Brazilian had never been solicitous in helping me with my heavy suitcase. Now, in the red double-decker bus, he swiftly climbed to the second floor and asked me repeatedly to go upstairs with him! It was then for the first time, that I showed some self-

Quotable quotes

Racial studies

Rape of the Sabine Women

Raphael

Real men

Recceswinth

Reconquista

Red terror

Reformation

Reinhard Heydrich

Religion

Rembrandt

Renaissance

René Descartes

Republic (Plato's book)

Revilo Oliver

Rhodesia

Richard Carrier

Richard Wagner

Richard Walther Darré

Rising Tide of Color (book)

Robert Jay Mathews

Roger Devlin

Romanticism

Rome vs. Judea (book)

Romulus

Ronald Reagan

Russia

Russian Revolution

respect by refusing to come up with my heavy suitcase. During that second-long journey—remember that by aborting the way to the hotel we now were going to a very different address—we still had to make another transfer, but this time from bus to bus. We descended into a densely populated and very noisy area of London; streets swarmed with lots of blacks. To my surprise, the Brazilian told me to wait because he was going to find a toilet.

Lo and behold I was once again alone among human swarms with my heavy suitcase and no sleep! (Later, when I learned that the first time he left he had gone to buy beer, I connected the dots and realized that it was urgent for him to urinate the ingested alcohol.) In that hideous swarthy-filled street, and carrying something less than £2,000 in cash along with my credit cards, a black approached me. I didn't understand a word. Scared and carrying the heavy suitcase I entered a grocery store but the attendants were not white either. My anxiety was very obvious until the Brazilian reappeared and we boarded the final bus that would take us to our destination.

Unlike the noisy subway, on the red bus it was possible to talk. At last we initiated conversation on topics that fascinate me. I told him that I had seen some mixed couples in London and was greatly surprised that there were so many blacks. He replied that it was a punishment to the English for having waged war against Germany, and added that Nazi Germany was by far the noblest creature that European history had produced. Then he said he did not understand how Americans like Matt Parrott insist on mixing the unmixable: Christianity with white nationalism.

It was not until we reached his quarters that I received the biggest shock of the trip. It's true that in 1982 I had spent a night in London in a spacious room of a Youth Hostel; a room with many beds. But back then they were all European Aryans; I, the only foreigner. I was twenty-four and, coming from Mexico, was amazed at how good looking some of those English were (in the country where I was born almost all seemed Neanderthals to me). But now I was in 2014, and the all-encompassing social engineering of the British elites in recent decades, that is, replacement of the native race by imported race, had been a success. The Brazilian's room was not spacious as the hostel I had slept decades ago. It was of regular size with the most miserable *niggers* you might think of. In fact, in no way it resembled a hostel but one of those trash-people rooms subsidized by charities for the homeless in large metropolis. But they were not homeless: they were blacks surviving, I suppose, from the same type of underemployment of the Brazilian.

I barely saw the spectacle and wanted to run away. On the street the Brazilian insisted that I should pay the £60 for the week. It

Sappho

Satyricon (novel)

Savitri Devi

Schizophrenia

Schutzstaffel (SS)

Science

Second World War

Seneca

Sense and Sensibility (movie)

Sexual "liberation"

Siege (book)

Sigmund Freud

Silvano Arieti

Skepticism

Sleeping Beauty (1959 film)

Socrates

Solomon

Solon

South Africa

Soviet Union

Spain

Sparta (Lacedaemon)

Sponsor

St Ambrose

St Athanasius

St Augustine

St Cyril of Alexandria

St Francis

St Ignatius of Antioch

St Irenaeus

was already night and he claimed he was tired and that we should think things over the next day. I didn't know what to do. I had to cancel the hotel reservation so that it was not charged to my American Express, but there were no public telephones in the neighborhood. I tried to get information in a grocery store that opened at night, but they were immigrants who hardly knew English and were unaware of the dynamics of the big city. Not even the Brazilian could tell me what was, in England, the telephone equivalent to 911 so that, through his cell phone, I could make a call. The Brazilian kept insisting me to pay the £60, as the "hostel" never receives one-night payment, only a full week; and said I should forget my worries until the next day. (Take into account that with those £60 I could have spent a single night in a modest hotel, even after losing my reservation.) Still arguing in the street, the Brazilian, speaking in a serious tone, argued that *he* was tired; ignoring that it was me who had not slept the night before, and insisted to forget the matter of seeking hotel or making emergency phone calls.

As there was no one to help me, not even a taxi to get on in those streets, and as I was worried that in that colored neighborhood I could be assaulted and my money taken away (for my heavy suitcase I was an obvious target), I agreed. I reentered the "hostel," paid the administrator of the slum the £60 he demanded, and walked into to the room of blacks and the mulatto Brazilian.

But I could not sleep… Although I had not slept the night before I was in a state of extreme anxiety.

I went out to the hostel's terrace and finally I saw a white man. He was also an immigrant. He didn't have fluent English and told me he was from Romania. As it had happened to me decades ago in the same city, as I newly arrived from Neanderthalesque lands I was pleasantly surprised by the looks of the blond Romanian. I spoke with him in the fresh night but not for long. He was not very smart and I also felt a little cold in the outdoors terrace. (I had left the plane with my jacket, shirt and dress pants but had not changed my clothes; one of the blacks that tried to sleep in the dirty room, where my cloths were, had warned me not turn the light on.) Apparently the Brazilian also failed to reconcile sleep and after sighting me in the terrace he went to the kitchen to talk at length with a muscular black returning from the gym. The Brazilian informed me that to survive in such place—go figure, myself in formalwear with the downtrodden—, one had to learn to converse amiably with the dark-skinned. The long conversation of the Brazilian with the huge black gave the lie to the claim that he was too tired to help me make an urgent phone-call.

I don't remember the exact moment when the Brazilian told me that the police had arrested his contact—the very contact that was

St Jerome

St John Chrysostom

St Paul

St Peter

St Thomas Aquinas

Stefan Zweig

Stilicho

Strabo

Struggle with the Daimon (book)

Sturmabteilung (SA)

Suetonius

Summer, 1945 (book)

Sweden

Switzerland

Sword

Tacitus

Temple of Artemis

Temple of Jerusalem

Temple of Serapis

Tenochtitlan

Tertullian

Thebes

Theoderic the Great

Theodore Lidz

Theodoret

Theodosius I

Theodosius II

Theology

Third Reich

Thomas Cole

supposed to get me the papers. He did not say whether he had been arrested the day before or the day I arrived at Heathrow. But I doubt that, if the story is true, it was such a recent event. Chances are that the arrest had occurred long before—which means that the Brazilian *had not warned me on time*, when I was in Mexico. Had I been informed on time I would have aborted any plan to cross the Atlantic!

The events yelled at me that the trip had been in vain. By not having warned me in time of the arrest the Brazilian had committed a trick of confidence. However, even though that day the Brazilian confessed that he was desperately seeking a decent roommate, I failed to suspect that behind his convincing me to come to London a sinister motive was hiding. The crux of his confession was that his old roommate was a black homosexual whose conduct had caused the Brazilian to flee from there and move to the seedy hostel (where we were now).

I am ashamed to say that even with all this novel information I was slow to connect the dots that such insistence that I go London had not been motivated *to help me*, the word he used several times but to *help himself* in his problems with blacks. The underlying motivation of Brazilian seemed to be: "Unlike this nigger, blogger César, who comes from an educated family and whose parents have three pianos at home and five servants, will be my personal savior."

Such naiveté!: In Mexico I had only imagined a Brazilian full of honor, insofar he vehemently insisted he did not plan to reproduce even after finding a woman in England (remember the wise counsel of Helmut Stellrecht for non-whites). But in London he told me that even before his "racial awakening"—something unheard of in a man of color—he had come to the firm conclusion that he would not leave descendants in Brazil. It was not until I assimilated even more painful confessions than that of the "gay nigger"—for example, that the day prior to my arrival the Brazilian had been wandering at London's downtown because he could not remember where he lived, and that he drank alcohol to cope with his pathetic life—that I began to glimpse who he really was.

The trip had been a fraud. My purpose had never been crossing the ocean to help a mulatoid fellow to find a roommate—but looking sanctuary for me in a small English village with no coloreds to survive the dollar collapse! He who so much boasted to know something of human psychology had been duped like a child...! Nothing had I suspected of the motives of Brazilian: trying to use me to solve *his* problem and, therefore, the understandable lack to timely notify me about the "arrest."

But back to my sleepless night.

Thomas Goodrich

Thomas Hobbes

Thomas Jefferson

Thomas Szasz

Thucydides

Thus spoke Zarathustra (book)

Tiberius

Titus

Tom Sunic

Trajan

Transvaluation of all values

Trauma model of mental disorders

Turin Shroud

Turner Diaries (novel)

Twilight of the idols (book)

Two Hundred Years Together (book)

Ukraine

Ulfilas

Uncategorized

Uncle Tom's Cabin (novel)

United Kingdom

United States

Universalism

Valens

Valentinian I

Valentinian II

Valentinian III

My mattress had no sheets. I had no choice but to put my white skin in contact with a mattress that must have suffered a thousand sweats from blacks. Even in such conditions I tried to sleep with the four darks of the room. My anxieties and a disagreeable negress snoring inches from me on the top bunk—the pseudohostel was so abhorrent that not only races mixed, but the very sexes too—didn't let me sleep…

But with the dawn I regained my senses. In the morning, with several guests already waking up on the terrace, including some I had not seen the previous evening, the Brazilian insisted I opened a bank account and said that another of his contacts worked in a bank (by law, tourists cannot open accounts in the UK). Perhaps that employee even knew, the Brazilian told me, another person to obtain work permit.

But I had lost confidence in him. The second night of consecutive sleeplessness I had talked to another night bird, Stuart, who lived there in another room and used to talk to the Romanian during the evenings on the terrace. His accent was not British. Stuart was born in Scotland and raised in New Orleans. As the Brazilian, Stuart had been so badly beaten by life that he had fallen to the pseudohostel. We spoke of my racial ideas and this young man conceded that in New Orleans blacks had behaved very poorly during hurricane Katrina. He was not bothered, though somewhat surprised, about my overtly racist worldview and I asked him what was the whitest city in Scotland. He said that Perth and his hometown, Dundee. He added that the beautiful town of Perth was ideal for retirees (i.e., for people like me had I arrived with the proper funds to buy a modest house).

I made my decision. That morning I was not going to endure a single minute of a "hostel" which did not even have showers for bathing. The blacks woke up and put their filthy music we all heard over the terrace. I told the Brazilian that I would go to Scotland. He was surprised but, by seeing my resolution, walked along with me to the outskirts of the metro station. We said goodbye and never met again.

I still struggled that day to reach Perth. It was not the Victoria Station that the Brazilian had suggested but the famous King's Cross the one which would take me to the far north: the very one where they had filmed the movies of the magical station in *Harry Potter*. My flight had been so hurried that already going on my train to Scotland I had to ask one of the uniformed train attendants if Perth was large enough to house hotels. By fleeing multiracial London and the nightmarish underworld of the Brazilian I hadn't had time to make the most basic inquiries! (the hostel didn't have Wifi access). Although nearly all uniformed workers in train stations were black, I approached an Anglo-Saxon woman who informed me that there were hotels there. However,

Valerian

Vercingetorix

Vespasian

Videos

Vienna

Vikings

Vincent van Gogh

Vladimir Lenin

Vladimir Putin

Vlassis Rassias

Voltaire

W.B. Yeats

Ward Kendall

WDH radio show

Welfare of animals

West's darkest hour

White-slave trade

Who We Are (book)

Wikipedia

Wilhelm Sieglin

Will Durant

William Blake

William James

William Pierce

William Shakespeare

Winston Churchill

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart

Women

Wuthering Heights (novel)

Xenophon

Yearling (novel)

still dying of tiredness I was unable to sleep sitting up and had to wait six more hours to reach my destination.

When I arrived to Perth the tourist information center was closed, but the taxi driver of the terminal, a typical Scot, was extremely helpful in taking me to the cheapest places he knew. We went to Dunkeld Road not far from the station, and the Scot awaited me several times while I knocked the doors of various guesthouses. As it was midsummer the signs were saying "No vacancy" but in one of the houses, Connie, the Irish woman who received guests in *Clark Kimberly Guest House*, admitted me gladly. Having no reservation I had to rent an expensive room with double bed.

But it didn't matter. That night I slept placidly after so long. At last I encountered myself in the hands of the white man…

PUBLISHED IN: AUTOBIOGRAPHY ¿ME AYUDARÁS? (BOOK) BLACKS LONDON MEXICO MISCEGENATION NEANDERTHALISM NON-WHITE IMMIGRATION UNITED KINGDOM ON SEPTEMBER 17, 2014 AT 11:51 AM COMMENTS (76)

Disagree with Ronin

"A Short History of the RPN": A radio podcast interview of Sebastian Ronin. – July 27, 2014

I agree and disagree with Sebastian on quite a few points.

I agree with most of Sebas' criticism of American-style white nationalism and that Covington is mainly a writer, not an actual politician. But… somewhere during the interview, did Sebas imply that 9/11 was an inside job? Readers of WDH know that conspiracy theories are utter BS for me.

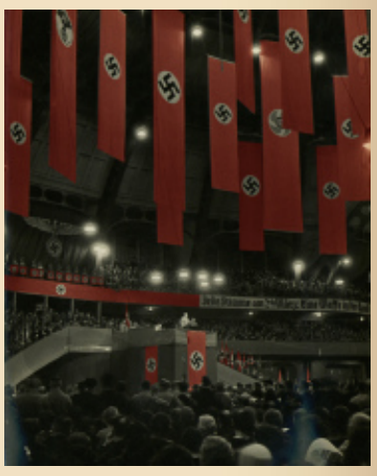
After listening the interview I wonder if Sebas is promoting women in the inner party? I ask this because I am a real traditionalist: no women were politically empowered in the most virile, martial societies that we must admire in our history. Feminist quotas are to be avoided at all costs, especially in the coming holy wars which will be the nastiest of all history due to the WMD. Compassionate women would only impede final solutions to our many problems.

More important is that both Sebas and his interviewer reject genocide on non-whites in the coming struggle for secession. I believe they are contradicting themselves on this point.

Zeus

Zosimus

Zweites Buch



The greatest of the "conservative" thinkers, Joseph de Maistre, pointed out long ago that the French Revolution led the revolutionaries rather than was led by them. For he believed that certain Providential forces rule our lives. These forces he saw in Christian terms, but others, like Heidegger, for instance, saw them in terms of Being, over which humans have no control.

In either case, the force of Providence or Being or Destiny has a power that has often made itself felt in our history. For this reason, I have little doubt that Europeans will eventually throw off the Judeo-liberal system programming their destruction. I'm less confident about we Americans, given the greater weakness of our collective identity and

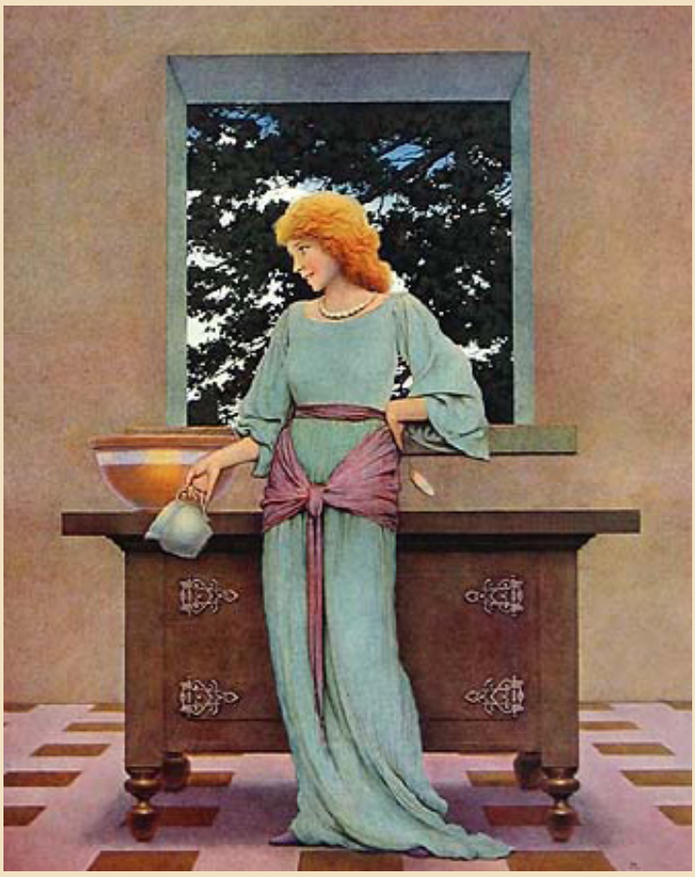
If energy devolution is pivotal in their worldview, there's no chance that a white ethnostate will survive with a gluttonous new kid on the bloc like China unless it hostilely takes over the oil fields of non-white countries later in the century (which would condemn them to die like flies). Since Mother Nature will kill at least 5 billion of humans, there's no chance that the ethno-nationalists in charge of a newly-formed State won't ferociously fight for the ever scarcer fields after Nature hits the fan.

In other words, Sebas *et al* cannot have it both ways—peak oil and behave like Christian axiologists with the sand-niggers. On this point they're on the same page of a recent article by Greg Johnson, the wishful belief that the ethnostate will be achieved without true "Rivers of Blood".

PUBLISHED IN: CONSPIRACY THEORIES ON JULY 27, 2014 AT 12:14 PM COMMENTS (1)

Parting word:

Only the eternal feminine leads to the Absolute



Above, Maxfield Parrish's 1925 *Lady Violet*, who reminds me a girl I met long, long time ago... If an ethno-state is ever created, my ultimate dream is that in the distant future its people will resemble the paradisiacal world of Parrish.

What prevents whites from working toward that noble end,

destiny. But nevertheless even we might be saved from ourselves by this force—as long as we do what is still in our power to do.

—Michael O'Meara

BLOGROLL

The Occidental Observer (scholarly site about the Jewish Question).

Nazi Propaganda Guide Page (not exactly a National Socialist friendly site but very informative of primary NS sources).

The legacy of Wm. Pierce

David Irving's Website

Jake F.'s NS Archive

IN SPANISH

La hora más oscura

From Guillaume Faye's "Mars & Hephaestus":

keeping in mind that Aryan female beauty represents the crown of the evolution? Elsewhere I have discussed the majority report: Capitalism and Christian axiology as the twofold etiology of Western malaise (Jewish depredations, a tertiary infection). But I have also mentioned my minority report: that the most extreme cases of self-hatred among whites—those who celebrate that their kind will become a minority surrounded by non-white swarms—cannot be explained satisfactorily by any of these two factors.

In this blog I have briefly written about how child abuse among some whites drives them to hate the culture of their parents, and also presented my book *Hojas Susurrantes*, most of which has not been translated to English.

After publication of this entry I won't add new posts to this blogsite. Although I'll still answer some comments, the site will basically remain frozen with the below PDFs advertising my books until the dollar crashes. But I'll be busy explaining my minority report: writing another book related to the subject of why, in some families, the silly mechanism erected by the abused victim is none other than hatred for his or her parents' civilization.

Day of Wrath

The Fair Race's Darkest Hour

PUBLISHED IN: ARYAN BEAUTY CHILD ABUSE GENUINE SPIRITUALITY GOD HOJAS SUSURRANTES (BOOK) MAXFIELD PARRISH METAPHYSICS OF RACE / SEX ON JULY 24, 2014 AT 5:00 PM COMMENTS (26)

« Older Entries Newer Entries »

The twenty-first century will be a century of iron and storms. It will not resemble those harmonious futures predicted up to the 1970s. It will not be the global village prophesied by Marshall MacLuhan in 1966, or Bill Gates' planetary network, or Francis Fukuyama's end of history: a liberal global civilization directed by a universal state.

The Third Age of European Civilization commences, in a tragic acceleration of the historical process, with the Treaty of Versailles and end of the civil war of 1914-18: the catastrophic twentieth century. Four generations were enough to undo the labor of more than forty. Europe fell victim to its own tragic Prometheanism, its own opening to the world and universalism, oblivious of all ethnic solidarity.

The Fourth Age of European civilization begins today. It will be the Age of rebirth or perdition. The twenty-first century will be for this civilization, the fateful century, the century of life or death.

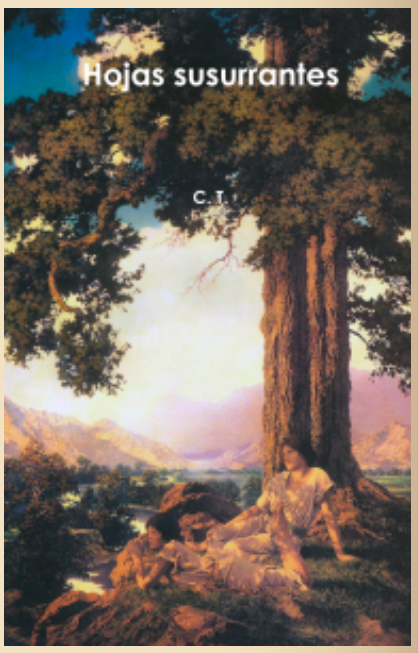
Let us cultivate the pessimistic optimism of Nietzsche. "There is no more order to conserve; it is necessary to create a new one." Will the beginning of the twenty-first century be difficult? Are all the indicators in the red? So much the better. They predicted the end of history after the collapse of the USSR? We wish to speed its return: thunderous, bellicose, and archaic. Islam resumes its wars of conquest. China and India wish to become superpowers. And so forth. The twenty-first century will be placed under the double sign of Mars, the god of war, and of Hephaestus, the god who forges swords, the master of technology and the chthonic fires. This century will be that of the metamorphic rebirth of Europe, like the Phoenix, or of its disappearance as a historical civilization and its transformation into a cosmopolitan and sterile Luna Park.

The beginning of twenty-first century will be the despairing midnight of the world of which Hölderlin spoke. But it is always darkest before the dawn. Let us prepare our children for war. Let us educate our youth, be it only a minority, as a new aristocracy.

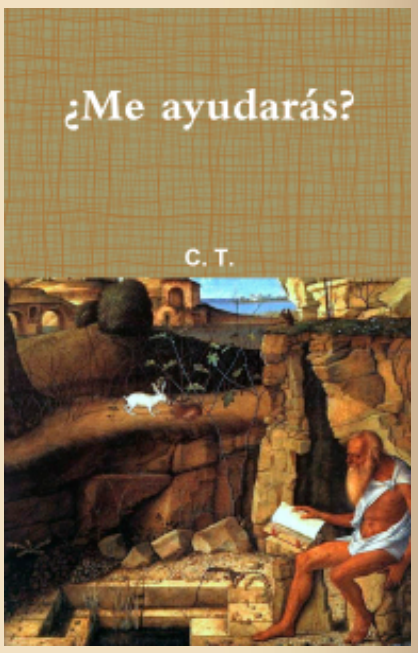
Today we need more than morality. We need hypermorality, the Nietzschean ethics of difficult times. When one defends one's people, i.e., one's own children, one defends the essential. Then one follows the rule of Agamemnon and Leonidas but also of Charles Martel: what prevails is the law of the sword, whose bronze or steel reflects the glare of the sun.

T A G S:

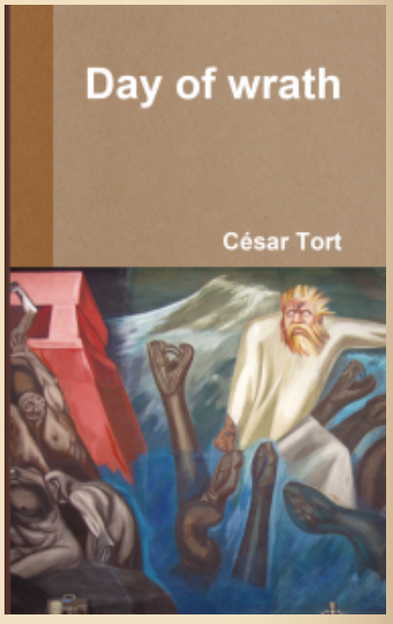
4 words



For Spanish-speakers: an autobiography of the editor of this site in two volumes is available: here and here.



He who has not read *Day of Wrath* has not looked at the admin of this site in the eyes. A hard copy is available: here. For an introduction see: here.



_____ 卐 _____

"Hate is not some useless organ like the appendix. It's there for a reason.

Why does Christianity do all it can to talk us out of necessary and functional drives?

Well, the answer is that it's a bit of software meant to disable our enemy recognition module. Christianity preaches blind love, and that love is murdering the West". – Alex Linder

"Why were you so ungrateful to our gods as to desert them for the Jews?" —Emperor Julian to the Christians

Regarding the sticky post see esp. post #37.

For the context of the Christian problem see: here.

Donate

Search

When you forbid your enemy to hate, you've disarmed him.

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