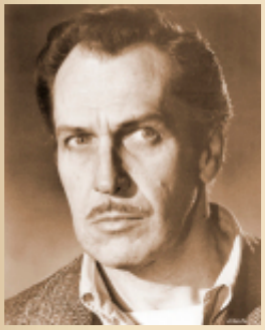
Another Morgan comment

Dfordoom: 'Christians like the idea that they're fighting a rival religion because it gives them hope'.

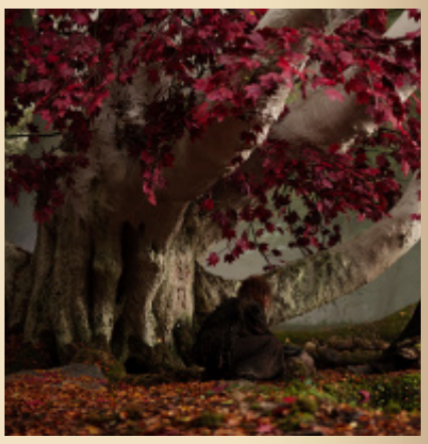


Sure. Also, treating 'Wokeism' as though it is opposition allows them to disguise the fact that it's just a secular form of Christian ethics. The last thing they want is to be blamed for all of the destruction the secular forms of their religion has caused. If they admitted that Bolshevism sprang from Christian theological thought (Spengler), they'd have to take responsibility for all the genocides perpetrated by the various forms of communism. They'd also have to take responsibility for the first American Civil War, which Christian abolitionists played a key role in starting and prosecuting, and the idea of human equality, which led white Christian America, after the War, to grant citizenship and the vote to negroes. The idea of 'white guilt', which is central to 'Wokeism', can trace its ancestry to the Christian idea of original sin. If you're born white, then you're born guilty.

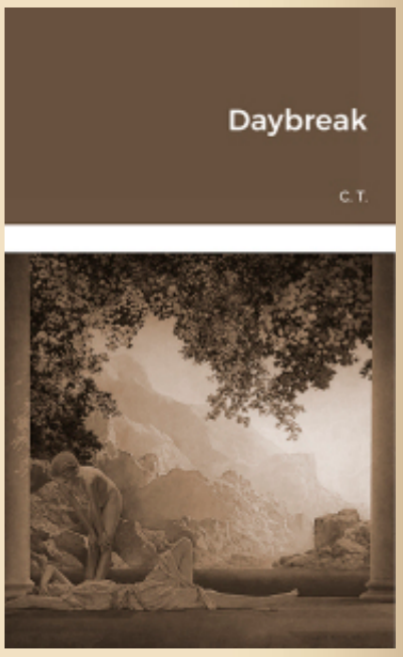
PUBLISHED IN: AMERICAN CIVIL WAR CHRISTIAN QUESTION (CQ) EGALITARIANISM RED TERROR ROBERT MORGAN ON OCTOBER 13, 2020 AT 7:06 PM COMMENTS (3)

Nobody wanted to listen, 5

The opinion of psychologists

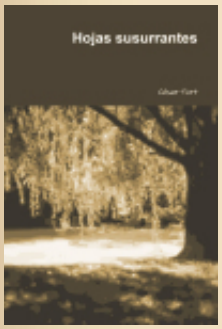


For the donation button, see the bottom of this page.



PDF of my book *Daybreak* **here**, hard copy **here**. *The Fair Race* is also available

> ‘Where are the men?’ the little prince at last took up the conversation again. ‘It is a little lonely in the desert…’
>
> ‘It is also lonely among men’, the snake said.
>
> —Antoine de Saint-Exupéry



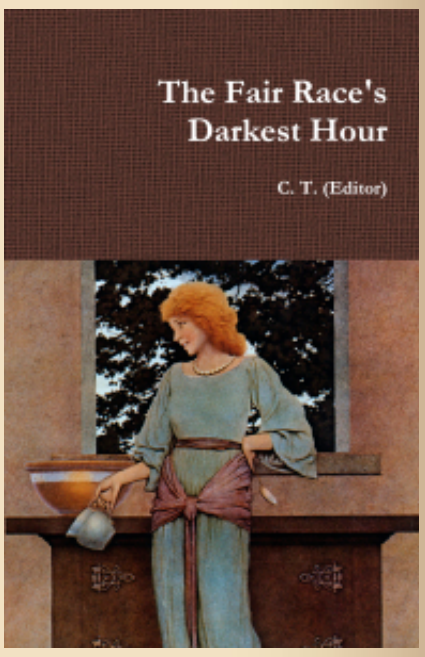
It may be assumed that Tere simply followed the dictates of traditional morality, but that if I told my testimony to a professional psychologist I would find the much sought after oasis. Nothing further from the truth. In the same multi-family apartment complex where I lived with Tere’s family, I met the psychologist Angelica. She read a version of my *Letter* and other texts that bear certain similarities with what is written in the narrative part of this book. Let’s see what happened when the psychology teacher read my stuff. I will cite my diary and later some of her letters that we exchanged. I had spoken to Angelica on the phone and I surprised her at the moment when she read the climax of my *Letter:*

> *July 25, 1998. I interrupted Angelica right in the passage of ‘The Medusa’! She said that it’s very good; that she doesn’t read out of obligation but because she’s enjoying it a lot; that the psychological references are very good and that she congratulates me. She still doesn’t get to the toughest pages. Right there I interrupted her.*
>
> *August 12 and 13. Nothing new she told me. We only talked about my next trip. Even when I mentioned Medusa, nothing came out except that she said ‘I had read Laing again’.*
>
> *Compassion doesn’t exist.*

Two years later, I sent Angelica the manuscript of my second book. As psychologists are colleagues of psychiatrists, I was particularly interested in having her tell me something about such a ruthless exposé of psychiatry: something that had never before come from the pen of a fellow countryman. In 2000 she sent me an email note: ‘I think you already handle more psychology than I do. What’s more, I feel myself behind in clinic stuff; just finished my sabbatical and started writing a textbook. I really think you have a lot of easiness to express your ideas’.

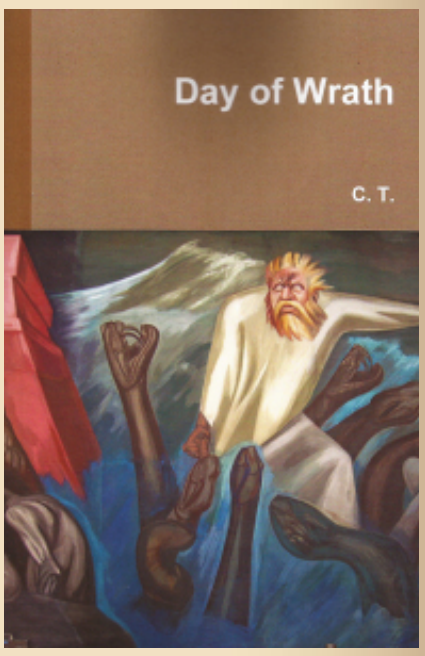
Thus the same story and the same lack of compassion of two years ago was repeated. Although Angelica intended to flatter me, her

through Lulu (PDF **here**, hard copy **here**).



Don’t try to get *The Fair Race* via Amazon or Barnes & Noble. Amazon and others are selling a pirated, outdated copy before I removed and added several articles, and copiously checked the Spanish to English translations.

Other of my books in English:



missive upset me. Not only a couple of years before she hadn't told me anything—like Tere—about the tragedy in my family with my parents. Now she wasn't saying a word to me about the profession that helped ruin my teenage life. I must say that her position is similar to that of some friends who have focused exclusively on the literary aspect of my *Letter:* something that doesn't interest me. The sole purpose of writing had been for someone to tell me something about the agony I suffered as a teenager; that it would show some indignation towards the aggressors and a society that allows such things!

Angelica had gone to live in La Paz. Due to her lack of compassion I decided to get away from her as I decided to get away from Tere. To my surprise, four years after her letter, Angelica visited Mexico City; she went around to find out my new phone number, insisted that we meet and talk in a restaurant. As a mature man, I was determined to tell Angelica that many people who, as a lad, I had taken for friends hadn't really been friends. I alluded to the case of Tere, her former neighbour, and tried to present my arguments along the same lines to what was written in previous pages. Remember that a few years before I had sent her some drafts similar to the ones I publish in this book: texts about what I have felt about the country in which I was born. In July 2004, just a few days after we last saw each other at the restaurant, Angelica sent me an email:

> *Hi Caesar:*
>
> *I read your book again. It's okay. I think some things seemed too racist to me, for example your comments about your country. Your work loses value by your stupid racism: nacos, etc.*

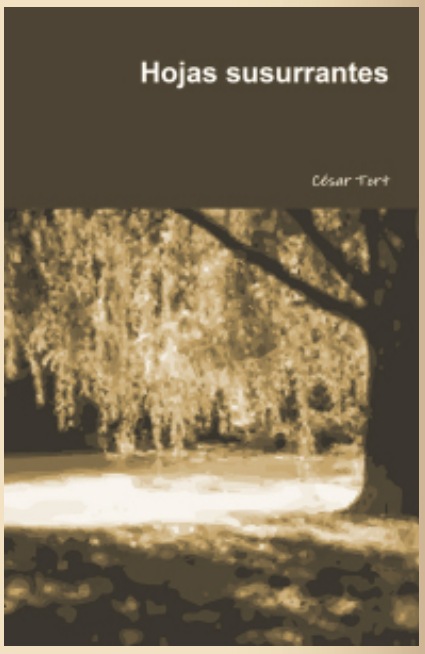
In Mexico *naco* designates the clumsy and uneducated Indian who emigrates to the city. If Angelica hadn't been indoctrinated in a Marxist-Leninist university, she wouldn't have been offended. She is a white woman who had a very handsome son, and at that time she was living with another much smaller son whose absent father was European.

> *You who seek to be treated as a human being don't treat others as what you ask. It really gave me deep sadness to see you so aggressive and deteriorated.*
>
> *I don't think I told you the end of the dream. I was crying and that's how it was. When I went on the subway, I became*

Hard copy available : here

Hard copy available : here

My books in Spanish:



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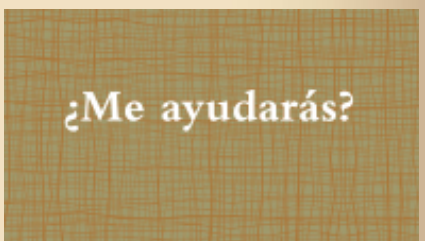
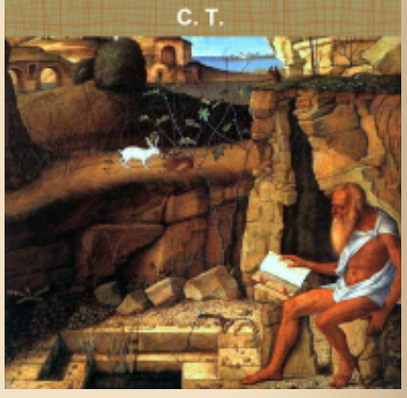


> *depressed and I broke down crying. Believe me, I esteem you more than I imagined. I really wanted to see you and hug you but your mask prevented me. Hopefully you can read this email.*
>
> *A hug,*
>
> *Angelica.*

I didn't answer her. The restaurant meeting had been forced, and it will surely be the last time I see her. But I would like to say something about the mask she mentioned. Angelica had had a dream, one of those that portray a situation. She had dreamt of myself as cold and distant, with a black mask; and in the dream she saw a woman who seemed responsible for all that; whom, within the same dream, Angelica related to my mother. In real life I was cold to her at the restaurant, and that was in dramatic contrast to the friendly lad Angelica had met in her apartment almost twenty years earlier. I wore a black mask in the dream and in real life I was dressed in black on my appointment with her (she was all dressed in flashy red).

Regarding her comment that she highly esteem me, I've also heard it from people I don't want to see. Like Tere and Angelica, many hypocrites say they esteem me. But very few say anything meaningful to me when I open my heart to them by placing a homemade impression of the *Letter* in their hands: the core of my pain and the key that opens the door to my later life. Although Angelica is a professor of psychology, she didn't show any compassion for what I told in that epistle. And from the other texts she read, it didn't occur to her that if my father had agreed to emigrate I'd never have written a derogatory line about Mexico, although I'd have written about the United States. In her mind my cry of loneliness before a culture that is no longer mine appeared as 'stupid racism' (in my eleventh book in Spanish and *Daybreak* in English I address the issue of the word 'racism'). More serious is that the psychology teacher had less compassion than Tere. The latter at least told me she was devastated; that only when she had the strength would she resume reading my *Letter*, and that at one point her eyes clouded when she read me. The professional psychologist didn't even have that hint of pity.

It is worth saying that in 1985 Angelica had yelled at me horribly during an argument in which she agreed with my mother. And it was my mother with whom Angelica was talking about me that year! (although, unlike Tere, Angelica did it over the phone). The psychologist interpreted my belated resentment as if I was 'aggressive and deteriorated'. Ironically, she saw me like this when I was enormously robust compared to the twenty-something lad of yesteryear. People get used to the docility of people damaged by their parents and with low self-esteem, and a change for the better is seen as a bad thing. I have only been 'deteriorated', to use



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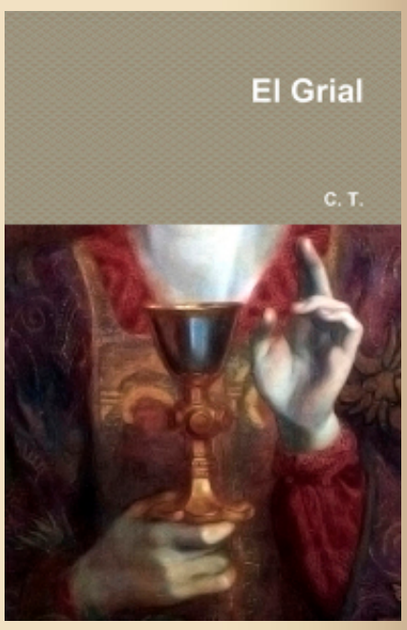


Hard copy available : here

Site in a nutshell: here.

Women understood: here.

See William Pierce's quotable quote about Christianity.

To contextualise our criticism of Christianity, see Richard Carrier's study on the inexistence of Jesus (watch conference: here):

Angelica's word, when due to lack of a knowledgeable witness I couldn't confront older women (Angelica and Tere are older than me).

Many years ago I witnessed how Angelica scolded her three-year-old blondish son with the threat: 'I'm going to cut your balls!' Betito, the European's son, began to cry. Angelica and Tere say they esteem me. The truth is that there are many people who, like them, lack empathy for the feelings of others. What they estimate is not the real person, only a facet or one-dimensional image that they have of the person. Whoever is lucky enough to have a friendly ear, someone with whom to communicate the dimensions of the soul, knows that trying to transmit the secrets of the heart to a fellow without empathy is like speaking to Golem. Lack of empathy always has the same cause. The last time I saw her, Tere told me a creepy story perpetrated by her grandfather with his children. Once one of his sons was twelve years old, he took him to another city to abandon him. Tere's grandpa told him that from that day on he had to subsist on his own. He didn't even take him with a relative or acquaintances. He left him on the Mexican streets and never saw him again in life.

Tere and Angelica were, like the trio in the Cineteca gathering, victims of mistreatment. And not only that. Like those of the Cineteca they have buried the feelings of anger towards their parents. Ironically, the repression was greater in the psychology teacher than in Tere, who at least told me the story of her grandfather, or the filmmakers, who also spoke about their past. The more terrible the abuse of the parent and the greater the repression, the less empathy the daughter will develop towards her son (we can already imagine the toll that constant threats of castration can cause in a little boy of three years).

The analysts

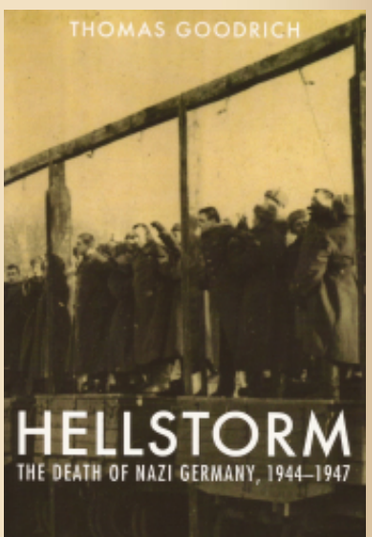
There will be those who, after reading the above story, will think that there are not the psychologists, but the psychoanalysts the experts in deep psychology: professionals who take an interest in the lives of their clients, especially in the terrors of their childhood. This is a myth. I won't repeat the exposé from my previous book on psychoanalysis because no one currently believes in its cornerstone. Freud said that his ideological edifice rested on his discovery of the Oedipus complex: that parents turn out to be a source of sexual desires for the child. It takes being too stupid, or seeing Freud as an infallible guru, to believe such a thing.

For many years Alice Miller practiced her profession as a psychoanalyst in Switzerland. In her first three books, *Das Drama des begabten Kindes* (*The Drama of the Gifted Child*), *Am Anfang war Erziehung* (translated as *For Your Own Good*) and *Du Sollst*

When your god is Jewish, you can potentially end up in a runaway philo-Semitic downward spiral, precisely what happened to the US.

'The strongest trees are rooted in the dark places…'

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



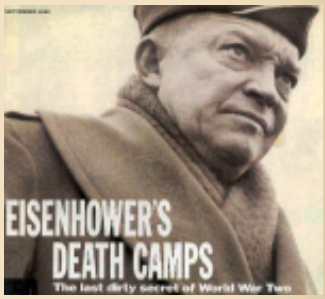
Nicht Merken (*Thou Shalt Not Be Aware*) Miller believed that her discoveries were not incompatible with psychoanalysis. But in the late 1980s and early 90s she openly broke with her profession with the publication of *Der gemiedene Schlüssel* (*The Untouched Key*), *Das verbannte Wissen* (*Banished Knowledge*) and *Abbruch der Schweigemauer* (*Breaking Down the Wall of Silence*).

People like Miller, Jeffrey Masson, and others have found that an analyst is someone trained *not* to listen to his client. Before I became familiar with her thinking, which helped me distance myself even more from psychoanalysts, I used to hang out with a couple of young Lacanian analysts: Solbein and Hector Escobar. The same year that I gave copies of my manuscript to Tere and Angelica I gave another to the Escobars. Hector, who had studied psychology, loved it and devoured it in a day and a half. In a cafe he talked about my literary skills—as I said, something that irritates me to be told—and also spoke as a psychoanalyst: 'The problem arose with that self that your mother deconstructed'. Hector was very cordial and warm, but his analytic term ('deconstructed') was cold and far from what my pages actually screamed (compare it with my metaphor 'a dagger in the heart'). Solbein also liked my book and it was she who, when I sat with them in the cafe, brought up on the table the subject of the manuscript I had given them. But Solbein uttered an icy comment: she said she didn't notice many differences with the cases she saw in her office. It was as if someone were simply telling a Gulag survivor that his story was not dissimilar to other *zek* stories! The way she concluded her comment was horrifyingly dry:

'Those are common clinical experiences'.

The analyst's words remind me neither more nor less of the infamous Dr. Amara when he read the epistle to my mother. Faced with Amara's evasiveness in his office, I asked him: 'But what do you think of what I say, that the cause of my problem was my mother?' In my previous book I tell that Amara answered: 'It's myopia' and that he explained that neuroses exist in every family, and that mine was just one more neurotic family. In addition to this incredible similarity, Solbein told me that the analytic thesis she was writing referred to mystical stages in people who had had absent parents. I wrote in my diary that I was surprised that she wasn't moved by the tragedy of the physical torture my parents inflicted on me: getting out of bed every day after sleeping for only a few hours, something that has nothing to do with 'an absent father'. Referring to their comments, in my diary I noted that these Lacanians 'don't touch the people, nor the Subject they talk

The above book is about the Holocaust perpetrated by the Allied forces on the Germans (here).



Here: an SS pamphlet explaining National Socialism.

"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**

about so much, but they invalidate him by speaking objectively about him'. Although Hector was much warmer, he listened to his wife without realising how terrible terms such as 'clinic' sound to those who seek consolation: a word that Angelica had also used in one of her letters. For an autobiographer immersed in the humanities, the repulsiveness of language in psychology and psychoanalysis is discovered in the following anecdote.

At the time when I gave my manuscript to the Escobars I used to eat at a restaurant in downtown Coyoacán in Mexico City, an extremely populous place. For the hermit, few things are more execrable than the crowd, the street vendors and the noise. As I didn't have a kitchen in my home, I suffered greatly from having to fight my way through the human swarming every day when I went to eat. But, oh miracle, when I met the Escobars in that place I knew that the sacrifice of having gone there for weeks had been worth it. Out of dignity I hadn't spoken to them on the phone to ask what they thought of my text. I hoped the initiative would come from them. But just like the day I ate with Tere in Coyoacán, my heart burned to know what the young analysts would say about my life. The daily and painstakingly crossing that crowd of Neanderthals, I told myself, was worth it to find them! (incidentally, in those days they both looked like Iberian-type whites). And it is that in my imagery prior to the meeting in the cafe I imagined a compassionate and understanding Solbein who explained to me, with her knowledge, my written confessions. But when in real life I came to what I thought would be an oasis of understanding, I found only sand. The intimate manuscript on the great odyssey of my life simply describes 'common clinical experiences'.

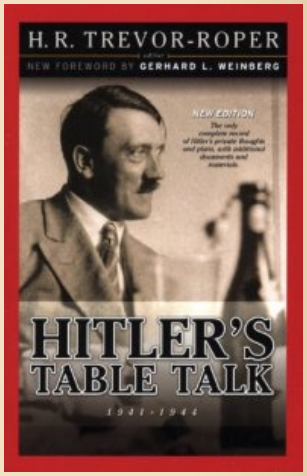
PUBLISHED IN: ALICE MILLER AUTOBIOGRAPHY MEXICO PSYCHOANALYSIS PSYCHOLOGY WHISPERING LEAVES (BOOK) ON OCTOBER 13, 2020 AT 2:59 PM COMMENTS (1)

More Morgan comments

Whites who want to preserve their race are powerless in America, and they are powerless precisely because they are unwilling to inflict death upon their opponents.

Alden: 'Whites have none of the essentials

"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**



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")

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

for a successful revolution or even to stop the ongoing racism against us'.

Yes, that's true, and I agree with a lot of what you wrote. But my point was, the one most essential thing they're lacking is the will to fight; the worldview that would allow them to celebrate the deaths of children, such as Breivik killed, or even of those mostly adult Muslims that Tarrant murdered. If they had the will to fight, they could, but they value civilised behaviour and the products of civilisation, and the sort of violence that would be needed to preserve themselves as a race would destroy all that. Their pride consists in being civilised in 'law and order', luxuriating in consumer goods and ease, getting fat.

Lavoisier: 'Killing innocent civilians is never the way to win hearts and minds to a cause'.

Tell that to the killers of Hiroshima, and Nagasaki. They weren't looking to win anyone to their cause, and they were victorious. Or the Romans, who finally levelled Carthage, sold the population into slavery, and sowed the ground with salt. Total war requires such behaviour, and if you're not willing to do it, you're not serious. Trying to win hearts and minds is why the USA hasn't won a war since WWII.

Kill their bodies, and their hearts and minds cease to be a problem.

* * *

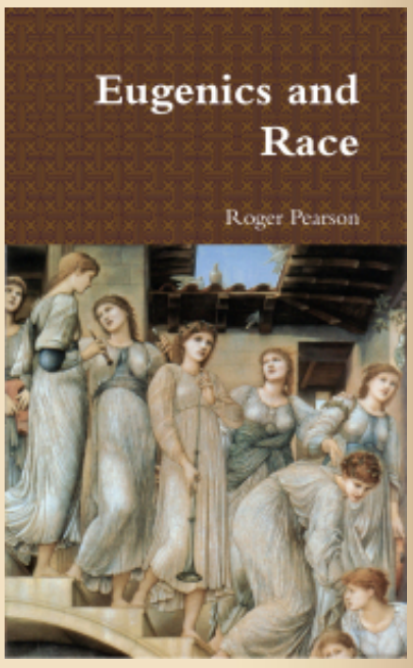
The very name 'Wokeism' harkens back to the outbreaks of religious fervour referred to as the Great Awakenings of Christian America. By some accounts there have been four of them.

'Wokeism' is arguably a fifth wave, just Christian ethics in another form, where belief in Jesus and anything supernatural has become optional. The cultural triumph of Christianity has been so complete in the West that even atheists accept without question the so-called 'brotherhood of man', the existence and equality of 'souls', the wisdom of 'do unto others as you would have them do unto you', etc. There's no evidence for any of that stuff, of course. But does that make it a religion? I say no. Though there are still Christians involved in it, it's mostly secular and just political.

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

CONTACT:

cesartort (at) yahoo



'RACISM':

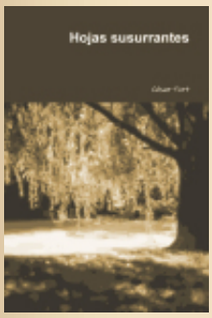
On the origin of the word 'racist'

Fanatic Christian abolitionist John Brown was the early prototype for today's BLM and Antifa rioters. While 'Wokeism' is the cultural residue of 19th century American Christianity, it's still political, not a competing religion.

PUBLISHED IN: AXIOLOGY CHRISTIAN QUESTION (CQ) OUT-GROUP ALTRUISM ROBERT MORGAN TRANSVALUATION OF ALL VALUES UNITED STATES ON OCTOBER 12, 2020 AT 8:41 PM COMMENTS OFF

Nobody wanted to listen, 4

A supposed great friend



You could tell me that I had the folly to confess to casual acquaintances; that if I had opened my heart to my closest friends, say a compassionate woman, I would have been listened to. Sadly, that is not true. In the middle of my life I know that many people who in my twenties I thought were friends offended me even more than the Cineteca acquaintances. It took me a long time to digest this bitter drink, and only thanks to my discovery of Miller. For example, a close friend named Regina told me the following (I quote from my 1998 diary): *"'You blame everything on people and your parents. No, Caesar, no. You don't see yourself in the mirror. You are responsible". That was yesterday on the phone so the memory is fresh. And she even told me that David Helfgott didn't blame his dad!'*

In my discussions I frequently refer to the film *Shine* about David's life, as I did in the filmmakers' gathering, to show an extreme case of soul murder: what psychiatrists stigmatise with the term schizophrenia. Regina didn't read Gillian Helfgott's book where the disturbed David told his wife 'It's all daddy's fault' talking about his mental condition. Not that Regina shared the New Age philosophy that would have dwarfed the philosophers of classical German idealism (the crazy things I heard at the Cineteca for example). However, her words that 'one is responsible' are very common cliches in today's culture.

In the mid-1980s, without a career or profession to face society, I took refuge in the house of Teresa Moreno: the lady who, in the narrative part *[of this book]*, told me that she never denied the mythopoetic imagery of her children. It was Tere who would introduce me to Regina. I had known Tere since 1977 through her husband: one of the chess fans with whom I played chess in the park. Tere accepted me in her house as a Mother Teresa would accept an evicted person. At least that was the image that my friends took to be true. I don't want to tell the story of my

The word 'racism' from the Nietzschean viewpoint

Read this section from Wm. Pierce's *Who We Are* about the West's darkest hour.

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

The Jewish Problem (Jewish authors):

Larry Auster's unpublished chapter

Excerpts of *Esau's Tears*

friendship with Tere; I'm just going to talk about how a young man can be deceived by seeing something that never was.

Before I drank from the true water of communication, as I'll show at the end of this book, I used to see mirages in the desert. In my desperation to find a friendly ear, I imagined that just by having a few conversations with someone I could open my heart to them. Tere, as I said, sold the idea that she was compassionate with the miserable. Lots of people slept at her house and she and I had long, seemingly profound conversations. Over time, I was closer to her than to her husband. I lived with the Jiménez family for eight months in 1985. More than a dozen years later, when my unpublished autobiographical project was on track, I gave my old friend a copy of my *Letter* and other intimate writings.

In the case of Regina, to whom I had also given a copy of the *Letter*, the aberration was that that woman didn't feel compassion for the teenager I was, but for my parents! But Regina belongs to the humble class and has a low IQ. Following the aforementioned quote from my diary about Regina, I wrote: 'Let's see if Tere, to whom I will deliver the manuscript soon, has compassion. Let's see…' When Tere read my writing she commented about our friend Regina: 'She's like your parents: they are the type of people who, whatever their parents do, you have to honour them'. But when we talked about what she thought herself—oh my! What better than to quote my diary again. A couple of days before I lost my thirties, I wrote:

> *August 10, 1998.*
>
> *It was yesterday when I said goodbye to them. Tere had compassion not for me but for my father, whom she had seen the day before and, as she told me, she was 'thinking all the time about my writing'. That the publication of my book was going to be a shock for him and that it could bump off the poor dad. Tere asked me 'if I could forgive' my parents and that despite being the aggressors 'they were also victims as children'. She hasn't finished reading my manuscript yet but stayed a few pages before the end. If she had compassion for my tragedy, she said it indirectly: 'I will continue reading it until I feel stronger', and that two or three times her eyes had clouded when reading it. In the end, she said that every time I went to talk to her, I 'left her devastated'. Compassion is truly a gift that very few people have. Tere had already shown signs of lack of compassion with Sergio, whom I mentioned in the conversation yesterday.*

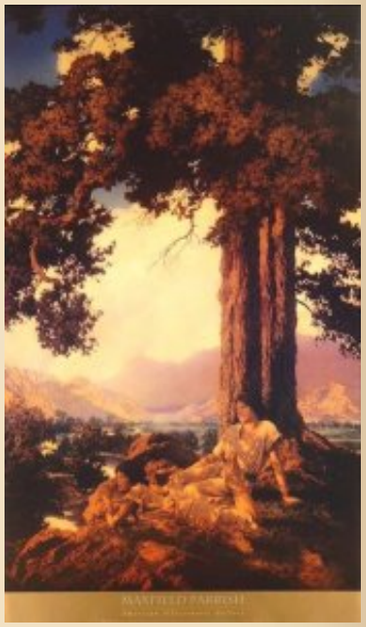
The latter is a long and dirty story, and I will have no choice but to bring it out into the open to assess the strange morals of someone I considered a great friend.

The Jewish Problem (non-Jewish authors):

Definition of anti-Semitism

The Culture of Critique's Preface

Above & below: Parrish's Arcadian paintings.



'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

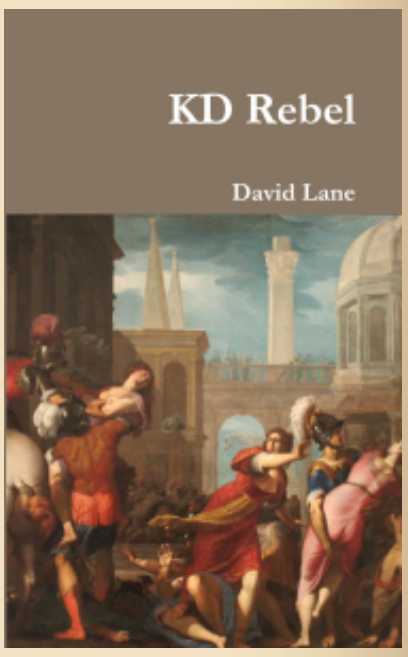
Sergio, who had had psychotic crises as a result of being martyred at home, had been an intimate friend of Tere. His twin brother took advantage of Sergio's relationship with Tere to woo the latter while I lived with the Jiménez family: times when the marriage between Tere and my friend Jiménez was unravelling. When I discovered that Tere preferred the twin, putting Sergio aside, her image of a compassionate and welcoming mother let me down. What shocked me was an occasion when, according to Tere herself, someone—she didn't specify that it was Sergio—had grovelled before her in a tremendous plea not to leave him, but she coldly continued on her way. It shocked me because I guessed that this someone was Sergio, who had been driven mad by his family. Although that happened over a decade before I started my psychiatry research, I still thought it a crime for Sergio's own monozygotic twin and 'mother Teresa' to betray him in such a way. Sergio was in an extreme situation. It was him, not his twin brother, who needed help. Now, having completed my psychiatry research I know that, well treated, he would have had a chance of recovery. But Tere, the twin brother and their father did the opposite (the twins' schizophrenogenic mother had already died).

But you can't learn from another's mistakes. Even with such brutal evidence I didn't eradicate from my mind Tere's public image as a compassionate friend. Only by the end of the century, when I wrote the entry from the diary above and Sergio had already died, did I wake up to the fact that Tere was not the person I assumed to be. For example, when I was writing my diary I omitted to tell something of great importance for me. After Tere told me that she cared about my parents if I published the manuscript, we went to eat. Throughout our meal, with great and more than great expectation I waited for Tere to tell me something significant about what she had read! Quite apart from her concern for my parents, I expected her to tell me something concrete about the tragedy that I tell in the *Letter*. How I remember Tere's smiles and her kindness to me while we ate: that character that has captivated so many. But the long-awaited comment didn't come...

That day Tere died in my heart. And from that day on, not only would I not seek her friendship, but I also eluded her invitations, via third parties, to go to her and her new husband, the twin brother. Not telling me anything about what was most important to me exposed Tere as someone who had never been a true friend. Six years later, the year I sat down to write the analytical part of this book, something unexpected happened. Tere caught me in an office talking on the phone and waited to talk to me. Once again, I quote from my diary:

mad West the term 'racist' de facto means *someone who loves the white race* to the point of wanting to preserve it.

Above, another Maxfield Parrish painting. Below, a novel of the creator of the fourteen words.



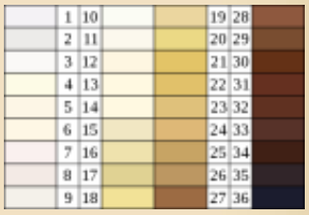
Who's the editor of this site? — See a Metapedia article that a German wrote about me: here.

HUMAN SKIN COLORS:

> *February 20, 2004. As much as I wanted to avoid her, she waited while I spoke and I had to let her in. Despite being so gentle, she has no empathy. Without me touching the subject, she spoke about my* Letter to mom Medusa. *And without me touching the subject, she again worried about the image of my parents if I published it!*
>
> *She doesn't seem to realise that just talking to my parents makes her my enemy. She even said that what they did 'was not with bad intention' and that her ideal was that I abandon all literary projects and resentments, and that that would be my salvation. She used completely different words, but that was her message. The poor thing doesn't know that telling someone who has a career as a whistleblower, like telling Solzhenitsyn not to write about the Red Terror, is insulting; and although I wasn't offended in her presence, at home I saw the absurdity of her position. Hers is none other than all that millenary 'wisdom' that has had human beings trapped in the sixth day of history.*
>
> *Every time I see more clearly why I lost so many years of my life. I had no knowledgeable witnesses. Tere is so cute that the fallacies of her speech aren't noticeable when being with her. But they are paradigms of pedagogical attitudes, as Miller would say, the most harmful attitudes in the world. Not long ago, as she confessed to me yesterday, she spoke to my mother. Tere told me that, since I didn't visit my parents, my mother had told her that I was 'very strange', that that was my character. Although she said it with no intention of offending me, here I got her by the ovaries* [vulgarism for 'I got her', more common in Mexico as referring to male balls]. *It is clear that Tere doesn't see my tragedy. She denies it. Her advice is not aimed at bullies to change their ways. They are aimed at the victim to try impossible oblivion…*

Once again, 'poisonous pedagogy' in action.

> *—impossible because of the null employment opportunities after I lost my profession since the times of the abuse. Tere is asking me that, while her son in Switzerland is studying with his Aryan girlfriend, I, who haven't even had a real partner, must 'forget' my destiny. Her anti-empathy, so evident in the fact that she sees my mother and they are friends, speaks for itself. Not only Tere lacks compassion. Look at the dirty way she treated Sergio. What she told me yesterday corroborates what I thought of her. Hopefully I won't see her again. She is still on my blacklist and I hope she will have a place in one of my books. After reading Miller I see that people like Tere have played the role of villains in my life. Before Miller, people like Tere confused me greatly and were the cause of my stagnation in life, of not making contact with the feelings of the attacked,*



ARCHIVES

Select Month

A 3-eyed crow, symbol of the old man fused to a weirwood tree.

CATEGORIES

14 words

2001: A Space Odyssey (movie)

3-eyed crow

Abortion

Abraham (patriarch)

Abraham Lincoln

Achilles

Adam Smith

Adolf Hitler

Adversus Christianos (book)

Africa

> *tortured and destroyed teen I carry inside. But the light has already reached me, and thanks to having unmasked people like Tere.*

Seeing these passages published from an intimate diary will seem cruel to some of my readers. It won't seem cruel, on the other hand, that someone who I considered my great friend has visited, over the years and behind my back, the person who destroyed me. As I said, in a world where everything is turned upside down, it is not the cruelty of parents to their children that causes scandal, but the denunciation of that cruelty and its accomplices.

Tere's words move me to add one more page against forgiveness and forgetting. Tere had asked me if I could forgive my parents and commented that they too had been victims. This hasn't been the first time that I have received this little piece of advice. As we saw on previous pages I have heard it from other people, including my cousin Carmina. The folly of this demand to the victim is already answered in what I wrote in my diary: Tere should have asked my parents to examine their conscience, not the victim to forgive those who avoid any examination.

The belief that forgiveness has a healthy effect is axiomatic in all cultures, and it seems so obvious that it is taken for granted. But the truth is that forgiving an unredeemed parent is psychological suicide. Miller presents a devastating argument: at the behest of the therapist, a man abused in his childhood forgave his father—a sadist—and later he committed an inexplicable murder. This is because the hatred towards the aggressor still dwells, unconsciously, in the forgiver. Hatred cannot be exorcised by force of will. Unilaterally, forgiveness is impossible. Authentic forgiveness is feasible only if the aggressor recognises his fault and does something very concrete to make amends to his victim: bilateral forgiveness. I never tire of repeating that this is impossible as long as the aggressor insists that he acted well. Poisonous pedagogy (*), and I'd venture to say pedagogical attitudes in general, are based on this inversion of the most elemental psychological reality. Ultimately, the values of the world's cultures towards the victim of parental abuse must be transvalued. Miller's argument against forgiveness in several of her texts is compelling: and those who believe that one-sided forgiveness has a salutary effect would do well to study the lives of serial killers. To illustrate this argument in less extreme cases, I will mention something that appears in Susan Forward's *Toxic Parents*. To her clients who come to her office saying that they have already forgiven their abusive parents, Forward demands that they have to 'unforgive' them until they make contact with their unconscious rage. Otherwise nuclear hatred is still there, and like the subject who committed an inexplicable murder, the natural reaction is to displace it towards substitute people: their children or the partner.

Against the Fall of Night (novel)

Agamemnon

Alaric

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

American civil war

Americanism

Amerinds

Ammianus Marcellinus

An Eye for an Eye (book)

Ancient Greece

Ancient Rome

Anders Breivik

Andrew Anglin

Andrew Hamilton

Angela Merkel

Anti-German exterminationism

Ultimately, no one has come as far as I have. I am the first to do so in eleven autobiographical books so that the subject of soul murder becomes as didactic as possible before an ignorant world. My friend Tere was unable to understand this new literary genre at a time when I was just writing my third book.

(*) Literally translated from German, *Schwarze Pädagogik* would be 'black pedagogy'.

PUBLISHED IN: ALICE MILLER AUTOBIOGRAPHY CHILD ABUSE TRAUMA MODEL OF MENTAL DISORDERS WHISPERING LEAVES (BOOK) ON OCTOBER 12, 2020 AT 4:42 PM COMMENTS OFF

On recent Morgan comments

> *R. Dolan:* 'Robert… Kevin Macdonald called Christianity our only cohesive group strategy, and he surely has a good 30 IQ points on you… as well as three massive tomes, forty years of intense study, a journal, and an exceptional website'.
>
> *Dr. Robert Morgan:* Sure, if Kevin MacDonald says something, then it must be true! LOL. You're such an idiot.
>
> You admit it's a universal religion, open to anyone of any race. Then you also say, echoing your hero, that it's a 'cohesive group strategy'. Clearly, both cannot be true, at least for ensuring white racial preservation.
>
> And then you dopes wonder why you're losing. *Smdh* [shaking my damn head].

I have read those three massive tomes by the way, and my last *Daybreak* article shows that MacDonald is terribly ignorant about Church history.

'Forty years of intense study' says Dolan? Well well… Since I discovered racialism in 2009 it took me about ten years to become fully convinced that Christian ethics was the main culprit of white decline. Before the present year I believed in the witches' brew, i.e., I wasn't reductionistic enough. Am I smarter than white nationalist pundits? No. Rather than 'a good 30 IQ points on you' I believe it's all about who has more 'valour and honesty', as I say in the sixth essay of that *Daybreak* book: something that apparently American nationalists lack.

About Jef Costello's 'Yes, We are Headed for Violent Civil War' published this week on *Counter-Currents* and republished on *The Unz Review*, Morgan commented:

Anti-white 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

Asia

Athanaric

Atheism and secularism

Athena

Athens

Attila

> War would mean there are two sides, each attacking the other and defending. But so far, the right confines itself to defense only, and therefore there is no war. Only if the day ever comes when an American Breivik or Tarrant arises, and his action is celebrated by 'traditional America' instead of denounced, could we say it's a war.

Well said. And going back to the previous subject, after I finish my translated excerpts of another Deschner book I will try to write a short piece about MacDonald's second book of his trilogy, where he naively claims that the Church was a good institution against Jewish subversion.

Spoilers: the opposite is true, and it's precisely because of the ethno-suicidal, Judeo-Christian stance of these nationalists that the new subtitle of this site, *America delenda est*, makes me feel comfortable...

PUBLISHED IN: CHRISTIAN QUESTION (CQ) CIVIL WAR KEVIN MACDONALD ROBERT MORGAN ON OCTOBER 11, 2020 AT 7:48 AM COMMENTS (4)

Nobody wanted to listen, 3

Offended by casual acquaintances

Some would say that Gerardo, from whom I would also distance myself, didn't tell me anything about my manuscripts because, as a relative, he didn't want to commit himself. But there have been other filmmakers who have nothing to do with my family and who behaved worse when I brought up the subject of what happened to me as a teen.

In 2003 I used to go to some get-togethers of filmmakers, all of them older than me, who met at noon on Sundays at the Cineteca café in Mexico City. One of those Sundays Elsié Méndez, Fernando Gou and his wife *[none of them swarthy by the way]* offended me in such a way that I didn't visit again those gatherings that I hadn't missed since I met them. Elsié was infuriated by my feelings of outrage at the abuse of minors: she felt threatened. But laughing at one's suffering during puberty, which she usually does in social gatherings, is a way to avoid pain and to mourn behind walls. As Miller has said, that was the nonsense Frank McCourt did in *Angela's Ashes*, which even before I discovered Miller irritated me. In his autobiography McCourt never spoke out against his parents or the culture that tormented him. Rather, and like Elsié, he laughs at his past: and precisely for laughing at the tragedy of

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
Bob Whitaker
Book of Revelation
Brazil

his childhood he has been applauded in a world steeped in poisonous pedagogy. I confess that what irritated me the most about *Angela's Ashes* when it was released were the reviews I read when I lived in Houston: they praised the author's non-judgmental stance.

Contrary to popular belief, laughing at extreme parental abuse doesn't cure the internal injury that the abuse caused. The diametrically opposite heals: crying. The raucous anger at the aggressors with which I used to express myself in the gathering is also curative. Miller has said that if Sylvia Plath had written aggressive letters to her abusive mother—remember my *Letter*—she wouldn't have had to commit suicide. I lost years of my life by not prosecuting my parents and their society, as I do now. Before I found a knowledgeable witness to guide me into the forbidden territory of healthy hatred, the guilt complex kept me from getting ahead in life. It took entire ages for me to denounce the cruelty of my parents. But in our world it is very common that it's not cruelty towards children that causes anger, but the denunciation of that cruelty.

For example, seeing my anger at my parents, both Elsié and Mr. Fernando jumped on me to protect *their* parents from *their* unconscious anger. Like everything belonging to Alcoholics Anonymous, Mr. Fernando has avoided thoroughly confronting the figure of the father. In Neurotics Anonymous, which I had attended only once twenty years earlier, I witnessed the victim publicly venting out in free associations. I don't object to this catharsis, but both groups completely omit the elementary: devising social engineering scenarios to eliminate domestic violence towards the child who, already grown up, takes refuge in drinking or neurotic defense mechanisms to mitigate his pain. Part of this pedagogic attitude, understood as 'educating' the victim ('poisonous pedagogy') instead of social engineering, can be illustrated by the question that Rocío, Fernando's wife, asked me about my parents:

'Have you forgiven them already?'

This woman, whose nose was broken by her father, reversed reality with her question. Her negative photographic vision has to do with the false feelings of guilt that prevent us from putting the criminal father on the dock. Whoever is not under the influence of poisonous pedagogy asks the natural question and directs it to the aggressor, not to his victim: Have you already asked your daughter for forgiveness? Society not only ignores that unilateral forgiveness is impossible; not only does it not penalise parental abuse but, seeing the reverse reality, it turns its weapons against the victim who complains about the unredeemed parent. We can already imagine what effect it would have to ask a Russian Gulag survivor if he has already forgiven Stalin's willing executioners

Brenton Tarrant

Brutus

Buddhism

Caligula

Canada

Cannibalism

Carl Gustav Jung

Carl Sagan

Carl Schmitt

Carlo Collodi

Carolingian dynasty

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

Childhood's End (novel)

China

Chinese coronavirus

Chris Martenson

while they still believe they did the right thing.

If the filmmakers of the gathering reflected on the films that they comment on Sundays, they would realise the absurdity of their position. Consider the documentary *S-21: La Machine de Mort Khmère Rouge* by Rithy Pahn, shown at the Cineteca itself. In this shocking testimony a survivor of the genocide of the 1970s in Cambodia tells the camera that while some dupes speak of forgiveness and forgetfulness, it is not possible to do so while the executioners of two million Cambodian civilians, including young children, not only are not sorry. They don't even acknowledge that they made a mistake! The same can be said of unrepentant parents who are not aware that they have harmed their child. Unilateral forgiveness is so artificial, feigned and illusory that, at the time when I argued at the Cineteca, Mrs. Rocío didn't visit her father, who was dying of cancer. But yes: she and her friends demand unilateral forgiveness from me. The 'Have you forgiven them already?' tacitly implies that Rocío had unilaterally forgiven her father, something she didn't do in real life. Commenting on the heated discussion that Sunday, Pancho Sánchez, the author of several film books who presides over these gatherings, told me alone that those who say they have no resentment towards their aggressors were hypocrites.

That impossible forgiveness that a society blind and deaf in psychological matters demands in unison is one of the main features of what Miller calls poisonous pedagogy, and it will be a subject to which I will have to return later. Nowadays, when I openly express my resentments towards my parents—as in the gathering of film fans—I am unable to take it out on others. If I had been given a lesson at school against an absorbing mother's behaviour, perhaps I would have made contact with my feelings and not wanted to spill them on Elvira *[recounted in the previous section]*. But school, society, including my educated relatives, see to it that those feelings never surface. But they are there, in the psychic core and eventually they erupt either against the aggressor in the form of an accusatory epistle—a direct and healthy hatred—or against substitute objects: a displaced and insane hatred.

I must clarify that in a meeting with other film fans at the Cineteca my testimony was very well received, and even a lady encouraged me to 'get it all out' as the best therapy. It was only at the table that gathered some individuals who had been mistreated in their childhoods when resistance arose. Like my sister Korina, they did this to avoid feeling their own pain. The only way to convey the intensity of the emotions in the discussion that day is to quote my personal diary, even if I have to correct the syntax and rewrite some passages in addition to omitting some insults (not all). Bear in mind that the films that I saw then were pure anti-German propaganda filmed by Jews: something that, as we shall see in *The Grail*, I didn't know at the time.

Christian art

Christian question (CQ)

Christian views on Hell

Christianity

Christopher Columbus

Cicero

City of God (book)

Civil war

Civilisation (TV series)

Classical sculpture

Claude le Lorrain

Claudius

Clement of Alexandria

Clovis I

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

October 26, 2003

Today the damaged ones attacked me. Some of the things I heard were beyond incredible: 'You have to blame yourself for everything that happens to you; otherwise you have no power over your life'. Elsié believes that she has a power that she doesn't have. And Fernando the same.

*When I came up with my favourite arguments to refute them, suitable arguments for moviegoers—*Sophie's Choice*, a movie that everyone saw, and the girl raped by her father—the incredible happened: the victims were blamed. Elsié commented: 'They are already thinking about how it was possible that they went like lambs to the slaughterhouse'. That is to say: there are no culprits. Regarding Sophie, they denied my thesis that the only thing she could do was what she did: commit suicide. As to the other case, they said that the girl could perfectly rebuild her life as an adult. In other words: no people are destroyed.*

Fernando was more aggressive. When I said that only those who get to the core of pain pull the dagger out of their hearts and that the approach of those in Alcoholics Anonymous was epidermal, he replied that I was 'arrogant', and that Alcoholics Anonymous was about 'reducing the ego' in the sense of not seeing your pain but that of others. This is just the opposite of my autobiography, which, while I see things like the Gulag, the starting point is my own life. The way Fernando spoke of the ego was like saying that you have to forget in order to forgive.

Pancho, the only one who was not a victim of beating at puberty, didn't attack me. Reason? He lacks an idiotic defence mechanism that I unintentionally triggered with my observations. Now I will have to stop seeing them because I see that, with that mental block, a genuine friendship couldn't prosper. I'd have to go just to listen and shut up when the victims are blamed, something I'm not willing to do. The funny thing is that I unwittingly provoked them so that Rocío and Elsié would talk about the most horrendous stories of parental abuse in their lives. Even Fernando said that when he told his father that he wanted to study oratory, he replied: 'You stutterer are not good for that!'

All three, damaged. Fernando, remember, was an alcoholic for many years. He was extremely pissed off that I said I had found the dagger in my heart—the internalised parents—and the way to pull it out, and that I doubted Alcoholics Anonymous, analysts, and psychiatrists could pull it out ('arrogance'). The one who surprised me the most was Elsié, because on another occasion she had understood Fernando's repression about his pain and today she changed sides. When I mentioned the case of Sor Juana, everyone came out that she,

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 (book)

Daybreak Publishing

Death in Venice (movie)

Decius

Degeneracy

Degenerate art

Demeter

Democracy

Democritus

Demography

Denmark

Der Ring des Nibelungen (opera)

Destruction of Germanic paganism

Destruction of Greco-Roman world

Diocletian

Dionysus

Dominique Venner

Don Quixote (book)

Donald Trump

Dresden

> *not the archbishop and Miranda, was the winner! I told them about Juana's self-immolation and they said that the world remembers her. This reasoning is so stupid that it is not worth refuting.*

Octavio Paz wrote a great book about how an archbishop and a confessor cornered Juana de Asbaje.

> *A real pandemonium of the status quo reaction was triggered today by my attackers. In a soliloquy that I just threw on the street, I realised that the hatred towards the victim—reminiscent of Dr. Amara, the psychiatrists, and the serial killer Miller speaks of—is because they cannot bear the pain of having been themselves victims. Not wanting to see their total helplessness, they come out with 'I'm over it', 'You have to forgive', 'You have to forget' and so on. The worst thing is when they repeat the social clichés, the most nefarious of all, like the one that those stagnated in life haven't wanted to get out of their victimising stance. I tried to refute them with the case of the Eschatology cult* [see the first article in *Daybreak*] *in which I was and chess: that only when I wasn't aware of the role my parents played did I get stuck and was a looser. That made Fernando angry, who told me things that hurt me, and Elsié and Rocío supported him.*
>
> *But here's their story…*
>
> *Elsié was married when she was almost a child and her abusive father told her: 'Just one piece of advice: always say yes to your husband'. Already married she cried and cried and didn't know why. She had two horrendous marriages in which she was beaten. She repeated the patterns of a battered woman with her husbands, she couldn't get rid of them: something had her ass hooked to them. Rocío's father broke her nose at age twenty because she dared to confront him with a 'Why?' when her father told her 'You won't speak to that boy again' (Fernando). When his father got home, all her siblings shit out of fear. He always beat them undeservedly. They continued with their public confessions but the essential is understood: they told horror stories and cannot see another victim who now wants to make a literary career on the subject. It is painful for them and for Fernando who, although he didn't say many things due to male circumspection, it is clear that his father crushed him.*
>
> *The funny thing is that both Rocío ('have you forgiven them yet?') and Elsié (credulous of psychoanalysis) and Fernando (credulous of Alcoholics Anonymous) have as a defence mechanism the New Age bullshit that one is 'the arbiter of one's own destiny'. Everything has to do with not facing the pain: especially the pain that impotence in childhood was total: the opposite of the lies of the New Age. Ah! I had forgotten to say*

Dwight D. Eisenhower

Dylann Roof

Eastern Orthodox Church

Economy

Edmund Burke

Edward Gibbon

Edward I of England

Egalitarianism

Egypt

El Grial (book)

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

> *that Elsié came out with a BS similar to that of Arnaldo Vidal about his brother Juan Carlos, who told me that 'it made him very comfortable to be sick'. Elsié told me that David Helfgott wanted to stay as a child.*

Juan Carlos Vidal, an acquaintance of my family and grandson of the famous Victor Serge, became a mentally-ill lad because of the behaviour of his parents. Helfgott also became 'schizophrenic' for the same causes. The filmmakers knew the latter case very well from the movie *Shine*. The grotesque thing about their position is that if I took them to an asylum, they would say that all diagnosed as schizophrenics found it very comfortable to stay as children.

> *That's why Elsié and Fernando get hooked into victim-blame philosophies like psychoanalysis and AA: it is their defence mechanism to believe that they had more power than they actually had. Remember, Caesar, how twenty years ago it bewildered me in Neurotics Anonymous when they talked about 'selfishness', and that because of that 'selfishness' the poor devils who went there were in bad shape. Whoever presided over that place blamed herself and the rest of the group for their emotional state. I never imagined when I left in the morning that this would be the last day that I go to the gatherings at the Cineteca. The way Elsié and Fernando spoke today was to repeat the social slogans that 'negative thinking', mine supposedly, hurts; and rosy glasses heal. And by the way, two of Rocío's sisters didn't marry and don't see their father.*
>
> *There's something esle. Both Elsié and Rocío had helping witnesses: their own siblings. But they condemn those who didn't have them: Caesar, Helfgott, Sor Juana. Also, they don't want to see that there is a stark difference between the pain of a woman like the one in the movie* Sophie's Choice*—I used this example many times—and other pains. Fernando got pissed off and said that the pains cannot be compared. Neither he nor Elsié know that there is a limit of resilience in human pain. If that limit is crossed, the mind breaks down.*

In the section on *Shine* of my previous book I spoke about the latter: an argument that I brought up in one of the previous gatherings but that Mr. Fernando ignored.

> *Their ravings—that Sor Juana emerged triumphantly; blaming Helfgott, and denying that only suicide could detonate Sophia's mountain of pain—are clear proof that my arguments were devastating. They had to come out really crazy when I put them on the defensive. Another thing. If someone comes to Alcoholics Anonymous in trauma, the worst thing they can tell him is that he has to 'get down on the ego'. His damage is in the ego, not in an inflated ego as Fernando believes, but in a wounded ego. The climax of yesterday's psychotic breakdown were Elsié's words: 'You have to blame yourself' for everything that*

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

G.W.F. Hegel

Galerius

Galileo Galilee

Game of Thrones

Gaul

Genetics

Genghis Khan

Genrikh Yagoda

> *happens to me in order to 'have control over life.'*

The New Age doctrines are so absurd that they would even lead us to blame the passenger victims of a plane crash. It is so unnecessary to spend ink in refuting them that I better continue with my diary:

> *Another breakdown: when I mentioned the example of Auschwitz Rocío jumped up claiming that the prisoners in concentration camps had control in some way, meaning that those who survived were the good guys. It is this type of psychotic breakdown in the face of my arguments that makes it unjustified to return to sit at their table. But yes: I will nail them in my books...*
>
> *October 28. I've been thinking more about what happened on Sunday and discovered a thing or two. Both Fernando and Elsié are in cults. I was ignorant of it, so I didn't realise that saying that Alcoholics Anonymous therapy was 'skin deep' was going to cause anger and rage from the cultists. Likewise, when I spoke of Sophie's pain, they came out with the idea that 'pain can be an incentive for life'. As if any pain and Sophie's were the same!, who was made to choose, in front of her children, which of them went to the gas chambers: the fateful 'Sophie's choice'.*
>
> *As I said, what bothers this trio the most is the impotence in the face of evil and the criminal will of the Other. In order not to feel their pain ('blame oneself', 'reduce ego', 'forgive', 'pain can be a spur for life') they insulted me. Elsié, it hurts me to say it because at the time she hurt me, told me that self-pity was the worst, and that one had to get out of that victimising position. I felt very bad when, following that line, these idiots blamed the prisoners of the concentration camps. And by the way, Fernando's bilious zeal when speaking of the 'Higher Power', an entity that is instilled in them in Alcoholics Anonymous, was very similar to my old father's zeal when speaking of God. It is clear that it is the zeal of a cultist.*

A few words about self-help groups in general and Alcoholics Anonymous (AA) in particular are worth it. In short, it is not enough that some people are willing to listen to our problems, even our deepest demons, as is done in such groups. The victim of abuse must have an enlightened witness: someone who doesn't come up with idiotic defence mechanisms in the face of tragedy. Now, the difference between the hearing of an enlightened witness and a simple audience such as Alcoholics Anonymous is abysmal. I know a subject who was in AA whom I had to distance myself from because, although he overcame his alcoholism, he displaces hidden anger on his friends. Likewise, there are AA people who transfer their alcoholism to bulimic behaviour, or become addicted to gambling because their psychic damage was never

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 movie)

Hannibal

Hans F. K. Günther

Harold Covington

Harry S. Truman

Hate

Health

Heinrich Himmler

Hellstorm (book)

Helmut Stellrecht

addressed. They are called 'dry alcoholics'. The dry guy I distanced myself from, for example, once he got over his alcoholism took refuge in chess. He never processed his pain. Divorced and with two small daughters living with their mother, this mature man displaces his anger on others. Alcohol is a balm for pain that the mind is unable to process. Alcoholics Anonymous will have saved him from that false balm, but not from his pain.

Mr. Fernando got very angry when I said that AA therapy was skin deep. But that is exactly what these types of therapies are. Only the enlightenment that comes from an 'accomplice witness'—a better translation than 'knowledgeable witness', one of Miller's terms *[she wrote in German]*—along with writing about our lives, can result in true psychological healing.

> *The key to the keys, Caesar, is that you cannot argue with people who blame the victims of the concentration camps. Exercising such violence to reality hides an infinite aversion to the fact that there is Evil in the world and that we have no control over the evil acts of others. But I'm going to leave these people alone. It's already eighteen pages of my diary. It's so sad that I can't make friends in a world like this…*

Remember that, in those days, those movie fans and I watched Hollywood films and knew nothing about the malicious anti-German propaganda or the Jewish question. Independently of that, the disagreement at the Cineteca hurt me in such a way that I promised myself that this would be the last time I would behave cordially with those who, in the future, offend me with poisonous pedagogies. During the 2003 discussion I was still reticent to speak out all of it. I didn't respond to the filmmakers as vehemently as, alone, I did in my diary, but rather respected social conventions. But respecting them leaves the offended with an irresistible desire for revenge, as we will see in the next few pages.

PUBLISHED IN: ALICE MILLER AUTOBIOGRAPHY CHILD ABUSE FILM HOLOCAUST WHISPERING LEAVES (BOOK) ON OCTOBER 10, 2020 AT 7:32 PM COMMENTS (1)

Pau's quote

'Cómo es necesaria la humildad para reconocer los propios errores' (How humility is necessary to recognise one's mistakes).

—Letter from Paulina, page 443 of *Hojas Susurrantes*.

PUBLISHED IN: MANTRAS ON OCTOBER 10, 2020 AT 7:14 PM COMMENTS OFF

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)
Holocaust
Holodomor
Homer
Homosexuality
Honorius (emperor)
Horace
Human sacrifice
Huns
Hunter (novel)
Hypatia of Alexandria
Ibycus
Iceland
Iliad (epic book)
Immanuel Kant
Immigration laws

Nobody wanted to listen, 2

'Normal people'

Not all my close friends are as primitive as a pastry chef who, like a balm, tries to spread whipped cream to his existential pain. In my adolescence there was a time when Hector Covarrubias and my father commented on the wonders of *2001: A Space Odyssey* at the house in Palenque. As I said in the narrative section, the film culminates with the return to Earth of a man turned into an overman to eradicate Neanderthalism. Arthur Clarke himself suggests this at the end of the novel, which Hector had read. Of my relatives, Hector was considered the most intelligent in the family and as a teenager I visited him, being impressed by his clear and transparent rationalism. The lectures on physics he gave me individually in 1977 had moments as lucid as I would later hear on Carl Sagan's shows. But Hector was blinded about the conflict with my parents. He didn't see the dysfunction in our family even when, because of the seventh circle of hell at home, he saw me completely broken. His house was an Enlightenment room as long as we touched on the topics of science, rationalism, and the criticism of magical thinking. The problems of the soul were forbidden. Instead of seeing my family problem, he repressed the whole thing and looked me down. He disowned the nephew who most admired him...

Hector was already a married man with daughters when I stopped visiting him in the early 1980s. But I have also been offended by relatives younger than myself. When my first cousin Octavio read my Epistle to the mother in 1990 he commented to me: 'My view of your parents is changing!' I remember those words very well while, sitting and reading it absorbed, he had the manuscript on the desk. However, some months later he spread the gossip with my father that I could publish it. Octavio had been the closest of my intelligent cousins, but like years later with Pablo, I felt very hurt by his behaviour and I distanced myself permanently from him. Something not so grotesque happened with my cousin Carmina when I visited her at her house, next to Hector, our uncle. When I made a sheepishly critical comment on parental abuse, my cousin jumped, 'You think your parents are demons'. I don't know why she reacted like this. I suppose that from other relatives she was familiar with my ideas. It was the last time I visited her. Hector, Octavio and Carmina are sophisticated people. But their reactions were typical cases of extreme dissociation before the most elemental psychological reality.

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 the West

Israel

Italy

James Mason

James Watson

Jane Austen

Japan

Jared Taylor

Jean-Jacques Rousseau

Jefferson Davis

Jeffrey Masson

Jeremy Bentham

Jerusalem

Jesus

Jewish hate groups

Gerardo Tort filmed *De la Calle*, a film about homeless children in Mexico City. He is one of the two cousins Korina referred to in her letter of advice and scolding. Surely my cousin Gerardo could hear me, I thought. I had read an approximation of the script for his film before the script reached its final elaboration, and I gave him my opinion. What would be my surprise when Gerardo didn't comment on a draft of my first two books, nor would he do so in subsequent years. And he didn't tell me anything even though, on one occasion when I ran into him on the street, I brought up the subject of the manuscript I had given him. Not even a filmmaker my age, with whom I had talked about so many things against the established order in the past, could hear my story. Gerardo can bring his guts to the camera into the sewers where street children live. But he doesn't have them to listen to his cousin about what happened in one of the Tort families. My sister would say that those who act like this 'are normal people who run away from problems; they are not interested and cannot do anything about it'. I'd say they are Neanderthals—exterminable Neanderthals indeed, as I will argue elsewhere.

PUBLISHED IN: AUTOBIOGRAPHY CHILD ABUSE NEANDERTHALISM WHISPERING LEAVES (BOOK) ON OCTOBER 9, 2020 AT 8:44 PM COMMENTS (1)

Pau's quote

'Cómo es necesaria la humildad para reconocer los propios errores' (How humility is necessary to recognise one's mistakes).

—Letter from Paulina, page 443 of *Hojas Susurrantes*.

PUBLISHED IN: MANTRAS ON OCTOBER 9, 2020 AT 8:41 PM COMMENTS OFF

Nobody wanted to listen, 1

One of the problems with translating fragments of a book is that you lose context. Strictly speaking, the ten chapters that I will translate from *Hojas Susurrantes* (*Whispering Leaves*), pages 378-430 and 443-444, can only be well understood after having read the previous three hundred and seventy-seven pages.

Jewish question (JQ)
Jewish–Roman wars
Jez Turner
Johann Sebastian Bach
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
Karl Marx

However, when I recently reviewed the syntax and edited that text, which I had not reread for several years, I realised that those pages were understandable if I translated them. Similarly, *Day of Wrath* (see the sidebar) contains translated pages 472-634 of my *Hojas* that, even in isolation from the rest of the book, make perfect sense.

So here is the first of ten instalments of pages 378-430 that I'll be translating this month. It begins with some anecdotes that happened in 1976…

_____ 卐 _____

NOBODY WANTED TO LISTEN

Hurt by my loved ones

In the most difficult moment of my life, my seventeen years, I fled to the house of San Lorenzo with my grandmother. A few days later there was a meeting at her home. Besides grandma Mecho there was also my grandma Yoya; I remember Aunt Esperanza and also Aunt Elsa: my father's sisters-in-law, and I think my Aunt Mercedes was also there. As I tell in *Letter to mom Medusa*, at that time my character was extremely self-conscious because of what my parents had done to me. But despite my inhibition, I plucked up my courage and threw a comment on the table that was intended to reveal the tragedy at home. At that time they had just released *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest* and I projected myself into the stuttering lad who commits suicide at the end. My mother, still at a distance, continued to harass me: now through the infamous Dr. Amara. In the film it is mentioned that the lad had a possessive mother. I projected myself because, just as in the movie the villainous nurse was an ally of his mother, that doctor was an ally of my mom. Thus, at dinner with my aunts discussing the film, in a moment of unusual courage I said to my grandma Yoya:

'There are mothers like that with their children!'

I meant that there are mothers who destroy their children as in the film. Although I don't remember my exact words, I said it not only with great emotion, but with immense anguish. When I write these paragraphs I have to get up from my desk to walk around in the modest study in which I live. The memory touches me so painful fibres that penetrate so deep in my being, that I need a little peripatetic comfort before I sit down again to write. Yoya perfectly got what I wanted to say, and what I am about to tell is what hurts me.

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

Lombards

London

Lord of the Rings

Lothrop Stoddard

Louis XIV of France

Louis-Ferdinand Céline

Luke the Evangelist

Lycurgus

Maccabees

Madison Grant

Mainstream media

Manosphere

Mantras

Manu Rodríguez (blogger)

Here is a minor who, for mysterious reasons for her aunts and grandmothers, runs away from home to take refuge with his grandma. This boy is patently distressed, self-conscious, and in great stress when speaking. He makes a herculean effort and, using a movie, tries to talk about his own drama. Instead of his anguished comment marking the beginning of some serious communication with the family, Yoya, who has said that I was her favourite grandson, immediately turns to Aunt Esperanza with the words:

'But Blanquita and other mothers aren't like that, right?'

Yoya repeated the question ('Oh no, of course!' Esperanza answered) and mentioned my mother's name in the second or third repetition. My grandma originally used my absent Aunt Blanquita to avoid mentioning my mother directly; and she meant that if these things happen in other families, never in ours.

The pain of which I speak has to do with the fact that it is this sort of axiomatic deafness, this root disbelief, this anti-empathy towards an *extremely* anguished boy who *desperately* needs a friendly ear, that destroys a life.

Anyone who has been the victim of their parents to the level that I was, suffers a panic that undermines his mind when, to boot, no one shows the least compassion; that is, when the kid lacks what Alice Miller calls 'a helping witness'. I didn't have a single person to comfort me when I was being attacked by my parents. On the contrary, the family and my friends put up incredible resistance (and let's not talk about the analyst). As Jeffrey Masson wrote on page 17 of his anti-therapy pamphlet, 'Whenever our own truth is denied, ignored or invalidated we experience the greatest fear we can ever know: the threat of the annihilation of our self'. For those who haven't been victims of parental beating, it is impossible to imagine how the universe falls; how the sky breaks and the stars collapse when the child has absolutely no one who wants to hear his story.

After the turbulent years

If as a teenager it was a miracle that I made up my mind to denounce my parents, in my twenties I managed to do it more frequently. In the 1980s my adolescent agonies were distant. Years had passed and I was much more emotionally robust. So I criticised my mother in various conversations.

Hearing my criticisms in a conversation alone with Godmother at her cozy flat, whom I had dreamed of when I was very little in that beautiful dream in which she approached me happily dancing *[a*

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

Merovingian dynasty

Metaphysics of race / sex

Mexico

Michael O'Meara

Michelangelo

Middle Ages

Middle East

Miguel Hidalgo y Costilla

Mike Maloney

dream recounted in the previous section], she raised the palm of her hand as a sign of please stop my dear! In my late twenties her lack of empathy didn't cause me the terrible panic I had suffered as a boy with the psychoanalyst. But it hurt me in such a way that I stopped talking to her for a long time: something that no relative had dared to do. Godmother, the sister closest to my grandma Yoya, was a respected figure in the family because as she stayed single she acted as a counsellor to the relatives. But like the deaf analyst, the family counsellor was unable to listen to any accusations about the parents, despite the fact that on one occasion she commented to me 'If you could see what they come to tell me here!'

On another occasion, and also in the 1980s, my uncle Beto did something similar. He was the one who had rented us the house in Ermita, the place of my first memories, and with whom Elvira herself had worked after her stay in Palenque *[recounted in the previous section]*. When Uncle Beto heard my criticism of my mother, he raised his eyes to the ceiling as a sign that I had crossed the line into forbidden territory. Although Uncle Beto, Godmother and Yoya's younger brother, didn't enter into an argument about something so important to me, I didn't get angry or stop talking to him. Not long after he would die. But the unspoken message from my great-uncles, grandmother, and analyst was the same: they weren't willing to listen to something that touched parents.

It could be thought that only that generation of people wasn't prepared for this type of revelations. Neither is mine. Not even my younger brother allowed me to communicate my views to him.

In 1998, without any inhibition and with a fully developed intellectual capacity, in a restaurant I quoted to Pablo some passages from a treatise by Silvano Arieti. The tract showed how paranoia was due to the stalking mother of his young female clients, and these passages surprisingly portrayed the delusions of one of our sisters. In a gesture that I felt rude, my brother closed the Arieti book that I had on the table between us. That aborted discussion marked the beginning of a total and absolute estrangement with my brother.

Pablo, the fifth of my siblings, at thirty years old didn't want to know anything about the dark side of our parents because he wasn't abused as a child. But the incredible thing is that I've also been hurt by my battered sisters when I wanted to communicate my findings. Since Genevieve follows me in age—the photograph in which she and I embrace as children is a treasure in my heart *[photo that appears in the previous section]*—she is the one I feel closest to. But by introjecting our mother's paranoid vision of me

Miscegenation

Miscellany

Moctezuma II

Monarchy

Mongols

Monocausalism

Montaigne

Montesquieu

Morgenthau Plan

Moscow

Moses (Hebrew lawgiver)

Music

My pinacoteca

Napoleon

National Socialism

Nature

Neanderthalism

Nero

New Spain

New Testament

New York

Newspeak

Niccolò Machiavelli

Nick Fuentes

Nicolaus Copernicus

Non-white immigration

Nordicism

Norman Rockwell

North America

since her teens, a phenomenon that Theodore Lidz once called *folie en famille*, Genevieve distanced herself from her older brother: something that has hurt me deeply. The only time in my life I asked to speak to her about the family, she refused. And when I put the manuscript of my *Letter to mom Medusa* on her bed a few days later, she returned it to me without having read it: a gesture that, like Pablo's, naturally offended me.

From my family Genevieve has been the only one who has distanced from me of her own free will due to the discord that our mother sowed ('... she took you out of the family and turned the whole world against you with pure lies', my sister Korina wrote me in her own handwriting about our mother when I had gone abroad *[an already quoted sentence in Letter to mom Medusa]*). I would distance myself from others because of their lack of compassion, or in the case of Korina herself, because of her lack of empathy. As seen from the quote in this paragraph, Korina was the only one who made deep emotional contact with my adolescent tragedy. However, my sister believes that the family tragedy shouldn't be made public, and has vehemently maintained the social convention that it is wrong to bring up the subject with others.

Humanity ignores that communicating one's own tragedy to someone is essential to settle accounts with our past. Humans, in general, see reality backwards. For example, instead of trying to understand my autobiographical mission, throughout my adult life Korina has treated me with sobering attitudes. This is very ironic because in my family only she developed great compassion for me (which is why I had thought to dedicate my first book to her) and also because our mother martyred her. But Korina refused to read the manuscript of the *Letter* that I planned to dedicate to her when I lived with her and her little son. Even after I left her home, and despite my pleas for her to stop meddling in my confessional passion, she continued to bother me. Like the rest of humanity, Korina has a fear of radical soul surgery. For her, my initiative to speak out about my findings in family psychology isn't intelligent behaviour: it is foolish behaviour before which the sister, assuming the role of a new mother, reprimands the memorialist. I quote the crucial passages from the last of her epistolary scolds without adding ellipsis between unquoted passages:

> *Caesar:*
>
> *The other time I spoke with one of the Tort cousins and he told me that you had sent him part of your book and that it's not the first time you do this. I know you want the whole world to read it or something like that since you worked so hard on it and it's your life and what my parents did to you and all that, and believe me I understand you. But what you don't understand, Caesar, is that people don't like problems, let alone problems as big as yours, and even less if they are about the family. Also,*

Norway

Nuremberg

Obituaries

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

Out-group altruism

Ovid

Painting

Parapsychology

Paris

Parsifal (opera)

Parthenon

Passing of the Great Race (book)

Patriarchy

Pedagogy

Pederasty

Percy Bysshe Shelley

Pericles

> *think that even if people read it, that's not how the world is going to be fixed, Caesar, that's not how the Revolution is going to do you justice. The damage is done and only you can fix it.*
>
> *And just think about this, I say in good faith Caesar, once more. People don't like problems. If I weren't your sister and I knew you, the third day you arrived and told me this, Caesar, I would dump you because what you don't understand is that not all people in the world are therapists or psychiatrists or psychoanalysts and we don't want to hear about problems, let alone such serious ones. We are normal people who run away from problems. We are not interested and cannot do anything about it.*
>
> *If you need to get it out of your head, go with someone to tell them as many times as you need, and I'm not talking about a therapist, maybe a friend or someone who wants to hear from you. Remember when you told me that a married couple who had lived in a concentration camp* [a fictional film: *Left Luggage], that the lady no longer wanted to hear any of that afterwards because it hurt her a lot, but that it was good for the husband to talk about it because he took it out, it was like his therapy.*
>
> *Well, if you understood that, I don't know why you don't understand that reading your book hurts me and a lot of people in the family.*
>
> *Korina*

My sister thinks that reading the book I was going to dedicate to her would hurt her. The truth is that my work would shine a light in her dark mind by understanding what happened in our family. Dark, I say, because she was the one I was talking about with my younger brother about her paranoid delusions: obvious delusions for all her distant friends and close friends. (To give just one example: once Korina told me, crying with extreme anguish and expelling me from her house, that I was part of a plot led by our mother to put poisons in her food.) Furthermore, Korina is wrong in believing that 'the world won't be fixed' if others read my tragedy—or hers—and she also errs that 'only one can fix' the damage caused by parents. Like the rest of humanity, my sister is seeing things backwards, in a photographic negative. I don't want to get my past out of my head. I want to get it into others with my writing. Taking it off leads to psychoses, like hers. Instead, making people aware of the hell caused by parents like ours prevents them.

'We are normal people who run away from problems; we are not interested and cannot do anything about it'. What Korina and humanity see as normal, in my eyes is the behaviour of a very primitive dude, a Neanderthal. If my sister were correct that it's

Persephone

Persia

Peter Schiff

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

healthy not to talk more about the problem, as she advises me in a paragraph that I omitted from her letter, she herself wouldn't suffer from delusional ideas. On the other hand, I don't suffer from the slightest mental disorder, not even addictions; but the aforementioned cousin that Korina mentions in her letter did (he once confessed to me and my brother that he was addicted to cocaine). The accepted wisdom in our society is what Korina believes: that burying a tragedy is the correct mental practice. I never tire of repeating it: repression and denial are the royal road for crime and mental disorders.

Korina, who watches soap operas and doesn't like reading, reproaches me in her letter that 'I want everyone to read me'. She ignores that we have an obligation to listen to the tragedy of the brother because only that can heal his soul. But at seventeen I didn't need everyone, just one person. To take the most dramatic example that comes to mind: If, dismayed by my attempt at communication, Yoya would have called me to speak privately during that 1976 family dinner, she could have saved me. A single friendly ear would've led me on the right path in life. I wouldn't have sought my salvation for so many years in stupid cults that alienated me and prevented me from pursuing a career. Although I didn't respond to my sister's letter, I can do so in an open letter: *What hurts, Korina, isn't digging up the past, but hiding it under a mountain of cakes. It seems to me that in* Left Luggage *the adult was the man, and the mental infant, his wife; and it is the man who scolds her for her childish defence mechanism, the pastry. But you, who try to avoid the mourning over our parents in inane distractions, are the one who thinks you are the adult. How daring of you to scold the digger as if he, not the pastry chef, were the child.*

In other words, I'm not the one who should change. My family and relatives, Korina and company, are the ones who have the obligation to emerge psychically. Jung saw it clearly: enlightenment isn't achieved by imagining figures of light (which Korina has tried for decades). It is achieved by analysing our darkness, our own shadow.

PUBLISHED IN: AUTOBIOGRAPHY CHILD ABUSE GENUINE SPIRITUALITY TRAUMA MODEL OF MENTAL DISORDERS WHISPERING LEAVES (BOOK) ON OCTOBER 7, 2020 AT 11:27 AM COMMENTS (4)

« Older Entries

Newer Entries »

Psychohistory

Psychology

Puritanism

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 Nixon

Richard Spencer

Richard Wagner

Richard Walther Darré

Rising Tide of Color (book)

Robert Jay Mathews

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Roger Devlin

Romanticism

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The Brigade (novel)

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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 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

David Irving's Website

IN SPANISH

La hora más oscura

From Guillaume Faye's "Mars & Hephaestus":

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:

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“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 why we say that Christianity and the JQ are one and the same, see this passage from *The Fair Race*.

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

The deep-seated death-wish that seems to have taken hold of the collective subconscious psyche of the Aryan race after Hitler's death is I believe a consequence of centuries of Jewish brainwashing via Christianity and its secular offshoots.

Once the majority of Aryans had rejected Hitler they embraced what remained of Christianity, Christian ethics, with a vengeance. Aryans are aware of what our race is capable of becoming from the photos and films of NS Germany and many of them hate and fear their own race's potential for greatness due to attachment to an irrational morality and so our race is in a sort of self-destruct mode.

If the National Socialists had won the Second World War our race would not have entered into this intense struggle to overcome the oldest and most effective weapon of the Jews, Christianity. So this post-1945 struggle with the mental disease of Christianity does serve a purpose in that it will either destroy us for good or make us even stronger.

Before Aryans can annihilate the biological Jew on the physical level they must destroy the alien Jewish mind virus on the mental level by overcoming Christian morality. —Joseph Walsh

Sooner or later the world will recognise that Hitler was right and that until the West accepts this fact, they will continue their ongoing self-destruction, especially in the US and the UK.

Either way, massive destruction is unavoidable because after the Second World War the Allies must pay a massive karmic debt.

Whatever you want to call it, thinking you can aid in saving the white race while, at the same time, bending the knee to Jewish deities (Yahweh and Yeshua) is some kind of combination of insane, dishonest, cowardly, naive, or very stupid. To bottom line it, it won't and can't work.

'White nationalists have failed because trying to stir up anti-semitism in a culture shaped by almost two thousand years of Christian delusion and a white race imbued with the conviction that a Jew is God is a fool's errand'. —R.M.

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