

Day of wrath

César Tort

Front cover:
José Clemente Orozco
The Return of Quetzalcoatl
Fresco painted between
1932 and 1934

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¿Me Ayudarás...?
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The Fair Race's Darkest Hour
Daybreak
On Exterminationism
Christianity's Criminal History
Letter to mom Medusa
On Beth's Cute Tits

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There is no salvation for the White race
until it embraces Hitler's divine spirit.

— Joseph Walsh

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PREFACE

The texts under this cover are essays on a wide range of topics. Even so, I venture to publish them under a single cover because they represent an introduction, in English and a readable book, to my vast work in Spanish. Most of the texts of this book are Spanish-English translations of chapters of my books *Hojas Susurrantes*, *¿Me Ayudarás?* and *El Grial*. But the first two articles are blog essays.

The first article gave the title to this book.

I wrote ‘Dies Irae’ at the end of 2012 for mi website *The West’s Darkest Hour* (WDH). This article must be contextualised from the fourteen words: ‘We must secure the existence of our people and a future for white children’, the axiom of WDH. In many words, to fully understand the 14 words see the selected compilation of WDH articles in the book *The Fair Race’s Darkest Hour* (document available on my website).

The next article, ‘Possessed whites’ appeared on my website in early 2020. The rest of the book consists of translations from Spanish.

Hojas Susurrantes consists of approximately 260,000 words. It is the first volume of my philosophical trilogy. In 2006 I wrote the text reproduced here, ‘Unfalsifiability in Psychiatry’: a piece that appears in the second chapter of *Hojas*. In that essay, I try to show that the profession called psychiatry does not meet the scientific requirement to distinguish it from pseudosciences.

I finished the fourth chapter of *Hojas* in 2008. In this translation, I interpolate some square brackets in italics, and also some explaining passages, for those who have not read my thick volumes in their original language. The texts ‘The Trauma Model,’ ‘The Feathered Serpent’ and ‘Psychohistory’ are taken from this fourth chapter of *Hojas*. In these chapters I establish the basis of

the trauma model: the opposite paradigm to the pseudoscientific medical model of mental disorders taught in psychiatry departments. The trauma model aims to demonstrate that abusive parents have driven their children mad throughout prehistory and recorded history.

The second volume of my autobiography, *¿Me Ayudarás?* consists of approximately 225,000 words. The piece reproduced here, 'God', is a translated text of its first chapter. The third book of my autobiography, *El Grial*, is shorter: approximately 155,000 words. 'Dying in a Louis XVI-style bedroom' is taken from the introduction. Like the other chapters, it has been adapted for this English translation. This last text is a portrait of my soul that connects with the first essay, 'Dies Irae,' day of wrath in Latin.

January 2020
(edited in 2022)

DIES IRAE

For a few years I have been reading racist literature and have come to the conclusion that William Luther Pierce ought to be considered the central intellectual figure of American racialism (George Lincoln Rockwell on the other hand was perhaps the noblest individual on this side of the Atlantic). Besides his superb essays Pierce inaugurated the novelesque genre of a revolutionary takeover of white societies, and his axiological ruminations about the history of the white race in *Who We Are* are still unsurpassed among American racists. Unlike the national socialists and William Pierce, nowadays white advocates are comfortably living under the sky of Christian and liberal ethics, as I will try to argue in this article. Greg Johnson for one, the editor-in-chief of the webzine *Counter-Currents Publishing*, has been ambivalent on Pierce. He wrote:

Some time later, on April 22, 2000, I purchased [the novels] *The Turner Diaries* and *Hunter* from Dent Myers at his Wildman's Shop in Kennesaw, Georgia. Frankly, I found them repulsive, *The Turner Diaries* in particular. Pierce may have been inspired by National Socialism, but his model of revolution was pure Lenin and his model of government pure Stalin. If he had the power, he would have killed more people than Lenin, Stalin, Mao, and Pol Pot combined.

Johnson is not even recognizing here that the national socialists were the good guys for Aryan preservation, and the heads of the states he mentions the bad guys.

He epitomizes everything about the Old Right model that I reject: one party politics, totalitarianism, terrorism, imperialism, and genocide. At the time, I remarked that as a novelist and political theorist Pierce was a first rate physicist.

I regarded him as a monster...

Take note that Johnson's webzine is considered by some the *crème de la crème* of white nationalist blogsites, something like a *haute culture* magazine for the sophisticate, and that he presents himself as a fan of Friedrich Nietzsche to his readership. The

trouble with Johnson is not only that he's living a double life—criticizing Christianity online and delivering pious, traditional homilies at the Swedenborgian Church of San Francisco—; he really wants to have it both ways. Sometimes he seems to be in favour of revolutionary action but other times he condemns violence. In Johnson's own words in his so-called 'New Right' manifesto, 'the only gun I want to own is made of porcelain.' Doesn't this amount to say that he rejects winning, since throughout history there has been no nation-building without violence? This is Alex Linder's pronouncement on Johnson: 'His attempt to claim heir to the legacy of Hitler and Mussolini while renouncing actual fighting, and going beyond that to denounce those men's movements in pretty much the same terms Jews do ['I regarded him as a monster...'] is simply bizarre. And that, in particular, he should not be allowed to get away with.'

Elsewhere I have quoted Nietzsche's *Zarathustra* having in mind Johnson's manifesto. But what would a genuine Zarathustran voice sound like? Simply put it, someone who advocates the transvaluation of values back to the pre-Christian mores in the West.



Hitler contemplating a bust of Nietzsche

What stands between Moses' old Tablets and Zarathustra's new, half-written Tablets—the new ethical code that, ideally, will rule white behaviour in a coming thousand-year Reich? At Radio Free Mississippi, Linder has blamed Christian scruples by way of an example. My paraphrases: What would be our first reflex when watching an adult, African-American male in a park replete with blond, unprotected toddlers? Pull the trigger on the intruding nigger of course! Linder then asked rhetorically what on Earth is functioning as malware for the white mind that impedes us from following our primitive, natural instincts? His answer: 'It's

Christianity,' in the sense that our basic moral grammar is Christian even among atheists: a sort of hypertrophy of our sense of decency from a survivalist point of view.

Even racist Christians concede a point. Brad Griffin, a southern nationalist, has been unearthing citations of the Yankee mentality in antebellum America. Griffin's conclusion is that abolitionism was caused by 'a moral, religious, and ideological revolution in worldview,' and that 'the twin doctrines that are to blame for our decline, which brought about this critical shift in moral outlook, are the Enlightenment's ideology of liberal republicanism and the spread of evangelical Christianity.' Griffin of course is afraid to mention the *C* word: Christianity without adjectives. In my own words, the moral grammar ingrained to our psyches that places limits to the fourteen words comes not only from Christianity, but from Christianity's secular offshoot, liberalism or as I like to say, 'Neochristianity' (see *The Fair Race's Darkest Hour*).

Billions will die, we will win

Are you a Nietzschean or, like Johnson and many white nationalists, a religious Christian / secular Neochristian? The following is my litmus test to gauge who, despite claims to the contrary, is still internalizing the meta-ethics of our parents instead of taking a leap into full-blown Nietzscheanism. In the coming racial wars of the 21st century that, according to Guillaume Faye, will come under the apocalyptic sign of Mars and Hephaestus, how many racial enemies do you think will have to be slain to fulfil the fourteen words? This is my straight answer: *If I have to kill five people to fulfil our most cherished words I kill five people. If I have to kill five billion I kill five billion.*

Unlike the mere reactionary writers and pseudo-apostates from Christianity in the movement I consider myself a genuine son of Zarathustra who finds himself sitting and waiting —old Mosaic, broken tablets around me and also new, half-written tablets—, wondering when cometh mine hour. On the other hand, Christians, secular liberals, reactionaries and even white nationalists have a sort of malware or computer bug within their skulls that compels them to place limits after the first few thousand killings. Johnson is only

one example among many secular Neochristians in the white nationalist movement.

The current paradigm that enslaves almost all whites is like a Red Giant star that has already exhausted its hydrogen core (Christianity). After the French Revolution the enormous inertia of Christian ethics engendered a meta-ethical monster, now producing carbon from helium. This giant, secular, red shell of liberalism is but the sign of an approaching death of a star of that size. Though inflated and tenuous, the red shell is still very hot and makes the star's radius immense. Presently liberalism is covering, and slowly engulfing and burning, the entire West and specifically targets the Aryan DNA for destruction. As explained in *The Fair Race*, the Red Giant is the present, secularized form of Christian ethics that has exhausted its creed. In this moribund stage, out-group (non-whites) altruism takes over liberal society. This happens, paradoxically, at the expense of traditional religious doctrine. On the other hand, after the genocide of Germans from 1944 to 1947, the Hellstorm Holocaust (again, cf. *The Fair Race*), genuine Aryan nationalism is not even one of our firmament's stars. Like a tiny gaseous sphere already leaving the cradle of the nebulae, Aryan nationalism is accumulating more and more mass that is forming a centre of higher density to form a protostar. When enough pressure in the interior rises—when a considerable mass of Nordish Aryans wake up again and fight in the real world as the Germans did—, it will increase the density and temperature until the gas turns into plasma. Only then a nuclear fusion will be ignited at the core and a new baby star will be visible again in the canopy of heaven.

What prevents nationalists from attracting, by the sheer force of their gravitas, increasingly more spiralling mass to make nuclear reaction possible, as happened in the Third Reich? Answer: Most whites, including white nationalists, still gravitate around the dying Red Giant that, by the next century, will become a white dwarf. They're not really gravitating around the gaseous corpse of the National Socialist nebulae that is forming another new star even while Christianity is dying and will certainly be dead in the next century. The goal of my books is to point out at the firmament the new constellation of ethics that is being formed before any serious discussion can even take place on how to fulfil the fourteen words, our half-written Tablets.

The Star Child

One of the earliest reviewers of *2001: A Space Odyssey* wrote in 1968 that it was the first Nietzschean movie in history, and it is too bad that Arthur C. Clarke's literary agent, Scott Meredith, showed Clarke the green bill in the early 1980s to tempt the author into betraying his philosophy and original movie script by writing cretin sequels to his magnum opus. Anyway, before the sequel prostitution took place, in the epilogue to *The Lost Worlds of 2001* Clarke wrote:

What lies beyond the end of *2001*, when the Star Child waits, 'marshalling his thoughts and brooding over his still untested powers,' I do not know. Many readers have interpreted the final paragraph to mean that he destroyed the Earth, perhaps in order to create a new Heaven. This idea never occurred to me; it seems clear that he triggered the orbiting nuclear bombs *harmlessly*...

But now, I am not so sure. When Odysseus returned to Ithaca, and identified himself in the banquet hall by stringing the great arrow bow that he alone could wield, he slew the parasitical suitors who for years had been wasting his estate.

Why should we expect any mercy from a returning Star Child? Few indeed of us would have a better answer, if we had to face judgment from the stars. And such a *Dies Irae* may be closer than we dream...

In the culminating scenes of the film Kubrick's use of *Thus Spake Zarathustra*, Richard Strauss' tone-poem after Nietzsche includes the returning, placental child.

If something has any resemblance to science-fiction's cathedral it is what in my soliloquies I call 'Neanderthal extermination,' exemplified by Pierce in both *The Turner Diaries* and in all seriousness in a few passages of *Who We Are*. Der Juden saw it all right with their book of Joshua: only ethnic cleansing protects the race from the interbreeding that invariably occurs with time, and the moral I gather from Kevin MacDonald's second book of his trilogy is that whites should imitate the tribe by adopting an endogamous form of collectivism diametrically opposed to our naïve, individualist societies. In a radio debate on exterminationist anti-Semitism Griffin told Linder that we must describe the Jewish problem like MacDonald does: never hinting to final solutions for

fear of being called evil Nazis. But even MacDonald hints to a solution not only to the Jewish problem, but to the many other racial problems that are afflicting the race—though he will never formulate it openly for fear of losing his tenure: ‘The Greek and Roman pattern of conquest and empire-building, unlike that of the Israelites described in the Tanakh [Pentateuch], did not involve genocide followed by the creation of an ethnically exclusivist state...’ (*A People that Shall Dwell Alone*, page 368). What MacDonald refrains from discussing, the ethical conundrum between extermination or expulsion, Pierce already discussed in the chapter of *Who We Are* about the last Nordic invasion of ancient Greece. But let’s elaborate my litmus test even further where I left it— ‘wondering when cometh mine hour...’

A thought experiment

While driving your car in the routine trip to your job imagine you are given a one week, Star Child powers over planet Earth like those described by Clarke and indulge yourself in a thought-experiment: that you are the metamorphosed astronaut Dave Bowman that returns to your home planet after a journey beyond the stars. What would you do?

Monday. After your second coming to Earth, this time above the clouds and with great power and glory, the first thing that comes to your mind are the traitors in charge of the white nations, so firmly decided to exterminate their own people through genocidal levels of immigration and mestization. You condemn to death the 5 heads of the most powerful Western states. At any event, there’s no human power that matches yours...

Tuesday. But is this enough to secure the existence of your people and the future of white children?, enough to be sure they will survive the West’s darkest hour after your week of Overlord power is over? What about terminating 50 of the most notorious, powerful enemies of whites, the Jewish moguls of the media that have been poisoning the well for so long?

Wednesday. ‘But that’s still too short’ you wake up and say to yourself in anguish during these nights of virtual insomnia. After all, you want to be sure that the fourteen words are not threatened by ulterior human behaviour in the centuries to come. What about eliminating 500—you say to yourself in the morning—or, still

better, 5000 you conclude in the afternoon, of the most notorious leftist academics: those Jews and non-Jews who have been trying to deconstruct the West and have corrupted the minds of the young?

Thursday. Alas for the earthlings!: you're still confronted by the voice of your consciousness! The academics and media moguls were not enough! The poisoning continues. This day you have to be bold enough and get rid of 50,000 of the media staff, mostly Jewish, that have been demonizing whites and your culture through the TV and Hollywood.

Friday. But aren't you still too short on numbers? your inner daemon asks. What about those non-media guys who believe that the best of the goyim must be destroyed, i.e., the white Aryans? They're still breathing and their hatred for your people has not diminished... What about calling home 500,000 non-gentiles, or even more conclusively 5,000,000; —oh no!—, better fifteen million for a final solution of the non-gentile problem, you conclude in the evening.

Saturday. Alas! You find out that you're still too short to be *a hundred percent* sure that our most sacred words will be fulfilled after your power evaporates by tomorrow midnight. You just remembered that the Red Giant is still covering the whole West with the suicidal flames of Neochristianity. And you are not a monocausalist after all... Wiping out the subversive tribe was not enough, not *barely* enough, you are starting to realize, in a world where most whites have been turned into body-snatched pods. In this weekend that your powers will vanish you must confront the view that the *zeitgeist* that has been destroying your people since the Second World War is ultimately based on Christian ethics, and that this hypertrophy of the Aryan super-ego has virtually infected all whites. You don't want to take any chances unless and until they have been cured of their suicidal, malignant lunacy—which won't happen by itself within your weekend of Overlord power. Why not calling home once and for all 500 million of the infected whites, the deranged, out-group altruists?

Sunday, Day of the Lord. Not enough! (sob...). Your dwindling powers are not enough to see the future and be certain that the very traditional whites whose lives you just spared will have the nerve to deport those millions of non-whites who have been breeding like rats throughout your sacred lands. So you take a fateful, ultimate decision. You will make of this final day a

scorched-Earth moment, a wrathful and vindictive day. (Only full revenge can heal the soul after all...) Only thus you will make it sure that the racial aliens won't be invited again by the potential altruists who, unbeknownst to you, escaped justice yesterday and may fall into their old habits in the future. After all, doesn't the mental disease of whites, universal moralism, predates Christianity (for example, in the Aryan Buddha)? And after Christianity started to expand a thousandfold into Neochristianity, didn't your people's sense of fairness and pity towards non-whites become infinitely more threatening for your goal than the depredations of the (now defunct) tribe?

Now you remember the last chapter of the *Zarathustra*, 'The Sign,' when Zarathustra rises in the morning and finds a lion outside his cave, which he takes to be a sign that the Overman is finally coming. This new Zarathustra—you—rises triumphantly, realizing you have overcome your final sin: pity. And so you don't want to take any chances with the surviving Neanderthals—not in this big day of yours! You go for the only figure that really solves the problem in a single stroke. You play God. *You take the lives of 5 billion or even more of non-whites* experiencing the same remorse that you experienced when you took the first 5 lives almost a week ago...

A favour

How far would you go chasing over Dave's 14 words—white children for the endless ages to come before the Sun really turns into a Red Giant? I ask you this favour: Indulge yourself in the above thought-experiment when you go to work and suffer the sight of those non-white faces that the system socially-engineered to exterminate your kind through miscegenation. But please first watch *2001* in one of your days off so that you may grasp the film's religious message unmolested by any external noise.

Don't respond in the comments section of my blog which number of deaths, or until which day of the week, you imaginary chose to intervene in mankind's destiny. My Gedanken-experiment only gauges your internal morals for *you*.

POSSESSED WHITES

Jordan Peterson may be a sophist but he does well to remind us, quoting Jung, that the human being in general has no ideas. Rather, he is possessed by ideas. Since the Imperial Church destroyed the Greco-Roman world¹, whites literally became possessed by Jewish ideas. Think about how many centuries the so-called Aryans have bent their knees to non-existent deities like Yahweh and his son Yeshu.

Whites are so possessed that even the souls of the anti-Semitic rebels of the anti-white zeitgeist continue to be possessed by this Jewish idea. And I mean not only white nationalists who remain Christians. Every time I see more clearly that fundamental books like *Who We Are*² remain unpublished because the author breaks away from Christian ethics by advising ‘extermination or expulsion’ of non-whites throughout his story of the white race.

Understand me well: like the normies, all racialsists in today’s world are possessed by an unhealthy idea. And like the normies they will remain possessed until the day of their deaths. There are exceptions of course, including some commenters who have visited my website. But in general what Jung said remains: *human beings have no ideas: they are possessed by ideas*. And the idea that this age governs westerners, including secular white nationalists, remains Christian ethics. For the same reason, exterminationism cannot even be discussed by these neo-Christian racialsists.

It is true that white nationalists are not exactly normies. But since they are unable to break openly with Christian ethics they are in no man’s land. The metaphor I have been using is that, although they left Normi-land while crossing the psychological Rubicon,

¹ See Catherine Nixey’s *The Darkening Age: The Christian Destruction of the Classical World* (UK: Macmillan Publishers, 2017).

² Abridged in *The Fair Race’s Darkest Hour*.

they stayed in the middle of the river. They are unable to continue crossing into the lands that Himmler reached, and will remain unable to cross it until the day of their deaths. The magnet exercised by the precepts of the mythical Yeshu from the side of the river they left behind is irresistible. Our only hope is to appeal to the very young generations, who in the future will read the books that appear on page three.

Below, Catherine gets a woman released from her pact with the devil before dying, a painting by Girolamo di Benvenuto (1470-1524). What Girolamo ignored is that Christianity itself is the devil, and that we must get whites released from their devilish pact before their race goes extinct.



Postscript of August 2022:

There is now a slim book, *On Exterminationism*, also available as a PDF on my site *The West's Darkest Hour*, where I put together several essays on the subject. I am in negotiations with the editor of Clemens & Blair Publishing to see if they will publish *On Exterminationism*.

UNFALSIFIABILITY IN PSYCHIATRY

‘An irrefutable hypothesis is a
sure-fire sign of a pseudoscience.’

—Terence Hines ³

According to Ron Leifer, there have been four parallel critiques of psychiatry: Thomas Szasz’s conceptual and logical critique of the mental illness idea; Leifer’s own parallel critique of social control through psychiatry, Peter Breggin’s medical evaluation of the assaults on the brain with drugs, electroshock and lobotomy, and the cry of those who have been harmed by it.⁴

Another way to question the validity of psychiatry is to examine the scientific basis of biological psychiatry. This fifth parallel critique, which I would call the evaluation of the scientific status of psychiatry, takes psychiatry to task on its own theoretical base. Exponents of this late strategy have focused on the various bio-reductionist claims and logical fallacies in psychiatry;⁵ on the dubious science behind psychopharmacology,⁶ and on statistical analyses that show that poor countries with few psychiatric drugs called neuroleptics (‘antipsychotics’) fare much better in the treatment of people in psychotic crisis than the rich countries.⁷

³ Terence Hines, *Pseudoscience and the paranormal: a critical examination of the evidence*. New York: Prometheus Books, 1988, p. 2.

⁴ Ron Leifer, ‘A critique of medical coercive psychiatry, and an invitation to dialogue,’ *Ethical Human Sciences and Services*, 2001, 3 (3), 161-173 (the journal has been renamed *Ethical Human Psychology and Psychiatry*).

⁵ Colin Ross & Alvin Pam, *Pseudoscience in biological psychiatry: blaming the body*. New York: Wiley & Sons, 1995.

⁶ Elliot Valenstein, *Blaming the brain: the truth about drugs and mental health*. New York: Free Press, 1998.

⁷ Robert Whitaker, *Mad in America: bad science, bad medicine, and the enduring mistreatment of the mentally ill*. Cambridge, Massachusetts: Perseus, 2001.

Here I will present an apparently innovative way to call into question the scientific status of biological psychiatry.

However odd it may seem, biopsychiatry has not been attacked from the most classic criteria to spot pseudosciences: Karl Popper's test that distinguishes between real and false science, and the principle known as Occam's razor. Both of these principles have been very useful in the debunking of paranormal claims,⁸ as well as biological pseudosciences such as phrenology.

Mario Bunge, the philosopher of science, maintains that all pseudosciences are sterile. Despite of its multimillion-dollar sponsoring by the pharmaceutical companies, biological psychiatry remains a sterile profession today.⁹ Despite its long history of biological theories since 1884 when Johann Thudichum, the founder of modern neurochemistry, believed the cause of madness were 'poisons fermented in the body' to the current dopamine theory of schizophrenia, psychiatrists have been unable to find the biological cause of the major disorders listed in the *Diagnostic and Statistical Manual of Mental Disorders*.¹⁰

This lack of progress was to be expected. If the biologicistic postulate on which psychiatry lays its foundational edifice is an error, that is to say, if the cause of mental disorders is not somatogenic but psychogenic, real progress can never occur in biological psychiatry; and the subject of mental disorders should not belong to medical science but to psychology.

Nancy Andreasen, the editor of the *American Journal of Psychiatry*, the most financed and influential journal of psychiatry, recognizes in *Brave New Brain*, a book published in 2001, that:

- There has not been found any physiological pathology behind mental disorders;
- nor chemical imbalances have been found in those diagnosed with a mental illness;

⁸ The Committee for the Scientific Inquiry, that publishes the bimonthly *Skeptical Inquirer* and whose members included luminaries such as Martin Gardner, Isaac Asimov and Carl Sagan, has been a think tank in the debunking of pseudosciences since 1976.

⁹ Cf. *Ethical Human Psychology and Psychiatry*, a journal authored by a group of mental health professionals that specializes in debunking biopsychiatry.

¹⁰ For a critical review of the dopamine theory of schizophrenia see for example Valenstein, *Blaming the brain*, pp. 82-89; Ross and Pam, *Pseudoscience*, pp. 106-109.

- nor genes responsible for a mental illness have been found;
- there is no laboratory test that determines who is mentally ill and who is not;
- some mental disorders may have a psychosocial origin.¹¹

A better proof of sterility in biopsychiatry can hardly be found. It is worth saying that a book reviewer tagged Andreasen's book as 'the most important psychiatry book in the last twenty years.'¹² The above points show us why, since its origins, psychiatry and neurology are separated.

Popper's litmus test

While neurology deals with authentic brain biology, it is legitimate to ask whether psychiatry might be searching for a biological mirage.

In *The Logic of Scientific Discovery* philosopher of science Karl Popper tells us that the difference between science and pseudosciences lies in the power of refutability of a hypothesis.¹³ Despite its academic, governmental and impressive financial backing in the private sector, psychiatry does not rest on a body of discoveries experimentally falsifiable or refutable. In fact, the central hypothesis in psychiatry, a biomedical entity called mental illness—say 'schizophrenia'—cannot be put forward as a falsifiable or refutable hypothesis.

Let us consider the claim that psychiatrists use the drugs called neuroleptics to restore the brain chemical imbalance of a schizophrenic. A Popperian would immediately ask the questions: (1) What is exactly a brain chemical imbalance? (2) How is this neurological condition recognized among those who you call schizophrenics and which lab tests are used to diagnose it? (3) Which evidence can you present to explain that the chemical imbalance of the so-called schizophrenic has been balanced as a result of taking the neuroleptic?

¹¹ Nancy Andreasen, *Brave new brain: conquering mental illness in the era of the genome*. New York: Oxford University Press, 2001.

¹² Ty Colbert, book review in *Ethical Human Sciences and Services*, 2001, 3 (3), p. 213.

¹³ Karl Popper, *The Logic of Scientific Discovery*. New York: Routledge, 2002, chapters 4 and 6 esp.

Before these questions the psychiatrist answers in such a way that he who is unfamiliar with the logic of scientific discovery will have great difficulties in detecting a trick. For instance, Andreasen has acknowledged that there have not been found biochemical imbalances in those diagnosed with a mental illness and that there is no laboratory test that determines who is mentally ill and who is not. That is to say, Andreasen is recognizing that her profession is incapable of responding to the second and third questions above. How, then, does she and her colleagues have convinced themselves that neuroleptics restore to balance the 'chemically unbalanced' brains of schizophrenics? Furthermore, why does Andreasen have stated so confidently at the beginning of the section in *Brave New Brain* that addresses the question of what causes schizophrenia that the disorder 'is not a disease that parents cause'?

Speaking in Popperian terms the answer is: by contriving a non-falsifiable or irrefutable hypothesis. In contrast to neurologists, who can demonstrate the physiopathology, histopathology or the presence of pathogen microorganisms, Andreasen and other psychiatrists recognize that they cannot demonstrate these biological markers (faulty genes or biochemical imbalances) that they postulate in the major disorders classified in the revised, fourth edition of the *Diagnostic and Statistical Manual of Mental Disorders*, the *DSM-IV-TR*. If they could do it, psychiatry as a specialty would have disappeared and its body of knowledge merged in neurological science. What psychiatrists do is to state that after almost a century of research in, for instance, schizophrenia, the medical aetiology of the 'disease' is still 'unknown,' and they claim the same of many others *DSM-IV* behaviours.

As Thomas Szasz has observed, in real medical science physicians observe the pathological alterations in the organs, tissue, and cells as well as the microbial invasions, and the naming of the disease comes only after that. Psychiatry inverts the sequence. First it baptizes a purported illness, be it schizophrenia or any other, but the existence of a biological marker is never discovered, though it is dogmatically postulated.¹⁴ A postulate is a proposition that is

¹⁴ See for example Thomas Szasz, *Pharmacracy: medicine and politics in America*. Connecticut: Praeger, 2001.

accepted without proof. Only by postulating that these disorders are basically genetic and that the environment merely plays a 'triggering' role can psychiatrists justify to treat them by physical means. On the other hand, if neuroses and psychoses are caused by poor parenting and extreme parental abuse respectively, to treat them with drugs, electroshock or lobotomy only 're-victimizes' the victim.¹⁵

In the 1930s, 40s, 50s and 60s tens of thousands of lobotomies were performed in the United States,¹⁶ but since the advent of neuroleptics only about two hundred surgical lobotomies are performed each year in the world. About 100,000 people are being electro-shocked every year in the United States alone, many against their will.¹⁷ North America consumes about 90 per cent of the world's methylphenidate (Ritalin) for American and Canadian children. Many parents, teachers, politicians, physicians and almost all psychiatrists believe in these 'medical model' treatments for unwanted behaviours in children and teenagers.

On the other hand, the 'trauma model' is an expression that appears in the writings of non-biological psychiatrists such as Colin Ross. Professionals who work in the model of trauma try to understand neurosis and even psychosis as an injury to the inner self inflicted by abusive parenting.¹⁸ As shown in the next essay of this book, the psyche of a child is very vulnerable to persistent abuse while in the process of ego formation. Some books of the proponents of the old existential and 'schizophrenogenic' mother are still in print.¹⁹ More recently, the books by Alice Miller have also

¹⁵ César Tort, 'Cómo asesinar el alma de tu hijo' in *Hojas Susurrantes*, Lulu distributors, 2016.

¹⁶ As to date Whitaker's *Mad in America* is the most readable exposé I know of the darkest period in American psychiatry.

¹⁷ Ibid.

¹⁸ See for example Silvano Arieti, *Interpretation of schizophrenia*. New Jersey: Aronson, 1994. Originally published in 1955, this celebrated treatise is worth revisiting.

¹⁹ See for example Ronald Laing, *The divided self: an existential study in sanity and madness* (Selected works of R.D. Laing, 1). New York: Routledge, 1999.

become popular.²⁰ In a moving and yet scholarly autobiography John Modrow maintains that an all-out emotional attack by his parents caused a psychotic crisis in his adolescence.²¹ Despite claims to the contrary, the trauma model of psychosis is still alive. Only in 2004 two academic books were released on the subject,²² and in the *Journal of Psychobiology* Lloyd deMause still suggest that the gamut of mental disorders, from the dissociative states and psychoses of ancient times to the neuroses of today, are consequence of child abuse.²³

Unfalsifiability

Let us take as an example an article published in a July 2002 *Time* magazine. The author used the case of Rodney Yoder, abused during his childhood and as adult hospitalized in a psychiatric hospital in Chester, Illinois. From the hospital Yoder undertook an internet campaign for his liberation. Catching on the favourite phrases of psychiatrists the *Time* writer tells us: 'Scientists are *decades away* [my emphasis] from being able to use a brain scan to diagnose something like Yoder's alleged personality disorders.'²⁴ In the same line of thinking, Rodrigo Muñoz, a former president of the American Psychiatric Association in the 1990s, stated in an interview: 'We are gradually advancing to the point when we *will be able* [my emphasis] to pinpoint functional and structural changes in the brain that are related to schizophrenia.'²⁵ That is to say, psychiatrists recognize that at present they cannot understand a mental disorder through purely physical means, though they have

²⁰ E.g., Alice Miller, *Breaking down the wall of silence: the liberating experience of facing painful truth*. New York: Dutton, 1987.

²¹ John Modrow, *How to become a schizophrenic: the case against biological psychiatry*. New York: Writers Club Press, 2003.

²² Colin Ross, *Schizophrenia: an innovative approach to diagnosis and treatment*. New York: Haworth Press, 2004. See also John Read, Loren Mosher and Richard Bentall, *Models of madness*. New York: Routledge, 2004.

²³ See e.g., Lloyd deMause, 'The Evolution of the Psyche and Society' in *The Emotional Life of Nations*. New York: Other Press, 2002.

²⁴ John Cloud, 'They call him crazy,' *Time*, 15 July 2002.

²⁵ Rodrigo Muñoz, quoted in Jeanette De Wyze, 'Still crazy after all these years,' *San Diego Weekly Reader*, 9 January 2003.

enormous faith they will in the near future. Hence it is understandable what another psychiatrist told the *Washington Post*: 'Psychiatric diagnosis is descriptive. We don't really understand psychiatric disorders at a biological level.'²⁶ Psychiatrists only rely on conduct, not on the individual's body, to postulate that there is a biological illness. Child psychiatrist Luis Méndez Cárdenas, the director of the only public psychiatric hospital in Mexico which specializes in committing children, told me in a 2002 interview: 'Since the cause of any disorder is unknown, the diagnosis is clinical.'

More to the point, in February 2002 I debated psychiatrist Gerard Heinze, the director of the Instituto Nacional de Psiquiatría (the Mexican equivalent to the American National Institute of Mental Health or NIMH.) Arguing with Heinze I rose the question of the lack of biological markers in his profession. Heinze answered enumerating two or three diseases that medical science has not fully understood; he tried to make the point that mental disorders lie in this category of still incomprehensible diseases. For example, until 2006 the Hutchinson-Gilford syndrome, which makes some children start to age since their childhood, was an authentic biomedical disease of unknown aetiology. But its existence was not controversial before 2006: it was enough to see the poor aged children to know that their problem was clearly somatic. On the other hand, diagnoses of the alleged psychiatric disorders are so subjective that their inclusion in the *DSM* has to be decided by votes in congresses of influential psychiatrists. Heinze's point would not have strained my credulity to the breaking point if most of the 374 *DSM-IV* diagnoses were already proven biomedical illnesses with only a few of them remaining as mysterious diseases. But we are asked to believe that virtually all of the *DSM* behaviours are mysterious diseases 'of unknown aetiology'!

One last example related to a 2003 hunger strike of psychiatric survivors in Pasadena, California, who demanded

²⁶ Thomas Laughren, quoted in Shankar Vedantam, 'Against depression, a sugar pill is hard to beat: placebos improve mood, change biochemistry in majority of trials of antidepressants,' *Washington Post*, 6 May 2002.

scientific proof of mental illness as a genuine biomedical disease, will illustrate this attitude.²⁷

A demand of the hunger strikers was addressed to the American Psychiatric Association and the offices of the Surgeon General. Psychiatrist Ron Sterling dismissed the strikers' demand for positive scientific proof describing the mental health field in the following way: 'The field is like cardiology before cardiologists could do procedures like electrocardiograms, open-heart surgery, angiograms and ultrasound [...]. Since brain structure and physiology are so complex, the understanding of its circuitry and biology are in its infancy.'²⁸ The Surgeon General Office did not even bother to respond. However, in a statement released in September 2003 the American Psychiatric Association conceded that:

Brain science has not advanced to the point where scientists or clinicians can point to readily discernible pathologic lesions or genetic abnormalities that in and of themselves serve as reliable or predictive biomarkers of a given mental disorder or mental disorders as a group... Mental disorders *will likely be proven* [my emphasis] to represent disorders of intracellular communication; or of disrupted neural circuitry.

The trick to be noticed in the above public statements is that psychiatrists, physicians all things considered, are stating that even though the aetiology of mental disorders is unknown such aetiology is, by definition, *biological*, and that it is only a matter of time that it will likely be proven. This is the hidden meaning of the code word 'of unknown aetiology.' *By doing this psychiatrists dismiss in toto the work of the many researchers who have postulated a psychogenic origin of mental distress and disorders.*

²⁷ Fred Baughman, Peter Breggin, Mary Boyle, David Cohen, Ty Colbert, Pat Deegan, Al Galves, Thomas Greening, David Jacobs, Jay Joseph, Jonathan Leo, Bruce Levine, Loren Mosher and Stuart Shipko, '15 December 2003 reply by scientific panel of the Fast for Freedom in Mental Health to the 26 September statement by the American Psychiatric Association.' (I read this article at the beginning of 2004 in *mindfreedom.org*.)

²⁸ Ron Sterling, 'Hoeller does a disservice to professionals,' op-ed rebuttal, *The Seattle Post-Intelligencer*, 9 September 2003.

Although it is more parsimonious to consider a psychological cause for a mental disturbance that has no known biological markers, with its somatogenic dogma orthodox psychiatry ignores the simplest hypothesis, the model of trauma. To inquire into Yoder's childhood, for instance, is axiomatically dismissed in a science that clings to only one hypothesis. In other words, by postulating unknown aetiologies that will be discovered in the future by medical science—never by psychologists—, these physicians have presented us a *biological* hypothesis of mental disorders in such a way that, even if wrong, cannot be refuted.

If psychiatrists were true scientists they would present their biological hypothesis under the falsifiability protocol that Popper observed in hard sciences. Let us consider the hypothesis:

‘At sea level water boils at 40° C.’

This is a scientific hypothesis in spite of the fact that the proposition is false (water does not boil at 40° but at 100° C). The hypothesis is scientific because it is presented in such a way that it just takes putting it to the test in our kitchen with a thermometer to see if it is true or not: if water does not boil at 40° C, the hypothesis is false.

In other words, according to Popper the scientific quality of a hypothesis does not depend on whether the hypothesis is true, but however paradoxical it may seem, it depends on whether the hypothesis may be refuted *assuming* it is false.

Thus the hypothesis that at present water boils at 40° C can be refuted: it is a scientific hypothesis. On the other hand, the hypothesis that schizophrenia and the other major mental disorders are biological and that this ‘will likely be proven,’ the words of the American Psychiatric Association, cannot be refuted: it is not a scientific hypothesis. Against this biological hypothesis there is no possible evidence at present, that is, there is no empirical evidence that can show that the hypothesis is wrong.

This is the sure-fire sign of a pseudoscience.

Conclusion

A biopsychiatry that drugs millions of children with healthy brains is not a genuine science. True scientists, such as geologists or biologists, never postulate their central hypotheses as non-falsifiable hypotheses that ‘will likely be proven.’ It is the futuristic stance of

psychiatrists what gives the lie to the claim that their belief system is scientific.

A pseudo-science is a belief system that pretends to be scientific. Psychiatry is not the only biological pseudoscience, but it exhibits the same unequivocal signs of pseudoscience present in every system that pretends to be scientific. Other biological pseudoscientists such as phrenologists or the communist proponents of anti-Mendel genetics did not comply with the Popperian requirement of presenting their conjectures in falsifiable form either.

All pseudosciences, biological or paranormal, have four things in common. Just as its biological sisters (phrenology and anti-Mendel genetics) and its paranormal cousins (e. g., parapsychology and Ufology), psychiatry is a 'science' that (1) presents its central hypothesis in a non-falsifiable way; (2) idolizes in perpetuity that sole hypothesis; (3) violates the economy principle by ignoring the more parsimonious alternative, and (4) is completely sterile. After decades of research neither phrenologists nor psychiatrists, parapsychologists or ufologists, have demonstrated the existence of the (alleged) phenomena they study.

In other words, psychiatrists do not have medical or scientific evidence to back their claims. Their own recognition that they cannot tell us anything about the above-mentioned question—with which lab tests do you diagnose this so-called neurological condition?—demonstrates that their schizophrenia hypothesis is unscientific. The same can be said of ADHD, bipolar 'illness,' depression and the other major *DSM* disorders.

In a nutshell, psychiatry is not a science. Since the middle 1950s the lack of a mental health science in the medical profession has been compensated by an invasive marketing and the aggressive sales of psychiatric drugs by the pharmaceutical companies.²⁹

²⁹ Valenstein, *Blaming the brain* (op. cit.).

The trauma model

INTRODUCTION

Throughout history and prehistory children's lives have been a nightmare about which our species is barely starting to become conscious. 'Parents are the child's most lethal enemy,' wrote Lloyd deMause, the founder of psychohistory. While paleo-anthropologists have found evidence of decapitated infants since the time of our pre-human ancestors, and while it was known that infanticide continued into the Palaeolithic and the Neolithic periods, the emotional after-effects on the surviving siblings was appreciated by deMause with the publishing of *The History of Childhood* in 1974. As we will see in the third section substantiated by a hundred references, infanticidal parents were the rule, not the exception. Even in the so-called great civilizations the sacrifice of children was common. In Carthage urns have been found containing thousands of burned remains of children sacrificed by parents asking favours from the gods. It is believed that they were burned alive.

Although in a far less sadistic way than in Carthage and other ancient states, and this explains the genius of the classic world, Greeks and Romans practiced infanticide in the form of exposure of new-borns, especially girls. Euripides' *Ion* describes the exposed infant as: 'prey for birds, food for wild beasts to rend.' Philo was the first philosopher who made a clear statement against infanticide:

Some of them do the deed with their own hands; with monstrous cruelty and barbarity they stifle and throttle the first breath which the infants draw or throw them into a river or into the depths of the sea, after attaching some heavy substance to make them sink more quickly under its weight.

In some of his satires Juvenal openly criticized abortion, child abandonment, and the killing of adoptive children and

stepchildren. My first reaction in the face of such revelations was, naturally, a healthy scepticism. This moved me to purchase books about infanticide and histories of childhood not written by 'psychohistorians,' but by common historians; and I started to pay special attention to certain kinds of news in the papers of which previously I scarcely gave any importance. One day in 2006 a notice caught my eye, stating that there are 32 million fewer women than men in India, and that the imbalance was caused by feticide. I recalled a photograph I had seen in the June 2003 *National Geographic*, showing a Bihar midwife in the rural North of India, rescuing a female baby abandoned under a bridge. Infanticide and selective abortion, particularly of girls, continue as I write this line. According to a Reproductive Rights conference in October 2007 in Hyderabad, India, statistics show that 163 million women are missing in Asia, compared to the proportion of the male population. They are the result of the exposure of babies, and especially of selective abortion facilitated by access to techniques such as prenatal testing and ultrasound imagery. These snippets of information gathered from newspapers, coupled with the scholarly treatises which I was reading, eradicated my original scepticism about the reality of infanticide.

But let's return to psychohistory as developed by deMause. There are cultures far more barbarous than contemporary India as regards childrearing. In the recent past of the tribes of New Guinea and Australia, little brothers and sisters witnessed how parents killed one of their siblings and made the rest of the family share the cannibal feast. 'They eat the head first,' wrote Géza Róheim in *Psychoanalysis and Anthropology* published in 1950. Gillian Gillison observed in *Between Culture and Fantasy: a New Guinea Highlands Mythology*, published in 1993, that the mother eats the son's penis. And Fritz Poole wrote:

Having witnessed their parents' mortuary anthropophagy, many of these children suddenly avoided their parents, shrieked in their presence, or expressed unusual fear of them. After such experiences, several children recounted dreams or constructed fantasies about animal-man beings with the faces or other features of particular parents who were smeared with blood and organs.

These passages are quoted in deMause's *The Emotional Life of Nations*. Reading further in this work, one can also learn, as

Wolfgang Lederer wrote when observing the tribes, that other primitives threw their new-borns to the swine, who devoured them swiftly (bibliographic sources supporting these claims appear on pages 173-179). Lederer also recounts that he saw one of these mothers burying her child alive:

The baby's movements may be seen in the hole as it is suffocating and panting for breath; schoolchildren saw the movements of such a dying baby and wanted to take it out to save it. However, the mother stamped it deep in the ground and kept her foot on it...

Australian aboriginals killed approximately thirty percent of their infants, as reported by Gillian Cowlishaw in *Oceania*; and the first missionaries to Polynesia estimated that up to two-thirds of Polynesian children were killed by their parents. In a 2008 article I learned that infanticide continues in the islands even as of the time of reporting. Tribal women allege they have to kill their babies for fear they might become dreadful warriors as adults.

Another type of information that shocked me in deMause's books was the frequency throughout history of the mutilation of children. Once more, my first reaction was a healthy scepticism. But I had no choice but to accept the fact that even today there are millions of girls whose genitals have been cut. *The Emotional Life of Nations* publishes a photograph of a panicked Cairo pubescent girl being held down by adults at the moment when her family has her mutilated. Every time I see that photo I have to turn away my head (the girl looks directly into the camera and her pain reaches me deeply). According to the French National Institute for Demographic Studies (INED), in 2007 there were between 100 and 140 million women who had had their genitals removed. The practice ranges from the partial cutting of the clitoris to the suturation of the vaginal orifice, the latter especially in Sub-Saharan Africa, some regions of the Middle East, and Southeast Asia. The INED study points out that in Ethiopia three-quarters of women have been genitally mutilated, and in Mali up to 90 percent. The practice is also carried out in Yemen, Indonesia and Malaysia.

In historic times there were a large number of eunuchs in Byzantium, and in the West mutilation was a common practice for boys. Verdun was notorious for the quantity of castrations performed, and in Naples signs hung above stores saying, 'boys

castrated here.’ Castration was common as well in other cultures. DeMause observes that the testicles of boys between three and seven years were crushed or cut off. In China both the penis and the scrotum were cut, and in the Middle East the practice continued until recent times.



DeMause’s books are eye-openers also about another practice that no text of traditional anthropology had taught me: the tight swaddling of babies. (Above, a swaddled boy of the tribe Nez Perce, 1911.) It is worth noting that historians, anthropologists, and ethnologists have been the target of fierce criticism by some psychohistorians for their failure to see the psychological after-effects brought about by such practices. Through the centuries, babies were swaddled by their mothers with swaddling clothes wrapped around their bodies, several times and tightly fastened while they screamed in their vain attempts at liberation. Before reading deMause the only thing I knew of such practice was when I as a boy saw a cartoon of a couple of Red Indians who had their baby swaddled, of which only a little head was visible crying big time, while the Indians walked on casually. Despite its being a comic strip, I remember it made a mark in my young memory because of the pity I felt for the baby boy and how I noted the parents’ indifference. This happened decades before I read *Foundations of Psychohistory*, wherein it is described that this practice was universal and that it goes back to our tribal ancestors.

Even Alice Miller herself, the heroine of my third book of *Hojas Susurrantes*, was swaddled as a child. In Europe swaddling is still practiced in some rural parts of Greece. The sad spectacle of the swaddled new-borns in Yugoslavia and Russia draws the visiting

foreigners' attention. Even in the city in which I was born a few friends have told me that some relatives swaddled their babies.

Those who have read my previous book would not be surprised that the man in the street has barely thought about the ravages that these practices—swaddling, mutilation, growing up knowing that mom and dad had abandoned or sacrificed a little sister—caused in the surviving siblings who witnessed it. What we have before us is the most potent taboo of the species: a lack of elemental consciousness about what parents do to their children. As we will see at the end of this book, some historians of infanticide who do not belong to the deMausean school estimate in astronomical figures the infanticide rate since the Palaeolithic.

A CLASS WITH COLIN ROSS

The best explanation of the trauma model of mental disorders I know appears in the book *The Trauma Model* by Colin Ross.

The problem of attachment to the perpetrator

Attachment theory, originally developed by John Bowlby, is one of the most fruitful platforms with which to explain human psychological development. Evolution always chooses its available mechanisms for its use, and since every living creature has the imperative to survive, hominids developed an unconscious structure to maintain the illusion of parental love even when there really is none.

Perhaps the most popularly accessible way in which we can imagine presenting what attachment is, is through a modern fairy tale: *Artificial Intelligence* produced by Kubrick but directed by Spielberg. I'm referring to the scenes in which the father, Henry, warns the mother, Monica, not to imprint their adoptive son David with the program of affective attachment, if she is not completely sure that she will want to reciprocate the love that David would profess, since the program is irreversible ("The robot child's love would be sealed—in a sense hardwired—and we'd be part of him forever"). After some time Monica reads to David the seven magic words that imprint him ("What were those words for, Mommy?").

The platform which Ross is standing on in order to understand mental disorders is what he calls 'the problem of attachment to the perpetrator.' We can visualize the enormous emotional attachment the human child feels toward the parent by remembering the veneration that, despite her conduct, Leonor and Josefina always professed to their mother, María [*my grandmother, my godmother and my grand-grandmother respectively: the subject of an unpublished chapter in this Spanish-English translation of my book*]. Such attachment is the problem. In *The Trauma Model* Colin Ross wrote:

I defined the problem, in the mid-1990s, in the context of the false memory war.

In order to defend myself against the attacks by hostile colleagues, I sought solid ground on which to build fortifications. It seemed like the theory of evolution offered a good starting point. What is the basic goal of all organisms according to the theory of evolution? To survive and reproduce. This is true from amoeba on up to mammals. Who will dispute that all organisms want to survive and replicate? This seemed like safe ground.

Dragonflies, grasshoppers, salamanders and alligators do not have families. They do not send cards on Mother's Day. Things are different if you are a bird or mammal. Birds and mammals are absolutely dependent on adult caretakers for their survival for a period after birth, which ranges from weeks to decades depending on the species. For human parents, it seems like the period of dependency lasts over thirty years. In some species, if the nursing mother dies, the child dies. But in others, including elephants, if the nursing mother dies, a female relative takes over the care of the young one, and the child survives. In elephants there is a built-in Child Protective Services, and there is a sociology of attachment.

Attachment is like the migration of birds. It is built in, deep in our brain stems and DNA. The infant bird or mammal does not engage in a cognitive, analytical process to assess the cost-benefit of attachment. It just happens. It's biology. The fundamental developmental task of the human infant is attachment. You will and you must attach. This is true at all levels of the organism. You must attach in order to survive biologically, but also in order to thrive and grow at emotional, intellectual, interpersonal and at all possible levels.

We know the consequences of failure to attach from several sources. The first is the third world orphanage. Orphan babies may have an adequate intake of protein, carbohydrate and fat, and may have their diapers changed regularly, but if they are starved for love, stimulation, attention, and affection, they are damaged developmentally. Their growth is stunted at all levels, including basic pediatric developmental norms.

In the text quoted above, I have eliminated all the ellipses, as I have done with the other quotations below. Ross goes on to explain the body of scientific evidence on the effects of abuse in the offspring of primates: 'The Harlow monkey experiments, for instance, are systematic studies of abuse and neglect. Little monkeys cling desperately to their unresponsive wire-and-cloth mothers because they are trying to solve the problem of attachment to the perpetrator, in this case the perpetrator of neglect.' He also mentions experimental evidence that profound neglect and sensory isolation during early infancy physically damage the brain in a measurable way: 'The mammal raised in such an environment has fewer dendritic connections between the nerve cells in its brain than the mammal which grew up in a "culturally rich" environment.' It is in this context that Ross states that it is developmental suicide to fail to attach, and 'at all costs and under the highest imperative, the young mammal must attach.' He then writes:

In a sense, we all have the problem of attachment to the perpetrator. None of us have absolutely secure attachment. We all hate our parents for some reason, but love them at the same time. This is the normal human condition. But there is a large group of children who have the problem of attachment to the perpetrator to a huge degree. They have it to such a large degree, it is really a qualitatively different problem, I think. These are the children in chronic trauma families. The trauma is a variable mix of emotional, verbal, physical and sexual abuse.

The locus of control shift

For psychiatrists Theodore Lidz, Silvano Arieti and, in a less systematic way, Loren Mosher [*cited extensively in the previous section of Hojas Susurrantes*], in schizophrenogenic families not only

one but both parents failed terribly. If the problem of attachment to the perpetrator is a cornerstone in understanding the trauma model of mental disorders, there is yet another one. Though the number one imperative for birds (and in previous times, the dinosaurs) and mammals is to attach, in abusive families the child makes use of another built-in reflex: to recoil from pain. Ross explains what he calls 'The locus of control shift' (in psychology, 'locus of control' is known jargon):

The scientific foundation of the locus of control shift is Piaget and developmental psychology. We know several things about the cognition of children age two to seven. I summarize this as 'kids think like kids.' Young children are self-centred. They are at the centre of the world, and everything revolves around them. They cause everything in the world [*locus shift*] and they do so through magical causality. They do not use rational, analytical, adult cognitive strategies and vocabulary.

Imagine a relatively normal family with a four year-old daughter. One day, the parents decide to split up and dad moves out. What is true for this little girl? She is sad. Using normal childhood cognition, the little girl constructs a theory to explain her field observation: 'Daddy doesn't live here anymore because I didn't keep my bedroom tidy.'

This is really a dumb theory. It is wrong, incorrect, inaccurate, mistaken and preposterous. This is how normal kids think. But there is more to it than that. The little girl thinks to herself, 'I'm OK. I'm not powerless. I'm in charge. I'm in control. And I have hope for the future. Why? Because I have a plan. All I have to do is to tidy up my bedroom and daddy will move back in. I feel OK now.'

The little girl has shifted the locus of control from inside her parents, where it really is, to inside herself. She has thereby created an illusion of power, control and mastery which is developmentally protective.

Ross explains that this is normal and happens in many non-abusive, though dysfunctional, families. He then explains what happens in extremely abusive families:

Now consider another four year-old girl living in a major trauma family. She has the problem of attachment to the perpetrator big time. What is true of this little girl?

This other girl is powerless, helpless, trapped, and overwhelmed. She can't stop the abuse, she can't escape it, and she can't predict it. She is trapped in her family societal denial, her age, threats, physical violence, family rules and double binds. How does the little girl cope? She shifts the locus of control.

The child says to herself, 'I'm not powerless, helpless and overwhelmed. I'm in charge here. I'm making the abuse happen. The reason I'm abused is because I'm bad. How do I know this is true? Because only a bad little girl would be abused by her parents.'

A delicious exemplification of the locus of control shift in the film *A.I.* is the dialogue that David has with his Teddy bear. After Monica has abandoned him in the forest David tells his little friend that the situation is under his control. He only has to find the blue fairy so that she may turn him into a real boy and his mom will love him again...

In contrast to fairy tales, in the real world instances of the locus of control shift are sordid. In incest victims, the ideation that everything is the fault of the girl herself is all too frequent. I cannot forget the account of a woman who told her therapist that, when she was a girl, she took baths immediately after her father used her sexually. The girl felt that since *she, not her father* was the dirty one and that *her body* was the dirty factor that aroused the father's appetite, she had to 'fix' her little body. But there are graver cases, even, than sexual abuse. According to Ross, in near-psychotic families:

The locus of control shift is like an evil transfusion. All the evil inside the perpetrator has been transfused into the self, making the perpetrator good and safe to attach to. The locus of control shift helps to solve the problem of attachment to the perpetrator. The two are intertwined with each other.

Although Silvano Arieti made similar pronouncements half a century before, these two principles as elaborated by Ross are the true cornerstones to understand the edifice of *Hojas Susurrantes*.

As I mentioned in the previous section, when I visited the clinic of Ross in Dallas as an observer, I had the opportunity to observe the therapies undergone by some adult women. I remember a lady in particular who said that if her husband hit her it

may be because she, not her husband, behaved naughtily. In his book Ross mentions cases of already grown daughters, now patients of his psychiatric clinic, who harm themselves. These self-harmers in real life exemplify the paradigm of the girl mentioned by Ross: evil has been transfused to the mind of the victim, who hurts herself because she believes she is wicked. In the previous section I said that in the film *The Piano Teacher* a mother totally absorbs the life of her daughter, who in turn redirects the hate she feels toward her mother by cutting herself in the genital area until bleeding profusely: a practice that, as we will see in the next section, is identical to the pre-Hispanic sacrificial practice of spilling the blood of one's own genitals among Amerinds.

In his brief class Ross showed us why, however abusive our parents, a Stockholm syndrome elevated to the nth degree makes us see our parents as good attachment objects. The little child is like a plant that cannot but unfold towards the sun to survive. Since even after marriage and independence the adult child very rarely reverts in her psyche the locus of control shift to the original source, she remains psychically disturbed. For Lloyd deMause, this kind of super-Stockholm syndrome from parents to children and from children to grandchildren is the major flaw of the human mind, the curse of *Homo sapiens* that results in an alter ego in which all of the malignancy of the perpetrator has been transfused to the ego of the victim. In a divided self this entity strives for either (1) substituting, through the locus of control shift, the unconscious anger felt towards the parents on herself with self-harming, addictions, anorexia or other sorts of self-destructive behaviour, and/or (2) harming the partner or the next generation of children. In either case the cause of this process is the total incapability of judging and processing inside ourselves the behaviour of the parent: the *problem* of attachment to the perpetrator.

THE HISTORY OF CHILDHOOD AND ITS NEWTON

John Bowlby advanced the fundamentals for understanding attachment; Colin Ross did the same for mental disorders in human beings, and I will keep his class in mind to explain psychohistory.

But Ross is a physician, not an historian. In the following pages I will show the deeper reasons why parents have abused their children since time immemorial. The perspective to our past will open up in the widest possible way: a framework of thousands if not hundreds of thousands of years of what has occurred in my family and in all other families of the human and pre-human species. My autobiography will disappear and it will only reappear in my next book, not without having shown first the psychogenic theory of history.

Lloyd deMause (pronounced de-Moss), born in 1931, studied political sciences in the University of Columbia. After his university studies he borrowed money to establish a publishing house that consumed ten years of his life before again taking up his research work. While Freud, Reich, Fromm and others had written some speculative essays on history on the basis of psychoanalysis, such essays may be considered the Aristotelian phase of which today is understood as psychohistory. In 1958, the year in which I was born, Erik Erikson published a book about the young Luther in which he mentioned the surging of a new research field that he called 'psycho-history' (not be confused with the science-fiction novels of Isaac Asimov). After a decade, in 1968, deMause presented a sketch of his theory to an analytical association where, unlike Freud and his epigones, he focused psychohistory into the diverse forms of childrearing. After the West abandoned colonialism, and endured for its behaviour an absurd handover to other nations and ethnic groups, it became a taboo to focus in the dark side of non-Western cultures. By choosing a frowned-upon research area in academia deMause had to make an intellectual career independently. The drive of his research was always what the children must have felt in the most diverse cultures of the world. As we saw, the mammal, and even more the primate, are so at the

mercy of their parents that the specific forms of childrearing cannot be dodged if we are to understand mental disorders. But it is precisely this subject matter, the forms of childrearing and infantile abuse, what conventional historians ignore. In his essay 'The independence of psychohistory' deMause tells us that history *qua* history describes what has happened, not why, and he adds that history and psychohistory are distinct fields of investigation.

Whole great chunks of written history are of little value to the psychohistorian, while other vast areas which have been much neglected by historians suddenly expand from the periphery to the centre of the psychohistorian's conceptual world.

DeMause does not care that he has been accused of ignoring the economy, the sociology and the use of statistics. 'The usual accusation that psychohistory "reduces everything to psychology" is philosophically meaningless—of course psychohistory is reductionist in this sense, since all it studies is historical motivations.' The statements by deMause that I like the most are those in which he says something I had been maintaining for many years before reading them, when I told myself in soliloquies that, if we have to be objective to understand exact sciences like physics, only by introducing subjectivity we could understand the humanities:

Indeed, most of what is in history books is stark, raving mad—the maddest of all being the historian's belief that it is sane. For some time now, I often cry when I watch the evening news, read newspapers, or study history books, a reaction I was trained to suppress in every school I attended for 25 years. In fact, it is because we so often switch into our social alters when we try to study history that we cannot understand it—our real emotions are dissociated. Those who are able to remain outside the social trance are the individuals whose personal insights are beyond those of their neighbors.

Psychohistory is a science in which the researcher's feelings are as much or even more a part of his research equipment than his eyes or his hands. Weighing of complex motives can only be accomplished by identification with human actors. The usual suppression of all feeling preached and followed by most 'science' simply cripples a psychohistorian as badly as it would cripple a biologist to be

forbidden the use of a microscope. The emotional development of a psychohistorian is therefore as much a topic for discussion as his or her intellectual development.

I no longer believe that most traditional historians are emotionally equipped.

DeMause adds that, when he talks with a typical scholar who only uses his intellect, he runs into a stare of total incomprehension. 'My listener usually is in another world of discourse.'

The publication of *The History of Childhood* in 1974 marks the turning point in the field that deMause created. Putting aside the idealizations of previous historians, the book examines for the first time the history of Western childhood. But the daring exposé of an entire rosary of brutalities on childhood, like the ones mentioned in the preface of this book, moved Basic Books to break the contract it held with deMause to publish *The History of Childhood*. The process by which from here on contemporary psychohistory was born is fascinating. In this section I will recycle and comment on some passages of one of the articles by deMause, 'On Writing Childhood History,' published in 1988, a recapitulation of fifteen years of work in the history of childhood.

DeMause had taken courses at a psychoanalytic institute and put to the test the Freudian idea that civilization, so loaded with morals, was onerous for modern children; and that in ancient times they had lived in an Eden without the ogre of the superego. The evidence showed him exactly the opposite, and he disclosed his discrepancies by criticizing the anthropologist Géza Róheim:

I discovered I simply could make no sense at all of what Róheim and others were saying. This was particularly true about childhood. Róheim wrote, for instance, that the Australian aborigines he observed were excellent parents, even though they ate every other child, out of what they called 'baby hunger' [*the mothers also said that their children were 'demons'*], and forced their other children to eat parts of their siblings. This 'doesn't seem to have affected the personality development' of the surviving children, Róheim said, and in fact, he concluded, these were really 'good mothers [who] eat their own children.'

Most anthropologists did not object to Róheim's extraordinary conclusions. In his article deMause called our

attention to a very distinct reading by Arthur Hippler on Australian aboriginals. DeMause had already consolidated his publishing house, and in the *Journal of Psychological Anthropology* he published an article in which Hippler, who had also directly observed the aboriginals, wrote:

The care of children under six months of age can be described as hostile, aggressive and careless; it is often routinely brutal. Infanticide was often practiced. The baby is offered the breast often when he does not wish it and is nearly choked with milk. The mother is often substantially verbally abusive to the child as he gets older, using epithets such as 'you shit,' 'vagina to you.' Care is expressed through shouts, or not at all, when it is not accompanied by slaps and threats. I never observed a single adult Yolngu caretaker of any age or sex walking a toddler around, showing him the world, explaining things to him and empathizing with his needs. The world is described to the child as dangerous and hostile, full of demons, though in reality the real dangers are from his caretakers. The mother sexually stimulates the child at this age. Penis and vagina are caressed to pacify the child, and clearly the action arouses the mother.

Keeping in mind what Ross said in the case of the second girl, we can imagine the transfusion of evil that these infants, children of filicidal cannibals, would have internalized; and how could this have affected their mental health. I believe it is appropriate to continue quoting excerpts from the deMause article: it is very instructive to understand psychohistory and how it contrasts with the postulates of anthropologists and ethnologists. Once the observations by Hippler were published, an enraged defender of Róheim responded:

I am indeed much more sympathetic to Róheim's accounts, precisely because he does not rush to the conclusion that deMause does. Australian Aboriginal culture survived very well, thank you, very much for tens of thousands of years before it was devastated by Western interference. If that isn't adaptive, what is?

The description that Hippler and Róheim give of this aboriginal culture seems the worst of all possible nightmares for children. But for Western anthropologists to avow condemnatory value judgments is the ultimate taboo. Some of them even accept

the Freudian theory that the historical past was less repressive for childhood, and that Western civilization was a corrupter of the noble savage. But they avoid the fact that Hippler and Róheim themselves observed barbarities towards the children that would be unthinkable in the civilized world, like eating them. (Other sources that confirm the veracity of claims of filicidal cannibalism appear later.) However incredible it may seem, anthropologists and ethnologists do not condemn these cannibal mothers. Under the first commandment of the discipline, Thou Shalt Not Judge, the emotional after-effects of childrearing are ignored, such as the clearly dissociated personalities that I myself saw in the Ross clinic, and even worse kinds of dissociation.

In the academic world Róheim was not as well-known as Philippe Ariès, an historian who collaborated with Foucault and an author of a classic book on the history of childhood, *L'Enfant et la Vie Familiale sous l'Ancien Régime*. Ariès started from the Freudian premise of the benignancy of the milieu towards children in past times. Just as with Róheim, Ariès didn't deny the beatings, the incest and the other vexations against children described in his book. What he denied was that such treatment caused disturbances. 'In other words,' deMause writes mockingly, 'since everyone whipped and molested children, whipping and molesting had no effects on any child.' Ariès has been taken as an authority in the history of childhood studies. DeMause not only rejected his assumption that there were no psychological after-effects; he inverted Freud's axiom. His working hypotheses are simple: (1) within the West the forms of childrearing were more barbarous in the past, and (2) compared to the Western world, other cultures treat their children worse. These hypotheses, which broke the tablet laws of the anthropologists, would give birth to the new discipline of psychohistory. For the academic *Zeitgeist* the mere talk of childhood abuse, let alone of soul murder, was against the grain of all schools of thought in history, anthropology and ethnology, which take for granted that there have been no substantial changes in parental-filial relations.

The academics could not deny the facts that fascinated deMause. As we saw above, Róheim did not deny them; in fact, he himself published them. Ariès also did not deny them. The tactic that deMause found among his colleagues was the *argumentum ex silentio*: without historical trace of any kind, it was taken for granted

that children were treated in a way similar that in the West today. The following is a splendid paradigm of this argument. In 1963, ten years before deMause started publishing, Alan Valentine in his book *Fathers and Sons*, published by the University of Oklahoma, examined letters from parents to their children in past centuries. He did not find a single letter that transmitted kindness to the addressee. However, in order not to contradict the common sense that in the past the treatment a man gave his sons was not different, Valentine concluded:

Doubtless an infinite number of fathers have written letters to their sons that would warm and lift our hearts, if we only could find them. The happiest fathers leave no history, and it is the men who are not at their best with their children who are likely to write the heart-rending letters that survive.

DeMause found the fallacy of the *argumentum ex silentio* everywhere, even among the same colleagues who contributed articles to his seminal book, *The History of Childhood*. For example, when deMause made a remark to Elizabeth Wirth Marwick about these kind of letters, and also about the diaries that parents wrote, Marwick responded that only the bad left a trace in history. Most historians agreed with her. DeMause had started to study the primary sources of these materials. Marwick was only one among two hundred historians that deMause had written to for his book project, of which he worked with fifty. He claims that in all of them the *argumentum ex silentio* appeared at the time of reaching the conclusions to which the evidence pointed out to.

The reasons were, naturally, psychological. An Italian historian delivered to deMause the draft of a chapter that began by saying that he would not consider the subjects of infanticide and pederasty in ancient Rome. DeMause had to reject it. Other would-be contributors went further. At the beginning of this book I spoke of the torment that swaddling with tight clothes has represented for babies. John Demos, author of a book about the family in American colonists, denied that the European practice had been imported into American soil despite the evidence that deMause had collected and published (in a television history program even I saw a drawing of an Anglo-Saxon swaddled baby). As regards other kinds of abuse in American childhood, Demos used the argument that bibliographical evidence in letters, diaries, autobiographies and

medical reports was irrelevant; that what mattered were the court documents.

The problem with this argument is that in colonial times there were no organizations for the protection of childhood, which originated in nineteenth century England and which have become much more visible since the 1980s. Demos did not only argue from the basis of lack of court documents against the thesis that parents abused their children more in colonial times. He also argued that 'had individual children suffered severe abuse at the hands of their parents in early New England, other adults would have been disposed to respond.' Demos' conclusions were acclaimed in his time. But just as in his argument about court documents, this last conjecture suffers from the same idealization about the past of his nation. If other adults were unwilling to respond it was simply due to the fact that in those times the social movement of infant protection had not yet arisen.

Once deMause discarded all those who argued on the basis of the *argumentum ex silentio*, nine historians remained. Even while the contributors were delivering their articles, some of them showed reticence about publishing all the evidence they had found. Before publication the nine contributors—ten with deMause—circulated their articles among themselves. Most of them were shocked by the first chapter written by deMause, whose initial paragraphs became famous in the history of psychohistory:

The history of childhood is a nightmare from which we have only recently begun to awaken. The further back in history one goes, the lower the level of child care, and the more likely children are to be killed, abandoned, beaten, terrorized, and sexually abused. It is our task here to see how much of this childhood history can be recaptured from the evidence that remains to us.

That this pattern has not previously been noticed by historians is because serious history has long been considered a record of public not private events. Historians have concentrated so much on the noisy sandbox of history, with its fantastic castles and magnificent battles, that they have generally ignored what is going on in the homes around the playground. And where historians usually look to the sandbox battles of yesterday for the causes of those of today, we instead ask how each generation of parents and children

creates those issues which are later acted out in the arena of public life.

Once the initial impression was past, some of the contributors were reluctant that their articles should appear beside the initial chapter by deMause, and, as I previously mentioned, Basic Books broke its contract. However, since deMause was already the owner of a publishing house he decided to publish it himself.

Although the contributors finally accepted that their articles would appear under a single cover, the history journal reviews were very hostile. Even a magazine like *New Statesman* derided deMause: 'His real message is something more akin to religion than to history, and as such unassailable by unbelievers. On the other hand, his fellow-contributors to *The History of Childhood* have much useful historical information to offer.' Some reviewers were impressed by the body of evidence on child abuse in past centuries, but they supposed that future investigations would place such evidence on a much more benign context. 'Ariès for one,' wrote deMause, 'remained convinced that childhood yesterday was children's paradise.'

The initial chapter of the book edited by deMause was titled 'The Evolution of Childhood.' DeMause claims that of the published reviews on this chapter, translated into German, French, Italian, Spanish and Japanese, no reviewer challenged the evidence as such; only his conclusions. 'Yet not a single reviewer in any of the six languages in which the book was published wrote about any errors in my evidence, and none presented any evidence from primary sources which contradicted any of my conclusions.' As we will see in 'A Critique of Lloyd deMause' his theories are not exempt from error. Far from it! There are errors: lots of them. But these critics who rushed to judge him falsely did not see the real faults of his model. With regard to the published reviews, deMause wrote:

Since it was unlikely that I could describe the childhood of everyone who ever lived in the West for a period of over two millennia without making errors, it was extremely disappointing to me that the emotional reactions of reviewers had completely overwhelmed their critical capacities. No reviewer appeared to be interested in discussing evidence at all.

There were nonetheless magnanimous reviewers like Lawrence Stone, who in November of 1974 wrote in *New York Review of Books* about ‘the problem of how to regard so bold, so challenging, so dogmatic, so enthusiastic, so perverse, and yet so heavily documented a model.’ But the majority adhered to the conventional wisdom, as did E.P. Hennock in a specialized magazine:

That men in other ages might behave quite differently from us yet be no less rational and sane, has been a basic concept amongst historians for a long time now. It does not belong to deMause’s mental universe. The normal practices of past societies are constantly explained in terms of psychoses.

Once more, the evidence as such is put aside to proclaim the conventional wisdom, which is taken for granted. In a review published in *History of Education Quarterly*, Daniel Calhoun wrote that deMause’s approach resembled a regression to 19th century concepts, an antiquated evolutionistic morality for Calhoun. As we will see in a later chapter in refuting Franz Boas, reality is the exact opposite: the Boasian school represented a gigantic regression compared to nineteenth-century anthropology.

At present studies of the history of childhood continue to emerge from deMause and academic historians alike; for example, the study by Colin Heywood. But it is precisely books like Heywood’s, which accept the historical evidence of abuses of childhood but differ from deMause’s conclusions, that have convinced me that deMause has found a gold vein that still has substance for much exploitation. DeMause ends his retrospective article of 1988 by pointing out that, despite the rejection by the academy, *The History of Childhood*, the books of Alice Miller and other popular authors who advocate the cause of the child are widely read by an important niche of society. In a nutshell, the main finding of psychohistory is that academic history fails to recognize the profound role that the love, or hate, of the parents for their children plays in the future developments of mankind.

JULIAN JAYNES AND THE BICAMERAL MIND

In recent decades several historians without any link to the deMausean school have written about thirty books on histories of childhood. I will mention only a couple of those published in 2005: *When Children Became People* by Odd Magne Bakke and *Growing Up: The History of Childhood in a Global Context* by Peter Stearns. DeMause has iteratively complained that books of this sort are presented to history students as if childrearing in the past had been as benign as Western childrearing in our times. Stearns for example is author and editor of more than forty books, but he attempts to absolve the parents by claiming that infanticide had an economic motivation; when it is well documented that in some periods infanticide was more common in well-off families.

Psychogenesis is the process of the evolution of empathy, and, therefore, of childrearing forms in an innovative group of human beings. In a particular individual it is an evolution of the architecture of his or her mentality, including the cognition of how the world is perceived. A 'quantum leap' in 'psychoclasses' depends on the parents' breaking away from the abusive patterns in which they were educated; for example, stop killing their children: a prehistoric and historic practice that deMause calls 'early infanticidal childrearing.'

A fascinating essay by Julian Jaynes throws light on how, by the end of the second millennium before our era, a huge alteration occurred in human mentality. In 1976 Jaynes published *The Origin of Consciousness in the Breakdown of the Bicameral Mind*. Jaynes calls 'breakdown' the transit of bicameral mind—two chambers or brain hemispheres—to modern consciousness. The transit is relatively recent, and it represents a healing process from a divided self into a more unified or integrated one. Jaynes describes how society developed from a psychological structure based upon obedience to the god's voices, to the subjective consciousness of present-day man. Like deMause's psychohistory, Jaynes' model caused many of

his readers to see mankind from a new perspective. He elaborated a meta-narrative purporting to connect the loose pieces of previously unconnected fields—history, anthropology, ancient texts, psychiatry, language, poetry, neurology, religion, Hebrew and Greek studies, the art of ancestral societies, archaeological temples and cuneiform writing—to construct an enormous jigsaw puzzle.

Jaynes asked the bold question of whether the voices that people of the Ancient World heard could have been real, a common phenomenon in the hallucinated voices of present-day schizophrenics. He postulated that, in a specific lapse of history a metamorphosis of consciousness occurred from one level to another; that our present state of consciousness emerged a hundred or two hundred generations ago, and that previously human behaviour derived from hearing voices in a world plagued with shamanism, magical thinking, animism and schizoidism.

In the Ancient World man had a bipartite personality: his mind was broken, bicameralized, schizophrenized. 'Before the second millennium B.C., everyone was schizophrenic,' Jaynes claims about those who heard voices of advice or guides attributed to dead chiefs, parents or known personages. 'Often it is in times of stress when a parent's comforting voice may be heard.' It seems that this psychic structure of a divided or bicameral self went back to cavemen. Later in the first cities, the period that deMause calls 'late infanticidal child-rearing' (Jaynes never mentions deMause or psychohistory), the voices were attributed to deities. 'The preposterous hypothesis we have come to is that at one time human nature was split in two, an executive part called god, and a follower part called man. Neither was conscious. This is almost incomprehensible to us.' Preconscious humans did not have an ego like ours; rational thought would spring up in a late stage of history, especially in Greece. However, orthodox Hellenists usually do not ask themselves why, for a millennium, many Greeks relied on instructions coming from a group of auditory hallucinating women in Delphi. To explain similar cultural phenomena, Jaynes lays emphasis upon the role that voices played in the identities, costumes and group interactions; and concludes that the high civilizations of Egypt, the Middle East, Homeric Greece and Mesoamerica were developed by a primitive unconscious.

The Origin of Consciousness in the Breakdown of the Bicameral Mind describes the theodicy in which, three thousand years ago,

subjectivity and the ego flourished. For the common man consciousness is the state of awareness of the mind; say, the conscious state at walking. Jaynes uses the term in a more restricted way: consciousness as the subjective universe, the self-analysing or self-conscious mind; the 'I,' the will and morality of an individual, as well as the development of the linear concept of time (which used to be cyclic to the archaic mind, perhaps due to the observation of the stations of the year). The man who left behind his bicameral thinking developed a more robust sense of the self, and Jaynes finds narrative evidence of this acting self in the literary record. He examines Amos, the voice of the oldest Old Testament text and compares it with the Ecclesiastes, the most recent one. Likewise, Jaynes scrutinizes the *Iliad* looking for tracks of a subjective self, and finds nothing. The Homeric heroes did what Athena or Apollo told them; they literally heard their gods' voices as the prophets listened to Yahweh's. Their psyches did not display brightness of their own yet. (If we remember the metaphor of my first book, the mentality of ancient man was similar to what astronomers call a 'maroon dwarf': a failed star like Jupiter, not a sun with enough mass to cause nuclear fusion so that it could shine on its own.) Matters change with the texts of Odysseus' adventures, and even more with the philosophers of the Ionian islands and of Athens. At last the individual had accumulated enough egocentric mass to explode and to shine by itself. Jaynes believes that it was not until the Greek civilization that the cataclysm that represented the psychogenic fusion consolidated itself.

By Solon's times it may be said that the modern self, as we understand it, had finally exploded. The loquacious gods, including the Hebraic Yahweh, became silent never to speak again but through the bicameral prophets. After the breakdown of divine authority, with the gods virtually silenced in the times of the Deuteronomy, the Judean priests and governors embarked upon a frenetic project to register the legends and stories of the voices that, in times of yore, had guided them. It was no longer necessary to hallucinate sayings that the god had spoken: man himself was the standard upon which considerations, decisions, and behaviours on the world rested. In the dawning of history man had subserviently obeyed his gods, but when the voice of consciousness appears, rebelliousness, dissidence, and even heresy are possible.

Through his book, which may be called a treatise of psycho-archaeology, Jaynes follows the track of how subjective consciousness emerged. His ambitious goal is to explain the birth of consciousness, and hence the origin of our civilization. Once the former 'maroon dwarfs' achieve luminescence in a group of individuals' selves, not only religious dissent comes about, but regicide, the pursuit of personal richness and, finally, individual autonomy. This evolution continues its course even today. Paradoxically, when the West reaches the stage that deMause calls 'helping mode' in childrearing, it entails ill-fated consequences such as Caucasian demographic dilution and the subsequent Islamization of Europe (as we will see).

Although Jaynes speculates that the breakdown of the bicameral mind could have been caused by crises in the environment, by ignoring deMause he does not present the specific mechanism that gave rise to the transition. Due to the foundational taboo of human species, explained by Alice Miller in my previous book and by Colin Ross in this one, Jaynes did not explore the decisive role played by the modes of childrearing. This blindness permeates *The Origin of Consciousness* to the point of giving credibility to the claims of biological psychiatry; for example, Jaynes believes in the genetic basis of schizophrenia, a pseudoscientific hypothesis, as shown in my previous essay. However, his thesis on bicameralism caused his 1976 essay to be repeatedly reprinted, including the 1993 Penguin Books edition and another edition with a 1990 afterword that is still in print.

In the bicameral kingdoms the hallucinated voices of ancient men were culturally accepted as part of the social fabric. But a psychogenic leap forward gives as much power to the new psychoclass as the *Australopithecus* character of *2001: A Space Odyssey* grabbing a bone. 'How could an empire whose armies had triumphed over the civilizations of half a continent be captured by a small band of 150 Spaniards in the early evening of November 16, 1532?' The conquest of the Inca Empire was one of a handful of military confrontations between the two states of consciousness. A deMausean interpretation would lead us to think that it was a clash between the infanticidal psychoclass and an intermediate state of ambivalent and intrusive modes of childrearing. The Spaniards were clearly up the scale of 'psychogenic leaps' compared to the Incas.

This reading of history is diametrically opposed to Bartolomé de Las Casas, who in his *Apologética Historia* claimed that in some moral aspects the Amerindians were superior to the Spanish and even to Greeks and Romans. Today's Western self-hatred had its precursor in Las Casas, who flourished in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. In identical fashion, in the 21st century it is irritating to see in educational TV programs an American in Peru saying that the Incas of the times of the Conquest 'were much smarter than the Spanish.' The truth is that the Incas did not even know how to use the wheel and lacked written language. They literally heard their statues speak to them and their bicameral mind handicapped them before the more robust psyche of the Europeans: something like an Australopithecus clan clashing with another without bones in their hands. The Spaniards were, certainly, very religious; but not to the point of using magical thinking in their warfare stratagems. According to a 16th-century Spaniard, 'the unhappy dupes believed the idols spoke to them and so sacrificed to it birds, dogs, their own blood and even men' (this quotation refers to Mesoamericans, the subject-matter of the next section). The Peruvian Mario Vargas Llosa believes that his ancestors were defeated due to a pragmatic and basically modern European mentality in contrast to the magical thinking of the natives; and the Mexican Carlos Fuentes wrote that the conquest of the American continent was a great triumph of the scientific hypothesis over the indigenous physical perception.

Jaynes overemphasizes that the prophets of the Old Testament literally heard Yahweh's voice. Because the minds in the Ancient World, like present-day schizoid personalities, were swarmed with sources of hallucination, humans still lacked an inner space for retrospection and introspection. Bible scholars have debated at length about what could have caused the loss of prophecy gifts in the Hebrew people after the Babylonian exile. I would say that the elimination of the sacrificial practice of infants meant a leap toward a superior psychoclass, with the consequent overcoming of the schizoid or bicameral personality.

But going back to Jaynes: Formerly terrestrial and loquacious, the later mute gods were transported to a heaven, making room for human divination: the consultation of human beings that (for having been raised by more regressive parents I may infer) still heard the fateful voices. Even though the divine

voices made themselves unnecessary for the new kind of human, praying continued to a god who was incapable, centuries ago, of communicating through divine voices.

The entire succession of [Old Testament] works becomes majestically and wonderfully the birth pangs of our subjective consciousness. No other literature has recorded this absolutely important event at such length or with such fullness. Chinese literature jumps into subjectivity in the teaching of Confucius with little before it. Indian hurtles from the bicameral Veda into the ultra subjective Upanishads. Greek literature, like a series of steppingstones from *The Iliad* to the *Odyssey* and across the broken fragments of Sappho and Solon toward Plato, is the next best record, but still too incomplete. And Egypt is relatively silent.

Jaynes' book is dense, closely argued, and despite its beautiful prose often boring. But the chapter on the Hebrew people titled 'The Moral Consciousness of the Khabiru' is must reading. If he is right, it was not until the fifth century before the Common Era when the bicameral mind began to be seen as the incapacitating disorder that is presently labelled as psychosis. In contrast to the mystic psychohistorian Robert Godwin, I am closer to Jaynes in that one of the most persistent residues of bicameralism is our religious heritage.

Jaynes, who died in 1997, may be the proverbial author of a single book, but many people continue to read *The Origin of Consciousness*. Tor Norretranders, a popular author on scientific subjects, expanded the bicameral hypothesis in a book published a year after Jaynes died, *The User Illusion*, and he cites more recent investigations than those collected by Jaynes.

Popperian falsifiability

Despite the book's popularity and the fact that Jaynes taught in Princeton University and did archaeological work, his colleagues did not pay him much attention. Many academics reject theories that have been presented through literary books. It is understandable that a book with such lyric passages has been ignored by the dry science taught in the psychology departments; by neurobiologists, and by evolutionary theorists. Jaynes, basically a humanist, had not presented his theory in a scientific or falsifiable format.

Adepts of social sciences grant such authority to the hard sciences that, when they run across a text that emphasizes the humanities, they want to see everything translated to the language of science. They do this in spite of the fact that, in the reign of subjectivity, hard sciences are incapable of producing something truly significant. Notwithstanding this scientific demand, I concede that if we humanists make claims that could be interpreted as scientific hypotheses, it doesn't hurt to present them in such a way that they may be refuted, if per chance they are wrong. Consequently, I must make it very clear that the trauma model is falsifiable.

For instance, it occurs to me that, if the model is correct, in the Israeli kibbutz children cannot be easily schizophrenized. The cause of this would be, naturally, that in the kibbutz they are put farther away from potentially schizophrenogenic parents than the children in nuclear families. Something similar could be said about Jaynes' ideas. His hypothesis can be presented in falsifiable form always provided that the presentation is done through a deMausean interpretation of it, as we will see almost by the end of this book.

Once it is conceded that even humanists who venture into foreign lands can present their theories in falsifiable form, I must point out that very few academics, including psychologists, are willing to delve into the darkest chambers of the human psyche. To them it is disturbing that prehistoric man, and a good deal of the historic man including their ancestors, had behaved as marionettes of hallucinated voices or non-existent gods. Jaynes' ideas represent a serious challenge to history as it is officially understood and even more to religion, anthropology, and psychiatry. He seems to postulate that a scant connectivity of the two brain hemispheres produced voices, and that the changes in consciousness caused the brain to become more interconnected through the corpus callosum. In case I have interpreted him correctly, I am afraid it is not possible to run tomographs on those who died millennia ago to compare, say, the brain of the bicameral pythoiness against the brain of the intellectual Solon. Let's ignore this non-falsifiable aspect and focus on hypotheses that may be advanced by epidemiologists in the field of social sciences. Studying the changes of incidence patterns of child mistreatment through history or contemporary cultures is a perfectly falsifiable scientific approach.

In the book reviews of *The Origin of Consciousness* available on the internet it can be gathered that the experience of many readers was as electrifying as a midnight ray that allowed them to see, albeit for a split second, the human reality. If the ultimate test for any theory is to explain the most data in the simplest way, we should not ignore the psychohistories of Jaynes and deMause. If they are right, the explanatory power of an unified model would help us understand part of the human mystery, especially religion and psychosis.

SILVANO ARIETI AND SCHIZOPHRENIA

Paradoxically, if something had been impeding the collective form of suicidal psychosis that the West self-inflicts today, the massive migration of inferior psychoclasses, it was Christianity. But Christianity is in crisis and westerners lack a new myth that bestows on them a self-image for social cohesion. Jaynes wrote:

In the second millennium B.C., we stopped hearing the voices of the gods. In the first millennium B.C., those of us who still heard voices, our oracles and prophets, they too died away. In the first millennium A.D., it is their sayings and hearings preserved in sacred texts through which we obeyed our lost divinities. And in the second millennium A.D., these writings lose their authority... And here at the end of the second millennium and about enter the third, we are surrounded with this problem.

Hearing voices is the archetypal symptom of what today is named schizophrenia. But the distinctive traits between ancient schizoids and modern Western man is not absolute. In his magnum opus, *Interpretation of Schizophrenia*, Silvano Arieti wrote a sentence imagining a space visitor, more integrated psychologically than the Earth dwellers, who would find many instances of 'paleologic thinking' (bicameral thought) in the moral, social and religious costumes of Western man.

Those who give credibility to everything that, under the banner of science, the status quo sells us, will consider it foolish that I take seriously an author who published a work about

paleologic thinking and schizophrenia in 1955, the edition translated to Spanish. The reason that moved me to do it is simple. As I have said, decades before Colin Ross published *The Trauma Model* and *Schizophrenia*, Arieti had already written, with different words, some phrases about ‘the locus of control shift’ (explained above). In 2007 I felt confident to ask Ross if he knew that Arieti had said something very similar to his model half a century before. Ross replied that he barely had read Arieti. His ignorance surprised me but I understood him: the good doctor is more a busy clinician than an armchair theorist. Anyone can acquire through the internet the 2004 book that Ross wrote about schizophrenia. On the other hand, the 1965 Spanish translation of Arieti’s treatise is not even available in the catalogue of out-of-print books. In 1975 a second, revised edition of *Interpretation of Schizophrenia* won in the United States the National Book Award in scientific subjects. In this chapter I will use both editions: the 1955 edition, and the 1975 edition republished in 1994. (In the second edition the book was thoroughly rewritten and fattened with medical testing on schizophrenia.)

Virtually forgotten, Arieti’s treatise is an authentic mine of theoretical and clinical information to understand psychosis. Most striking about the massive body of literature from Arieti’s colleagues that pointed at the family as responsible for the schizophrenias in their patients is that the theory was never refuted. It was conveniently forgotten, swept under the rug of political correctness in the mental health professions. It is very common to read in the textbooks of contemporary psychiatry and psychology that the theory of the schizophrenogenic parents was discarded because it was erroneous with the most absolute absence of bibliographic references to support such claim. I cannot forget an article written in the present century in which an investigator complains that, despite an extensive search, he did not find any coherent and clear explanation of why the schizophrenogenic theory has been abandoned. As always, everything has to do with the fact that to question the parental deities is terrifying for most people, especially for those who are forbidden from using their own emotions: academics, including the mental health professionals. As deMause said way above: ‘The usual suppression of all feeling’ in childrearing studies ‘simply cripples a psychohistorian as badly as it would cripple a biologist to be

forbidden the use of a microscope.' Biological psychiatrists too suppress their feelings when dealing with family victims.

Arieti distinguishes between a 'paleologic' form of thinking, and the thinking that comes from 'Aristotelian logic' that rules Western man. Since the first edition of his book Arieti points out that the paleologic thinking, which modern man only experiences in dreams, was omnipresent in prehistoric cultures. Let us consider again the case of major trauma families. In order to avoid a runaway anxiety that drives the victim into panic, the patient diagnosed as schizophrenic abandons the Aristotelian norms of intuitive logic and lapses into the sort of thinking of our most primitive ancestors. Like John Modrow, Arieti acknowledges the value of the work of Harry Sullivan about the panic the child experiences as a result of an all-out emotional assault from both parents. 'The paleologic regression can be adapted years after the abuse occurred, even when the child has become economically independent. [*A chapter on Modrow appears in the second section of Hojas Susurrantes.*]' The withdrawal from reality, or psychotic breakdown, is the last and most desperate attempt of the unconscious to maintain the ego in a state of internal cohesion. A dramatic regressive metamorphosis arises when, one after another, the defences that the victim had been using do not work anymore. To a greater or lesser degree all human beings function with a dose of neurosis, but in the psychotic outbreak, when neurotic defences collapse, the subject falls into even more archaic forms of defence: mechanisms which had been overcome millennia ago, a regression to the bicameral mind.

Arieti's book contains chapters about his clinical experiences with patients. In the case of two brothers, Arieti describes how one of them suffered a pre-psychotic panic as a result of the abuse at home and observes that, once in a florid state of psychosis, 'The paleologist confuses the physical world with the psychological one. Instead of finding a physical explanation for an event, he looks for a personal motivation or an intention as the cause of an event.' Just as the primitive man, in a definitive breakdown of the Aristotelian superstructure, for the disturbed individual the world turns itself animist; each external event having a profound meaning. There are no coincidences for those who inhabit the world of magical thinking. Both the primitive animist and the modern schizophrenic live in distinct dimensions compared to the rational man. The conceptualization of external happenings

as impersonal physical forces requires a much more advanced level of cognition than seeing them as personal agents. Arieti wrote:

If the Greeks are afflicted by epidemics, it is because Phoebus wants to punish Agamemnon. Paranoiacs and paranoids interpret almost everything as manifesting a psychological intention or meaning. In many cases practically everything that occurs is interpreted as willed by the persecutors of the patient.

Arieti also writes about the time before the *Homo sapiens* acquired the faculty to choose an action through what we call today free will, and he adds:

Philogenetically, anticipation of the distant future appeared when early man no longer limited his activity to cannibalism and hunting, which were related to immediate present necessities, but became interested in hoarding and, later, in agriculture in order to provide for future needs.

The reference to cannibalism makes me think that, though unlike Jaynes Arieti maintained that schizophrenia is due to the parents' behaviour, unlike deMause Arieti did not conceive that such cannibal practices, like the ones described in the Preface, could have injured the inner self of the surviving children in prehistoric times. Nevertheless, Arieti disagrees with a psychiatry that sees no similarities between schizophrenic and non-schizophrenic. He believes that such points of view 'are fundamentally wrong' and, speaking of non-Western cultures and even of the times of Cro-Magnon man, he writes:

Often the culture itself imposes paleologic conceptions and habits on the individual, even though the individual is capable of high forms of thinking. The more abundant is the paleologic thinking in a culture, the more difficult it is for the culture to get rid of it.

This last phrase reminds me how presently Western culture imposes relativist conceptions on the individual, even though the typical Westerner is potentially capable of discriminating among inferior cultures: a higher form of thinking. Arieti also raises the question of why civilization originated only ten thousand years ago. Like Jaynes, he believes that the incredibly long gestation of civilization had to do with the persistence of paleologic thought,

and he adds that presently the paleologic defence mechanisms underlie the human psyche and can return in extreme conditions.

Arieti elaborated his theory twenty years before Jaynes or deMause started to write their books, and he was within an inch of discovering what deMause would discover: precisely that schizophrenogenic forms of childrearing through the Bone Age and the Stone Age had impeded the psychic integration of our ancestors. Getting ahead in time to Ross, Arieti wrote: 'A characteristic unique in the human race—prolonged childhood with consequent extended dependency on adults—is the basis of the psycho-dynamics of schizophrenia.'

Arieti defines schizophrenia as an extremely regressive reaction before an equally extreme state of anxiety: a dynamic that originates in infancy and that accelerates in adolescence, or later, due to abuses at home (think of the case of the second girl in the Ross section). *'In every case of schizophrenia studies serious family disturbances were found'* (emphasis by Arieti). He adds that to produce schizophrenia a drama is needed which is sufficiently injuring to the inner self; a drama that, if we ignore it, we become deaf 'to a profound message that the patient may try to convey.' Writing about one of his patients, and getting again ahead in time to Ross, he tells us that this patient 'protected the images of his parents but at the expense of having an unbearable self-image.'

Interpretation of Schizophrenia contains the keys to understanding issues that at first sight seem incomprehensible, and even bizarre, for those of us who live in the world of Aristotelian logic: the probable meaning of the symbols of the oneiric world in which the psychotic individual lives; his apparently incoherent salad of words, the linguistic whys of his inner logic and the many regressive stages of the disorder. In Arieti's treatise there is an enormous richness of ideas and theoretical schemas that I cannot summarize here, as well as clinical analyses of his patients, to understand the gradations of madness. Even though, as I said, in the middle 1970s his book won the National Book Award, in a more valiant world his work would have been influential. But society freaked out before the findings of Arieti and his colleagues because, to understand psychoses, it would have been necessary to point the index finger at the parents. As a Ross reader would say, the problem of the attachment to the perpetrator, the basic and

fundamental axiom of the human psyche, could not allow this (Arieti himself dedicated his *magnum opus* to his parents).

Let us see where the ideas expressed in this chapter drive us when pondering the violent past of ancient Mexico, and how the psychogenic arrest of that culture may serve us to understand the dilemmas that the West faces today.

The Feathered Serpent

THE WORLD'S MOST BEAUTIFUL CITY



Bernal Díaz del Castillo would write in his memoirs about what he saw with his brothers in arms in route to Tenochtitlan when he was twenty-two years old:

And since we saw so many inhabited cities and towns on the water, and on solid ground other large towns, and that causeway so straight and levelled that went to Mexico-Tenochtitlan, we were wonder-stricken, and we said to each other that it all seemed like the enchantment tales of the Amadís book, for the great towers and Cues [*temples*] and edifices, that they have inside the water, and all of them the product of masonry work, and still some of our soldiers said if all of what they saw was dreamlike.

When the gloomy Luther hammered his theses on the Wittenberg's gates, no man of the white race knew of the existence of another continent and of the most extensive power that Mesoamerica knew of: an empire that touched both oceans, the capital of which was inundated with light. And even in our times the enormous plaza that amazed Bernal Díaz is unknown because his comrades razed it in its entirety. Notwithstanding that after the

conquest Rodrigo de Castañeda blamed Hernán Cortés for wanting to preserve the temples and its effigies, Mexico-Tenochtitlan was the object of a systematic vandalism. Not even one edifice remained standing in what today is Mexico City, something that reminds us what the Romans did in the Third Punic War: they did not leave stone upon stone in Carthage, and built a Roman city on its ruins. Not satisfied with that, after the physical devastation by the soldiers, Zumárraga burned the Mexica libraries. As an Aztec poem says:

We are to leave the beautiful songs

We are to leave the beautiful flowers

However, under New Spain's edifices some unearthed footings have allowed modern architects to reconstruct how the ancient Indian city looked (see the pictorial reconstruction by architect Ignacio Marquina above), in addition to the descriptions of the captain of the conquistadors, who informs us that the streets of Tenochtitlan—:

are very wide and straight, some of them, and all of the other are half of earth and the other half of water, through which they go in their canoes, and all the streets, from stretch to stretch, are opened through where water passes from the ones to the others, and in all of these openings, that some of them are very wide, there are bridges of very wide and large beams together and stout and well carved, and they are such that that ten horses, together eye to eye, can pass through many of them.

Cortés himself wrote to Carlos V that it was *la más hermosa cosa del mundo* ('the world's most beautiful thing'). Much larger than Seville, the largest Spanish city of those times, three roads converged toward the centre of the lacustrine city, uniting the island with the coast. 'It is admirable to see how much reason they employ with all things,' wrote Cortés to the king. On the streets of a city that shone like a jewel of stone and water and sky, the dwellers used to go out 'for a ride, some through the water on these boats and others on the land, and they go on conversing.'

Tenochtitlan was an object of admiration for its thirty palaces of reddish and porous rock, for its houses for upper-class people (according to conqueror Diego de Ordás, superior to those in Spain); its immense set of immaculate white houses and

constructions decorated with bas-reliefs and stone sculptures (in contrast to other peoples who made them of clay), some statues even decorated with gold, feathers and animal skins; for its yellow macaw feathers; for its precious stones such as the green of the jade and the red of the garnets; for 'its florid hymns in the Spring and the flower of the opened Nahua heart,' and because in that unwonted world, which had never been found a practical use for the wheel, thousands of canoes, the largest capable of transporting up to sixty Indians, converged every day in the lacustrine city.

The central plaza shown in the above image (in which place today there is a Zócalo infested with what in my previous book I called 'the marabunta of Neanderthals') took the form of a rectangle. The monuments were adorned with frescoes, lost forever after the collapse of the walls that sustained them, and besides the aqueduct there were fountains that burst forth from the soil of the central island. The palace of Nezahualcóyotl in Texcoco, a state that belonged to the triple alliance together with Tenochtitlan and Tlacopan, was fenced with more than two thousand trees. In addition to this palace, Nezahualcóyotl had gardens in other locations 'with docks full of roses and flowers, and many fruits and rosebushes of the earth, and a pond of fresh water, and another thing to see: that in the flower and fruit garden the large canoes could enter from the lagoon through an opening they had made, without jumping on the ground, and everything very whitewashed and flashing, of many forms of stones and paintings on them that there was so much to ponder.' As in my childhood imaginings recounted in my previous book [*a previous section of Hojas Susurrantes*], the labyrinths and the artificial cascades of those gardens provided a fresh and invigorating environment.

We can imagine the impression that this world—totally apart from the known civilization—caused in the Europeans, who never ceased to be amazed at the richness of the iridescent clothing; the colours and drawings on the women's attire with their bluish-purple hair dyed so that it shone, and the teeth stained black with cochineal; the clothing of the nobles decorated in polychromatic embroidery with drawings that represented hearts, and the showing off of necklaces of stings of jade, turquoise or enormous objects of diorite; wigs and jaguar skins, bracelets on the arms and ankles, or the simple 'crowd of swarthy-skinned people under their white dresses.' The warriors painted their faces with stripes; others with

yellow-ochre powder, spreading out the feet with copal ointments and tattooing their hands with schemes. It was a spectacle to see them around the emperor, the cloth banners and the immense adornments of gold and exquisitely cut quetzal feathers forming bouquets of a thousand colours; arts elaborated under a mosaic-like technique in sharp contrast to the blackish clothes of the priests with figures of skulls and human bones. How mistaken is the petrified image of Diego Rivera's Anahuacalli Museum to convey the universe opened to the free, luminous and multicolour air of the Aztecs. But how accurate are Rivera's own murals!

The palace of Moctezuma (which occupied the place where later would be constructed what today is the Palacio Nacional) also caused a stupor in the Europeans. Built with porous volcanic stone, it had more than a hundred bathrooms; walls covered with mosaics and roofs of precious woods; zoos and botanic gardens, pools and flower gardens. The wooden cages were in the charge of hundreds of men who attended the birds, wild cats, pumas, jaguars and coyotes; there were large ponds with herons, ducks, swans and an enormous collection of serpents. The zoo even had human freaks such as dwarfs and albinos.

The humble Nahua male who lived far from the Great Teocalli had so little time indoors and plenty of time outdoors, and when looking up from his chinampa he constantly saw 'the silhouette of the pyramids and the blinding white of the edifices under the noonday sun.' (At present the footings of the Spanish buildings are full of pre-Hispanic stone and of the fragments of the bas-reliefs and the statues.) It could scarcely be said that there was profane art: practically all art was charged with religious content. Tlatelolco, the twin city of Mexico, had a plaza about the triple size of Salamanca. (From now on I will avoid the word 'Aztec' which was not used until the 18th century. Instead I will use the original term 'Mexicas,' without 'n,' or alternatively 'ancient Mexicans.') The appearance of the Mexica capital was of a double city. The main commercial neighbourhood 'sparked with the shouting of the market's sales people.' In Tlatelolco the great temple of Huitzilopochtli was impressive because there were no other temples around that cast any shadow on it.

Tenochtitlan was an amphibian city in the middle of 'waters of flowers, waters of gold, waters of emerald,' a city in such a spaced architecture of the Valley of Mexico that it had as roof the

sky, and as foundation the immense greenish-blue Texcoco lake. The quantity of gods of the Mexica pantheon was so large—of the principal deities alone there were about two hundred—that the chroniclers lost count. The terraces of the nobles were crowned with gardens. Moctezuma, who had many children with his wives and concubines, had three thousand servants in his palace. The Great Pyramid of Tenochtitlan or Teocalli, shown in the above illustration, rested upon a space of 100 meters long by 80 meters wide, and it was 60 meters high. The façade began with great serpent heads, and on the platform statues supported the banners that were displayed at the celebrations. The pyramid was completely surrounded by serpent heads, which formed a fortified outer wall of approximately 400 meters long, with four doors. The two shrines, inhabited by the Tláloc-Huitzilopochtli duality, were painted: one white and blue on the north side, the other white and red on the south side. The last one was embellished with engraved skulls and battlements with the form of butterflies. To defend the temple of Huitzilopochtli was considered one of the duties of the sovereigns. Sun and rain, Huitzilopochtli and Tláloc, were the legacy of the Tenochcas: nomad warriors and sedentary Mexicas. The shrines that crowned the truncated pyramid were tight but high enclosures, which sheltered a pair of three-meter statues of these gods. The crested roofs imitated the Maya temples, and conveyed the visual effect of higher altitude. (It is remarkable that on the other side of the Atlantic a very similar structure, the Ziggurat, had been common in the Chaldean and Babylonian temples: cultures that Julian Jaynes also called bicameral kingdoms.)

The ancient Mexicans gladly detached from themselves their best art: burying animals, feathers, flowers, insects, treasures, and even human beings as offerings to the deities. The temples themselves were an immense offering loaded inside with the remains of these sacrifices that remained trapped each time that the edifice was reconstructed. The Great Pyramid of Tenochtitlan, or Templo Mayor as it is called today, was reconstructed several times. Just as the Teotihuacan and Maya temples, it possessed several layers, one above the other like Russian nested dolls. When the Spaniards destroyed the temple they found that its entrails hid innumerable jewels of gold, precious stones and bones that had remained enclosed as an offering. Inside this pyramid was also located the military theocratic school for the education of the elite

of the Mexica boys. Drawn using a perfect arithmetic that reminds us of Teotihuacan, in front of the Great Pyramid the temple of Quetzalcoatl looked special, the only circular edifice of the great plaza, and on one of the Great Pyramid's sides, the pyramid of Tezcatlipoca. Around the temples there were annexes for worship such as the *tzompantli* full of decapitated human heads, many of them decomposed until they turned into skulls, artistically placed in horizontal order. The houses of the Indian chiefs were enormous constructions of wood. The largest rooms were more than thirty meters long and thirty meters wide.

It is curious that my imaginings when taking a bath in my house of San Lorenzo, as recounted in my previous book [*I was seven years old*], had a counterpart in the reality of the past. It is true that in those imaginings I did not visualize the resonating drums or the reddish homes of the temples, if we consider that in Tenochtitlan mostly percussion instruments were used. But something of these dances and collective intoxication, a catharsis of something recondite in the Nahua soul, reached the mind of the child I was then. (Many have listened to the group of children, myself included, playing the vertical drum called *huéhuetl* thanks to a commercial recording made when I studied in the musical method of my father: a man passionate for the native folklore.) The great dance celebrated at the bottom level of the pyramids lasted hours under the light of huge braziers deep in the night. Dances started at the hiding of the sun amidst the sound of the flutes (precisely what I imagined hearing when I was a child), the drums of the temples, and the flames of the enormous tripods burning woods. Nothing was more important, writes Jacques Soustelle, than these songs and dances for the ancient Mexicans.

*Nothing of my name will someday be?
Nothing of my fame on earth?
At least the flowers, at least the songs!*

SAHAGÚN'S EXCLAMATION

I have worked in the heart of Houston, in the middle of its skyscrapers. The photographic postcards of downtown I saw in the hotel where I worked were deceptive: they flaunted only the luminous side of the Texan city. They never showed what I saw a few blocks away from my job: ugly streets, dreadful misery and homeless blacks.

Something similar can be said about the illustration of the previous chapter. If Tenochtitlan was kept beautiful it was because of the captive people from other towns forced to work. The Anonymous Conqueror tells us that the war prisoners whom the Mexicas would not cannibalize were made slaves. Had one of them written an autobiography, say, like the ones written by those women who escape the countries under Sharia, it would be a literary sensation in our times. And who had worked to build up the great temples and to open the wide avenues? The swarms of workers around the Texcoco lake, forced to work as part of the towns' tribute to the empire, should not have looked very different from the scenes of *Apocalypso* before the camera showed us the centre of the Maya city.

Eye to eye with its beauty, handicapped people, thieves and prostitutes were also visible in Tenochtitlan; and unlike the nobles, the common people carried only a loincloth and a special cape, not of cotton cloth but derived from the threads of the maguey cactus, and walked barefoot before their superiors. Only those elevated in the social strata were allowed to wear sandals. And just as in contemporary Mexico City, with its old mansions of Las Lomas or the Americanized building district in Santa Fe coexisting with the poorest neighbourhoods, unlike the Nezahualcóyotl palaces and the mansions near the Teocalli, the Mexica common home consisted of a single sleeping room.

It is true that flowers and death adorn the lyrics of the Mexicas. But a line of one of their poems—'Let's hope [prisoners]

are dragged here, All the country must be desolated’—unveils the other side of the Nahua soul. In that world flowers rain incessantly beside the macabre, although magnificent, Mexica statuary. Every time I watch the panic stare of the Chac Mool found at the footings of the Great Pyramid of Tenochtitlan I ask myself what could he have been looking at (excavations performed between 1978 and 2000 in the temple recovered more than a hundred skulls, many of them of children). There is much truth, and also much deception, in the illustration of the previous chapter. For example, blood is not shown on the staircases. In the real Tenochtitlan, not in the idealized postcard, the very steep temple staircases—whose purpose was that the bodies could fall without obstacles—were stained with sacrificial blood (such staircases’ blood is visible in one of Rivera’s murals and in Gibson’s film).

In the pictorial reconstruction based on the plans of the architect Marquina, the pathos of the sacrifice that is taking place over the immense stone *quauhtemaláctli* is also missing, a stone that in the illustration is visible in the plaza of the Great Teocalli. This circular stone was used as theatre of a gladiatorial sacrifice where the attackers gradually injured a leg, the head or the abdomen of a man tethered to the stone in a ritual properly called *tlabnahuanaliztli*, ‘the laceration.’ (This was the human equivalent to a wounded bull in bullfighting, where those colourful sticks with a barbed point are placed on the top of the bull’s shoulder.) At the end of the gladiatorial sacrifice the human heart was extracted. This was such an important spectacle that the king Axayácatl requested the manpower of hundreds of men to drag the monumental stone from the road that united Coyoacán with Tenochtitlan. Needless to say, the comfort that in the illustration the noble who watches the spectacle experiences under the shadow is the inverse of what in real life the lacerated man must have felt in the world’s most beautiful city.

As of this writing, during the previous month the movie *Apocalypso* was still in the Mexican theatres. Contrary to the prognostication that it would not have a good welcome in Mexico, the film’s revenues displaced other memorable movies. Still, many people became furious claiming that it was unjust to focus on the dark side of the Maya culture instead of its mathematics, astronomy, or disappearance. Guatemala Indian activists asked the public not to go to the theatres and some people even denied the

historicity of human sacrifice in pre-Columbian America. One of the craziest Mexicans wrote a month before the premier: 'Personally, I'm ashamed of the little Spanish blood I have. I prefer to be a cannibal and demonstrate the splendour of this culture far higher than the Spanish. I crave to die at the obsidian's edge. Our hearts only want the glorious death.' As a response to this rending of nationalist garments, in an editorial of the Mexican newspaper *Reforma* Juan Pardinas wrote (my translation): 'The bad news is that this historical interpretation bears some resemblances with reality. Mel Gibson's characters are more similar to the Mayas of the Bonampak murals than the ones that appear in the SEP school textbooks,' the Mexican Secretariat of Public Education, where children learn that the ancient Yucatecans used the zero before the Europeans. This is like saying that the Maya had been a civilization of thinkers and scientists: the Indian Athens of the Americas. But what not even Gibson dared to show us on the silver screen is that not only adults, but also small kids had been victims of Maya sacrifices.

The sacrifice of children in Mesoamerica began many centuries before the nomadic tribes of the north established themselves around the Texcoco Lake. In El Manatí, an Olmec archaeological site in Veracruz associated with a sacrificial ritual, bones have been found of babies; femurs and skulls. After the Olmecs there came the Teotihuacans. In the Pyramid of the Sun, the largest of the Valley of Mexico, Leopoldo Batres discovered at the beginning of the twentieth century several child skeletons: offerings to the god of the water (the Teotihuacans were contemporaries of the Mayas). When I saw a photograph of the skeletons in the Pyramid of the Moon it reminded me the horrific finding of sacrificed and cocooned humans in a high wall of the film *Aliens*.

Let us skip the history of similar findings throughout the twentieth century and focus on the present century. On December 2005 *Reforma* published an article about archaeologist Ricardo Armijo Torres's finding in Comalcalco, a Chontalpa region that some believe was the cradle of the Maya civilization, where the Mayas had perpetrated 'a massive sacrifice of children of approximately one or two years old.' Chichén-itzá was named one of the new Seven Wonders of the World in 2007, with both the proud nationals and the foreign fans ignoring the fact that it had

been the location of a ritual carnage. The Chac Mool at the top of the temple has a stone vessel used to hold the hearts of sacrificed humans. Thousands of Mayas died in ritual sacrifices in times of great droughts: a pointless holocaust that could not save Chichén-itzá from its fate. In the Maya ball game participants sometimes played with a decapitated head. The local legends recount that maids were thrown over into the cenote. This was confirmed recently by dredging one of them and discovering the skeletons. In addition to the physical evidence there exists pictorial evidence in Maya art about the sacrificed children. On page 25 of the September-October 2003 issue, *Arqueología Mexicana* published a painted scene from a ceramic of the Late Classic period 'that indicates that child sacrifice was performed in well-defined circumstances' (my translation). On that very page it also appears a photo of Stelae 11 of Piedras Negras, Guatemala, showing a dead child with an abdominal cavity signalling that his heart was extracted. The sacrifice of small children continued in the Post-classic period. It was also performed in the first years of the Spanish colonization, albeit clandestinely and under the protective shadow of the caves.

The Mayas abandoned their big cities and their enormous crop fields of the Classic period. Without being subjugated they conserved distant relationships with the empire of the Mexicas. Once Maya hieroglyphics were deciphered, the vision of the Maya world changed. How well I remember the moment when I received the first information on this subject when reading a book-review in *The New York Times* about *The Blood of the Kings*, published in 1986 when I lived in the States. Although I didn't keep the review, I remember that I got excited. In those days I wrote to a friend informing her that, far from being 'the Greeks of America,' the Mayas performed rituals which objective was to provoke hallucinations in the mutilated people; that they venerated blood as a magical elixir and that every ceremony, whether of birth, marriage or death bore a tribute of human blood. I will quote extensively my letters to this friend in my next book. For now I would only add that I also wrote her about a Bonampak fresco showing a Maya prince 'with a wicked face,' his court and the captives lying at his feet with panic-stricken eyes, apparently asking for a pity that they would not receive (a decapitated head can be observed on the floor). The Mayas had them cut their fingertips for the precious

liquid to run free. The fresco is so famous that it appeared for some time on the Mexican twenty peso banknotes. A few years later, in the cultural magazine of Octavio Paz, I read the words of a Maya scholar, Michael Coe: 'Now it is surprisingly clear that the Mayas of the Classic times, and their Pre-classic ancestors, were governed by an hereditary dynasty of warriors, for whom self-sacrifice and the spilling of blood, and the sacrifice by human beheading were supreme obsessions.'

Going back to the Mexicas, Diego Durán wrote about the ritual sacrifice of children in an important celebration of the Valley of Mexico with the Indian governors present. Several months of the Mexica calendar were devoted to the sacrifice of children at the top of the mounts, just what the distant Incas did. Children were transported in adorned litters along with their executioners chanting and dancing. They were made to cry so that their tears became a good omen for the raining season. The more the child cried, the happier the gods were.

The Mexica name for the first month of the year is *Atlcahualo*. It spans part of February in its Gregorian counterpart (the months of the Mexica calendar lasted twenty days). Children were sacrificed to the water deity Tláloc, and to Chalchiuhtlicue, 'she of the jade skirt' and goddess of thermal waters. In other ceremonies children were drowned. In the third month of the calendar children were, again, sacrificed. The French ethnologist Christian Duverger wrote something that disturbed me. In his book *La Fleur Létale* (The Lethal Flower) this passage can be read:

The torments. In the context of the violent pre-sacrificial stimulations, I believe it is convenient to give a place to the torture, and precisely because it is only performed by the Aztecs before the human sacrifice. The torture is not necessarily integrated to the sacrificial prelude, but it may occur. The tearing off the nails of the children that had to be sacrificed to the god of the rain is a good example of ritual torture. The nails belonged to Tláloc. Through the sacrifices of the month Atlcahualo the Mexicans paid homage to the *tláloques* [Tláloc servants] and called for the rain. In order for the ritual to be effective, it was convenient that the children cried profusely in the moment of the sacrifice.

Then a face pack of hot rubber was applied to them and they were thrown over a pit that hardened the rubber and prevented them from breathing.



Tláloc, the rain god, was one of the most honoured gods of the Mexicas. Along with the temple of Huitzilopochtli, Tláloc's sky-blue temple existed in the highest spot of Tenochtitlan. With the skeletons discovered at the end of the twentieth century to the beginnings of the twenty-first century it was determined that dozens of children, most of them six-year-olds, were sacrificed and buried in the northwest corner of the first temple dedicated to Tláloc. (Keep in mind that the temple consisted of several layers; only the first survived as mere footings to the great Spanish destruction.) In June of 2005 the archaeologists who worked on the temple ruins announced another discovery in the footings: a sacrifice of a very young boy to Huitzilopochtli, probably during the consecration of the building. The previous photo was taken by Héctor Montaña. I confess that over the years I have harboured the morbid fantasy of finding out the aspect of the statue of Huitzilopochtli.

I dream with some futuristic 'machines to see the past' to know, with a wealth of detail, exactly how terrible the deity was. It is recognized that to know the soul of a culture there is nothing like having its art in front of us. Some of the pages that I like the most of Arthur Clarke's short sci-fi stories appear in 'Jupiter five,' where some explorers find a statue representing an alien in the art room of an abandoned ship thirty kilometres in diameter. Sometimes the Mexica world seems so distant from my civilization that the comparison does not look excessive to me.

But going back to my fantasy. The pages that I read with most interest of *The Truthful History of the Conquest of New Spain* (he refers to the Aztec Empire) were those in which Bernal Díaz

described the great statue of Huitzilopochtli he saw at the top of the great pyramid:

And then our Cortés told Montezuma, with Doña Marina, the translator: 'Milord, it has been your will, and much more your majesty deserves; we have been idle about seeing your cities; what I ask you as a favour, since we are already here, in your temple, that you show us your gods and *teules* [*demigods*].' And Montezuma said he first had to talk to his great *papas* [*high priests*]. And when he had talked to them he said that we were to enter a turret [*the shrine at the pyramid's top*] and an apartment in the form of a room, where there were two altars, with very rich planking over the roof, and in each altar there were two shapes, giant-like, very tall and stout bodies.

The first one, to the right, they said it was Uichilobos [Huitzilopochtli], their god of war. It had a very broad face with deformed, horrifying eyes; and the whole body was covered with precious stones, gold and pearls and seed-pearls stuck on with wheat paste, which they make in that land with some sort of roots, and all of the body was full of it, and circled with some sort of great snakes made of gold and precious stones, and in one hand he held a bow and in the other some arrows. And a small idol standing by him they said was his page, he held a not very long lance and a shield rich of gold and precious stones; and around the neck of Uichilobos were Indian faces and things like the hearts of these Indians, the latter of gold and the former of silver, decorated with many precious blue stones; and there were braziers with incense, copal incense, and in them they were burning the hearts of three Indians they had sacrificed that day, and with the smoke and the copal they had done that sacrifice. Every wall of that shrine was covered with the blackness of the blood scabs, as well as the floor, and it stank so much.

The Indian baptized as Andrés de Tapia claimed that the statue of Huitzilopochtli was made of flour seeds with the blood of the children in a hardened paste; Durán, on the other hand, said it was made of wood. What is certain is that the priests devoted to its cult injured their tongues, arms and thighs with straws tainted with their own blood as an offering. Even the common Mexica injured himself far more than my cousin Sabina used to do. [*This is recounted in an un-translated section, 'Follow the mothers.'*] He offered bleedings

with maguey thorns by piercing his lips, ears and tongue. Men pierced their penis and the thorns stained with blood were placed in a shrine. The common Mexicas 'decorated their doors with bulrushes containing their ears' blood.' The priests, called *papas* by Díaz, had their ear lobes totally smashed as a result of these bleedings. In addition to tearing out the heart from the captives in the day 4-Earthquake, the common Mexica made these piercing penitences.

I mention all of this to throw light on the long Colin Ross quotation way above. The self-harmer women of Dallas pierced themselves because they believed in their wickedness and they needed an escape valve to discharge some of the pressure from the volcano of rage against their parents they carried inside. At the expense of their mental health and due to the locus of control shift, the evil of their parents had been transfused to their mentality since their childhood, making the perpetrator good and safe to attach to. Let us remember that this shift helps to solve the basic and fundamental dilemma of the human race: the affective attachment to our parents due to our long dependency. Ross does not comment on the ancient Mexicans, but according to Lloyd deMause this sort of self-injuring alleviated the Amerindians from the anxiety of the internalized image of a parent, now sublimated, that would castigate them because of a prosperity perceived as sinful (we will see where this gets us when analysing the West of the twenty-first century). In other words, self-harming and harming others are two sides of the same coin. We displace our contained rage on others and on ourselves because of the absolute dissociation of the resulting emotions from the treatment we received in the past. If the pre-Columbian people displaced more than us it was simply due to a more primitive form of childrearing than ours. For Claude-François Baudez of the National Centre of Scientific Research in Paris, the Mesoamerican sacrifice of others only replaced self-sacrifice 'on the condition that the alter is equivalent to the ego.' Human sacrifice was, ultimately, the sacrifice of the ego 'as it is shown in the first place by the primeval myths that precede self-sacrifice.'

Baudez illustrates his point with the Mesoamerican custom of eating the enemy or dressing up in his skin: a practice that occupied a place of first order of magnitude among the ancient dwellers of the continent. Although education in our times is

abusive, pre-Hispanic education was infinitely worse. I cannot avoid thinking of the studies by two Mexican anthropologists that show that some sacrificed bodies underwent processes of flaying, removing the flesh from the body, dismembering, decapitation and even the showing off of the corporal parts as decoration, as can be read in the bone register (in our own times, only certain serial killers do this sort of thing). The psyche of the surviving siblings, cousins, relatives, close and not-so-close acquaintances of the sacrificed infants interiorized a greater homicidal impulse than ours: a good example to help us understand the difference among very distant psychoclasses.

Page 34 of the cited issue of *Arqueología Mexicana* recounts an alarming study. In Xochimilco, at the south of Mexico City, the remains of a three- or four-year-old child were discovered, whose bones presented an orange or translucent yellow coloration, terse or glassy textures, and the compacting of the spongy tissue, besides the shattering of the skull. Since in the mortuary treatment the Mexicas decapitated some bodies and sometimes boiled the heads for later aesthetic exposition, the archaeologists concluded that the head of the sacrificed boy had been boiled and that the skull was shattered due to the ebullition of the encephalic mass. The photograph of the skull has been published.

Moreover, at the beginning of 2005 a newspaper note was published about a finding in the north of Mexico City, in Ecatepec: an archaeological site with skeletal remains of eight sacrificed minors. According to the note republished by *Discovery Channel*: 'The sacrifice involved burning or partially burning victims. We found a burial pit with the skeletal remains of four children who were partially burned, and the remains of four other children that were completely carbonized.' However rustic the Spanish soldiers were, when they saw for the first time in their lives this sort of behaviour it blew their minds. The first texts about the New World ever published in Europe were the *Cartas de Relación* by Hernán Cortés. In one of these letters, published in 1523, the conqueror wrote:

They have a most horrid and abominable custom which truly ought to be punished and which until now we have seen in no other places, and this is that, whenever they wish to ask something from the idols, in order that their plea may find more acceptance, they take many girls and boys and

even adults, and in the presence of these idols they open their chests while they are still alive and take out their hearts and entrails and burn them before the idols, offering the smoke as the sacrifice. Some of us have seen this, and they say it is the most terrible and frightful thing they have ever witnessed.

In another occasion Cortés recounted that his soldiers had captured an Indian who had been roasting the body of a baby to eat it. Fernando de Alva Cortés Ixtlilxochitl, a mestizo who wrote the codex that has his name, writes that one out of five children were sacrificed each year. The figure looks like an exaggeration: it is not known with certainty how many children were sacrificed in Mesoamerica. The most conservative contemporary studies say that in the Mexica world at least dozens of children were sacrificed each year.

One of the sources that the Mexican indigenistas hold in high esteem is the work of Bernardino de Sahagún, who set off to the New World in 1529, only a few years after the fall of Tenochtitlan. Scholars regard him as the first anthropologist. Even a passionate *indigenista* like Diego Rivera painted Sahagún with a young and clever face. Writing about the holidays of the so-called Aztec Calendar, Sahagún tells us of the rituals of the first month, called *Atlacahualo* or *Quauhtleoa* by the Mexicas:

In this month they killed many children, sacrificing them in many places at the top of the mounts, taking out their hearts in honour to the gods of the water, so that they gave them water or rains.

What the Mexicas did on the second month of their calendar will be explained in the next section. In the third month, writes Sahagún: 'In this holiday they killed many children in the mounts, they offered them in sacrifice to this god.' He also adds a general comment about the first months of the year:

According to the testimony of some [*Indians*], the children that they killed were collected the first month, buying them from their mothers, and they went on to kill them on all of the following holidays until the rainy season did indeed start; and thus they killed some children in the first month, called *Quauhtleoa* [from February 2 to February 21]; and others in the second month, called *Tlacaxipehualiztli* [February 22 to March 13]; and others in the third month called *Toxoztontli* [March 14 to April 2]; and others in the fourth month, called

Uey tozoztli [April 3 to April 22], so that until the rainwater season began copiously, in all holidays they crucified [*sacrificed*] children.

Those of us who live in the region formerly known as Tenochtitlan know that the Spring is dry here, which means that the natives felt an unrestrainable drive to murder the little ones. It is far-fetched that those who had the genius to construct at the centre of the plaza a temple to Quetzalcóatl where the sunray of the dawn could be seen between the two shrines of the Great Pyramid, at the same time could not foresee the rainy season that contemporary Mexicans know perfectly. It is elemental that something more than soliciting the rains impregnated the psyche of the descendants of the Tenochcas. In the second book of the *Florentine Codex* Sahagún comments about the first month: 'For this holiday they looked for suckling toddlers, buying them from their mothers.' And he adds: 'For the killing they carried these children to the high mounts, where they had made an offering vow; from some of them they took their hearts out on those mounts, and from others, in some places on the lake of Mexico.' Both in discussions with me and in a heading of his orchestral homage to Bartolomé de Las Casas, my father has talked much about the 'profound race': the ancient Mexicans. I wonder how 'profound' it was that the towns under Mexica rule offered, as a tribute, their little ones to be sacrificed. [*This sarcasm against my father's nationalism is understandable in the context of the previous section of Hojas Susurrantes.*] About Pantitlán, Sahagún writes:

They killed a great quantity of children each year in these places and after they were dead they cooked them and ate them.

When I read that sentence I could not help but think about Mexico City's subway station called Pantitlán. I ignored the fact that it was at the bottom of the lake. (In the times of the lacustrine city, the neighbourhood where I write this book was also under the water.) In the same second tome of his encyclopaedic twelve-book work about the traditions and customs of the ancient Mexicans, Sahagún recounts the details:

The places where they killed children are the following: the first one was called Quauhtépetl, it is a mountain range near Tlatelolco. The second mount where

they killed children they called Ioaltécatl. The third mount on which they killed children they called Tepetzinco, it is that little mount that is inside the bordering lake of Tlatelolco, they killed a girl there. The fourth mount on which they killed children they called Poyauhtla. The fifth mount where they killed children was an eddy or basin of the lake of Mexico, that they called Pantitlán. The sixth place or mount on which they killed children they called Cócotl. The seventh place where they killed children was a mount that they called Yiauhqueme.

These poor children, before they were carried to the killing, were decorated with precious stones, with rich feathers and carried with blankets taking them on a litter, and they listened the playing of flutes and trumpets that they used. They had them all the night holding a wake and chanting to them songs of the idol's priests, so that they did not sleep. And when they took the children to the places where they would be killed, if they were crying with very abundant tears, those who watched them crying were glad because they said it was a signal that rain was very imminent.

The most valuable phrase of the Sahagún opus is his exclamation that, in the most popular Mexican edition—the one by the Porrúa publishing house (2007 paperback edition)—appears on page 97:

I do not believe that there is a heart so hard that when listening to such inhuman cruelty, and more than bestial and devilish such as the one described above, does not get touched and moved by the tears and horror and is appalled; and certainly it is lamentable and horrible to see that our human nature has come to such baseness and opprobrium that parents kill and eat their children, without thinking they were doing anything wrong.

Mel Gibson errs by quoting historian Will Durant at the beginning of his film. Human sacrifice in Mesoamerica was not a political aberration as presented in the film: it was a widespread social phenomenon. Gibson falsified history by putting as pacific a community of hunting tribesmen in contrast to the decadent city. The reality seems to be that the Amerindians who populated the small towns, and especially the naked natives that were exterminated in the Caribbean islands, were even more psychologically dissociated that the inhabitants of the refined

double-city of Tenochtitlan-Tlatelolco. The variety of Indians who did not live in the big cities varied from the Caribbean cannibal to the Otomi people of the caves; from the fierce Guarani to the cannibalesque Chiriguano. In contrast to the villager of *Apocalypso*, the Tarahumara, the fearful Chichimeca, the Xixime and the Guarijio practiced the 'dance of the head.' A virgin was shut away. A decapitated head was taken for her to 'speak' to it, something that the woman had to do with fluctuating feelings of love and hate. Contrary to Gibson's bucolic village in the middle of the Maya forest, this is what the tribesmen actually did in real history.

That the sacrifice was a popular and social phenomenon rather than a political one is shown in the fact that, after the elimination of the indigenous governments and the introduction of Christianity in colonial times, the natives adopted the cross as the form of child sacrifice. For a psychoclass that I labelled infanticidal in the previous chapter, the Spanish assimilation had incredible moments. The Indians went as far as nailing children by the hands and feet to a cross with their feet tied up before taking their hearts out. Still crucified sometimes they even threw them over a cenote, as can be read on page 81 of the second volume of the *Archivo General de Las Indias* compiled by France Scholes and Eleanor Adams in 1938. The Indian priest used to say: 'Let these boys die on the cross like Jesucristo died, whom they say was our lord, but we do not know if he was.'

THE BERNALDINE PAGES

La Santa Furia by César Tort Sr., my father, is a music composition in honour to Bartolomé de Las Casas for an orator, a soprano, three tenors, baritone, mixed chorus and orchestra, which at the moment of my writing still has to be premiered. Las Casas, whom my father greatly admires, wrote:

Into these meek sheep herd [*the Amerindians*], and of the aforesaid qualities by their Maker and Creator thus endowed, there came the Spaniards who soon after behaved like cruel wolves, tigers and lions that had been starved for many days.

Las Casas is considered the champion of the indigenous cause before the Spanish crown. Those who condemn the Conquest take note of the investigation conducted against Antonio de Mendoza, the first viceroy of New Spain, accused of having lined up several Indians during the Mixtón War and smashing them with cannon fire. As a child, an illustration piqued my interest in a Mexican comic, about some Indians attacked by the fearful dogs that the Spaniards had brought (there were no large dogs in pre-Columbian America). Motolinía reported that innumerable Indians entered healthy the mines only to come out as wrecked bodies. The slave work in the mines, the Franciscan tells us in *Historia de los Indios de Nueva España*, killed so many that the birds that fed from the human carrion ‘darkened the skies,’ and let us not talk about the slavery in the Caribbean islands with which, originally, Las Casas had so intimate contact. In La Española (Santo Domingo), Cuba and other islands the native population was virtually exterminated, especially due to the epidemics the conquerors had brought. These and many other facts appalled Las Casas, and in his vast literary corpus the tireless friar always tried to expose the excesses of the Spanish conquest.

English- and Spanish-speaking liberals are fond of quoting Las Casas. But was he right? In contrast to another friar, Diego de Landa, Las Casas always omitted speaking out about the cruelties that the Indians committed against themselves. In fact, Las Casas is often accused for having originated the Black Legend. For example, his quotation cited above is a lie: the Mesoamericans were everything except ‘meek sheep.’ While the conquest was a calamity for many Indians, it benefited many others. Only thanks to it the children would not receive any more the schizogenic shock of learning that their folk had sacrificed, and sometimes eaten in a glamorous party, one of their little siblings. In his role of spiritual adviser, Las Casas wrote a biased and polemical sermon, *A Brief Account of the Destruction of the Indies*, as well as more scholarly texts, to force Charles V, Holy Roman Emperor, to take the necessary measures in favour of the natives. His goal was to protect them before the trendy scholastic doctrine that they were born slaves.

In the 1930s and ’40s Harvard historian Lewis Hanke found as fascinating the figure of Las Casas as my father would do in more recent times. After reading a magnificent book by Hanke, that my father himself lent me from his library, I could not avoid

comparing Las Casas to the anthropologists who have kept secret the cruelty of the aboriginals in their eagerness to protect them. A single example will illustrate it. Las Casas went so far as defending the indigenous cannibalism with the pretext that it was a religious custom, which Las Casas compared to the Christian communion. It seems strange to tell it, but the first seeds of cultural relativism, an ideology that would cover the West since the last decades of the twentieth century, had been sown in the sixteenth century.

The Mexicas had only been the last Mesoamericans providers of an immense *teoatl*: a divine sea, an ocean of poured-out blood for the gods. Just as the pre-Hispanic aboriginals of the Canary Islands, the Olmecs performed sacrifices with a fatal whack on the head. Of the Mayas, so idealized when I was a boy, it is known much more. They were the ones who initiated the practice of caging the condemned before sacrificing them and, after the killing, throwing the bodies down from the pyramids. In 1696, with the eighteenth century coming up, the Mayas sacrificed some unwary missionaries who dared to incursion into a still unconquered region. When I visited the ruins of Palenque I went up its pyramid and down through the internal steps surrounded by a warm and humid weather, to the tomb of the famous sarcophagus of stone. I felt such place gloomy and inconceivable. I now remember an archaeologist in television talking about a drawing in a Maya enclosure: a hanged prisoner maintained alive in state of torment.

The Mayas treated more sadistically the prisoners than the Mexicas. Diego de Landa recounts that they went as far as torturing the captive kings by gouging their eyes out, chopping off their ears and noses and eating up their fingers. They maintained the poor captive alive for years before killing him, and the classic *The Blood of the Kings* tells us that the Mayas tore the jaw out from some prisoners still alive. Once more, not even Mel Gibson dared to film these atrocities, although he mentioned them during an interview when defending his film before the criticism of politically-correct reporters and academics. Unlike them, I agree with Gibson that the disappearance of such culture should not sadden us but rather revalue the European culture. And I would add that, when I see in a well-known television program a native English speaker rationalizing the Maya sacrifices, it is clear to me that political

correctness in our times exemplifies what in psychology is known as ‘identification with the perpetrator.’

Both the Teotihuacans and the Tolteca-Chichimecas were bloodthirsty. The Tenochcas, who greatly admired them, killed and flayed a princess in the year 1300: an outrage that the *indigenistas* sweep under the rug since this and similar murders are related to the stories of the foundation of Mexico-Tenochtitlan. Like their ancestors, the Mexicas established wars which only purpose was to facilitate captives for the killing.

Let us tell the truth guilelessly: Mesoamerica was the place of a culture of serial killers. In the raids launched into foreign territory, sometimes called Flower Wars like the one seen in *Apocalypso*, the principal activity was oriented toward the sacrifice. In fact, it was impossible to obtain political power in that society without passing first through the business of the sacrifice. Preventing adolescents from cutting their nape hair-lock unless they captured a victim for sacrifice conveyed a message: If you don’t collaborate with the serial killing you won’t climb up the social hierarchy.

An explosive catharsis and real furore was freed in the outbreak of war as the Amerindians sheltered something recondite that had to be discharged at all costs. In 1585 Diego Muñoz Camargo wrote in *History of Tlaxcala* that, accompanied by the immense shouting when rushing into combat, the warriors played ‘drums and caracoles [*percussion sticks*] and trumpets that made a strange noise and roar, and more than a little dreadfulness in fragile hearts.’ The Anonymous Conqueror adds that during the fighting they vociferated the eeriest shrieks and whistling, and that after winning the war only the young women were spared. To contribute with live bodies for the thirsty gods, not the killing *in situ*, was the objective. Behind there came the specialized warriors who tied up the captives and transferred them to the stone altars.

With a stabbing which purpose was not to kill the victim, the sacrificer, usually the high priest of one of the innumerable temples, opened the victim’s body: a dull blow at the diaphragm level or on the chest. The sacrificer then stuck the hand into the viscera poking until finding the heart. Grabbed and still beating, he tore it out with a strong pull. This eventration and ablation of the heart is the form in which the sacrifice was practiced, in identical mode, thousands upon thousands of times in Mesoamerica. The

last thing that the victim saw in the instant before losing consciousness were his executioners. By tearing out the heart in such a way the body poured out virtually all of its blood, from five to six liters: the strongest haemorrhage of all conceivable forms.

Diego Durán was startled that, according to his estimates, in the pre-Hispanic world more people died in the sacrifices than from natural death. In contrast to how the Second World War is taught to us, academics are reluctant to point out that the sacrificial institution in Mesoamerica was a true Holocaust. The year 1487 signalled the climax of the sacrificial thirst. In four consecutive days the ancient Mexicans indulged themselves in an orgy of blood. The warriors had taken men from entire tribes to be sacrificed during the festivities of the re-consecration of the last layer of the Great Pyramid of Tenochtitlan. Through four days the priests, their assistants and the common citizens uninterruptedly tore out hearts on fourteen pyramids. The poured-out blood stained of red the plaza and the stone ramps that were constructed to throw the bodies down. The exact figure is unknown but the *Codex Telleriano-Remensis* tells that the old people spoke of 4000 sacrificed humans. It is probable that the propaganda of Mexica terror inflated the official figure to 84,400 sacrificed victims to frighten their rivals.

The 1487 re-consecration aside, we should not forget the perpetuity of the sacrificial Mexican holyday, except the feared five days at the end of the year. The blood of the victims was spilled like holy water (something of this can be seen beside Gibson's vertical *tzompantli*). The reverberation of such a butchery reached the unconscious of the youth I was centuries after it. I will never forget a dream I had many years ago in which I saw myself transported to the gloomiest moment of a night in the centre of the old Tenochtitlan. I remember the atmosphere of the dream: something told me, in that dense night, that there was an odour and a deposit of bodies that made my flesh creep for the inconceivable amount of human remains: a very close place where my soul wandered around. The horror of the culture was captured in the oneiric taste that is impossible to describe in words. The filthy stench of the place was something I knew existed, though I do not remember having smelled anything during the dream.

The second month of the Mexica calendar was called *Tlacaxipehualiztli*, literally 'the flaying of the men,' during which only in Tenochtitlan at least seventy people were killed. Sometimes the

condemned to be sacrificed were led naked covered with white chalk. The victims of Xippe Tótec, an imported god from the Yopi region of Guerrero-Oaxaca, had been presented to the public the previous month of the sacrifice. In Mesoamerican statuary *Our Lord the Flayed One* is always represented covered with the skin of a sacrificed victim, whose features can be guessed on Xippe's skin. In that holiday, writes Duverger, the beggars were allowed to dress with the skins 'still greasy with the victim's blood' and they begged at the homes of Tenochtitlan 'with that terrifying tunic.' According to the *Florentine Codex*, those who had captured the victims also wore the skins. After several days of using them 'the stench was so terrible that everybody turned their heads; it was repulsive: people that encountered them covered their noses, and the skins already dry became crumbly.'

These offering acts were the opposite of the Hollywood images of a secret cult that, clandestinely, sacrifices a young woman. Mesoamerica was the theatre of the most public of the cruelties. In contrast to the Christian cathedrals which spirituality lies in a sensation of privacy and inwardness, the Mesoamerican temple showed off the sacrifice at the universal sight of the sun, and the average people participated in a communal event. In the holiday called *Panquetzaliztli* the dancers 'ran at the top of their speed, jumped and shook until left breathless and the old people of the neighbourhoods played music and sang for them.' The exhausting marathon was a hallucinating spectacle and the ritual murders marked the height of the Mexican party. In another of their celebrations, *Xócotl huetzi*, the celebration of the fire god, the victims were thrown over an immense brazier while the crowd contemplated speechless. Sahagún informs us that the Mexicans took them out of the brazier with their flesh burnt and swollen, and that after their hearts were torn out 'the people dispersed and everybody went to their homes to celebrate, since it was a day of great rejoicing.'

All sacrifice was surrounded by popular parties. Personally, what shocks me the most is the second month of the Mexica calendar, the month that I most relate to my dream, because in real life those who would be killed and skinned fainted, and in this panic-stricken state they were dragged by the hair to the sacrificial stone.

The priests also dressed themselves with the yellow-painted skins of the victims; the skin's exterior turned inwards like a sock. *Our Lord the Flayed One* was invoked with these words: 'Oh my god, why do you play too hard to get it? Put your golden vestments on, put them on!' The body of the flayed victim was cooked and shared out for its consumption. The *Florentine Codex* has illustrations of these forms of sacrifice, including an illustration of five Indians skinning a dead body. The *xixipeme* were the men who dressed themselves with the skin of the victims personifying the deity.

The evidence in both the various codex and on the mural paintings, steles, graffiti and pots are witness of the gamut of the human sacrifices. Even zealous indigenistas like Eduardo Matos Moctezuma and Leonardo López Luján have stated publicly that there is iconographic evidence of the sacrifices in Teotihuacan, Bonampak, Tikal, Piedras Negras and on the codexes *Borgia*, *Selden* and *Magliabechiano*, as well as irrefutable physical evidence in the form of blood particles extracted from the sacrificial daggers.

The following image shows a warrior and his captive, grabbed by the hair and crying (note the tears on the face). In addition to the extraction of the heart, in the last incarnation of this culture of serial killers the victims were locked up in a cave where they would die of thirst and starvation; or were decapitated, drowned, riddled with arrows, thrown from the precipices, beaten to death, hanged, stoned or burned alive.



In the ritual called *mitote*, the still alive victims were bled while a group of dancers bit their bodies. The *mitote* culminated with the cooking and communal consumption of the victims in a stew similar to the *pozole*. In the sacrifice performed by the Matlazinca the victim was seized in a net and the bones slowly

crushed by means of twisting the net. The ballgame, performed from the gulf's coast and that aroused enormous passions among the spectators, culminated in the dragging of the decapitated body so that its blood stained the sand with a frieze of skulls 'watching' the sport.

There is no point in making a scholarly, Sahagunesque encyclopaedia list, about the names of the gods or the months of the calendar that corresponded to each kind of these sacrifices. Suffice it to say that at the top of the pyramids the idols were of the size of a man and even larger, composed by a paste of floured seeds mixed with the blood of the sacrifices. The figures were sitting on chairs with a sword on one hand and a shield on the other. What I said above of the great Uichilobos could be told once more: how I would like to contemplate the figures of the so-called Aztec Pantheon. Sacrifices were performed to gods whose names are familiar for us who attended the Mexican schools: from the agrarian, war, water and vegetation deities to the gods of the death, fire and lust. Most of the time the sacrifices were performed on the temples, but they could be done in the imperial palace too. We already saw that children were sacrificed on mounts and in the lake. Now I must say something about the sacrifices of women. According to the *Florentine Codex*, during the rituals of the months *Huey tecuīhuītl* (from June 22 to July 11) and *Ochpaniztli* (from August 21 to September 9) women were deceived with these words:

Be merry my daughter, very soon you will share the bed of emperor Motecuhzoma. He will sleep with you, oh blessed one!

The Indian girl voluntarily walked up the temple's steps but when she arrived she was decapitated by surprise. In similar sacrifices at the arranged time and date according to the calendar's holiday, women were decapitated, flayed and their skins used like a trophy. Besides men, women, children and occasionally old people, the Mexicas sacrificed dogs, coyotes, deer, eagles and jaguars. The *Florentine codex* informs us that sometimes they went up the pyramid with the human victim tied up by the four extremities, 'meaning they were like the deer.'

The writer who best transports us into this unheard-of world and who most reaches my dream of 'machines to see the past' is Bernal Díaz del Castillo and his *The Truthful History of the*

Conquest of New Spain. The spontaneous testimony of the infantry soldier differs from the dry reports by Cortés. It also differs, as a memorialist work, from the treatise that Hugh Thomas wrote half a millennium later, considered a standard reference about the conquest. It tells a lot about our primitive era to focus on the literary form of the *Quixote*, which is fiction, instead of the real facts that Bernal recounts: extraordinary experiences where he often was very close of losing his life. (The attitude of the people of letters reminds me precisely a passage of Cervantes' novel: the hidalgo only lost his nerve when he run into the only real adventure he encountered, in contrast to his windmills.) The discovery of the Bernal chronicle impressed me considerably. His work was an eye-opener about the charlatanry in the Mexican schools with all of its silences, blindness and taboos about cannibalism and the cruelty and magnitude of the pre-Columbian sacrificial institution. It seemed inconceivable that I had to wait so long to discover an author that speaks like no other about the distant past of Mexico, someone whose writing I should have met in my adolescence. I am increasingly convinced that the true university are the books; and the voice of one's own conscience, more than the voice of the academics, the lighthouse that guides us in the seas of the world.

Humboldt said that the joy experienced by the adventurer facing the newly discovered world was better transmitted by the chronicler than by the poets. In 1545 Bernal moved to the Old Guatemala, where he lived the rest of his life, although he would not write down his memories until he was close seventy. The Guatemalan poet Luis Cardoza y Aragón said that Bernal's chronicle is the most important work about the conquest. He considers it superior to the chronicles of the military campaigns in Peru or the campaigns against Turkey, Flanders or Italy. Those who in more recent times have read Bernal in translations tell similar things. In an online book-review it can be read: 'In every page of this book lies the plots and the characters for [every] single Spielberg movie. But no movie, no adventure, no science fiction, and no Goth novel can even come close to Bernal Diaz's first-hand account of the initial defeat [of the Spaniards] and final conquest of New Spain.' And Christopher Bonn Jonnes, author of *Wake up Dead*, wrote: 'This story might have been rejected as too far-fetched if it were offered as fiction, but it is history.'

Unlike the soporific scholarly treatises, in the Bernaldine pages one really feels how pre-Hispanic Mexico was. The narrative about the shock that the Europeans felt when running for the very first time in history with the sacrificial institution is very illustrative. It happened in an island near Veracruz. Due to the novelty that the ritual represented for Bernal and his comrades they baptized it Island of the Sacrifice.

And we found a worship house with a large and very ugly idol, called Tezcatepuca [*Tezcatlipoca*], with four Indians with very large dark cassocks as its companions, with capes like the ones of the Dominicans or the cannons. And they were the priests of that idol, commonly called in New Spain [*the Aztec Empire*] papas, as I have already mentioned. And that day they had sacrificed two boys with their opened chest, and their hearts and blood offered to that cursed idol. And we did not consent they gave us that odorous [*offering*] smoke; instead we felt great pity to see those two boys dead, and such a gigantic cruelty. And the general asked the Indian Francisco, already mentioned by me, whom we brought to the Banderas River and who seemed to know something, why they did it, and only by means of gestures, since by then we didn't have any translator, as again I have said.

Those were the times before the Cortés expedition. In the Grijalva expedition, Bernal and his comrades had been the first Europeans to notice that beyond Cuba and La Española there were no more islands but immense lands. In the expedition after Gijalva's, now way inland into the continent in what today is the state of Veracruz, Bernal tells us:

Pedro de Alvarado said they had found every dead body without arms and legs, and other Indians said that [*the arms and legs*] had been taken as food, about which our soldiers were amazed at such great cruelties. And let us stop talking of so many sacrifices, since from that town on we did not find anything else.

Let us also take a leap forward on the Bernaldine route to Tenochtitlan where they did not find anything else, Tlaxcala included. When they reached Cholula, a religious city of pilgrimage with a hundred of temples and the highest pyramid of the empire, dedicated to Quetzalcóatl, the Cholulans told Cortés:

‘Look, Malinche [*Marina’s master*], this city is in bad mood. We know that this night they have sacrificed to their idol, which is the war idol, seven people and five of them were children, so that they give victory against you.’

For the ancient Mesoamericans everything was resolved through the killing of children and adults. Once the Spaniards reached the great capital of the empire, and after Moctezuma and his retinue conducted them in grand tour through the beautiful Tenochtitlan and having seen the impressive Uichilobos at the pyramid’s top, Bernal tells us:

A little way apart from the great Cue [*pyramid*] there was another small tower which was also an idol house or a true hell, for it had at the opening of one gate a most terrible mouth such as they depict, saying that such there are in hell. The mouth was open with great fangs to devour souls, and here too were some shapes of devils and bodies of serpents close to the door, and a little way off was a place of sacrifice all blood-stained and black with smoke, and encrusted with blood, and there were many great ollas and pitchers and large earthenware jars of water, for it was here that they cooked the flesh of the unfortunate Indians who were sacrificed, which was eaten by the *papas*. There were also near the place of sacrifice many large knives and chopping blocks, such as those on which they cut up meat in the slaughter-houses. [...] I always called that place the house of hell.

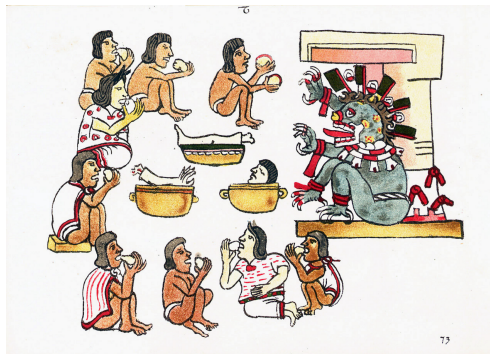
Sahagún and Durán corroborate Bernal’s testimony about cannibalism. As we already saw, not even Bartolomé de Las Casas denied it. In *History of Tlaxcala* Diego Muñoz wrote:

Thus there were public butcher’s shops of human flesh, as if it were of cow or sheep like the ones we have today.

In the chapter XXIV authored by the Anonymous Conqueror it can be read that throughout Mesoamerica the natives ate human flesh that, the chronicler adds, they liked more than any other food. It is noteworthy that in this occasion the Mexicans did not use chili peppers, only salt: which according to the scholars suggest that they had it as precious delicatessen. Human flesh, which tasted like pig, was not roasted but served as pozole. In Tenochtitlan the bodies were taken to the neighbourhoods for consumption. (Likewise, there were human flesh remnants in the

markets of Batak in Sumatra before the Dutch conquest.) The one who made the capture during the war was the owner of the body when it reached the bottom steps of the pyramid. The priest's assistants gave the owner a pumpkin full of warm blood of the victim. With the blood the owner made offerings to the diverse statues. The house of the capturer was the eating-place, but according to the etiquette he could not join the banquet.

I have mentioned the festivities of the month *Panquetzaliztli* but did not say that, according to Sahagún, in that festivity the Mexicas bought slaves, 'washed them up and gave them as gifts to be fed upon, so that their flesh was tasty when they were killed and eaten.' Even the contemporary writers who admire the Mexica world agree with Sahagún. For Duverger, cannibalism should not be disguised as a symbolic part of an ancient ritual: 'No! Cannibalism forms part of the Aztec reality and its practice was much more widespread and considerably more natural than what it is sometimes presented.' He adds: 'Let us open the codexes: arms and legs emerge from a pitcher placed on fire with curled up Indians who devour, by hand, the arms and legs of a sacrificed victim.'



In the illustration we can see a scene of communal cannibalism in the *Codex Magliabechiano*. When the Tlaxcallans took the dead Tepeacas to the Tlaxcala butcher's shops after the flight from Tenochtitlan, it is clear that the objective was not ritual cannibalism but the most pragmatic anthropophagy (this shows that Las Casas' claim mentioned above that anthropophagy was a religious custom is simply untrue). Miguel Botella from the University of Granada explains that Mesoamerican cannibalism had been 'like today's bull fighting, where everything follows a ritual,

but once the animal dies it is meat.' Botella points out that the chroniclers' descriptions have been corroborated by examining more than twenty thousand bone-remains throughout the continent, some of them with unequivocal signs of culinary manipulation. Among the very diverse recipes of the ancient Mexicans, the one that I found most disgusting to imagine was an immense tamale they did with a dead Indian by grinding the remains—after a year of his death and burial!

After the massacre of Cholula the Spaniards liberated the captives from the wooden, cage-like jails that included children fed for consumption. Not even Hugh Thomas denies this. But the politically correct establishment always depicts the massacre of Cholula as one of the meanest acts by the Spaniards. They never mention the cages or how the captives were liberated thanks to the conquerors, sparing them from being eaten by the Cholulans.

However hard the nationalist Mexicans may try to palm this matter off from the school textbooks, and however hard it may seem to imagine it for those of us who were educated to idealize that culture, the unavoidable fact is that only thirteen or fourteen generations ago the Mexicans consumed human flesh as part of their food chain.

'THE BEST EDUCATION OF THE WORLD'

In each Maya city there were two wells: one for drinking water and the other as an oracle to throw the girls almost twenty meters below. When brought out at noon, if they had not died in the cold water they were asked: 'What did the gods say to you?' The Maya girls got back at their babies by tying their feet and hands up. And they did something else. Artificial cranial deformation had been practiced since prehistory, with Greek physicians mentioning the practice in some towns. The Mayas placed boards at the sides of the newborn's cranium to mould it, when it is still plastic, to form the egg-shaped heads that the archaeologists have found. Furthermore, the parents also placed objects between their baby's eyes to make them cross-eyed. Just as the elongated heads, this was a sign of beauty. (When Hernández de Córdova ventured in the Yucatán coast in 1517 he took with himself two cross-eyed Indians

he thought could be useful as interpreters.) Once grown, the children had to sacrifice their own blood: the boys had to bleed their penises and the girls their tongues. Some Mayas even sacrificed their children by delivering them alive to the jaguars.

Without specifically referring to Mesoamerican childrearing, deMause has talked about what he calls 'projective care.' During the fearful *nemotemi*, the five nefarious days for the Mexicans, parents did not allow their children sleep 'so that they would not turn into rats.' Let us remember the psychodrama of the self-harmer girl in Ross' paradigm and take one step forward. Let us imagine that, once married, she projected on her own child the self-hatred. Such 'care' of not letting the children to sleep was, actually, a case of dissociation with the adult projecting onto the child the part of herself that she was taught to self-hate. Another example: In the world of the Mexica the first uttered words addressing the newborn told him that he was a captive. Just like the shrieks that made the chroniclers shudder, the midwife shouted since it was believed that childbirth was a combat and, by being born, the child a seized warrior. The newborn was swaddled and kindly told: 'My son, so loved, you shall know and comprehend that your home is not here. Your office is giving the sun the blood of the enemies to drink.' The creature has barely come to the world and it already has enemies. The newborn is not born with rights but with duties: he is not told that he will be cared for, but that he is destined to feed the great heavenly body. (DeMause has written about this inversion of the parental-filial roles in his studies about western babies in more recent centuries.) In the Mexica admonition the shadow of infanticide by negligence is also cast. 'We do not know if you will live much,' the newborn was told in another exhortation.



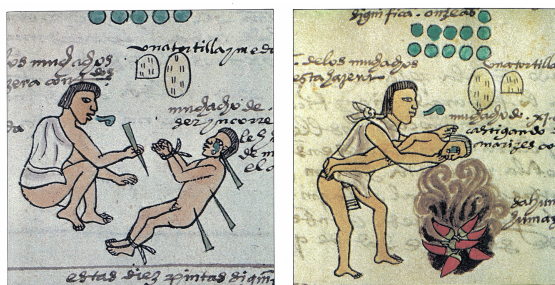
Above, Tlazolteotl, goddess of infancy, grabbing a child by the hair. In the illustration can be noted the similarity of Tlazolteotl with the image of the warrior and his captive in the previous chapter. Just like that image, the goddess grabs the hair as a symbol of dominion. One of the few true things that Elsié Méndez told me, a woman so much criticized in my previous book, were certain words she pronounced that I remember verbatim: ‘La mamá lo pepena’ [*The mom grabs him*] referring to those mothers of our times that choose one of their children to control him to the point of psychic strangulation.

In May of 1998 I listened in Mexican television Miguel León Portilla, the best-known indigenista scholar in Mexico, saying that the Mexica education was ‘the best education of the world.’ Almost a decade later I purchased a copy of the *Huebuetlatolli* that León-Portilla commented, which includes one page in Nahuatl. The *Huebuetlatolli* were the moralizing homilies in the first years of the children: ubiquitous advices in Nahua pedagogy. They were not taught in the temples but from the parents to their children, even among the most humble workers, within the privacy of the home. In the words of León-Portilla: ‘Fathers and mothers, male teachers and female teachers, to educate their children and pupils they transmitted these messages of wisdom.’ The exordiums were done in an elegant and educated language, the model of expression that would be used at school. A passage from the *Huebuetlatolli* of a father to his son that Andrés de Olmos transcribed to Spanish says:

We are still here—we, your parents—who have put you here to suffer, because with this the world is preserved.

This absolute gem depicts in a couple of lines the Mexica education. Paying no attention to these kind of words, on the next page León-Portilla comments: ‘Words speak now very high of its [*the Mexica’s*] moral and intellectual level.’ Later, in the splendid edition of the *Huebuetlatolli* that I possess, commented by the indigenista, the sermon says: ‘Do not make of your heart your father, your mother.’

The following illustration is from *Codex Mendoza*, page 60: Punishes to children ages 11 to 14. Note the tears of the child and the sign of admonition near the father’s mouth.



This advice is the perfect antithesis to Pindar's 'Become what you are!' which summarizes the infinitely more advanced Greek culture of two thousand years before. While León-Portilla describes the Nahua exordiums as highly wise and moral, they actually represent a typical case of poisonous pedagogy [a term explained in my previous book]. If there is something clear after reading the *Huebuetlatolli* is that that education produced no individuals whatsoever: other people lived the lives of the children, adolescents and youths who are exhorted interminably. What is worse: while León-Portilla praised the education of the ancient Mexicans on national television, at the same time the program displayed codex images depicting pubescent children tied up on their wrists and ankles, with thorns sank into their bodies and tears on their faces. The indigenista had omitted to say that 'the punishments rain over the child' as Jacques Soustelle wrote in *Daily Life of the Aztecs*. The Mexica parents scratched their children with maguey thorns. They also burned red chili peppers and placed their child over the acrid smoke.

Another punishment mentioned in the codex was the beating of the child with sticks. Motolinía, Juan de Torquemada, Durán and Sahagún corroborated that the education was fairly severe. It is germane to note that in the mode of childrearing that deMause calls 'intrusive,' the striking with objects is considered more prejudicial for the self-image of the child than the spanking of the psychoclass he calls 'socializing.' It is also important to note that the parents were the ones who physically abused the children. It is true that the language of the *Huebuetlatolli* is very sweet: 'Oh my little daughter of mine, little dove! These words I have spoken so that you may make efforts to...' But in the first book of this series I demonstrated the short circuit that produces in a child's mentality

this sort of 'Jekyll-Hyde' alternation in the parental dynamics with their child.

The Mexicas copied from the Mayas the custom of selling their children. The sold out children had to work hard or they would be punished. A poor family could sell their child as a slave to get out from a financial problem. This still happened in the times when the Spaniards arrived. The noble that stole his father could be punished with death, and it is worth saying that the great draughts of 1450-1454 were dealt with the massive sacrifice of children to the water deities.

Which was the attitude that the child had to have toward such parents? In Nahuatl the suffix *-tzin* was aggregated to the persons that would be honoured. *Totatzin* is our respected father. In previous pages I noted that the frenetic dances discharged the affects contained in the Mexica psyche. Taking into account that in such education the child was not allowed to live his or her feelings—as it is clearly inferred from the texts cited by León-Portilla (not only the *Huebuetlatolli* but educational texts in general)—, the silhouette of what had to be discharged starts to be outlined.

In *Izcalli*, the last month of the Mexica calendar, the children were punctured on the ears and the blood was thrown to the fire. As I said, at ten the boy's hair was cut leaving a lock that would not be cut until, already grown, he would take a prisoner. In one way or the other every Mexica male had to participate in the seizure of victims for the serial killing. Those who could not make prisoners had to renounce the military theocracy and resign themselves with being *macehuallis*: workers or plebeians attached to their fields who, under the penalty of death, were forbidden to usurp the honorific symbols of feathers, boarded dresses and jewels. The *macehuallis* formed the bulk of the society. On the other hand, he who captured four prisoners arrived with a single jump at the upper layer of society. To excel in the seizure of men for the serial killing was so relevant that 'he who was born noble could die slave.'

Both on national television and in his writings, León-Portilla is filled with pride that the ancient Mexicans were the only peoples in the world that counted with obligatory schooling in the 16th century. The indigenista belongs to the generation of my father, when children's rights were unheard as a subject, let alone

parental abuse. The form in which the Nahuas treated their children, that presently would be considered abusive, was continued at school. The school education to harden the soul of the elite, the Calmécac ('house of tears') consisted of penances and self-harming with maguey thorns. Another case of the father's projective care was the advice to his son about the ultra-Spartan education he would be exposed in the boarding school:

Look, son: you have to be humble and looked down on and downhearted [...], you shall take out blood from your body with the maguey thorn, and take night baths even though it is too cold [...]. Don't take it as a burden, grin and bear it the fasting and the penance.

'Don't take it as a burden' means do not feel your feelings. According to Motolinía, this most beloved practice of homiletic admonitions was even longer for the girls. In the boarding school the boy had to abandon the bed to take a bath in the cold water of the lake or a fountain. As young as seven-year-olds were encouraged to break from the affective attachment at home: 'And don't think, son, inside of you "my mother and my father live". Don't remember any of these things.'

Because the child was consecrated for war since birth, the education at schools was basically military. The strictly hierarchical system promised the striving young to escalate to the level of *tequinnaque* and even higher if possible. If the boy of upper classes did not want to become a warrior he had another option: priesthood. About his twentieth year he had to make a choice: a military life or a celibate and austere life, starting with playing the drum or helping the priest with the sacrifices. Severity was extreme: one of Netzahualcoyotl's laws punished by death the drunk or lusty priest. No society, not even the Islamic, has been so severe with adultery and alcoholism: crimes where the capital punishment was applied both for the male and the female. The *macehuallis* who got drunk were killed in front of the adolescents. (The equivalent today would be that American schoolchildren were required to witness the executions of the pot addicts in the electric chair, as a warning.) The Calmécac were both schools and monasteries ruled by priests in black clothes. In the *Florentine Codex* an image can be seen of adolescents wearing dresses made of fresh human skins. We can

imagine the emotional after-effects that such practice, fostered by the adult world, caused in the boys.

In the Nahuatl world it was frowned upon that the youth expressed his grudges and it was considered acceptable that he restrained and controlled himself. No insolent individual, Soustelle tells us, 'no one who talked what came to his mouth was placed in the real throne,' and the elite were the first ones to submit to the phlegmatic code. And it was not merely a matter of concealing the grudges when, say, a boy or a girl learnt that their own parents had offered a little sister as sacrificial payment. The parents advised them in the ubiquitous sermons: 'Look that your humility not be feigned, because then it will be told of you *titoloxochton*, which means hypocrite.' In the Nahuatl world the child was manipulated through the combination of sweet and kind expressions with the most heinous adultism. The parents continued to sermon all of them, even 'the experienced, the fully grown youth.'

An unquenchable sun

Tell me who are your gods and I will tell you who you are. The myth of the earth-goddess Tlaltecuhltli, who cried because she wanted to eat human hearts, cannot be more symbolic. Just as the father-sun would not move without sacrifices, the mother-earth would not give fruits if she was not irrigated with blood. Closely related to Tlaltecuhltli, Coatlicue, was also the goddess of the great destruction that devours everything living.

Sacrifices were performed in front of her; vicious rumours circulated around about 'juicy babies' for the insatiable devourer. In the houses the common people always had an altar with figurines of a deity, generally the Coatlicue. (In our western mind one would expect to find the male god of the ancient Mexicans, Huitzilopochtli.) The terrible goddess demanded:

And the payment of your chests and your hearts would be that you will be conquering, you will be attacking and devastating all *macehuallis*, the villagers that are over there, in all places through which you pass. And to your war prisoners, which you will make captives, you will open their chest on a sacrificial stone, with the flint of an obsidian knife. And you will do offerings of their hearts and will eat their flesh without salt; only very little of it in the pot where the corn is cooked.

Of the Mexica I only have a few culinary roots, such as eating tortillas. Culturally speaking, the educated middle and high classes in Latin America are basically European, of the type of Spain or Portugal. If we compare the above passage with our authentic roots, say, the Christianized exordiums of Numbers or Leviticus against cannibalism and other practices, the difference cannot be greater. Likewise, the Mexica mythology cannot contrast more with the superior psychoclass of Greece: where Zeus opens the belly of his father, Cronus, who had swallowed his siblings establishing thus a new order in the cosmos.

The *papas* punctured their limbs as an act of penance for the gods. These gods were a split-off, dissociated or internalized images of the parents. Even the emperor frequently abandoned the bed at midnight to offer his blood with praying. The Anonymous Conqueror was amazed by the fact that, among all of the Earth's creatures, the Americans were the most devoted to their religion; so much so that the common Indian offered himself by taking out blood from his body to offer it to the statues. The 16th century chronicler tells us that on the roads there were many shrines where the travellers poured their blood. If we remember the scene of the Mexican film *El Apando*, based on the homonym book by José Revueltas where a convicted offender in the Lecumberri penitentiary bled himself while the other prisoners told him that he was crazy, we can imagine the leap in psychogenesis. What was considered normal in the highest and most refined strata of the Mesoamerican world is abnormal even in the snake pits of modern Mexico. The most terrible form of Mexica self-harming that I have seen in the codexes appears on page 10 of the *Codex Borgia*: a youth pulling out his eye as symbol of penitence. This was like taking the disturbing Colin Ross paradigm about the little girl to its ultimate expression.

At the bottom of the Mesoamerican worldview it always appears the notion that the creature owes his life, and everything that exists, to his creators: paradigm of the blackest of pedagogies that we can imagine. [*Schwarze Pädagogik*, literally *black pedagogy*, is a term popularized by Alice Miller. English publishing houses translate it as '*poisonous pedagogy*.'] The Mesoamerican mythology speaks of the transgression of some gods to create life without their parents' permission, thus making themselves equals with them. In the Maya texts it is said that these children 'made themselves haughty' and

that what they did was ‘against the will of the father and the mother.’ The transgressors were expelled from heaven and to come back they had to sacrifice themselves. Two of them threw themselves alive into the bonfire and were welcomed by their pleased parents. The resonances of this myth appear in the practice of throwing the captives to the bonfire. We should remember Baudez’s analysis: Mesoamerican sacrifice replaces self-sacrifice. It is merely a substitute sacrifice ‘as it is shown in the first place by the primeval myths that precede self-sacrifice.’ This original sin condemned human beings to the sacrificial institution since ‘they could not recognize their creators.’ (When I reached this passage in *Arqueología Mexicana* I could not fail but remember my father’s phrase that injured me so badly, as recounted in my previous book, when he referred to the damned ‘because they didn’t recognize their Creator.’) The sacrificial institution thus understood was a score settling, a vendetta. Moreover, in some versions of the Mesoamerican cosmogony the sun gives weapons to the siblings faithful to their parents to kill the 400 unfaithful children. The faithful execute the bidding and thus feed their demanding parents: once more, the cultural antithesis of the successful rebellion by Zeus, who had rescued their siblings from the tyrannical parent.

The connection of childrearing with the sacrificial institution is so obvious that when the warrior made a captive he had it as his son—which explains why he could not participate in the post-sacrificial feast—and the captive had him as his lord father. Some historians even talk about dialogues. When making a prisoner, the capturer said: ‘Behold my beloved son,’ and the prisoner responded: ‘Behold my honoured father.’ In one of the water holydays of the *Tota* forest, which means ‘Our Father,’ a girl was taken beside the highest tree to be sacrificed. Each time that the priest lifted a heart toward the sky as a sun offering the catastrophe that threatens the universe was, once more, postponed because ‘without the red and warm elixir of the sacrificed victims the universe was doomed to freeze.’ As modern schizophrenics reason, the universe of the common Mesoamerican, just as the bicameral minds of other cultures, was constantly threatened and exposed to a catastrophe. The primordial function of the human race was to feed their parents, *intonan intota Tlaltecutli Tonatiuh*, ‘to our mother and our father, the earth and the sun.’ The elegance of these four Nahuatl words evokes the compact Latin.

In the Mexica world destiny was predetermined by the *tonalpohualli*, 'the count of the days' of the calendar where an individual's birth by astrological sign was his fate. If León-Portilla had in mind the pre-Columbian cultures, he erred in his article 'Identidad y crisis' published in July of 2008 in *Reforma*, by concluding that in antiquity the sun was seen as the 'provider of life.' Duverger makes the keen observation that the solar deity, which appears at the centre of the calendar, was so distant that it was not even worshipped directly. Instead of providing life the insatiable deity *demanded* energy, under the penalty of freezing the world ('We are still here—we, your parents—who have put you here to suffer, because with this the world is preserved'). The noonday heavenly body is not a provider of energy: it demands it. The thirsty tongue that appears at the very centre of the *Stone of the Sun* (also called Aztec Calendar) looks like a dagger: it represents the knife used during the sacrifices. The solar calendar with Tonatiuh at the centre of the cosmos was an absolute destiny: he could not even be implored. It is important to mention the psychohistorical studies about the diverse deities of the most archaic form of infanticidal cultures: according to deMause, they were all too remote to be approached.

When I think of the musician that sacrificed himself voluntarily to Tezcatlipoca in the holyday of the month *Tóxcatl*, which according to Sahagún was a holiday as sacred to the Mexicas as Easter to Christians, I see the culture of the ancient Mexicans under all of its sun. (Pedro de Alvarado would perpetrate the massacre in the main temple when he feared he would be sacrificed after that holiday.) Baudez's self-sacrificial observation deserves to be mentioned again. Like the martyr of Golgotha who had to drink from the calyx that deep down he wanted to take away from himself, only if the young Indian submitted voluntarily to the horrifying death he earned the inscrutable love of the father. This is identical to the most dissociated families in the Islamist world, as can be gathered from deMause's article 'If I blow myself up and become a martyr, I'll finally be loved.' But unlike Alvarado and the conquerors' metaphorical Easter (and even contemporary Islamists), the Mexicas literally killed their beloved one before decapitating him and showing off his head in the *tzompantli*.

Just as the mentality of the Ancient World's most primitive cultures, in the Mesoamerican world, where the solar cycle reigned

since the Mayas and perhaps before, ‘the sacrifice was performed to feed the parent with food (hearts) and drinking (blood).’ I had said that the priests’ helpers gave the captive’s ‘father’ a pumpkin full of warm blood of his ‘son.’ With this blood he dampened the lips of the statues, the introjected and demanding ‘shadows’ of their own parents, to feed them. The priests smeared their idols with fresh blood and, as Bernal Díaz told us, the principal shrines were soaked with stench scabs, including the pinnacle of the Great Teocalli.

In our times, the ones who belong to this psychoclass are those who show off their acts by smearing the walls with their victims’ blood: people who have suffered a much more regressive mode of childrearing than the average westerner. Richard Rhodes explains in *Why they Kill* that Lonnie Athens, the Darwin of postmodern criminology, discovered that those who commit violent crimes were horribly subjected to violence as children. One hundred percent of the criminals that Athens interviewed in the Iowa and California prisons had been brutalized in their tender years. Abby Stein has confirmed these findings (*Journal of Psychobiology*, 36,4, 320-27). It is worth saying that, due to the foundational taboo of the human mind, when in January of 2008 I edited the Wikipedia article ‘Criminology’ it surprised me to find, in the section where I added mention to Athens, only the pseudoscientific biological theories about the aetiology of the criminal mind.

An extreme case at the other side of the Atlantic was that of a serial killer of children, Jürgen Bartsch, analysed by Alice Miller in *For Your Own Good*. Bartsch had been martyred at home in a far more horrific way than I was. Miller believes that Bartsch gloated over by seeing the panic-stricken looks in the children’s eyes; the children that he mutilated in order to see the martyred child that inhabited in Bartsch himself.

AN ENCOUNTER OF PSYCHOCLASSES

Julian Jaynes wrote:

I have endeavored in these two chapters to examine the record of a huge time span to reveal the plausibility that man and his early civilizations had a profoundly different mentality from our own, that in fact men and women were not conscious as we are, were not responsible for their actions, and therefore cannot be given credit or blame for anything that was done over these vast millennia of time.

In his book Jaynes complains that the translators of the texts of the Ancient World color their translations with abstract words absolutely incompressible for the bicameral mentality of other times. Personally, once I realized that psychoclasses exist, the Hollywood movies that retroproject our modern psyche onto epic adventures of the historical past look rather silly, as if man had always been the same.

The indigenistas talk wonders of the Mexica herbalist medicine in spite of the fact that it was impregnated with paleologic thinking. Most of the cures were oriented to expel the evil spirits. If the ailment was 'the cold disease,' offerings were performed on the particular mount that aroused special devotion. The diagnosis did not rely on empirical observation, but on divination; and if a god had sent the disease offerings to that deity had to be performed. As Silvano Arieti wrote, his schizophrenic patients interpreted everything that occurred as wished by external agents. Far more disturbing was the propensity of Mesoamericans to perform trepanations to let the evil spirits go. The record of this practice on trepanned skulls is an Indian skull with five large holes.

Most interesting is the first act coming from a frightened Moctezuma when learning about the arriving of strangers: he dispatched a delegation offering fresh human flesh to them. When the Spaniards still were in the Veracruz shore, Moctezuma's

representatives visited Cortés; killed the captives they had brought with them, and began to prepare their bodies for a cannibal feast. The Spanish did not believe what they had before their eyes. 'When they saw it, it made them feel sick, they spit out, they rubbed their eyes,' wrote Bernal Díaz. It is true that in a disobedient plot Cortés ordered to cut the feet's fingers of the pilot Gonzalo de Umbría. The Spanish captain was capable of attacking a village of unarmed Tlaxcallans and committing a massacre, as well as amputating the right hands of the Indian spies. He ordered the killing of defenceless men, women and children during the siege of Tenochtitlan, 'one of the most shameful scenes that the life of that man registers,' wrote his biographer Salvador de Madariaga. It is also true that he ordered that Qualpopoca and his sons be burned alive for having killed a rear-guard of Spaniards. He even ordered the hanging of two of his own, and in another plot where he feared for his life he hanged Cuauhtémoc himself. But Cortés did not indulge himself in self-harming practices. Nor did he sacrifice children. Compared to the Amerindians, the rustic soldiers belonged to a completely new dimension of the evolution of the human psyche, as distinct from the infanticidal psychoclass as a butterfly from the worm.

Those who, through history and prehistory, have belonged to the infanticidal psychoclass invariably get schizophrenized: be Indians, Caucasians, Africans or Orientals. A noise coming from Nature or an animal that passes on the way is interpreted as an omen. For these people there is no individuation, free will in the broadest sense, and much less cognition or Aristotelian thought process. In the case of the Mexicas, destiny was determined by the birth date and escaped the will of the individual. The psychic climate was charged of pessimism and threatened with annihilation. The Amerindians protected themselves by making offerings to their demonic gods. When Mesoamericans felt threatened by something they punctually offered blood and hearts as an attempt to placate what, in fact, were their inner demons.

In Cempoala, writes Bernal Díaz, frightened by the bearded *teules* (a corrupted word from *teteuh*, gods) that came from the East, 'each day they sacrificed in front of us three or four or five Indians.' When Cortés begins his resolute advance to the great Mexican capital Moctezuma fell seized with panic. 'And they sacrificed each day two boys so that [the gods] answered what to do with us.'

When they arrived to Cholula ‘we knew that [Moctezuma] was shut away with his devotions and sacrifices for two days, together with ten principal papas [high priests].’ A little after that page there appears something unbelievable in Bernal’s story. The response of the high priests was that the emperor should ‘let us in.’

Take note that, analogously to the magical thinking of pre-Hispanic medicine, the emperor or *Huey Tlatoani* did not think in Aristotelian logic. It is true that, just as Ahuítzotl, before becoming monarch Moctezuma had been high priest. But he also had been a successful general. Despite of it, in the crucial year of his reign he did not ask advice from his military chiefs but from his priests, and what is worse: he let the Spanish enter knowing that they had just perpetrated the massacre of Cholula; the city being plundered by the Spanish allies, the Tlaxcallans, and the temple of Huitzilopochtli burnt for two days, in addition that Cortés ordered the destruction of all effigies of worship. Tenochtitlan was not Cholula. Located as the only lacustrine city of the continent, it was well protected. The Mexicas could easily have lifted the bridges that led to the empire’s capital. Instead, they let enter not a mere Cortés delegation, but the captain along with all of his army (including the horses, never seen before)!

If this is not suicidal magical thinking coming from bicameral minds, what is it? The conquest of America is the chapter of history that catches the attention as no other conquest of the history of mankind. Although Carthage suffered a similar fate of Tenochtitlan, the Romans had to fight through three very costly Punic wars throughout 120 years before razing the city. It took Cortés a tiny fraction of that time to do the feat: he initiated his campaign in 1519 and by 1521 he had taken the double city of Tlatelolco-Tenochtitlan. Jaynes’ observation quoted above about Pizarro, ‘How could an empire whose armies had triumphed over the civilizations of half a continent be captured by a small band of 150 Spaniards in the early evening of November 16, 1532?’ may be said about Cortés too.

‘Never did a captain with such a small army perform such a feat, nor achieved so many victories or hold a grip of such a great empire,’ commented the chronicler Francisco López de Gómara. If there is something apparent in Bernal’s story it is that the captain wanted to bring to an end the practice of sacrifice in each town he passed through in route to Tenochtitlan. A semi-Indian friend of

mine who has read the chroniclers commented that the historicity of their stories is way above the excuse that, mantra-like, we have heard a thousand times from other Mexicans: 'Winners write history.' What actually happened is that the Tlaxcallans hated the Mexicas, who through a century had been raiding them to obtain captives for the sacrifice. Had the inhabitants of Tenochtitlan been popular in the so-called Aztec Empire the Spanish would have been repelled in Mexico. A pitiful sensation produces in the reader an illustration of the book by Diego Durán with humble Indians carrying, on their bended backs, the backpacks of the newcomers in their advance to Tenochtitlan while a Spaniard appears comfortably on his horse. The same can be said of another illustration of Indians building brigantines that would be decisively used in the battle of the Lake Texcoco. Obviously, the conquest of Mexico was also a civil war.

As implied above, my father feels an excessive admiration for the Indian world. On several occasions he has argued that the fact that the poetry of Nezahualcōyotl, the most refined representative of the Nahua culture, is so humane that it refutes the vision of the culture as barbaric. But poetry is no reliable standard. The basic, fundamental principle in psychohistory has childrearing as the relevant factor, and from this point of view even the refined monarch of Texcoco was a barbarian.

In a courtier intrigue Nezahualcōyotl consented using garrotte to execute his favourite son, the prince Tetzahupilzintli. The Nahua characters were seized with fratricide fits. Moctezuma I (not the one who received Cortés) ordered the killing of his brother and something similar did Nezahualcōyotl's heir, Nezahualpilli: who also used capital punishment with his first born son and heir. Soustelle says that this family tragedy was one of the causes of the fall of the Mexican empire since the blood brothers that rose to the throne flipped to the Spanish side. But Soustelle's blindness about what he has in front of his nose is amazing. Like León Portilla, for Soustelle 'there is no doubt that the Mexicans loved their children very much.' But that is not love. Nezahualcōyotl's mourning after letting his son be killed reminds me the *Pietà* of my first book, my mother, who suffered for seeing me in wretched conditions when she did nothing but escalate her abusive behaviour against me. More disturbing is that some upper-class Mexicas delivered their little children to the Tláloc priests to be sacrificed. This piece of

data demonstrates that motivation was more than mere economics, as rich people are not desperate for money.

The image below, of the chronicler Diego Durán, which shows the tláloques, is in the Library of Madrid. Note the child in the water with the chest opened.



From a considerable distance the Spanish soldiers saw how their companions were sacrificed at the top of the pyramid of Tenochtitlan, whose heads would later be found impaled in a *tzompantli* together with the decapitated heads of the captured horses. When I mentioned for the first time the *tzompantlis* I omitted to say that they were structures on parallel crossbeams. Through holes on the temples, the stakes supported the enormous files of decapitated human heads, one after another. (Only in Tenochtitlan there were seven *tzompantlis*; the Spaniards had seen a *tzompantli* in Cempoala, not very far from the Veracruz shore, and sometime after in their journey another one in Zautla, which also contained femurs and other parts of human bodies.) Bernal Díaz writes: ‘In that state of affairs, very frightened and wounded, we did not know about Cortés or Sandoval, nor of their armies, if they had been killed and broken down [*chopped into pieces*], as the Mexicans told us when they threw into our camp the five heads they grasped by the hair and beards.’ The demoralized soldiers wanted to flee to Cuba after the battle of *La Noche Triste*, when most of the Spaniards died: a great defeat for the Spanish arms on Mexican soil.

In the middle of a skirmish the Indians captured Cortés himself, but they did not kill him. When taking him over to be sacrificed their men rescued him. From the military viewpoint, this magical thinking of not killing the fallen captain but attempting to take him to the pyramid was a gross blunder: Cortés would be the man who harangued the Spanish not to flee to Cuba after the catastrophic *Noche Triste*. Thereafter, with the Tlaxcallan support,

the war turned over and the Mexica capital was lost. Cuauhtémoc, the last *Huey Tlatoani* rejected the peace proposals that, day after day, Cortés offered the Mexicas. (Cuauhtémoc had been the same noble who led the signal to stone Moctezuma after the massacre ordered by Pedro de Alvarado, inspired by the massacre of Cholula ordered by Cortés.)

It is not my intention to vituperate contemporary Mexicans. As I revealed in my previous book, the memories of Mexico City's beautiful neighbourhoods where I lived in the 1960s, before the city disintegrated, still feed my deepest nostalgias. Nor is it my intention to vituperate the ancient Mexicans. As I have also said, the psychoclass of the Mexicas was far more evolved than the Chichimeca: the Nomads from the north who still ate raw meat because they could not use fire; could not build houses, and lived in the caves. The Amerindian hunter-gatherers were in a more dissociated state of mind than the inhabitants of the big cities, like the refined Nahuas. And taking into account the inconceivable sadism of the Mayas with the prisoners, undistinguishable from that of the cruellest serial killers of today I have not the slightest doubt that, even though the pictographic form of Mexica writing before the syllabic Mayan represents a technical regression, the psychoclass of the ancient Mexicans marks a psychogenic advance compared to their southern neighbours.

Reaching this point I must confess that it is painful to read almost anything related to Moctezuma. And it is painful in spite of the fact that Bernal Díaz says that the *Huey Tlatoani* himself shared the cannibalism of his age. 'I heard them say that they used to cook for him the flesh of small boys,' and on the same page it can be read that 'our captain reprimanded him the sacrifice and the eating of human flesh, and Moctezuma ordered that that delicatessen be not cooked for him anymore.' Despite of his culinary habits, the reading of the Bernaldine pages is painful because we can see a very human Moctezuma. Both Bernal Díaz and Cortés were fond of Moctezuma; and his candid, fearful and superstitious personality moves the reader to sympathize with him too. It is very difficult not to feel a particular affection for Moctezuma. It is true that before Cortés and the Spanish the *Huey Tlatoani* behaved like a *güey* (a Mexicanism that when I was a boy meant stupid). Today's Mexicans are not as *güeyes* as the Mexicas. But even after almost five

hundred years it is a disturbing experience to discover how the historical Moctezuma behaved.

Before the Spanish expedition reached Tenochtitlan, the most powerful man of the empire had clung to his *papas* of long, tangled and gluey hair with blood scabs. We can imagine the mental state of those who, time after time, stuck their hand in living bodies digging through the vital organ. They had ash-coloured faces because they too had to bleed themselves once a day. When Moctezuma fell seized with panic as the alien expedition was in route to the empire's capital, besides the priests he also consulted fortune-tellers and sorcerers. Once the Spaniards arrived it is disturbing to learn how these men, who represented a more integrated psychoclass, took over the empire from Moctezuma: like an adult snatching the ice-cream from a little boy, who had been a magnificent host for Cortés and his enormous military escort.

The common people were as psychologically dissociated as their governor. During the long period of time that goes from the Moctezuma kidnapping by Cortés to the massacre perpetrated by Alvarado, with the exception of Cacama and a few nobles the Mexicans did not rebel against the invasion. They did not even react when Cortés ordered that Qualepopoca, his sons and fifteen chiefs be burned alive at the stake, humiliating the emperor who, with chains, had to witness the execution in the plaza of the Great Pyramid. Moctezuma was even taught to learn, in Latin, prayers like Our Father and the Hail Mary. Cortés left temporarily Tenochtitlan to stop Pánfilo Narváez in Cempoala. Narváez arrived from Cuba with a great army; he wanted to place Cortés under arrest and liberate Moctezuma. Only the massacre of Mexico where the blond Alvarado (nicknamed Tonatiuh, the sun) slaughtered the flower of the Mexican aristocracy during the 'Aztec Easter' made the Mexicas wake up. Their long lethargy reminds me an eighteenth-century observation by a Jesuit that Amerindians were grownup children, 'bambini with beards.'

Unlike the Peruvians, who constantly clean the great statue of Pizarro—who behaved worse with Atahualpa than Cortés with Moctezuma—, in half a century of living in the Mexican capital I have not seen a single statue of Cortés, his Indian wife, or Moctezuma. So deep did the trauma of the conquest impregnate the Mexicans' psyche that its tail can be felt half a millennium later. It is true that, after the Alvarado massacre, what had been a sort of

picaresque conquering story turned into an apparent infamy, although Salvador de Madariaga qualifies the Nahua vision of the conquest by pointing out that Alvarado 'was right in thinking that there existed a conspiracy' from the Mexica to attack the Spaniards after the holyday. On the other hand, through a sense of black humour even a dark-skinned Mexican has dared to see the cruelties committed by his ancestors. In *An Autobiography* the Mexican muralist José Clemente Orozco wrote:

According to them [*the indigenistas*] the Conquest ought not to have taken place as it did. Instead of sending cruel and ambitious captains, Spain should have sent a great delegation of ethnologists, anthropologists, archaeologists, civil engineers [...]. Very tactfully it might have been suggested to great Moctezuma that he should establish democracy for the lower orders, while preserving the privileges of aristocracy, thus pleasing everyone. In this way the three abhorrent centuries of Colonial Period could have been side-stepped, and the Great Teocalli would still be standing, though thoroughly disinfected to keep the blood of sacrifices from going bad, and to enable us to turn it into blood pudding—in a factory standing where, for want of it, the National Pawnshop inadequately serves.

History did not occur that way. The soldiers razed Tenochtitlan and a clergy coming out directly from the Counter-Reformation and the Reconquista took care of the statues and the codexes. A melancholic Mexica poem says: 'Our lifestyle, our city, is lost and dead.' The infamous pyramid that enclosed the remains of the boy whose photo I included way above was blown up with 500 barrels of powder. Conversely, in the sarcastic scenario by Orozco, in the world's most beautiful city the tourists would utter wonders when escalating the Teocalli to see the great Uichilobos without any knowledge of the sacrificed child and his remains, still enclosed under the rock, dozens of meters below their feet.

After the fall of Tenochtitlan Bernal Díaz tells us that 'land, lagoon and bargekenings were full of dead bodies, and it stank so much that there was no man who could endure it.' In contrast to the Manichaeism of contemporary Mexicans, whether hispanophiles or indigenistas, Martín Brown drew some irreverent cartoons published in Terry Deary's pamphlet *The Angry Aztecs*. One of them illustrates the stone blocks of the recently destroyed city: coloured stones of the temples that would be used for the

construction of the Christian buildings. In Brown's cartoon there is a dialogue between two pubescent Nahuas, a boy and a girl sitting in the great city on ruins:

Boy: The Aztecs killed my mum.

Girl: The Spanish killed mine.

Boy: I wonder who is deader?

But Brown omitted the crux: Moctezuma and his folk ate the kids of that age, something that the Spaniards never did. What destroys the mind to the point of making an entire continent inhabited by easy-to-conquer *güeyes* is to carry the burden, in the innermost corner of the soul, that our beloved *totatzin* sacrificed one of our siblings; or that this happened in the families of friends and acquaintances and that nobody condemned it. Using the language of my previous book, since the sacrifices were part of the social tissue nobody counted with an 'enlightened witness,' let alone a 'helping witness' when the poisonous pedagogy was being inculcated. Let us remember the ethnologic study of the twentieth century about the New Guinea tribes. The children avoided their parents when they ate one of their little siblings. The rates of child suicide among such peoples, a more disturbed society than the Mexica, were very high.

The Spanish destruction may be compared in some way to the destruction by king Josiah in 641 B.C. according to II Chronicles 34, about which Jaynes comments that had it not occurred more archaeological evidence of the ancient Hebrews' speaking idols could have been found. Though objectionable for the standards of our time, such measures of cultural extermination were necessary during the attempts of the superior psychoclass to eliminate the sacrifices: be them sacrifices of children to Baal or to Tláloc.

THE RETURN OF QUETZALCOATL



If until recently westerners represented the zenith of civilization in the world, presently New Guineans and the head-hunters of Munduruku in Brazil represent the nadir. The psychoclass of the poorest strata of Latin America lies at the middle of both extremes.

In contrast to most nations, Mexico City gave her name to the modern country. It was founded by the Tenochcas when a voice ordered them to establish themselves on the lake that they had arrived, 'as the unembodied bicameral voices led Moses zigzagging across the Sinai desert.' It cannot be more symbolic that the Coat of Arms of Mexico, which they so much shoved under my nose at school, is an eagle perched upon a prickly pear cactus devouring a snake in one of the lake islets that the ancient Tenochcas recognized. It was an odd place to found a city, but the punishing voices had to be obeyed. We can fathom from *The Origin of Consciousness in the Breakdown of the Bicameral Mind* that the buildings erected at the centre of a community, such as the temple of Huitzilopochtli on the Texcoco Lake, were located where the guides listened the damned voices. (The etymology of the island of Mexico on the lake would be 'navel of the maguey' or 'of the Moon.') If we now relate not only Jaynes to Arieti but also a passage of my first book about a patient diagnosed with schizophrenia, the puzzle starts to take shape. I have in mind a woman [*Maya Abbott*] that, because her parents always tried to think

for her, suffered from auditory hallucinations and confessed to Laing: 'I don't think, the voices think.' Unlike this sort of psychological analysing—God forbid!—, some historians try to make amends for the pre-Columbian Indians. More disturbing is to see a friend taking offence about our compassion. The psychoanalyst Jenny Pavisic once addressed me severely: 'And who are you to condemn the sacrifices?' referring to child sacrifices in Mesoamerica.

The Tlatelolcan ceremonial show-ground and its surrounding neighbourhoods have been excavated for archaeological purposes. I have seen photographs of bone fragments of 41 sacrificed victims in the excavation of the terraces of the Ehecatl-Quetzalcoatl temple, of which 30 were little children. Just as Pavisic, many people are capable of condemning the 1968 massacre of students in Tlatelolco, but never the child sacrifices perpetrated exactly on the same place. In April of 2007 bones were found of twenty-four sacrificed children to Tláloc in Tula, the capital of the Toltec civilization, dated 950-1150 AD according to a newspaper report that circulated the world. The children had been decapitated. If we remember that the intention was to avert an environmental crisis in that way, it should not surprise us that Mesoamerican civilizations disappeared even before the conquest. The sacrifices represented the distaff that moved the fabric of that culture, and a society as psychologically dissociated that had sacrifices on its basis was condemned to random disappearance. It is as if a civilization was composed of the self-harming women in the Colin Ross clinic and of male serial killers.

The iconic example of civilization disappearance is the abandonment by the Mesoamericans of their great cities, as is the case of the Mayas of the ninth century AD. From the climatic register, ice analysis in Greenland and mud of the subsoil of a lagoon in Maya areas it can be deduced that they suffered a serious draught. To deal with the draughts, just as their Mexica successors sacrificed the flower of their youth in face of external crises, from the bone register of about thirty sacrificed men, women and children it is deduced that the Mayas tried to appease the gods that had betrayed them. Had they arrived to the level of Aristotelian thought they would not have attempted to solve the problem by killing even more of their folk, and hardly would the draughts had been so apocalyptic for their civilization. Let us not forget that

sudden desertion of the cities also occurred in Teotihuacan and Tula. Julian Jaynes comments:

I also think that the curious inhospitable sites on which Maya cities were often built and their sudden appearance *and disappearance* [my emphasis] can best be explained on the basis that such sites and movements were commanded by hallucinations which in certain periods could be not only irrational but downright punishing.

The whys of the periodic collapse of the Mesoamerican civilizations starts to be discerned if we consider that the demographic load of a prosperous Indian city sooner or later enters a critical phase that confronts the bicameral *Diktat* of the dominant theocracy. It is illustrative that when Egypt suffered a draught around 2100 B.C. absolutely all authority collapsed: the Egyptian people fled the towns and the literary sources of the time remind me the apocalyptic passages of a synoptic gospel. While Egyptologists struggle to explain the 'why,' Jaynes compares it with the Maya catastrophe. The Mayas suffered a massive civilizational regression by going back to the jungle. He also compares it with the collapse of Assyria in 1700 B.C. that lasted two hundred years and that no historian quite understands. Jaynes also argues that the mystery is dissipated if we see it as a psychogenic leap. The bicameral societies are more susceptible to collapse once the gods refuse to talk; this is to say, once man overcomes his schizophrenic stage, so overwhelmed with auditory hallucinations. The collapse of the bicameral society is but the resulting chaos of the transit to consciousness. In Egypt, Assyria and other cultures of the Ancient World the birth of a schizoid psychoclass out of a schizophrenic one (Laing magnificently describes the difference between schizoid and schizophrenic in *The Divided Self*) represented a formidable threat for the status quo. 'Disorders and social chaos had of course happened before,' writes Jaynes, 'but such a premeditated mutiny and parricide of a king is impossible to imagine in the god-obedient hierarchies of the bicameral age.'

Political correctness

The rupture of the bicameral age resulted in the greatest collision of consciousness that a society could endure. But unlike the people in the Old World, those in the New World were

incapable of carrying out such intrapsychic metamorphosis. The reading of Jaynes' book seems to suggest that the Mesoamerican world of the sixteenth-century still was bicameralized in a way that had already been overcome at the other side of the ocean. In other words, the Mesoamericans suffered from the stagnation that in psychohistory is called psychogenic arrest.

The Amerindians got what they deserved. But presently, who condemns the ancient dwellers of the Americas? In a politically correct world it cannot be said that the infanticidal pre-Hispanics were psychologically dissociated; that the military theocracy was composed of serial killers, or that they were morally inferior to us. But the moralists were not always muzzled. In the colourful Spanish of his time, Bernal wrote a chapter, 'How the Indians of all New Spain had many Sacrifices and Clumsiness that We Took Them Away and Imposed on Them the Saintly Things of Good Doctrine.' Bernal's cheekiness does not cease to fascinate me: and it is pathetic that, half a millennium later, compared to those soldiers the historians, ethnologists and anthropologists of today have psychogenically regressed. I will illustrate it with the other pre-Hispanic empire.

Communication between Mesoamericans and the Andean people was sporadic. Just as the Mayas, the Incas deformed the craniums of the babies; some scholars believe to demarcate different ethnic groups of the Inca empire. The torments on childhood started since the first day. The newborn was washed with cold water, covered and placed in a hole made in the ground that would be used as a simple playpen. At five the child was nationalized by a theocratic state that, like the Mexica, was governed by strict hierarchies. And just as in Mesoamerica, the ritual murder of children was carried out in several Andean societies.

In November of 1999 *National Geographic* published an article with several photographs of mummies perfectly preserved at 6,700 meters above the sea level: the highest archaeological site of the world. Those were children that had been voluntarily given by their parents to be killed: an eight-year-old boy and two girls. 'The Inca,' says the article, 'obtained children from throughout the empire [for sacrifice] and rewarded their families with positions or goods.' In some cases the parents themselves accompanied the child in her journey to immolation. In conjunction with other

barbaric forms of childrearing, the practice formed the bicameral minds that would be an all-too-easy prey for Pizarro (who in Spain had been a swineherd). The chroniclers wrote about those sacrifices. Nevertheless, with the perennial excuse that 'Winners write history' in some Latin American circles the myth was created that the chroniclers' stories were mythical. The discovery of the mummies by the end of the century confirmed the authenticity of the Spanish stories that the children were buried alive, or killed by a blow to the head, which is how according to the autopsy they killed one of the girls.

However, just as Bolivian nationalists such as Pavisic angrily ask 'And who are you to condemn the sacrifices?', the *National Geographic* article is a disgrace. The author, Johan Reinhard, is afraid to judge the parents and the society that produced them. He idealizes them in the most servile way, thus betraying the memory of the children. Reinhard wrote overt falsehoods about the Amerindians, for example, 'the Inca were not the brutal conquerors the Spaniards were.' He writes that on the same page in which he asserted that the Inca rewarded the parents who offered their children for sacrifice. Reinhard also wrote, euphemistically, 'right after she died' referring to one of the sacrificed girls instead of the natural 'right after they killed her.' And when he mentions that the chroniclers reported that others were buried alive, he hastened to add: 'The Lullaillaco children, however, have benign expressions.' More offensive are the photograph headings at the beginning and the end of the article: 'Go Gently' referring to the pubescent girl that was found in foetal position buried in a hole, and 'Eternity Bound' referring to the sacrifice of the three children in general. And the fact that the sacrificial site was found at the top of the mountain makes Reinhard exclaim: 'The conditions only increased my respect for what the Inca had accomplished.'

In the next chapter I will approach the subject of the intellectual aberration known as cultural relativism, of which Reinhard and many other academics are distinguished exponents. Suffice it to say that the ethnologists and anthropologists are a lost cause. Our only hope lies in that another generation replaces those who presently occupy academic chairs. How I wish that the younger minds learned something about psychohistory; for example, that they became interested in the greatest adventure of

the world by reading the Bernal Díaz story up to the arrival of the Spaniards to Tenochtitlan.

And I must tell how in this town of Tlaxcala we found wooden houses furnished with gratins, full of Indian men and women imprisoned in them, being fed up until they were fat enough to be sacrificed and eaten. The prisons we broke open and destroyed and set free the prisoners who were in them, and these poor Indians did not dare to go to any direction, only to stay there with us and thus escape with their lives. From now on, in all the towns that we entered, the first thing our Captain ordered us was to break open these prisons and set free the prisoners.

These prisons are common throughout the land and when Cortés and all of us saw such great cruelty he was very angry with the Caciques of Tlaxcala, and they promised that from that time forth they would not eat and kill any more Indians in that way. I said of what benefit were all those promises, for as soon as we turned our heads they would commit the same cruelties. And let us leave it like that and tell how we were ordered to go to Mexico.

The indigenistas are dishonest people. In the book *Toltecayotl* Miguel León Portilla accepts that indigenous families usually abuse contemporary Indian women. But in that book León Portilla blames, incredibly, the Conquest for the current abuses by the male Indian to the female Indian. He then writes that ‘the situation of the pre-Hispanic Nahua woman highly differed from his condition today,’ and to support his claim a few pages later he quotes a passage from those Nahua homiletics that León Portilla is so fond: ‘The little girl: little creature, little lovebird, oh so little, so tender, so well fed...’ But in the same *Toltecayotl* chapter León Portilla also published an illustration of the *Codex Telleriano-Remensis* of a Mexica housewife that looks anything but happy. In absolute contrast to León Portilla, the Anonymous Conqueror wrote that there were no people in the world who had women in less esteem than the Mesoamericans. And in his most recent book, *The Origins of War in Child Abuse*, deMause wrote: ‘Aztec females were treated even worse than Islamic females.’ It is indeed preposterous that the Spanish soldiers of the sixteenth century manifested better empathy for the victims of that culture than the scholars of today. But to understand the mestizo León Portilla it is pertinent to note that in

Apologética Historia, written at the middle of the sixteenth century, Las Casas praised the Indian reprimands of parents to their children by calling them 'sane, prudent and rational.' Las Casas even located such poisonous pedagogy above the teachings of Plato, Socrates, Pythagoras and even Aristotle.

The most recent treatise about the encounter between the Spanish and Mexican empires is *Conquest: Montezuma, Cortés and the Fall of Old Mexico* by Hugh Thomas. It catches the attention that, as a typical *bienpensant*, in the preface's first paragraph Thomas candidly talks about the members of the two cultures without realizing that they belong to very distinct psychoclasses. On the next page Thomas writes about 'compassion' as one of the virtues of the Mexica in spite of the fact that on the next line he states that even the babies in arms were made to cry with brutality before sacrificing them! As to the treatment of women Thomas writes, dishonestly, that their position was at least as comparable to the female Europeans of that age, although we perfectly know that European women were not deceived to be sacrificed, decapitated and skinned punctually according to rituals of the Aztec calendar. And the women who would not be sacrificed were not allowed to wear sandals, unlike their husbands. In the codexes the Indian females appear generally on their knees while the males are on sitting facilities (This reminds me that when visiting Chiapas in his youth, it shocked my father that Indian women wore obscure clothing: their humblest figures could not contrast more with the very colourful garments of the male Indians.) And we must remember the Indian costume of selling, and even giving as presents, their daughters. The same Malinali, later called equivocally Marina or 'La Malinche,' Cortés' right hand, had been sold by her mother to some traders from Xicallanco, who in turn had sold her to some Mayas who sold her to some Chontales, who offered her as a present to Cortés. Thomas even takes as historical the words of the chronicler in regard to Xicoténcatl II's delegation when, after Xicoténcatl's people suffered crushing defeats, he went into the Spanish camp with words that portray the treatment of the Indian woman by their own: 'And if you want sacrifices, take these four women that you may sacrifice, and you can eat their flesh and their hearts. Since we don't know how you do it we have not sacrificed them before you.' The study of Salvador de Madariaga about the conquest, published under the title *Hernán Cortés* (Macmillan, NY,

1941), precedes half a century 'Thomas' study. Without the ominous clouds of cultural relativism that cover the skies of our times, in Madariaga's study it is valid to advance value judgments.

Fortunately, not all of our contemporaries live under a clouded sky. In 2003 *El País Semanal* published a translation of an article by Matthias Schulz that described as 'demonic' and 'brutal' the Mesoamerican practice of human sacrifice. Schulz also called the Mexicas 'bloodthirsty.' The politically-correct Mexican indigenistas rendered their garments. In July of that year the farthest leftist of the Mexican newspapers, *La Jornada*, jointly published a response. Eduardo Matos-Moctezuma blurted out that 'mentalities such as Schulz's are the ones who lend themselves, because of their closed mind, to slaughtering.' But Matos-Moctezuma did not deny the historicity of the Indians slaughtering their own folks. Professor María Alba Pastor, also quoted in *La Jornada*, offered an absolutely psychotic and dishonest explanation for the sacrifices: 'Perhaps they were a reaction to the Conquest.' For Ripley's *Believe It or Not!* Talking about cannibalism, Yólotl González, author of a book on Mesoamerican sacrifices, was not left behind: 'Thus they gave a practical use to the dead bodies.' Take note that González does not deny the historicity of cannibalism. Her nonsense consists in her interpretation. The historian Guillermo Tovar manifested that Schulz's text was 'a Taliban Occidentalism, deprecating and oblivious of other traditions.' Mónica Villar, the director of *Arqueología Mexicana*, criticized what she called 'disinformation' referring to Schulz's statement that 'no peoples had practiced human sacrifices in such dimensions.' Nevertheless, when the next issue of *Arqueología Mexicana* came out, the journal's scholars did not refute Schulz. León Portilla responded with his favourite argument: that the Christianity that the Spaniards brought also had as its basis the sacrifice of a son, Jesus Christ. The veteran indigenista ignored the fact that precisely such theology represented a deflection from the filicide drive to a symbolic sublimation of it; and that the Roman Christian emperors and the Church's fathers fought to banish the late forms of infanticide in the Early Middle Ages with the same zeal that conservatives fight abortion today. DeMause has profusely written on this transition and it is unnecessary to elaborate his ideas here. This is something so obvious that, in contrast to the sophisticated indigenistas, any child could understand: in

Christendom parents did not sacrifice and cannibalize their children, and León Portilla's argument is gross sophistry.

While Jacques Soustelle's panegyric of the ancient Mexicans is stunning from the lyrical viewpoint, a closer reading of *Daily Life of the Aztecs* reveals its trappings. Soustelle wants us to believe that the lowest social strata of the Mexica civilization was represented by the slave, who according to him was highly more privileged than the European slave. The fallacy of his presentation consists in the fact that the Mexica slave could be sold and sacrificed. In the Tlatelolco market, the largest market of the Americas, slaves were sold tied by the neck to big sticks (as in the film *Apocalypse*). Moreover: the slave was not actually at the bottom of the social strata. Down there were the captives who, whether fatten for consumption or not, awaited their turn on the sacrificial stone.

But moralists like Schulz are not alone. In his post-scriptum to *The Labyrinth of Solitude* Octavio Paz wrote these words that I translate now:

Like those torture wheels that appear in Sade's novels, the Aztec year was a circle of eighteenth months soaked wet with blood; eighteenth ways to die by being killed by arrows or by immersion in water or by cutting the throat or by flaying [...]. On which religious and social aberration could a city of the beauty of Mexico-Tenochtitlan be the theatre of water, stone and sky for a hallucinating funeral ballet? And for which obfuscation of the spirit nobody among us—I don't have in mind the outworn nationalists but the scholars, the historians, the artists and the poets—want to see and accept that the Aztec World is one of the aberrations in history?

Bernal talks even more directly than Paz, more rosy-cheeked I would dare to say. The sacrifices he simply labels as 'wicked things,' 'great cruelties,' and the self-harming, 'clumsiness.' The original Spanish prose is delicious when Bernal writes, for example, that Mesoamericans 'had the habit of sacrificing their foreheads and the ears, tongues and lips, breasts and arms and their fleshy parts, and the legs and even their natural parts,' the genitals. Conversely, when Hugh Thomas mentions the cannibalism he does it cautiously, as if he does not want to cause any offence. Yet, the erudite and refined Sahagún, considered by León Portilla the first ethnologist of history, concurs with the soldier, as we saw with his

exclamation (there are other exclamations of this sort in his encyclopaedic work).

The feathered serpent

If the pre-Hispanic world was an aberration, as Paz says, that does not demerit their findings in mathematics and astronomy.

Although Quetzalcoatl harmed his leg and sprinkled blood out of his penis, he was the most humanitarian of the gods in the pre-Columbian pantheon. He never offered human blood to the gods. According to the legend, Tezcatlipoca counteracted Quetzalcoatl's influence and regained social control by means of the dark side of the force, thus re-establishing the sacrifices in the great Toltec city. Quetzalcoatl fled away toward the East, from which the ulterior legend emerged that he would return from the Orient.

In 1978 I went once more to live some months to the house of my grandmother [*this is related to my first book*]: a very numinous and even happy stage that I would like to recount in another place. I became wrapped in Jung's *Man and his Symbols* and some nights I walked to the park called *Parque Hundido*, which contains exact replicas of pre-Hispanic statuary. One night, alone and immersed in my thoughts as always during my adolescence, the pair of enormous replicas of feathered serpents at the park's entrance caught my attention. It stroke me as an extraordinary intuition or divination from the collective unconscious, the fact that long before palaeontology pre-Hispanics could have bequeathed us the perfect symbol of the missing link between the reptile and the bird. The two great feathered serpents of stone that I contemplated that fresh night in the park, way taller than me, were the same symbol of the caduceus: two serpents that long for their wings. *Quetzal* is feather in Nahuatl, and *cóatl* serpent, feathered serpent: symbol par excellence of transcendence. However hard I struggled those days to transcend myself it was impossible to arrive to my present psychogenic state, even though the unconscious drive was formidable.

That night I did not understand how come the symbol of *quetzal-cóatl* could be so clairvoyant, so accurate to describe human emergency in such an oneiric and perceptive way. Now, exactly thirty years later, I ask myself: Hadn't the Europeans existed how

long would have taken these people to give up their practices and pass on to a later form of infanticide (say, the exposure in Rome)?

The legend of Quetzalcoatl, that in its latest incarnation appears as a god of white skin, makes me think that the very first feathers for a psychogenic leap were already present in the New World before the arrival of the white man.

POSTSCRIPT



El Sacrificio Humano en la Tradición Religiosa Mesoamericana
[Human Sacrifice in the Mesoamerican Religious Tradition].
Mexico City, Mexico: Instituto Nacional de Antropología e
Historia & Universidad Nacional Autónoma de México, Instituto
de Investigaciones Históricas. ISBN 978-607-484-076-6. OCLC
667990552. (Spanish)

In the previous section, written in 2007, I did not include academic references so that I would have a more lyrical text. However, on November 26, 2013, those in charge of the library at Mexico City's National Museum of Anthropology (MNA) allowed me to take out from the library, and photocopy on the street, a sold-out book in the market that I had tried for years to get. Even before it was published, since 2007 I had made constant telephone inquiries, to the people in charge of the Museo del Templo Mayor, about the manuscript that would be published.

El Sacrificio Humano en la Tradición Religiosa Mesoamericana is an academic treatise authored by 28 scholars on the subject of pre-Columbian sacrifice: Mexican, European and American archaeologists, historians and anthropologists. Finally published in 2010, it is a reliable source to validate what I wrote in the previous pages. In addition to the sources I already knew, *El Sacrificio Humano* includes some new archaeological and taphonomic

evidence to corroborate the 16th century claims of the Spaniards about Amerind infanticide, sacrifice and cannibalism. (Taphonomy is the study of decaying organisms over time, including fossil bones.)

Of course: the Mexicans who coordinated the publishing of this major work are politically-correct scholars. There is nothing remotely comparable to 'Sahagún's exclamation' in any of the 598 pages of their treatise. The rationale for the omission can be gathered from the three prefaces to this collaborative work by the director of the Instituto Nacional de Antropología e Historia ('Accepting the reality of the sacrificial practices in ancient Mexico does not mean to rule in favour or against them'); those who coordinate the MNA ('...the Hispanist fundamentalism that sees only the most barbaric aspects of this practice'), and the director of the Institute of Historical Research of the Universidad Nacional Autónoma de México ('...among the non-specialist public often circulates reductionist ideas about it [*the Mesoamerican sacrifice*]... the papers presented here allow a more accurate and nuanced approach' —this, and the other translations, are mine). Take note that these three persons and the Mexican and non-Mexican anthropologists and historians that contributed with academic papers to *El Sacrificio Humano* don't deny the facts about what the pre-Hispanic Amerinds did. What contemporary academics do is abstaining from value judgments about such practices, a subject analysed in the next section.

In one of the first chapters after the above-mentioned prefaces of the book, the archaeologist Eduardo Matos Moctezuma presents the archaeological evidence of sacrificial rituals: skeleton remains of the victims, stony bases for the sacrifice, the instruments used in the immolations, and more. About it, Leonardo López Luján, the main coordinator of the book, acknowledges in the very first chapter as 'having their referents in the historical sources from the 16th century.' This scholar is thus acknowledging that what the Spanish chroniclers saw and recorded in the 16th century is now being corroborated by taphonomy and archaeology. López Luján of course uses an artificial passive voice, '*fuleron muertos*' instead of the natural '*los mataron*' (they killed them) in that introductory chapter when writing about the sacrificial victims.

In this postscript I will summarize some of the facts that the scholars of the treatise offer about how the natives behaved before any substantial contact with the Europeans.

El Sacrificio Humano sheds light on the remains photographed by Héctor Montaña (see the photo in ‘Sahagún’s exclamation’ in this book): a child offering to Huitzilopochtli that Montaña kindly sent me. The piece ‘Huitzilopochtli and child sacrifice in the Great Pyramid of Tenochtitlan’ by López Luján, Ximena Chávez Balderas, Norma Valentín and Aurora Montúfar (pages 367-394) contains a fascinating section under the heading ‘Huitzilopochtli: an infant deity?’ Elsewhere in the same article the authors say:

Everything indicates that this deposit is the material expression of a mass sacrificial ceremony motivated by the devastating drought of year 1 *Tochli*, corresponding to our 1454 C.E. and reported in a number of Indian annals. The presence of the Offering 48 in the northwest corner of the Temple fully corresponds with the documentary sources of the 16th century [pages 367-368].

Then he corroborates something I have already said in previous chapters:

During such ceremonies [to Tláloc], subject to the calendar or performed in times of crisis, children were symbolically similar to the dwarfs and deformed assistants of rain, as their profuse tears shed when immolated served as a hopeful omen of abundant precipitation. The careful study recently published by Michel Graulich about human sacrifice among the Mexicas indicates that, usually, *the chosen children were given away or sold by their parents...*

I interrupt the sentence and added italics because this passage refutes very directly the plot of *La Santa Furia* of my father, as we will see in more detail in my next books.

little slaves offered by the lords and wealthy people; infants purchased out of town, or children of prisoners of war. There are indications, moreover, that the kings and lords to some extent responsible for the smooth running of the meteors destined their own offspring to the *tébcatl* during droughts or floods, or to get rich harvests [pages 368 & 370].

The article includes taphonomic analysis on numerous cut marks on the ribs of both sides of the rib cage, as well as

perimortem fractures produced by the same cutting action on the child's body.

In our view, this body of evidence is sufficient to conclude that the child of Offering 111 died during a sacrificial ceremony in which his tiny heart was extracted [page 378].

Once again, the following passage gives the lie to the plot of the musical oratorio of my father in honour of Las Casas, which is based on a historical inversion of the parental-filial relations before the arrival of the Spaniards:

Not all child sacrifices were linked to the gods of rain and fertility. Some historical documents reveal that people who were in situations of adversity, or had lost their freedom, or had been suffering a terrible disease, promised to give their children in exchange for their salvation. In other cases, the life of infants was claimed just before the military confrontations [pages 381-382].

In the following pages of the treatise the authors mention the Spanish chroniclers as complementary sources of what recent archaeology has discovered, for example the texts by Francisco López de Gómara, Antonio Tello, Diego Durán, and Bernardino de Sahagún. And on page 345 another scholar lets us know that some children's remains of sacrificial offerings have been recently excavated in what is left of the Great Pyramid; in other sacred edifices, and even beneath Mexico City's cathedral.

In their article, 'El Sacrificio Humano en la Parte Central del Área Maya,' pages 169-193 of *El Sacrificio Humano*, Stephen Houston and Andrew Scherer write:

Both supplicants offer the enthroned figures an object named 'his foot,' *yook*, perhaps referring to the wooden scaffolding that stands in the stele of Yaxhá. The link to the fires is made clear with the presence of the inflammatory base behind the scaffold. Unlike other sacrificed children, the infant appears to be alive.

In addition to the image reproduced in *El Sacrificio Humano*, see also the illustration at the beginning of this Postscript.

As in several Mesoamerican societies, the image of a supernatural act can function as a basic model for the dynastic rituals. There is a parallel in the evidence of the sacrifice by

fire, a torture with fatal goals, applied by a god on the back of another...

The presence of infants over the plates, especially in contexts of *may* [Mayan word] or co-essences of Maya rulers, indicates that this is a special 'food.' Usually, the *may* was very different food from the food of human beings with emphasis on hands, eyes, bones, and in this case, the soft bodies of children.

On page 182 the authors discuss other Maya sacrifices:

The presence of women and children indicates that these individuals were not enemy combatants and strongly suggests a sacrificial context, perhaps a sacrifice of wider political significance.

Several skulls of Colhá show marks of sharp and unhealed cuts, particularly around the eye sockets, which suggests that some of these individuals were flayed, either shortly before or after death. The skinning of the face supports the iconographic images of beheading showing substantial mutilation, particularly of the eyes. Although it is likely that much of this occurred post-mortem, we must ask whether at least some of these traumas were inflicted before death to maximize the suffering of those about to be executed.

The Mayas were not the only serial killers of children in Mesoamerica. In the opening paragraph of 'El Sacrificio Humano en el Michoacán Antiguo' Grégory Pereira says that Tariácuri, the founder of the empire of the Purépecha culture that flourished in the Postclassic period, congratulates destiny when learning that his own son would be sacrificed (page 247). This of course reminds me what Nezahualcóyotl did, recounted above. Pereira cites the Spanish *Relación de Michoacán* as a credible source about how the Michoaque people behaved before the arrival of the Spaniards.

The *Relación* states that part of the captives such as old people and children were sacrificed by extraction of the heart right on the spot of the battle, and that 'the bodies of these victims were cooked and consumed at the same place.'

El Sacrificio Humano is a large book, 27 x 21 centimetres in order to provide a very comfortable view of the many images it contains. On page 254 Pereira reproduces a diagram showing a skeleton with points showing the impact of the rib cut to reach the heart during those sacrifices, and he adds that those who performed

the ritual were called *opítiecha* or 'holders' who grabbed the extremities of the victim. He adds:

Once slaughtered and decapitated, the dismembered body was in the house of the priests and the various parts offered up to the gods and eaten by the priests and lords. Those who were killed at the scene of the conflict were eaten by the victors... After the cannibal feast, the bones of the slaughtered apparently were gathered and preserved in the house of the priests.

On the next page Pereira includes an illustration of the *Relación* depicting the consumption of human flesh. Later, on page 262, the author reveals that Tariácuri also ordered the killing of another of his sons, Tamapucheca, as punishment for having escaped being sacrificed. Then Pereira recounts that on the day following the sacrifice, they 'wore the skin of the slaughtered in a dance, and for five days got drunk.' That is, the cadavers were skinned so that the priests could wear the skin as clothes. About the symbolism of the sacrificial institution, on page 466 Guilhelm Oliver corroborates what I said many pages ago:

In describing these ceremonies, Sahagún's informants (*Florentine Codex*, II-54) provide us with an extremely important piece of information: 'Whoever has a captive cannot eat the flesh of his captive. He said, how could I eat myself? When capturing a captive he said my dear son and the captive said, my dear father.' This fundamental text expresses the identity between the warrior and his captive...

Once this important work is printed again, those who are sceptical about the factual accuracy of what I said in the previous chapters could obtain a copy of the book. As I said, it is heavily illustrated and has the imprimatur of the most respected historical institutions of Mexico.

PSYCHOHISTORY

PERSPECTIVE

Lloyd deMause has written that his scholarly life brought him to one conclusion: the history of mankind is founded in the abuse of children. His greater finding is that the central force of change in history is not the economy, but the psychogenic changes that occur due to the parental-filial interactions in successive generations. These changes are the result of the parents' capabilities, especially the mothers, to experience inwardly previous traumas and sparing the next generation of children. The process ensues in an evolutive mutation of the inner space of human groups. DeMause goes as far as claiming that most forms of violence, from crime to mental disorders, are ultimately the consequence of abuses during childhood. In the article 'The evolution of childhood reconsidered' Henry Ebel wrote:

DeMause's argument had a breath-taking sweep and grandeur such as we associate with the work of Hegel, Darwin and Marx. Moreover, it seemed to be a valid response and interpretation of a series of gruesome facts that had been consistently understated or suppressed by conventional historians. [...] 'The Evolution of Childhood' has proved a morsel too large, too complete, too assertive, and in many ways too grim for the historical profession to digest. [...] Since adult styles and roles, including the academic and professional, are mainly denial-systems erected against those early needs and terrors, the academic consideration of deMause's argument has been, understandably enough, of less than earth-shaking intelligence.

As terrible as being prisoner in a concentration camp may be, it cannot be compared to seeing that our parents themselves, with whom we are infinitely attached, destroy the head of one of our siblings, as did the tribes of the Canary Islands before they were conquered (as we will see). Throughout prehistory and history parents have committed more injurious crimes for the health of the human soul than the crimes committed during the genocides of the 20th century. But the current *zeitgeist* only allows us to judge the West. In a TV documentary I watched how a black tribesman grabbed a boy to sacrifice him. The anthropologist that studied the tribe did not intervene. Had this happened in the West, it would have raised indignation. For example, a pervert that was about to rape a little girl before his internet audience was detected through his I.P. address and the police rescued the girl. On the other hand, in the case of the tribes the anthropologists never rescue the children during passage rituals such as the Sambia, where New Guinea boys have to fellate the adults.

When we think about the implications of psychohistory we should bear in mind that the cannibalism of the bone and stone ages was much more common than previously thought. Also, from 3000 to 2500 B.C., before the psychogenic mutation that gradually left bicameralism behind, the people of the Mediterranean Basin and of Finland ate the flesh of the deceased. Moreover, the Mesoamerican mythology of the great transgression by some gods to create life without parental consent exemplifies what Ivan Strenski has pointed out in his book *Contesting Sacrifice*: originally all cultures had at its basis universal guilt, and thus require of purification rituals to repair the broken bond with the divinity.

For identical psychological impairments of the Amerindians, a huge quantity of human sacrifices was perpetrated at the other side of the Atlantic: in China, Chad, Egypt, Tahiti and even in the Greco-Roman world. Diverse societies in India, Indonesia, Melanesia, Filipinas, the Amazons and many others continued with their terrible practices before they were colonized. During the pre-classic times of Mesoamerica the ancient Spartans offered sacrifices to Agrotera. Rome practiced several forms of human sacrifice until they were abolished by senatorial decree. The circus races of the Coliseum represented a less barbarous form of sacrifice since, unlike their neighbours, it was not done with one's own children. The Romans spearheaded the most advanced

psychoclass of their times. When Scipio Africanus took Numantia, the Romans found mothers with half-devoured bodies of their children. Celts and Druids also practiced human sacrifices. The Gauls built hollow figures that, with people alive, were burnt. Gaul was conquered by Caesar. Rome's victory over the Carthaginians in the Punic Wars was a milestone of a superior psychoclass over the inferior one. The sacrifices to the Phrygian god Attis consisted in choosing a young man who was treated like a king for a year only to be sacrificed. Were it not for the fact that the Mexica sacrifice was so splendid, I would say that the young man who immolated himself for Tezcatlipoca was identical to the Phrygian sacrifice. In our times, among the forms that arguably could be described as sacrificial we could include rituals such as Cuban *santería* or Indian tantrism. More shocking is the sacrifice known as *sati* in the most retrograde areas of India, where the custom dictates that the widow throws herself to the funeral pyre of her deceased husband. At the moment of writing, the last of these cases was reported in October of 2008 in Kasdol in the district of Raipur.

The culture that the Europeans brought included family violence. But unlike them, in the conquered people the anxieties that the children arose, based in turn on the abuses the natives had suffered as children, were enough to kill the source that triggered the anxiety. Children have been the garbage bin where the adults dump the unrecognized parts of their psyches. It is expected that the child bin will absorb the ill moods of his custodians to prevent that the adult feels overwhelmed by her anxieties. If I kill the soul of my daughter I thus kill the naughty girl that once inhabited me.

It is interesting to note that according to deMause it is the mother, with her own hands, the perpetrator of most cases of infanticide: be by strangulation or by physical punishment. In this book I wrote about my female ancestors [*omitted in this translation*]. For deMause the crucial relationship in psychogenic evolution is the relationship between mother and daughter. If the girls are abused without helping witnesses, they will grow as adults incapable of feeling their pain. Since trauma demands repetition, they will traumatize the next generation, stalling all potential for psychogenic growth. DeMause exemplifies it with the mistreatment of women in Islamic countries and in China.

Since 1974, the year of deMause's seminal essay, a fair amount of academic material about infanticide has been published.

According to Larry Milner, since pre-history thousands of millions of infants have been killed by their parents (the bibliographical references on these incredible claims appear by the end of this chapter). Likewise, Joseph B. Birdsell estimates infanticidal rates between 15-50 percent of the total number of children born since prehistoric times. Laila Williamson's estimates are lower: 15-20 percent. As we shall see, this kind of statistics appears time and again in the writings of other researchers. Although Milner is not a psycho-historian, he wonders why such data have not received its due place in the departments of history, anthropology and sociology. This is a blindspot that will be studied in the rest of the book.

A BITTER DISCUSSION

A quick way to show the Aristotelian phase where present-day history, anthropology and sociology are stuck is by quoting excerpts from a heated debate about psychohistory. To make the reading easier I will omit the use of ellipsis even between long unquoted paragraphs. The complete debate can be read in the Wikipedia archive of the article 'Early infanticidal childrearing.' Since the original text is a raw discussion I slightly corrected the syntax. The following is a 2002 debate that came about the subsequent year when Wikipedia was launched, the multi-language encyclopaedia edited by volunteers. To simplify the discussion I will also change the names and pennames used by various academics that discussed with a psychohistorian who edited Wikipedia under the penname of 'Ark.' The fascinating polemic initiated with the subject of the tribes of Papua New Guinea.

Academic 1: Does this 'model' [psychohistory] reflect actual facts? Increased mortality after weaning is common in non-Neolithic cultures as well; it's a consequence of inadequate nutrition, not of parental desire.

Ark: You're wrong there. 'Inadequate nutrition' isn't some random fact of reality. It's a consequence of feeding pap to children, and not having the empathy necessary to understand that crying means the baby is hungry. These are both

psychological problems of the parents, since feeding pap is a response to the fear of breastfeeding.

Academic 1: So PNG [Papua New Guinea] children were better off in the more 'primitive' culture, and exposure to an 'advanced' society has increased sexual abuse of children.

Notice how this is similar to Miguel León Portilla's preposterous claim that, by becoming exposed the Mexicas to a more advanced society, they abused their own women.

Ark: Yeah right. The myth of the 'noble savage' rears its ugly head again. The reproductive rate is proportional to the ignorance and poverty of the population. So the more ignorant and poor the population, the more they will fuck. What's generally the case is that birth-rate is inversely proportional to female education. The PNG have a very high reproductive rate. The PNG have a very high rate of infanticide, child suicide. So now you know why I think that 'noble savage' is just complete bullshit.

There are a bunch of known facts which everyone agrees on. Ninety-nine percent of modern people will put a very specific interpretation on those facts. That interpretation is that primitives are paedophilic, incestuous child molesters. This isn't something which is cooked up by deMause's model.

Academic 2: I am unimpressed by your hysterical claim that 99 percent of our society would agree with this. My claim is that people in different cultures describe things differently. The issue for me is, what do Marquesans, or Yolngu, or Gimi, or whomever, think it is? An article that makes claims about a particular society must care what members of that society claim is going on.

Ark: The interpretation of child abuse in the case of infants is acultural. Infants do not have culture so are incapable of 'interpreting' anything through a cultural filter. And yet again, you persist in ignoring the child's point of view, as if the rationalization of the child abuser mattered to them. You're promoting a very specific POV [point of view], the one of the child molester, and don't seem to care at all about the POV of the infant. Only anthropologists care about how the members of the primitive culture rationalize their behaviours. Anthropologists are just very bizarre people, and about as relevant to most people's view of what constitutes child

molestation as experts in the paranormal. The relevant experts in the area are developmental psychologists. There is a substantial faction that regards any kind of sexual activity with children to be inherently abusive. They would reject the anthropologists' claims that cultural attitudes are at all relevant to the matter. They would rather emphasize the universality and uniformity of children's emotional needs. At the centre of this faction are the likes of Alice Miller. There is another faction that traces its lineage all the way to Freud. When possible, it denies that child abuse exists. When it can't do that it denies that it is traumatic. And when it can't do that, it denies that it is inherently traumatic.

Academic 3: The purpose of anthropology is to describe culture, not judge it. If an anthropologist judges a culture under study, the ability to describe a culture objectively and explain how it is perceived by its members is lost.

Ark: Anthropologists widely report that primitives do not see their practices as abusive or sexual. I have no hesitation agreeing with that. But then, neither do typical paedophiles see their practices as abusive either. So the basic idea is to completely steal the psychology and child-rearing of non-Western cultures (contemporary and historical) away from anthropologists. If that happens, then theories about these phenomena will be held to different standards than theories in anthropology. Anthropologists are trained to ignore that tool.

Academic 3: Ah, so you're an opponent of cultural relativism. I don't consider North European values to be 'more advanced,' just different. There's a difference between considering a set of values to be more amenable to one's conscience and labelling one set of values as 'more advanced' than another. That's like implying that a Papuan is dumber than a European just because his culture doesn't use electricity. Anthropologists do regularly debate how much they can or should interfere when they disagree strongly with the values of a culture under study. Ethically, all we can do is present viable options and allow individuals to make their own choices and suffer the consequences of those choices.

Ark: But Papuans *are* dumber than Europeans because they don't use electricity. ☺ You just have to ask 'why do we use electricity?' We use it because we have a high population density

and a high technological level. Why is that? Because we are culturally evolved. Why is that? Because at some point a couple of millennia ago, our ancestors decided to stop murdering their children and start evolving culturally. Of course, that only proves the Papuans are dumb, not that we're smart; we're just the product of a long line of smarter mothers.

Academic 3: What you are proposing is a form of genocide: systematically destroying a culture simply because you consider that culture to be primitive and immoral. If lip piercing, or trauma to the brain leads to successful adult lives, is that not sufficient justification for continuing the practice? You sound to me as if you are a 'moral absolutist.' I'd hazard a guess that you believe everyone should live under the same moral code.

Ark: Just because I'm a moral absolutist doesn't mean I think I have a perfect access to moral truth. It does mean that I have a far, far better understanding of basic moral truths than people who beat or sexually abuse kids. We could emphasize that anthropologists don't really try to understand their subjects' psyche. It's not moral assumptions which differ between societies. It's the capacity for empathy and rationality.

Academic 3: The anthropologist in me, on the other hand, still bemoans yet another drop added to the overflowing bucket of human cultures is forever lost.

Ark: The primitive cultures are a failure. We should let them die.

Academic 4: Good—as long as we all understand that psychohistory has nothing to do with history and is not even accepted by all schools of psychology. I think that there's a real problem here in that the entire concept as titled [*Early infanticidal childrearing*] makes no sense. The title implies that these cultures intentionally endanger and kill their children: something that makes no sense for peoples who want to survive and which, if these cultures still exist after thousands of years, is clearly misleading.

Ark: I've chosen to take extreme offense at what you've said, e.g., 'psychohistory has nothing to do with history,' and will treat you like a hostile. I really wish I didn't have to deal with people who say stupid things. For example, things that amount to 'every human being is rational and since it's not rational to kill children...' This negates the overwhelming evidence that

infanticide occurs. Never mind such truly stupid statements like ‘preliterate hunter-gatherer tribes are those most concerned with basic survival.’ Oh really, I guess that explains why they never developed any technology in order to guarantee their survival (never mind such annoying facts like beliefs in reincarnation, animism and ancestor-worship).

Academic 5: Ark, play nice. Julie Hofmann Kemp [Academic 4] is many things, can even be abrasive sometimes, but acting ‘stupid’ (I see you modified the ‘idiot’ statement)? That’s over the top. She is one of the smartest people contributing to Wikipedia. This is an encyclopaedia, not a soap box for new ideas. Sorry, but regurgitation of the canon of human knowledge is what we do here.

Academic 6: I disagree, Maveric [Academic 5]. One of the things that makes Wikipedia different from a standard encyclopaedia is our ability to reflect new thinking. Now, the whole that deMause put together and Ark is advertising here is striking, but I think that you will find most of the individual points are not nearly as radical or contrary to current understanding as you seem to present. To begin with, there are many people who would reject cultural relativism. The first example that comes to mind are the women’s historians which have become increasingly common, but a proper search shouldn’t have trouble coming up with others. Further, the idea of the noble savage is very controversial, and one should hardly consider it some sort of canon.

With regards to infanticide per se, I personally have very little knowledge about the Palaeolithic, but that deliberate murder or abandonment of infants was common among ancient civilizations like Carthage, Greece, and Rome is well-known, and I can remember a mainstream text mentioning Mohammed’s prohibitions against the *then*-widespread killing of children without any implication that might be controversial. In absence of further data, a backwards trendline would be all it takes to suggest that Palaeolithic infanticide was very common indeed. And I can recall articles suggesting that tribal cannibalism, to take the most headline-grabbing example, was far more common than previously thought. In short, I think this position is not nearly outlandish enough to deserve such curt rejection. An informative and lasting page on this would be valuable enough.

Academic 7: Note that the definition of rape and molestation vary among cultures.

Ark: Rape and molestation do vary among cultures. This is bad. Cultural relativism is crap, believed only by idiots, ignoramuses, anthropologists and historians. The Convention on the Rights of the Child explicitly rejects cultural relativism. Cultural relativists are merely denying human rights. (On a moral level, they are still violating human rights.) Anthropology and history have achieved nothing, or close to nothing. The reason anthropology and history are fucked is because they reject psychology and *that* is the only possible explanation for both culture and history.

For psychological reasons, anthropologists have been butchering psych-heavy data; on the whole, the data is irretrievably corrupt and needs to be junked. Psychohistory is independent of both history and psychology and is at war with both. As the new kid on the bloc it's going to get attacked as 'simply not recognized by most historians and psychologists.' But psychohistory actually gets results. There is no rational argument against psychohistory's methods. Conservatism is not a rational argument. And as noted above, there are plenty of arguments against both history and anthropology (i.e., they deny psychology's influence even in psychological phenomena). Like cartography or natural history, anthropology and history aren't sciences per se. Cartography was never anything more than an engineering enterprise (though it did give rise to plate tectonics) and when the time came, natural history gave way to evolutionary biology. Similarly, anthropology and history should give way to psychohistory wherever the latter is interested in taking over.

Academic 2: To those who promote the myth of the brutal savage, I point out that westerners have often characterized non-Western practices as stupid, unhealthy, or wrong in part out of their own ignorance, and in part to justify colonial oppression.

Ark: The brutal savage isn't a myth. I do not mean by it that we aren't savages. That is a notion you rightly reject because any article attacking modern people as savages will be destroyed. What I do claim is that modern societies are less savage than societies in the past. That's most certainly not a myth. And to

argue otherwise is to promote the noble savage myth. If you have an absolute standard of morality, there is no choice other than the brutal savage or the noble savage (as long as you don't redefine rape and murder as non-violent behaviours, which by now I don't trust you not to do). Whether deliberately or unwittingly, you have been promoting the noble savage myth. To recap: Primitives, in relation to modern people can be either: 1. equally savage (obviously untrue) 2. differently savage (cultural relativism) 3. less savage (noble savage) 4. more savage (brutal savage). So rejecting options #2 and #3 leaves one only with #4. There is no manoeuvring room for anyone to weasel around.

Academic 3: And this is where you and I differ. I generally contend that all present-day cultures are essentially 'differently savage.'

It is unnecessary to cite Ark's long response. It is already answered in the previous chapter. But I would like to mention a newspaper note about an atrocity in Kismayo, at the south of Somalia. On October 27 of 2008 Aisha Ibrahim Duhulow, a thirteen-year-old girl that had been raped, was accused of premarital sex by militant Islamists and condemned to die by stoning on the head. (Although hard to believe, there are people who punish the victim of rape, not the rapist: the hypothetical nightmare of my second book turned reality.) Most disturbing in the press release is that dozens of men stoned Aisha in a stadium with a thousand spectators! What better example to clear away any doubts about the relevancy of the concept of a manifestly inferior psychoclass to ours.

Academic 3: Hum, as I understand it, most casual murders recognize that their actions are considered morally 'wrong.' They just don't care.

Ark: Morality is a psychological phenomenon. It refers to a person's capacity for empathy. It's difficult to describe empathy since nobody has a good grip on what it means. But of course, that's the point: if a person has no morality then they don't have any of these emotions. Keep in mind that our very ability to accept social and technological progress at the rate we're going is something which primitives lack. And we've yet to annihilate a foreign nation (as the Assyrians did) to pay for that progress. This too is a genuine advance.

Academic 4: Ark: in the interests of fairness, I went ahead and looked at the deMause article. Basically, it can be digested into one Philip Larkin poem. Big Whoop. Parents fuck up their kids. We know that. There is absolutely nothing there besides that fact that is provable. It is a mass of huge generalizations predicated on two simple ideas: violence begets violence (duh) and everything that happens is down to psychology. Yes, there are references to acts of violence by parents (particularly mothers) against children, but we don't get to see the breadth of the studies to show what kind of population was used, etc. I stand by my statement that most historians reject psychohistory not because we feel threatened by it, but because most historians believe that human society is complex and filled with individuals who may act in particular ways for any number of reasons. Generally reductionism is not provable—merely a simplistic way for the insecure to find meaning.

Ark: You dismiss the article I cited because it doesn't provide concrete proof against history's 'no explanations' stance. Well so fucking what? I never claimed it did. I merely claimed it crucified history as a scientific field and historians as scientists by showing that the theories historians entertain are all unbelievably idiotic. If you wanted a detailed theory and the evidence to back it up, you'd have to read half a dozen of deMause's books on the subject. You haven't provided a single remotely intelligent argument, satisfying yourself with irrelevancies and vague aspersions. (This is what you call 'fair?') If you stand by your statement on that basis, it just proves you're an idiot. I dismiss you from my consideration.

Anonymous: Will someone please ban Ark? His non-stop slander, personal attacks, and foul language are damaging the Wikipedia community.

Academic 4: I would happily do so, but being a ranting troll who supports crank theories in an anti-social way isn't enough for a ban. He is correct in his assertion that deMause's theories deserve their own article—even if he's amazingly rude in the way he treats others, and his insults towards me.

To that end, Ark, You haven't convinced anyone that you're anything but a crank who thinks he's far more intelligent than he's demonstrated so far.

Ark: I have a pretty good grasp on what history is and what it is not. As for psychology, you're wrong about its scientific basis. Overall, it's a fucked field but it's one that has always aspired to be scientific.

As for psychohistory, it is not a fucked field. These two facts (history not being science and psychohistory being science) explain why I'm so eager to dismiss history. Why should scientists be subjected to the authority of non-scientists? The same arguments apply to anthropology, and doubly so when the psyches of primitives are concerned. Convincing people was never my goal, I'm too lazy and people are too bigoted for that. As for people thinking I'm a crank, I'm a power unto myself and I haven't need for their approval nor favour. I'm just not interested in being the whipping boy on this subject. *Fuck you all.*

With this insult the psychohistorian who signed his posts under the penname of Ark left the discussion page. Perhaps with the exception of Academic 6, his opponents did not want to see that western childrearing has been less barbarous than in the rest of the world.

It was not always so. Both whites and Semites began as the others. Let us remember the sacrifice of Iphigenia by her father Agamemnon, and a similar sacrifice in the Bible: after victory over the Ammonites, according to the Book of Judges, Jephthah makes a vow to sacrifice whoever came out of the doors of his house to meet him. The one who met him on his return was his only daughter...

What remained in Europe was a mere metaphor of such sacrifice. Robert Godwin hit the nail when stating that Christianity's unconscious message is that when we murder our innocent child we murder God. 'The crucifixion of Jesus is meant to be the last human sacrifice, with Jesus standing in for our own murdered innocence.'

THE BOASIAN REGRESSION

Human beings tend to idealize their parents and carry the burden of the sins of the world: Passover lambs for the unrecognized ills of the parent. This self-reproach for supposed wrongdoing is due to the perennial problem, still unresolved in our species, of the attachment to the perpetrator. The mantras the cultural relativist uses arguing with the psychohistorian is that it is unfair to judge an ancient culture with contemporary standards, or that in those times not even the sacrifice of infants was considered wicked. As Ark pointed out above, this standpoint rationalizes the perpetrator's behaviour at the expense of the victim. It is a no-brainer that it must have been as infernal for a historic boy that his father delivered him to the priests to be incinerated alive, as a parent who burns his child's face to the point of completely disfiguring him, as we read in the most alarming paper news. In other words, psychohistory is based upon the empathy to the children of all times. The unconscious motivation of many anthropologists, on the other hand, has been to exonerate both the parents of former ages and the non-western cultures of today.

Anthropologists defend the validity of any culture and negate an absolute evaluation unless it is done within the standards of that culture. It was not always so. In the nineteenth century the opposite school dominated British anthropology. Anthropologists argued, in a similar vein to contemporary psychohistorians, that all societies passed through the same evolutionary process, and that non-Europeans were living fossils that could be studied to understand Europe's past, categorizing the diverse cultures in a progressive set of values from savage, barbarian to civilized. Universal progress was postulated: a sort of unilineal set of values where religion and paleologic thought gave up ground to Aristotelian logic and rational thought, with the subsequent development of social institutions. The difference of this model with psychohistory is that these first anthropologists did not use

childrearing as a parameter, but technology from the Stone Age to the modern age, passing through the Iron and Bronze Ages.

The Jewish-German immigrant Franz Boas, the 'father' of American anthropology, managed to shift the paradigm. Boasian anthropology considered erroneous the premise that religion had to be defined, historically, more primitive than reason (the opposite to what Arieti says about his schizophrenic patients: that paleologic thought should be considered inferior to the Aristotelian). Boasian relativism resists universal judgments of any kind. All of the work by Boas and his disciples began as a direct opposition to the evolutionary perspective, and with time it became an orthodoxy. Although in the United States there was an attempt to revive the evolutionist ideas in the 1950s and 60s, eventually anthropologists subscribed the ideology of cultural relativism: a school that in the academy became, more than an orthodoxy, axiomatic; and its proponents, staunch supporters of non-western cultures. This relativism, with its vehement phobia to 'western ethnocentrism' did not only become the most influential anthropology school originated in the United States, but the dogmatic principle of this international discipline.

In its most extreme version it even considers legitimate, say, the cutting of the clitoris in Africa. A principle that, for the popular mind, apparently originated as a tolerant attitude is being used to find excuses for intolerance. In fact, since the declarations of the anthropologist Melville Jean Herskovits by the end of the 1940s, his colleagues left the political debates of human rights. The anthropologist has great difficulties to fight for the rights of, say, the black women in South Africa. The 1996 team-work *Growing Up: A Cross-cultural Encyclopedia*, where dozens of anthropologists offered their studies about eighty-seven cultures, is symptomatic. Although they admit that sexual contacts between adults and children are common, including those of the incestuous mothers, they declare that it 'would not constitute "abuse" if in that society the behaviour was not proscribed.' However, as the academic who sympathized with Ark said, not all anthropologists agree with Boas. Carolyn Fluehr-Lobban confessed that, after twenty-five years of having conducted ethnological research in Sudan, she betrayed her profession by siding those who fight against female genital cutting. She mentioned the case of a Nigerian woman who was granted asylum in the United States since her daughter would have been

subjected to involuntary cutting if returning home. The compulsion to recreate on the next generation the wounds received in infancy is such that in our times genital mutilation continues. Despite their theoretical statements to the public, in practice many ethnologists, anthropologists and indigenistas still cling to the Boasian paradigm.

A single example will illustrate it. Keep in mind the postscript published some pages ago. In September of 2007 the Museo del Templo Mayor, a subsidiary of the Instituto Nacional de Antropología e Historia, organized a seminary in Mexico under the name ‘New Perspectives on Human Sacrifice Among the Mexicas.’ Twenty-eight specialists were invited. According to the national press the Mexican archaeologist Leonardo López Luján, who would coordinate the proceedings book of the papers (reviewed in the 2017 postscript), stated that it was advisable to distance ourselves ‘from the Hispanists who consider bloody and savage’ the sacrificial practice. López Luján presented the paper ‘Huitzilopochtli and the Sacrifice of Children in Tenochtitlan’s Templo Mayor’ (the Great Pyramid of Tenochtitlan). Among the professionals from abroad who participated were institutions such as Cambridge and the French National Center for Scientific Research. The Mexican Juan Alberto Román presented the conference, ‘The Role of Infants in the Mexica Sacrificial Practices,’ and in a pseudo-eugenicist discourse López Luján stated: ‘*Undernourished* children [my emphasis] were sacrificed to eliminate the population that was a burden for the society.’ (Cf. what Ark responded to the historian about administering pap to the child: a slow form of infanticide that suggest they were not undernourished accidentally.) Marie-Areti Hers, from the National Autonomous University of Mexico—a campus that the UNESCO declared a World Heritage Site the very week that the symposium was celebrated—, stated that human sacrifice was everything except ‘an exotic curiosity of backward peoples.’

I contacted Julieta Riveroll, the reporter who covered the event for *Reforma* and author of the article ‘Human Sacrifice Prejudices—Demolished.’ I asked her if among the speakers of the conferences she attended someone condemned the deadly ritual. Emphatically she responded ‘No,’ that they were ‘objective experts.’ I mention the anecdote because that word, ‘objective’ is the most abused word in academic circles, as we already saw in one of the answers of the academics to Ark. Let us imagine that, among the

reporters of the Gulag, to keep objectivity they must refrain from condemning genocide. This does not happen: Stalin's regime is broadly condemned. But the double standard of allowing condemnation of the white man and virtually forbidding condemning non-whites, is brazen. The month that followed the symposium, in the same Mexico City where the symposium was celebrated the police caught the serial killer José Luis Calva, the 'cannibal poet' that horrified the Mexican citizenry. In one of his poems Calva wrote to one of his victims a poem worthy of the ancient Mexicans:

*You handed over your parts to me
Your breath, your nails and your longings.
You dressed me of you and I was your bird,
Sing your song that never quiets.*

Naturally, unlike the Mexicas who did exactly the same, this man was condemned by the elites.

On the other side of the Atlantic the Europeans deform reality too. In 2008 I visited the museum and archaeological park Cueva Pintada in the town Gáldar of Gran Canaria. The screened documental in the museum denoted the purest Manichaeism. Despite recognizing the widespread infanticide of girls among the tribes, the conquerors appear as the bad guys and the inhabitants of the troglodyte settlement as the noble savages victimized by the sixteenth-century Europeans. Similarly, in another museum, El Museo Canario, the following year I looked up through an academic text the subject of infanticide of these pre-Hispanic white people (curiously, they were blonder than the Spanish but they were barely leaving behind the Neolithic stage). Just as the mentioned María Alba Pastor who saw in the Mexican sacrifices 'a reaction to the Conquest,' three Spanish academics postulated that the Canary sacrifice could have been the consequence 'of the ongoing military, religious and cultural aggression' inflicted by the conquerors.³⁰ This

³⁰ Julio Cuenca Sanabria, Antonio Betancor Rodríguez & Guillermo Rivero López: 'La práctica del infanticidio femenino como método de control natal entre los aborígenes canarios: las evidencias arqueológicas en Cendro, Telde, Gran Canaria,' El Museo Canario, *LI*, 1996, p. 124. Fifty pages later the authors repeat this interpretation.

interpretation ignores the fact that the practice predated the arrival of the Spaniards.

Unlike these documentaries and academic papers that blame westerners for the sins of non-westerners, I will quote one of the first letters written about the practice of infanticide in the seven Canary Islands. The following description comes from Diego Gómez de Cintra, a Portuguese navigator that wrote what he saw in La Palma:

The father and the mother grab the child and put the head on a rock and take another rock and hit the child on the head shattering the skull, and thus they kill the child, his eyes and brains scattered on the soil, which is a great cruelty of the parents.

Conversely, on page 166 of the mentioned article contemporary academics side the parents by claiming, 'The adoption of such an extreme measure is fully justified.'

As Terry Deary put it, 'History can be horrible, but historians can sometimes be horribler.' Once the new generations break away from this immoral anthropology, the slaughtering of children will be seen, again, with due compassion as felt by the first chroniclers.

In the case of Mestizo America (and this is important to understand the organizers of the 2007 symposium), the 'Latin' American anthropologists were the first ones to embrace the cause of cultural relativism. In fact, the anthropologists have influenced more the society in 'Latin' America than in other societies. This is partly explained by the ethnological tradition of Bernardino de Sahagún and Bartolomé de Las Casas. In the twentieth century the study and the glorification of the Indian cultures, called *indigenismo*, has been the predominant framework of anthropological studies in so-called Latin America. In the particular case of Mexico, since 1917 the government was the first one to recognize the utility of anthropology. Subsequently, and working for the government, anthropologists have tried to implement their policies on the Indian population.

In spite of the fact that the long title takes for granted that the etiology of the practice was 'birth control,' the same article publishes sentences from some authors who cast doubts about the validity of that explanation.

No doubt, deMause and Ark are right about the intellectual charlatanry that represents social anthropology.

A CRITIQUE OF LLOYD DEMAUSE

Henry Ebel said that in psychohistory Lloyd deMause stands out among his epigones as a locomotive single-handedly tugging those who publish in his journal: all of them moving only thanks to a motor that is not theirs. Ebel had left the congresses of psychohistory even before I knew of their existence. However, no sooner I initiated my study of deMause's texts I realized that both Ebel and deMause were human. All too human...

A string of nonsensical claims

One of the most cockeyed theories of deMause is that the warfare fantasies of political leaders and the media in times of war reflect childbirth traumas. Even Alice Miller has criticized this specific theory.

Glenn Davis was one of the first disciples of deMause: a young man that committed suicide. When Davis was doing his oral examination for his doctoral thesis, Stanley Renshon, a member of the committee, fired a question at Davis about something he had written following deMause's theories: 'It says in your book, "Groups go to war in order to overcome the helplessness and terror of being trapped in a birth canal".' People laughed all around the table. What I find it fascinating is that, decades after Davis' suicide, deMause still does not perceive the bad reputation that this sort of theories that he originated cause in his most serious readers.

In the issue of Spring of 2007 the *Journal of Psychohistory* published 'The Conquistador and the Virgin Mary' by Madeleine Gómez. The article is an authentic string of nonsensical claims. According to this psychohistorian, in the Spanish conquest of the empires Mexica and Inca 'the birth trauma was re-enacted with few variations,' and on the next page she adds that the endeavour to conquer the seas in each exploration voyage is but 'attempts to surmount the birth trauma.' After putting Cortés and the rest of the Spaniards as the villains of the story, Madeleine informs us that in the war for Tenochtitlan 'the drumbeats in the air' can 'easily be

associated to the foetal heartbeat.’ And writing on the denunciation by Francisco de Aguilar about the Indian sacrifices, she interprets that ‘it was easier to project upon the other...’ That is, if the chronicler is shocked of the sacrifices, that only conceals the projections of his own European wickedness. Summarizing her interpretation of the Conquest, Madeleine writes: ‘There was arduous time spent in a womb-like motherhood, with subsequent rebirth upon reaching shore.’ These analytic interpretations remind me the worst nonsense of Freud recounted in my second book. The psychohistorian concludes that the Spaniards were ‘abusive, devaluing of women and children’ without mentioning in the slightest the human sacrifices in Mesoamerica.

Something similar can be said of deMause’s own views about the human placenta, a theory that he calls ‘The fetal origins of history.’ Such importance he gives to this theory that he devoted the cover illustration of his book *Foundations of Psychohistory* to it. In an email I asked deMause what did he mean with the eight-headed dragon that appears on the cover. DeMause informed me that there were seven heads (the drawing is ambiguous), ‘a placental beast’ that he relates with terrifying unconscious motivations.

Satanic Ritual Abuse

The confusion of my feelings about deMause—lucubration such as those are psychobabble but deMause’s discoveries potentially could be a great lighthouse for the humanities—moved me to annotate each cognitive error I encountered in his legacy.

In 1994 deMause devoted more than a whole issue of his journal to one of the scandals originated in his country that destroyed the reputation of many innocent adults: claims of multiple victims, multiple perpetrators during occult rites in day-care centres for children, known as ‘Satanic Ritual Abuse’ or SRA. I was so intrigued by the subject that, when I read deMause’s article ‘Why Cults Terrorize and Kill Children’ I devoted a few months of my life to research the subject by reading, printing and discussing in the internet (texts that would fill up the thickest ring-binder that I possess). I also purchased a copy of a book on SRA published by Princeton University. My objective was to ascertain whether the man whom I had been taking as a sort of mentor had gone astray. My suspicions turned out to be justified, and even worse: by

inviting the foremost believers of SRA to publish in his journal, deMause directly contributed to the creation of an urban myth.

The collective hysteria known as SRA originated with the publication of a 1980 sensationalist book, *Michelle Remembers*. Michelle claimed that Satan himself appeared to her and wounded her body, but that an archangel healed it. In the mentioned article deMause wrote credulous passages about other fantastic claims by Michelle, and added that the people who ran certain day-care centres in the 1980s put the children in boxes and cages ‘as symbolic wombs.’ DeMause then speculated that ‘they hang them upside down, the position of fetuses’ and that ‘they drink victim’s blood as fetuses “drink” placental blood,’ in addition to force children to ‘drink urine’ and ‘eat feces as some do during birth.’ DeMause also referred to secret tunnels that, he wrote, existed beneath the day-care centres: ‘They often hold their rituals in actual tunnels.’ In fact, those tunnels never existed. In *Evil Incarnate: Rumors of Demonic Conspiracy and Ritual Abuse in History*, published in 2006, professor David Frankfurter wrote about deMause’s article: ‘In this way a contemporary writer can assemble a theory of ritual power to explain rituals that have no forensic evidence.’

This is the sort of thing that, in Wikipedia’s talk page about psychohistory, culminates with rants like the one that I rescued before another editor deleted it: ‘Don’t ever listen to this lunatic!’ (deMause). It is true that Colin Ross is another gullible believer of SRA, as seen in a book that includes an afterword where Elizabeth Loftus disagrees with him. But since the mid-1990s the SRA phenomenon was discredited to such degree that sociologists, criminologists and police officials recognized what it was: a witch-hunt that led to prison and ruined the lives of many innocent adults. The movie *Indictment: The McMartin Trial*, sponsored by Oliver Stone and based on the most notorious of these hunts, sums up what I mean. Using invasive techniques for adults in the interrogation of little kids, the therapists of the McMartin case and other kindergartens obtained confessions full of fantasies: that the children had been abducted and taken through a network of tunnels to a hidden cave under the school; that they flew in the air and saw giraffes, lions and the killing of a rabbit to be returned to their unsuspecting parents in the day-care centre. Kyle Zirpolo was one of the McMartin children. At twenty-nine in 2005, several years

after the trial, Zirpolo confessed to reporters that as a child he had been pressured to lie:

Anytime I would give them an answer that they didn't like, they would ask again and encourage me to give them the answer they were looking for. It was really obvious what they wanted... I felt uncomfortable and a little ashamed that I was being dishonest. But at the same time, being the type of person I was, whatever my parents wanted me to do, I would do.

In its heyday in the 1980s and early 90s, and in some ways similar to the Salem witch trials of 1692, SRA allegations reached grotesque levels. Proponents argued that an intergenerational group of families raised and kidnapped babies and children in an international conspiracy that had infiltrated the police and the professions of lawyers and doctors. Conspiracy theorists claimed that the FBI and the CIA were involved to discredit the veracity of the phenomenon. The allegations ranged from brainwashing and necrophilia, kidnapping, sexual abuse and child pornography, to black masses and ritual killings of animals and thousands of people every year. In the McMartin case they talked about children washed away when the perpetrator pulled the toilet chain taking them to hidden rooms where they would be molested; orgies in carwash business, and even flying witches. Needless to say, no forensic evidence was found to support such claims.

After the legal catastrophe that McMartin and several other cases represented, small children have not been questioned with the aggressive techniques that led them to fantasize so wildly. Nowadays there is no witch-hunting going on in the US, Britain or Australia caused by coercive techniques of fanatics that induce either false memories or outright lies (like Zirpolo's) to please therapist and parent. However, despite the consensus in sociology and criminology of the new century—that the SRA was a case of moral panic from which there is no forensic evidence—deMause did not change his mind. The work that describes his thinking more broadly, *The Emotional Life of Nations*, published in 2002 and translated to German, contains a brief passage where he still regards SRA as something real.

Revisiting Zweig

I do not regret having compared deMause with Newton in a previous chapter. In the days when deMause disappointed me I watched the film *The New World* starring Colin Farrell and Christopher Plummer. It bothered me greatly the myth of the noble savage when Farrell's voice in off says the following about an idyllic village of American Indians:

They are gentle, loving, faithful, lacking in all guile and trickery. The words denoting lying, deceit, greed, envy, slander, and forgiveness have never been heard. They have no jealousy, no sense of possession. Real, what I thought a dream.

At that moment Farrell plays with a few naked, happy Indian children outdoors. Of course, the historic reality was not so bucolic. Remember the photo of the little Indian boy swaddled by their parents in this book? This was a very common practice among those tribes. I felt Hollywood's falsifying of reality so insulting that I left the theatre. Psychohistory also made me reconcile with Spain after almost a lifetime of hating her because of the conservative culture of my father, which had hurt me so much as a boy. I owe much to deMause for having awakened me to the fact that the earlier Amerindian culture was incomparably more brutal, both for children and for adults.

Isaac Newton is the paradigm par excellence of scientific genius. He invented calculus, discovered the law of gravity, enumerated the laws of motion and showed that light is a mixture of colours. His findings not only revolutionized physics but also finally cracked down the pedestal on which Europe had Aristotle. Europe discovered her genius in Newton: a psychoclass comparable to that of the best Greek minds began to evolve in the 17th century.

The self-esteem that the European scientific mind recovered after Newton is difficult to overestimate. But very few know that after his third year of life Isaac's mother abandoned him to the house of the grandmother: something that borders on what deMause calls the 'abandoning mode' of childrearing. Newton's biographers know that the child suffered this betrayal greatly. In order to burn his agony, in his early twenties he turned his mind into science. At twenty-six Newton had already discovered all of

the mentioned above and even more. However, since at that time there were no survivor forums to vent the anger he felt for his mother and stepfather, Newton suffered a severe depression.

When he recovered he lost his mind: he dedicated the rest of his life to alchemy and fundamentalist theology. His manuscripts on these topics sum millions of words: incomparably more than the *Principia Mathematica* that Newton had written in his youth. He collected a hundred and fifty books on alchemy and tried to turn metal into gold. Newton ‘always believed in a personal God—nothing like the God of Spinoza—; in the literal narrative of Adam and Eve, the existence of the devil and in hell.’ From this fundamentalist point of view Newton estimated the age of the world in some 3,500 years before his age and invested a huge amount of time to interpret the books of Daniel and the Revelation of John. He thought he had cracked the cipher of both books just as he had deciphered the laws of planetary motion. ‘It is sad,’ writes Martin Gardner, ‘to envision the discoveries in mathematics and physics Newton might have made if his great intellect had not been diverted by such bizarre speculations.’ When Newton died, it was found in his body large amounts of mercury: a poisoning resulting from his alchemical experiments.

However, the difference between Newton and deMause is considerable. Unlike Newton, deMause blended his brilliant *Principia* to his lunatic *Alchimia* under the same covers. DeMause’s major works where he did not collaborate with other authors, *Foundations of Psychohistory*, *The Emotional Life of Nations* and *The Origins of War in Child Abuse* are a mixture of historical science with pseudoscience; unprecedented discoveries about the history of the human soul with gross lunacies. Like Newton, deMause was terribly abused as a child. On page 136 of his journal, in the Fall 2007 issue he confesses that when his father beat him with a razor strap, as a way to escape he hallucinated that he floated to the ceiling. And on the first page of *Foundations* deMause writes: ‘I, like Hitler, have been a beaten, frightened child and a resentful youth. I recognize him in myself, and with some courage can feel in my own guts the terrors he felt...’ The key phrase in this passage is ‘some courage,’ not the full courage that I now discharge across my books. After that line of *Foundations* deMause’s soul disappears and his theories *à la* Newton appear: his brilliant insights eye to eye with his string of nonsensical claims.

From the point of view of the psychogenesis that he himself discovered, deMause's main error is the error of psychoanalysts. Losing his mind was due to the fact that he failed to delve deeper into the wounds of his inner self. DeMause's work, inspired by political sociology and analytical treatises, worships the intellect at the expense of autobiographical insight. One objective of this work [*Hojas Susurrantes*] is to break away from this intellectual limitation and un-confessional, academic literature.

Half a century before the publication of Julian Jayne's book, Stefan Zweig wrote in *Adepts in Self-Portraiture* that when Western literature began with Hesiod and Heraclitus it was still poetry, and of the inevitability of a decline in the mythopoetic talent of Greece when a more Aristotelian thought evolved. As compensation for this loss, says Zweig, modern man obtained with the novel an approach to a science of the mind. But the novel genre does not represent the ultimate degree of self-knowledge:

Autobiography is the hardest of all forms of literary art. Why, then, do new aspirants, generation after generation, try to solve this almost insoluble problem?

[For a] honest autobiography [...] he must have a combination of qualities which will hardly be found once in a million instances. To expect perfect sincerity in self-portraiture would be as absurd as to expect absolute justice, freedom, and perfection here on earth. No doubt the pseudo-confession, as Goethe called it, confession under the rose, in the diaphanous veil of novel or poem, is much easier, and is often far more convincing from the artistic point of view, than an account with no assumption of reserve. Autobiography, precisely because it requires, not truth alone, but naked truth, demands from the artist an act of peculiar heroism; for the autobiographer must play the traitor to himself.

Only a ripe artist, one thoroughly acquainted with the workings of the mind, can be successful here. This is why psychological self-portraiture has appeared so late among the arts, belonging exclusively to our own days and those yet to come. Man had to discover continents, to fathom his seas, to learn his language, before he could turn his gaze inward to explore the universe of his soul. Classical antiquity had as yet no inkling of these mysterious paths. Caesar and Plutarch, the ancients who describe themselves, are content to deal with

facts, with circumstantial happenings, and never dream of showing more than the surface of their hearts. [...]

Many centuries were to pass before Rousseau (that remarkable man who was a pioneer in so many fields) was to draw a self-portrait for its own sake, and was to be amazed and startled at the novelty of his enterprise. Stendhal, Hebbel, Kierkegaard, Tolstoy, Amiel, the intrepid Hans Jaeger, have disclosed unsuspected realms of self-knowledge by self-portraiture. Their successors, provided with more delicate implements of research, will be able to penetrate stratum by stratum, room by room, farther and yet farther into our new universe, into the depths of the human mind.

This long quote explains why I decided to devise a hybrid genre between the self-portraiture that betrays the author and penetrates beyond the strata pondered by Romantic autobiographers, while, at the same time, presents a unified field for the findings of Alice Miller and Lloyd deMause.

Playing the fool

So far I have focused my criticism on the crank aspects of Lloyd's legacy. In the remainder of the chapter I will discuss, in addition to the psychohistorians' crackpot ideas, their moral faults.

It is not apparent that Lloyd has read Tom Szasz or other very well-known critics of Sigmund Freud. This is fundamental for a true psychohistory. As we saw in the discussion of Ark, there are two camps in depth psychology: the deniers of the after-effects of psychological trauma who can be traced back to Freud, and those who recognize it, led by Alice Miller.

Unlike Ark, deMause never broke completely away from his psychoanalytic roots. The logo of his website has the symbol of a globe on an analyst's couch, and the written presentation of the International Psychohistorical Association mentions the pioneering work of Freud, Reich and Fromm, informing us that psychohistorians come from many fields, including psychoanalysis and psychiatry. It is true that deMause is anything but an orthodox psychoanalyst, but it is extremely annoying that he mentions Freud while ignoring the amount of criticism that has been written about him. As we have seen [*I refer to a chapter in Hojas Susurrantes*], Freud took sides with the parents against their children, while deMause presents himself to his readers as a defender of children.

The lack of the most basic knowledge about the critics of Freudism makes deMause write about claims that have been abandoned. For example, Freud's vision of Leonardo da Vinci has been refuted long ago. On page 173 of *Foundations of Psychobiography* deMause candidly mentions the Freudian study of da Vinci as if the ongoing refutations had never been published. It is important to mention that when deMause was going to graduate, in his youthful infatuation with psychoanalysis he wanted to insert Freudian ideas in his doctorate of political science. It is understandable that his tutors at Columbia University prevented it. DeMause never obtained his doctorate. Many years later, in the article 'The Universality of Incest' deMause even sided Freud against Alice Miller and the most articulate critic of Freud, Jeffrey Masson. Since after 1897 Freud dismissed his original discovery, that some parents sexually abused their daughters, deMause's position is contradictory.

DeMause's moral errors are even more worrying when we see his stance on contemporary child psychiatry. How appropriate to quote the key passages of my correspondence with him. In one of my e-mails of March 2006, I wrote:

In your country the psychiatrists hired by the parents are abusing millions of children and teenagers. Even before the advent of drugs in the 20th-century psychiatry had routinely tortured children on behalf of their parents. My quest for your back issues [of the *Journal of Psychobiography*] has to do with something that very much puzzles me. Have you or the journal contributors exposed this kind of traumatogenic mode of childrearing [*i.e., child psychiatry*]?

DeMause, who over the years has answered almost all of my e-mails, did not answer this one. Three days later I wrote him again:

I don't want to press you on a point that you seem reluctant to discuss. I just want to thank you for your work, which I believe will prove to be the most significant in the study of history.

Playing the fool, deMause replied:

I just don't know anything about what psychiatrists do to patients. I'm not a psychiatrist. Sorry.

'Patients' is Newspeak for sane children in conflict with their parents. I gathered from deMause's response that no article about the crimes committed by psychiatry with children and adolescents had been published in his journal [*the sort of crimes reported in my second book of Hojas Susurrantes*].

The funny thing is that we could easily use deMause's statements against him. He had written: 'Every childrearing practice in traditional societies around the globe betrays a profound lack of empathy toward one's children,' and a couple of pages later he gives an example: 'The use of opium on infants goes back to ancient Egypt, where the Ebers papyrus tells parents: "It acts at once".' But this is precisely what psychotropic drugs like Ritalin do to children not in the distant and exotic Egypt, but in the city where deMause lives!

When I realized that deMause was not going to read the literature on the psychiatric abuse of children that I recommended in another of my e-mails, I knew that sooner or later I would have to publish a critique. And incidentally: the page 166 of *The Emotional Life* deMause swallows the pseudoscientific propaganda that depression is due to a lack of serotonin. Similarly, the psychohistorian Robert Godwin wrote in one of his articles that some people need to ingest psychoactive drugs; and Henry Ebel commended Melanie Klein, the notorious analyst who blamed infants for projections from their parents, as Jeffrey Masson and Alice Miller have so cogently argued.

At the left of Chomsky

In *Foundations of Psychobistory* deMause wrote:

Our conclusion is that Jimmy Carter—for reasons rooted both in his own personality and in the powerful emotional demands of American fantasy—is very likely to lead us into a new war by 1979.

This is a pretty crazy statement. *Foundations* was published in 1982. Having had the opportunity to mature the lesson given to him by history, deMause did not retract when his prophecy about Carter, who left the White House in 1981 behaving like a dove before the Iranian crisis, was not fulfilled. What is this: publishing in all seriousness a prophecy refuted by history? It exposes a man completely trapped in his own theory. Also, in *The Emotional Life of*

Nations deMause blinded himself before the threat that Cuba and the Soviet Union represented during the missile crisis. Without taking seriously the threat of nuclear annihilation that these missiles posed to his own country, deMause psychoanalyzed Kennedy's actions as a case that he unravelled: a psychological reductionism as kooky as what his disciple Madeleine wrote about Cortés.

DeMause went back to his old ways in his latest book, *The Origins of War in Child Abuse*, first published in his journal, where he psychoanalyzes the 1835-1836 war that his country waged against Mexico to annex the territory of Texas. He also interprets with his bizarre theories the US intervention in the two world wars and continues to speculate on those lines about the wars in Korea and Vietnam.

But his followers surpass him. The Fall 2007 issue of the *Journal of Psychobistory* published an article by Robert McFarland in which the author endorses the most lunatic theories that the US government orchestrated the attacks of September 11, and in the Spring 2008 issue Matt Everett uses quite a few pages of the journal to continue to promote the conspiratorial paranoia. This continued in the *Journal of Psychobistory* of Spring 2009 and in a book review of the Fall issue of that year. His journal is located at the left of Noam Chomsky, who at least has had enough sanity to dismiss conspiracy theories such as September/11. In short, deMause reduces all international politics to fantastic speculations. No wonder that after the initial success of the one of his books free of nonsense—*The History of Childhood*, published in 1974, that sold thousands of copies in several languages—, the wrong turn deMause and his followers took has disappointed the vast majority of his readers, so much so that in a 2010 audio interview deMause acknowledges: 'I dropped from 6,000 to 800 subscribers of my journal.' But of deMause's colleagues among whom, I suppose, many are Jews, there is something much more sinister than all that.

The psychobistorians and the hatred of the West

It is striking that, except the articles by deMause himself, many articles in the *Journal of Psychobistory* have little if anything to do with the original psychohistory. As I said, the original psychohistory tells us that non-Western cultures are more barbarous than ours. Conversely, the *Journal of Psychobistory* of

Winter of 2009 contains an article by Arno Gruen praising the Pawnee Indians without mentioning how they treat children (Gruen even talks of ‘the white invasion’). The Summer 2009 issue of the journal published a much worse article, ‘The European-American psychosis’ by Frederick Hickling: a diatribe against the West and the white people. From the perspective called transcultural psychiatry, Hickling calls the war of Cortés in Mexico as ‘delusion of genocidal eradication’ ignoring that extermination was never the intention of the Spanish, proof that pure whites are now a tiny minority in Mexico. (Hickling misspells the name of the conqueror, a very common error in those ignorant of the topic, as ‘Cortez.’) But he does quote Bartolomé de Las Casas accepting the blackest interpretation of the Black Legend: that the Spanish murdered millions of Indians on purpose. Hickling thus minimizes the real cause of the diminution of the native population in the 16th century: the epidemics upon which the natives had no antibodies. The Europe of that century was called ‘the racist European formation,’ and using inflammatory rhetoric Hickling writes of ‘the European ruthless viciousness to indigenous people in the Americas and in Polynesia,’ and calls the European wars in the New World in the 17th century ‘the delusion of White Supremacy.’ And he says something similar about the wars of the 18th and 19th centuries, with expressions like ‘colossal theft of Africa by Europe.’ Writing about contemporary Islamic terrorists, Hickling puts quotation marks to the word ‘terrorists,’ and he quotes Marxist revolutionary Frantz Fanon as he writes of ‘freedom fighters.’ Hickling, a professor of psychiatry in Jamaica, goes so far as to suggest that it is possible to apply the concept of delusion ‘to a race or civilization’ as a whole, referring to the white race and Western civilization.

Hickling is not alone. The same 2009 issue of *Journal of Psychobiology* contains the article ‘Some Thoughts on Psychoclasses and Zeitgeist.’ Christian Lackner, one of the two authors of the article, translated into German deMause’s *The Emotional Life of Nations*. Following the most progressive political trends the article by Lackner and Juha Siltala welcome the European Union and praise the profile of the new European psychoclass of males as ‘androgynes’ (sic) for whom war is old history. The gem of the article is that it ends by conceding that ‘the demographic picture’ with such androgynous males must result in that ‘the population of

Europe will eventually die out' without having it for something bad, or a demographic suicide against which we must fight.

DeMause and his little journal have reached their nadir with this issue: pure evil. These pair of articles are not the only of their kind. Other issues of the *Journal of Psychobistory* idealize the black Obama, and what is worse, the journal does not say a word about the dangers that the growing Islamization of Europe represent for what they themselves, the psychohistorians, call the 'helping mode of childrearing.' Alarmed, when I was living in Europe, I sent deMause an e-mail asking what he thought of the Islamization of Scandinavia. He answered me once more by playing the imbecile, saying that Nordics 'are helping their children.'

The sin against the holy ghost

The migration of Muslims into Europe in recent decades illustrates what is an encounter of psychoclasses. Instead of the chosen example—the encounter between Europeans and Amerindians—the ongoing clash of psychoclasses with the millions of immigrants could have been the paradigm of this book.

But the Islamization of Europe in the 21st century is only the most conspicuous tip of the iceberg. The current group fantasy among westerners is genocidal self-hatred. Demography is destiny. But the West has lost its appetite for life, as seen in the ever-shrinking birth-rates of whites. At this rate there will be no replacement for the white people in the coming generations. Westerners do not believe anymore in they ethnicity; in heterosexual marriage, or in their civilization as they still believed when my parents were young. An overreaction against the two great wars appears to have metamorphosed them into pods, as in the movie of the 1950s *Invasion of the Body Snatchers*. Their most unforgivable sin has been their handing over their lands to millions of non-Caucasian immigrants.

Massive Third World migration into the United States, Europe and Australia, promoted by Western governments, is the highest betrayal to one's own people ever perpetrated in history. While the scenario might remind us the hostile takeover of Rome by a Levantine cult, it is infinitely worse. Constantine may have surrendered the empire to the bishops, dragging it straight into the Middle Ages, but no explicit anti-white exterminationist program

was implemented by him and his successors; the program was implicit. In contrast, in the West of today massive numbers of non-whites are being imported at the same time with the demographic decline of the native population: an explicit, anti-white exterminationist program.

This is the most important issue of anything we can imagine: even more important than the child advocacy understood in terms of all races, the theme of this book. If Hyperboreans disappeared, my thirst to fight in the resulting mongrelized culture would die out. It would be a Neanderthalesque regression from my most cherished ideals. Think of the most beautiful female specimens of the Aryan race, for example the painting Lady Violet on the cover of *The Fair Race's Darkest Hour*. What whites are doing to themselves is the real sin against the holy spirit of life: placing the very crown of evolution on the path to extinction.

Just as in the past the infanticidal psychoclass sacrificed their children in times of great prosperity, a phenomenon that deMause has called 'growth panic,' a mad generation—including deMause's—, indoctrinated in anti-white racism, sacrifices the future of their children; their grandchildren, and their great-grandchildren... Large numbers of abortions and intercourse with condoms or pills—and mixing their blood with non-whites!—can only mean that an ethnic group is committing suicide. Westerners have decided to erase their history, culture, identity and what is most valuable: their genetic capital.

Such self-destruct *ethos* reminds me the determined campaign of destruction that, in my family, my mother led when she fell seized with panic before her thriving teenager. Like my parents with me in our beloved home of Palenque [*the subject of my other books*], reaching the height of its prosperity the West succumbs to unconscious forces turned into a monster which aetiology nobody seems to know, not even the readers of Alice Miller, let alone the psychohistorians.

WHAT IS REDEEMABLE IN PSYCHOHISTORY?

The best introduction to the sane side of the deMausean thought available on the internet appears in the third part of the book *The Emotional Life of Nations*, especially in the final chapters: 'The Evolution of Childrearing' and 'The Evolution of Psyche and Society.' However, even in the following pages, where I would like to spare the salvageable part of deMause's legacy, I will continue the criticism of his psychohistory.

Pseudoscientific charts

DeMause likes to interpolate ever-ascending charts on the historical treatment of children in his books, and even once he wrote that primitive humans treated their children better than our ape ancestors. I do not think that is true. The most terrible form of interactions between parents and children is the ritual sacrifice and cannibalism of one's own children: a level of cruelty that has not been observed in primates other than man. Also, deMause assumes a gradual improvement in child treatment from 460 AD to approximately 1100 AD: an impossibility if we consider that we have no childrearing data around 8th century Europe. This mistake does not invalidate the salvageable part of deMause's model: only the dogmatic idea that the treatment of children was always from worst to least bad.

In *The History of Childhood* deMause writes: 'The image of Medea hovers over childhood in antiquity.' But in post-Homeric Greece it was already unusual to kill grown-up children as Medea did. The insistence on denigrating the Classical World is derived from the deMause's dogma that childcare has always gone from worse to less bad, from major to minor abuse: the eternal upward charts in deMausean psychohistory. The prolific Jewish psychohistorian Robert Godwin, for example, emphatically dispatches the Greco-Roman world as barbarian in terms of upbringing. Once again: regarding the Jewish narrative versus the

Aryan, in the next chapters we will see who were really the most barbaric.

One of the things that piqued my interest when I first encountered psychohistory was the secularized Judeo-Christian spirit breathed in it. DeMause and Godwin seem to reject the vision of the Enlightenment: to consider the Middle Ages darker than the most lucid moments of Greece and Rome. In contrast to deMause's claims it does not seem likely at all that the Middle Ages was better as childrearing methods are concerned, or that Christendom was better compared to Pericles' Athens or Republican Rome. In my own version of psychohistory, the Athenians should have treated the children well enough to allow the explosion of arts, philosophies and politics that we have inherited. However, due to the tenet that 'the further back in history one goes, the lower the level of child care,' deMause has blinded himself to see the obvious. True, an archaic ritual performed at Knossos by the non-Aryan natives included the cooking and eating of children as part of the fertility celebration (see the history on the white race by William Pierce in *Who We Are*). But as Ramón Xirau writes at the beginning of his *Introducción a la Historia de la Filosofía*, the Greece that we know is great precisely because it gave up such practices: something I've always related to the Hebrew story of Abraham, who at the last moment changed his mind as to sacrifice his child. The veracity of Xirau's opening paragraph can be substantiated in the final chapter of the most erudite contemporary study on the subject, *Human Sacrifice in Ancient Greece* by Dennis Hughes. To the Greeks of the time of Plato and Theophrastus, says Hughes, human sacrifice was a thing of the past; what was left in their time were isolated cases 'and the custom is particularly associated with non-Greeks.'

Not only does the classical world refute deMause. Julian Jaynes, the author of the book that could be classified as a different kind of psychohistory, implied that the cruel Assyrian law contrasted sharply with the Code of Hammurabi, written six centuries *earlier*. However, deMause might not err in his assessment of the West from the 12th century AD onward. One of my most memorable readings, based on the captivating television series by Kenneth Clark, was the second chapter of *Civilisation* about the 'The Great Thaw' of Europe at the beginning of the 12th century, as well as the next chapter on courtly love: the West had invented love. The thaw was nothing other than the beginning to treat

European women better than what non-westerners did in the rest of the world; hence the treatment of these women to their children changed. From the late 13th century begins the historical record of the death penalty in cases of voluntary infanticide. In addition to their relatively high IQ, psychogenically speaking the people of Europe would evolve more than the rest of the world.

But the white man of the present is suffering the worst psychosis in the history of the West. When by the end of 2008 I called deMause's attention on the issue of the betrayal that the white man inflicts on himself with mass migration, I realized he knew nothing about the subject. This has led me to think that his chart that appears in his texts about the evolving historic personalities is flawed. DeMause puts there as inferior the psychoclass that has as its model the 'patriotic' man compared to the 'activist.' The truth is that patriots are precisely the ones who defend their nations against the greatest evil of our times: race replacement. Unlike the ivory tower where both deMause and the academics live, it appears that the recent Western self-treason represents the most serious, plummeting drop in psychogenesis since prehistory.

The case of deMause is aggravated by his Jewish colleagues who abhor not only the Classical World but the West in general: a position that has infected and corrupted his school of psychohistory since its inception. I have not been able to corroborate that deMause himself comes from a Jewish family, although the names he gave to his children, as well as his extreme aversion for the Third Reich, would seem to suggest it.

Shoddy scholarship

DeMause's mistakes do not end with the discussion in previous pages. Since he sometimes uses his sources very loosely, the possibility exists that his psychohistory could consist of assumptions based on little, if any, evidence. I have found that occasionally deMause takes his data out of context, and that some of his pronouncements on subjects I know better contain serious errors. (For example, instead of the Mexica patron god, Huitzilopochtli, in his books he writes of him as an 'Aztec goddess.') Although such errors do not invalidate his theory, deMause could have used his sources more carefully.

So far the only interesting discussion about psychohistory I am aware of can be read in several discussion pages of Wikipedia. After Ark insulted the editors of the article mentioned above, he returned for a brief time to edit and discuss in the article 'Infanticide.' In the discussion page Julie Hofmann Kemp, the editor whom Ark had insulted, responded to him and the other Wikipedia editors in a reasonable manner:

Problems with this. You're using shoddy scholarship to try to back up an unprovable claim. DeMause provides no analysis or discussion of his sources, merely a catalogue of horrific quotes. We cannot tell the context, nor can we take them as representative.

What Julie told Ark next is more substantial:

Anybody can go through books and pick out quotes to make an argument. Since deMause's work is criminally lax in scholarship, I suggest you try to use better sources. I just reread 'A Modest Proposal,' and could see absolutely nothing that referred to rotting corpses of babies in the streets. The only reference was to children accompanying their mothers begging. This certainly makes me question the veracity of other statements in this article.

Ark angrily replied that she could not accept the reality of infanticide because it was very uncomfortable for her. Julie responded:

No, Ark—I am fully aware that we live in a society where people do horrible things to children. I am also aware that this has long been the case. There are plenty of records out there for at least the Victorian area on things like the treatment of children in workhouses, and they clearly indicate widespread abuse of minors and women. I removed what I did [from the Wikipedia article] because I reread Swift and the deMause article you used as sources. Unfortunately, there seems to have been a lot of stuff quoted out of context. Some of the sources, like Philippe Ariès, I've read. If you want things to stay unchallenged, you've got to make sure they have recognizable merit. This is why I think we need to look beyond deMause. DeMause is only one of thousands of people writing on child abuse and infanticide. As a historian, I can see great gaping holes in deMause's use of sources. It doesn't make him wrong, but it certainly sets off warning

bells—if the scholarship doesn't stand up, then are the conclusions he draws really proven?

After further critical responses from other editors, quite reasonable and civic, Ark quit editing Wikipedia, and this time definitely, on my birthday of 2002. I agree that the way deMause has used the sources lacks academic rigor. However, if as Julie and others advised, it could be possible to source deMause's model with non-deMausean references, the psychohistorical structure would be supported upon a new sort of column.

That is exactly what I did. In March and April of 2008 I massively edited 'Infanticide,' the same article where years before Julie and Ark had discussed, adding a hundred references that I did not read in deMausean texts, but in a voluminous treatise of Larry S. Milner published in 2000. The model of the breakdown of the bicameral mind by surpassing the infanticidal psychoclass, is the cornerstone on which rests what remained of the psychohistorical building after my critique. Therefore, I will reproduce here what I added to that article, which I also translated for Wikipedia in Spanish. In my second book the critique of psychiatry contained such incredible facts that, unlike the other books, I was forced to include bibliographical notes. For the same reasons here I will do the same.

THE INFANTICIDAL PSYCHOCLASS: REFERENCES

Wikipedia has the problem that many of its editors and administrators are either white traitors to the West or Jews like those of deMause's journal. Although some scholars contribute to editing it, there is always an anti-westerner who censures the passages opposing the anti-white zeitgeist. For example, regarding the articles on infanticide I edited in 2008, a couple of Australian administrators from the English Wikipedia abused their powers. Not only did they eliminate most of the section on Australia within the article 'Infanticide.' They went so far as to erase, from that online encyclopaedia, an entire article that another editor had started. This last article focused on expanding the subject of the infanticide committed by aboriginal Australians. (Part of what was censored by Wikipedia is covered in this chapter, in the section on Australia.) Almost a decade later I learned that, since the 1970s, it has been a common practice in that continent to censor studies on infanticide, insofar as the aborigines have been idealized. Rewriting the history of the natives by vaporizing, in Stalin's style, part of the collective memory of a nation misinforms visitors to the encyclopaedia. But not all Wikipedia editors have behaved like that pair of administrators, so zealous in idealizing the natives in their country. In the archived Wikipedia talk page of Psychohistory, Loren Cobb said:

In my view, the psychohistory of Lloyd deMause is indeed a notable approach to history, in the sense in which Wikipedia uses the term 'notability.' I am not personally involved in psychohistory—I am a mathematical sociologist—but here are some thoughts for your consideration.

Psychohistory as put forth by deMause and his many followers attempts to explain the pattern of changes in the incidence of child abuse in history. This is a perfectly respectable and non-fringe domain of scientific research. They argue that the incidence was much higher in the past, and that

there has been an irregular history of improvement. This is a hypothesis that could just as easily have been framed by an epidemiologist as a psychologist. DeMause proposes a theory that society has gone through a series of stages in its treatment and discipline of children.

Again, this is well within the bounds of social science. None of these questions are pseudoscientific. Even the Centers for Disease Control in Atlanta, a bastion of scientific epidemiology, is interested in these kinds of hypotheses.¹

I exchanged a few e-mails with Cobb, who like me is very critical of the psychoanalytic tail in deMausean legacy, and his position piqued my interest.

This chapter summarizes the data collected in the first exhaustive study on infanticide: a book by Larry Milner, *Hardness of Heart*, published in the last year of the 20th century. That so many researchers have produced astronomical figures on the extent of infanticide moves me to think that Milner's initiative to devote ten years of his life researching the topic should be undertaken by others. Only then can we be sure if such large numbers are accurate.

Joseph Birdsell believes in infanticide rates of 15-50 percent of the total number of births in prehistoric times.² Laila Williamson estimated a lower rate ranging from 15-20 percent.³ Both believe that high rates of infanticide persisted until the development of agriculture.⁴ Some comparative anthropologists have estimated that 50 percent of female newborn babies were killed by their parents in the Palaeolithic.⁵ These figures appear over and over in the research of other scholars.

Palaeolithic and Neolithic

Decapitated skeletons of hominid children have been found with evidence of cannibalism. Neanderthal man performed ritual sacrifices of children. As shown in the bas-reliefs of a Laussel cave, a menstruating goddess is appeased only by the sacrifice of infants.⁶

Marvin Harris, the creator of the anthropological movement called cultural materialism, estimated that in the Stone Age up to 23-50 percent of new-borns were put to death. However, Harris conceived a rational explanation. In his book *Cannibals and Kings: Origins of Cultures*, published in 1977, he says that the goal was to preserve the population growth to 0.001 percent. This

explanation of more ‘civilized’ cavemen than us has not been taken seriously among other scholars. But the renowned geneticist James Neel surpasses him. Through a retroactive model to study the customs of contemporary Yanomami Indians he estimated that in prehistoric times the infanticidal rate was 15-20 percent. However, Neel wrote: ‘I find it increasingly difficult to see in the recent reproductive history of the civilized world a greater respect for the quality of human existence than was manifested by our remote “primitive” ancestors.’ Ark would have scoffed at this claim. The fact that Neel published such praise for the infanticidal cavemen in *Science*,⁷ one of the most prestigious scientific journals, shows the levels of psychogenic regression that we suffer in our times.

Ancient World

As we have seen, the sacrifice of children was much more common in the Ancient World than in present times. Three thousand bones of young children, with evidence of sacrificial rituals, have been found in Sardinia. Infants were offered to the Babylonian goddess Ishtar. Pelasgians offered a sacrifice of every tenth child during difficult times. Syrians sacrificed children to Jupiter and Juno. Many remains of children have been found in Gezer excavations with signs of sacrifice. Child skeletons with the marks of sacrifice have been found also in Egypt dating 950-720 B.C. In Carthage ‘[child] sacrifice in the ancient world reached its infamous zenith.’⁸ Besides the Carthaginians, other Phoenicians, and the Canaanites, Moabites and Sepharvites offered their first-born as a sacrifice to their gods.

Carthage. Charred bones of thousands of infants have been found in Carthaginian archaeological sites in modern times. One such area harboured as many as 20,000 burial urns. It is estimated that child sacrifice was practiced for centuries in the region. Plutarch (ca. 46-120 AD) mentions the practice, as do Tertullian, Orosius, Diodorus Siculus and Philo. The Hebrew Bible also mentions what appears to be child sacrifice practiced at a place called the Tophet (from the Hebrew *taph* or *toph*, to burn) by the Canaanites, ancestors of the Carthaginians, and by some Israelites. Writing in the 3rd century B.C., Kleitarchos, one of the historians of Alexander the Great, described that the infants rolled into the flaming pit. Diodorus Siculus wrote that babies were roasted to

death inside the burning pit of the god Baal Hamon, a bronze statue.⁹

Greece and Rome. In the Persian mythology of Zoroastrianism, at birth some children are devoured by their parents: a fable reminiscent of Cronus. Rhea hid Zeus and presented a stone wrapped in strips, which Cronus took as a swaddled baby and ate it. Cronus represents the archaic Hellas.

The historical Greeks considered barbarous the practice of adult and child sacrifice.¹⁰ It is interesting to note how conquerors like Alexander are diminished under the new psychohistorical perspective. If we give credence to the assertion that Thebes, the largest city in the region of Boeotia, had lower rates of exposure than other Greek cities, its destruction by Alexander was a fatal blow to the advanced psychoclass in Greece. A few centuries later, between 150 and 50 B.C. an Alexandrian Jew wrote *Wisdom of Solomon*, which contains a diatribe against the Canaanites whom he calls perpetrators of 'ruthless murders of their children.' (Note how the biblical classics, the 16th-century chroniclers, and the 19th-century anthropologists wield value judgments, something banned in an academy under the shadow of Franz Boas.)

In *The Histories* Polybius was already complaining in the 2nd century B.C. that parents severely inhibited reproduction, and by the 1st century there were several thinkers who spoke out against the exposure of babies. Epictetus wondered 'A sheep does not abandon its own offspring, nor a wolf; and yet does a man abandon his?' In the Preface we saw that in the same century Philo was the first philosopher to speak out against exposure.¹¹

'The greatest respect is owed to a child,' wrote Juvenal, born in 55 AD. His contemporary Josephus, a Romanized Jew, also condemned exposure. And in *Heroides*, an elegiac poem that he wrote before his exile, Ovid asked, 'What did the child commit, in so few hours of life?' However, two centuries after Augustus, in times of Constantine Rome struggled with a decreased population due to exposure. The legend of Romulus and Remus is also revealing: two brothers had been exposed to die but a she-wolf saved them. Romulus forced the Romans to bring up all males and the first female and forbade killing them after a certain age. As Rhea saving his son Zeus, this legend portrays the psychogenic landmark of classical culture compared with other cultures of the Ancient World. But even so, exposure was practiced. A letter from

a Roman citizen to his wife, dating from 1 B.C., demonstrates the casual nature with which infanticide was often viewed:

Know that I am still in Alexandria. [...] I ask and beg you to take good care of our baby son, and as soon as I received payment I shall send it up to you. If you are delivered, if it is a boy, keep it, if a girl, discard it.¹²

In some periods of Roman history it was traditional for a newborn to be brought to the *pater familias*, the family patriarch, who would then decide whether the child was to be kept and raised, or left to death by exposure. The Twelve Tablets of Roman law obliged him to put to death a child that was visibly deformed. Infanticide became a capital offense in Roman law in 374 AD but offenders were rarely if ever prosecuted.¹³

Hebrew people. Although the Bible says many Hebrews sacrificed their children to pagan gods, Judaism prohibits infanticide (I will approach the subject of the recent studies on the Israelites in the last chapter). Tacitus recorded that the Jews ‘regard it as a crime to kill any late-born children.’¹⁴ Josephus, whose works give an important insight into first-century Judaism, wrote that God ‘forbids women to cause abortion of what is begotten, or to destroy it afterward.’¹⁵

Pagan European tribes. John Boswell believed that in ancient Germanic tribes unwanted children were exposed, usually in the forest. ‘It was the custom of the pagans that if they wanted to kill a son or daughter, they would be killed before they had been given any food.’¹⁶ In the most influential archaeological book of the 19th century, *Prehistoric Times*, John Lubbock invented the terms Palaeolithic and Neolithic. He described that burnt bones indicated the practice of child sacrifice in pagan Britain.¹⁷

The Christian Era

Something goes completely unnoticed for the modern mind. In a world plagued by sacrifices like the Old World, the innocent son has to die ordered by his father: a well-known practice. It is impossible to understand the psychoclass that gave rise to Christianity by overlooking this reality converted into a powerful symbol. This is true despite, as I have stated in the previous pages, that forms of upbringing should have suffered, in general terms, a regression throughout the Middle Ages. The

Teachings of the Apostles or *Didache* said: 'You shall not murder a child by abortion nor kill that which is born.'¹⁸ *The Epistle of Barnabas* stated an identical command.¹⁹ So widely accepted was this teaching in Christendom that apologists Tertullian, Athenagoras, Minucius Felix, Justin Martyr and Lactantius also maintained that exposing a baby to death was a wicked act. In 318 AD Constantine considered infanticide a crime but reinstated the practice of selling one's own children. The West took its time to consider criminal the late forms of infanticide. The author of the *Codex Theodosianus* complained in 322 AD:

We have learned that in provinces where there are shortages of food and lack of livelihood, parents are selling or pledging their children. Such an ignominious act is repugnant to our customs.

Towards 340 AD Lactantius argued that strangling newborns was sinful. Already within the historical period known as Christendom, infanticide was not officially banned in Roman criminal law until 374 AD when Valentinian I mandated to rear all children (exposing babies, especially girls, was still common). However, both exposure and child abandonment continued in Europe.

Middle Ages. The practice was so entrenched, as well as the sale of children, that it had been futile to decree the abolition of such customs. Until 500 AD it could not be said that a baby's life was secure. The Council of Constantinople declared that infanticide was a homicide, and in 589 AD the Third Council of Toledo took measures against the Spanish custom of killing their own children.²⁰ Whereas theologians and clerics preached to spare their lives, newborn abandonment continued as registered in both the literature record and in legal documents.²¹ More archaic forms of infanticide, such as sacrifice, were practiced by the Gauls, Celts and the Irish. 'They would kill their piteous wretched offspring with much wailing and peril, to pour their blood around Crom Cruaich,' a deity of pre-Christian Ireland.²² Unlike other European regions, in the Middle Ages the German mother had the right to expose the newborn.²³ In Gotland, Sweden, children were also sacrificed.²⁴ According to William Langer, exposure in the Middle Ages 'was practiced on a gigantic scale with absolute impunity, noticed by writers with most frigid indifference.'²⁵ By the end of the 12th century, notes Richard Trexler, Roman women threw their new-

borns into the Tiber River even in daylight.²⁶ In Russia, peasants sacrificed their sons and daughters to the pagan god Perun. Some residents of rural areas got rid of their babies by throwing them to the hogs. In Medieval Russia secular laws did not deal with what, for the church, was a crime.²⁷ The Svans killed the newborn females by filling their mouths with hot ashes. In Kamchatka, babies were killed and thrown to wild dogs.²⁸

The darkness of Europe would begin to fade in the 12th century. As explained above, the 'little Renaissance' of that century reminds me the famous series of Kenneth Clark, the first of its kind that showed us the personal view of an intellectual in a television series. Other cultures would be arrested in their ways of treatment of women and children.

China and Japan. The American explorer George Kennan noted that among the Koryaks, a Mongoloid people of north-eastern Siberia, infanticide was still common in the 19th century. One of the twins was always sacrificed.²⁹ Since the 17th century Jesuit missionaries had found thousands of babies, mostly women, abandoned on the streets of China. Marco Polo, the famed explorer, saw new-borns exposed in Manzi.³⁰ China's society promoted gendercide. The philosopher Han Fei Tzu, a member of the ruling aristocracy of the 3rd century B.C., who developed a school of law, wrote: 'As to children, a father and mother when they produce a boy congratulate one another, but when they produce a girl they put it to death.'³¹ Among the Hakka people, and in Yunnan, Anhwei, Szechwan, Jiangxi and Fukien a method of killing the baby was to put her into a bucket of cold water, which was called 'baby water.'³² Even before feudal Japan infanticide was performed. The common slang for infanticide was *mabiki* which means to pull plants from an overcrowded garden. It has been estimated that 40 percent of newborn babies were killed in Kyushu.³³ A typical method in Japan was smothering through wet paper on the baby's mouth and nose.³⁴ *Mabiki* persisted in the 19th and early 20th centuries.³⁵

India and Pakistan. Female infanticide of newborn girls was systematic in feudatory Rajputs in India. According to Firishta (approx. 1560-1620), as soon as a female child was born she was holding 'in one hand, and a knife in the other, that any person who wanted a wife might take her now, otherwise she was immediately put to death.'³⁶ The practice of female infanticide was also common

among the inhabitants of Kutch, Kehtri, Nagar, Gujarat, Miazed, Kalowries and also among the Sind in Pakistan.³⁷ It was not uncommon that parents threw a child to the crocodiles in the Ganges River as a sacrificial offering. The British colonists were unable to outlaw the custom until the beginnings of the 19th century.³⁸



Arabia and Islam. Female infanticide was common all over Arabia during pre-Islamic Arabia, especially by burying alive the newborn female.³⁹ Later it would be explicitly prohibited by the Koran: ‘And do not kill your children for fear of poverty; We give them sustenance and yourselves too; Surely to kill them is a great wrong.’⁴⁰ However, in spite of this emergent psychoclass, if compared with their infanticidal neighbours of the Arabian peninsula, the forms of childcare and the treatment of women in Islam would be stagnant for centuries.

Tribes

Infanticide in tribal societies was, and in some tribes still is, more frequent than infanticide in both Western and Eastern civilizations.

Africa. In this continent new-borns were killed because of fear that they were an evil omen or because they were considered unlucky. Twins were usually put to death in Arebo; as well as by the Nama Hottentots of South West Africa; in the Lake Victoria Nyanza region; by the Tswana in Portuguese East Africa; among the Ilso and Ibo people of Nigeria; and by the !Kung Bushmen of the Kalahari Desert.⁴¹ The Kikuyu, Kenya’s most populous ethnic group, practiced ritual killing of twins.⁴² Lucien Lévy-Brühl noted that, as a result of fearing a drought, if a baby was born feet first in British East Africa, she or he was smothered.⁴³ The Tswana people

did the same since they feared the newborn would bring ill fortune to the parents.⁴⁴ Similarly, William Sumner noted that the Vadshagga killed children whose upper incisors came first.⁴⁵ If a mother died in childbirth among the Ibo people of Nigeria, the newborn was buried alive. It suffered a similar fate if the father died.⁴⁶ In *The Child in Primitive Society*, Nathan Miller wrote in the 1920s that among the Kuni tribe every mother had killed at least one of her children.⁴⁷ Child sacrifice was practiced as late as 1929 in Zimbabwe, where a daughter of the tribal chief used to be sacrificed as a petition of rain.⁴⁸

Oceania and the Pacific Islands. Infanticide among the autochthon people in the Oceania islands is widespread. In some areas of the Fiji islands up to 50 percent of newborn infants were killed.⁴⁹ In the 19th-century Ugi, in the Solomon Islands almost 75 percent of the indigenous children had been brought from adjoining tribes due to the high incidence rate of infanticide, a unique feature of these tribal societies.⁵⁰ In another Solomon island, San Cristóbal, the firstborn was considered *abubweu* and often buried alive.⁵¹ As a rationale for their behaviour, some parents in British New Guinea complained: 'Girls [...] don't become warriors, and they don't stay to look for us in our old age.'⁵²

Australia. According to Bronislaw Malinowski, who wrote a book on indigenous Australians in the early 1960s, 'infanticide is practiced among all Australian natives.'⁵³ The practice has been reported in Tasmania, Western Australia, Central Australia, South Australia, in the Northern Territory, Queensland, New South Wales and Victoria. Anthropologist Géza Róheim wrote:

When the Yumu, Pindupi, Ngali, or Nambutji were hungry, they ate small children with neither ceremonial nor animistic motives. Among the southern tribes, the Matuntara, Mularatara, or Pitjentara, every second child was eaten in the belief that the strength of the first child would be doubled by such a procedure.⁵⁴

Family units usually consisted of three children. Brough Smyth, a 19th century researcher, estimated that in Victoria about 30 percent of the births resulted in infanticide.⁵⁵ Mildred Dickeman concurs that the figure is accurate in other Australia tribes as a result of a surplus of the birthrate.⁵⁶ Cannibalism was observed in Victoria at the beginning of the 20th century. The Wotjo tribe, as well as the tribes of the lower Murray River, sometimes killed a

newborn to feed an older sibling.⁵⁷ Thomas Robert Malthus said that, in the New South Wales region when the mother died sucking infants were buried alive with her.⁵⁸ In the Darling River region, infanticide was practiced 'by a blow on the back of the head, by strangling with a rope, or chocking with sand.'⁵⁹ In Queensland a tribal woman only could have children after the age of thirty. Otherwise babies would be killed.⁶⁰ The Australian Aranda tribes in the Northern Territory used the method of choking the newborn with coal, sand or kill her with a stick.⁶¹ According to James George Frazer, in the Beltana tribes in South Australia it was customary to kill the first-born.⁶² Twins were always killed by the Arrernte in central Australia.⁶³ In the Luritcha tribe occasional cannibalism of young children occurred.⁶⁴ Aram Yengoyan calculated that, in Western Australia, the Pitjandjara people killed 19 percent of their newborns.⁶⁵ In the 19th century the native Tasmanians were exterminated by the colonists, who regarded them as a degenerate race. Richard H. Davies (fl. 1830s-1887), a brother of Archdeacon Davies, wrote that Tasmanian 'females have been known to desert their infants for the sake of suckling the puppies,' which were later used for hunting.⁶⁶ Like other tribal Australians, when the mother died the child was buried as well.⁶⁷

Polynesia. In ancient Polynesian societies infanticide was fairly common.⁶⁸ Families were supposed to rear no more than two children. Writing about the natives Raymond Firth noted: 'If another child is born, it is buried in the earth and covered with stones.'⁶⁹ In Hawaii infanticide was a socially sanctioned practice before the Christian missions.⁷⁰ Infanticidal methods included strangling the children or, more frequently, burying them alive.⁷¹ Infanticide was quite intense in Tahiti.⁷² Methods included suffocation, neck breaking and strangulation.⁷³

North America. Infanticide and child sacrifice was practiced in the New World at times when in Western Europe it had been largely abandoned. There is no agreement about the actual estimates of the frequency of newborn female infanticide in the Eskimo population. Carmel Schrire mentions diverse studies ranging from 15-50 percent to 80 percent.⁷⁴ Polar Eskimos killed the child by throwing him or her into the sea.⁷⁵ There is even a legend in Eskimo folklore, 'The Unwanted Child,' where a mother throws her child into the fjord. The Yukon and the Mahlemuit tribes of Alaska exposed the female new-borns by stuffing their

mouths with grass before leaving them to die.⁷⁶ In Arctic Canada the Eskimos exposed their babies on the ice and left them to die.⁷⁷ Female Eskimo infanticide disappeared in the 1930s and 1940s after contact with the Western cultures of the South.⁷⁸ *The Handbook of North American Indians* reports infanticide and cannibalism among the Dene Indians and those of the Mackenzie Mountains.⁷⁹ In the Eastern Shoshone there was a scarcity of Indian women as a result of female infanticide.⁸⁰ For the Maidu Native Americans in the United States twins were so dangerous that they not only killed them, but the mother as well.⁸¹ In the region known today as southern Texas, the Mariame Indians practiced infanticide of females on a large scale. Wives had to be obtained from neighbouring groups.⁸²

South American tribes. Although data of infanticides among the indigenous people in South America is not as abundant as data from North America, the estimates seem to be similar. The Tapirapé indigenous people of Brazil allowed no more than three children per woman, and no more than two had to be of the same sex. If the rule was broken infanticide was practiced.⁸³ The people in the Bororo tribe killed all the new-borns that did not appear healthy enough. Infanticide is also documented in the case of the Korubo people in the Amazon.⁸⁴ While Capacocha sacrifice was practiced in the Peruvian large cities, child sacrifice in the pre-Columbian tribes of the region is less documented. However, even today studies on the Aymara Indians reveal high incidences of mortality among the newborn, especially female deaths, suggesting infanticide.⁸⁵ Infanticide among the Chaco in Paraguay was estimated as high as 50 percent of all new-borns in that tribe, who were usually buried.⁸⁶ The infanticidal custom had such roots among the Ayoreo in Bolivia and Paraguay that it persisted until the late 20th century.⁸⁷

Conclusion

As can be gathered from the above data, it is possible to support psychohistory's cornerstone, the idea of an infanticidal psychoclass, with sources other than those used by deMause. The main criticism of historian Julie Hofmann Kemp to the deMausean model has, therefore, been solved.

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NINE PERCENT?

At the beginning of our century some Amazonian tribes continue the practice as horribly as described above. With the advances in technology we can even watch videos on YouTube about such practices, like children being buried alive.

Let us remember the exclamation of Sahagún. The humble friar would have found it rather difficult to imagine that not only the ancient Mexicans, but all humanity had been seized by a passion for killing their little ones. Throughout his treatise on infanticide, Larry Milner mentioned several times that our species could have killed not millions, but billions of children since the emergence of *Homo sapiens*. At the beginning of his book Milner chose as the epigraph a quotation of Laila Williamson, an anthropologist at the American Museum of Natural History:

Infanticide has been practiced on every continent and by people on every level of cultural complexity, from hunter-gatherers to high civilizations, including our own ancestors. Rather than being an exception, then, it has been the rule.

Milner cowers in his book to avoid giving the impression that he openly condemns the parents. Before I distanced myself from deMause, in the *Journal of Psychobistory* of Autumn 2008 I published a critical essay-review of his treatise. My criticism aside, Milner's words about the even more serious cowardice among other scholars is worth quoting:

As for the research into general human behaviour, infanticide has been almost totally ignored. When acts of child-murder are referenced at all, they generally are passed off as some quirk or defective apparatus of an unusual place or time. Look in the index of almost all major social treatises and you will find only a rare reference to the presence of infanticide. [...] Yet, the importance of understanding the reasons for infanticide is borne out by its mathematical proportions. Since man first appeared on earth about 600,000 years ago, it has been calculated that about 77 billion human

babies have been born. If estimates of infanticide of 5-10 percent are true, then up to seven billion children [9 percent!] have been killed by their parents: a figure which should suffice as one of incredible importance.

Even assuming that this figure is contradicted by future studies, the anthropologist Glenn Hausfater would have agreed with Milner. In an August 1982 article of the *New York Times* about a conference of several specialists at the University of Cornell on animal and human infanticide, Hausfater said: 'Infanticide has not received much study because it's a repulsive subject. Many people regard it as reprehensible to even think about it...' In that same conference Sarah Blaffer Hrdy, a primatologist at Harvard said that infanticide occurs in all groups of evolved primates. Given the psychological limitations of academics, it is not surprising to see that the few who are not silent on the subject argue that the primary cause is economic. But the 'economic explanation' does not explain why infanticide occurred equally among both the rich and the poor, or why it had been so frequent and sometimes even more frequent in the most prosperous periods of Rome and Carthage. The same is true about those seeking explanations about the taboos, superstitions and customs of the peoples, or the stigma attached to children born out of wedlock. None of these factors explains infanticide for the simple reason that modern Western societies have had these features and refrain from practicing it. Marvin Harris's position is typical. Harris has calculated that among Palaeolithic hunters, up to 23-50 percent of infants were put to death, and postulated that female infanticide was a form of population control. His colleagues have criticized him as a typical proponent of 'environmental determinism.' If environmental determinism were true, there would have to be more sacrifice and infanticide today given the demographic explosion.

It is true that Milner fails to condemn the perpetrators. But despite his flaws, outlined in my 2008 review in deMause's journal, the information Milner collected under a single cover is so disturbing that it made me think: *What is really the human species?* I have no choice but to try to ponder the question by analysing one of the most horrendous forms of infanticide practiced over the centuries.

Historical Israel

In the past, the shadow of infanticide covered the world, but the Phoenicians and their biblical ancestors, the Canaanites, performed sacrifices that turn pale the Mesoamerican sacrifices of children.

The Tophet, located in the valley of Gehenna, was a place near Jerusalem where it is believed that children were burned alive to the god Moloch Baal. Later it became synonymous with hell, and the generic name 'tophet' would be transferred to the sacrificial site of the cemetery at Carthage and other Mediterranean cities like Motya, Tharros and Hadrumentum, where bones have been found of Carthaginian and Phoenician children.

According to a traditional reading of the Bible, stories of sacrifice by the Hebrews were relapses of the chosen people to pagan customs. Recent studies, such as Jon Levenson's *The Death and Resurrection of the Beloved Son: The Transformation of Child Sacrifice in Judaism and Christianity* have suggested that the ancient Hebrews did not differ much from the neighbouring towns but that they were typical examples of the Semitic peoples of Canaan. The cult of Yahweh was only gradually imposed in a group while the cult of Baal was still part of the fabric of the Hebrew-Canaanite culture. Such religion had not been a syncretistic custom that the most purist Hebrews rejected from their 'neighbour' Canaanites: it was part of their roots. For Israel Finkelstein, an Israeli archaeologist and academic, the writing of the book of Deuteronomy in the reign of Josiah was a milestone in the development and invention of Judaism. Josiah represents what I call one of the psychogenic mutants who firmly rejected the infanticidal psychoclass of their own people. Never mind that he and his aides had rewritten their nation's past by idealizing the epic of Israel. More important is that they make Yahweh say—who led the captivity of his people by the Assyrians—that it was a punishment for their idolatry: which includes the burning of children. The book of Josiah's scribes even promotes to conquer other peoples that, like the Hebrews, carried out such practices. 'The nations whom you go in to dispossess,' says the Deuteronomy, 'they even burn their sons and their daughters in the fire to their gods.' (12: 29-31). 'When you come into the land that the Lord is giving you, you shall not learn to

follow the abominable practices of those nations. There shall not be found among you anyone who burns his son or his daughter as an offering.' (18: 9-10).

This emergence, or jump to a higher psychoclass from the infanticidal, is also attested in other books of the Hebrew Bible. 'The men from Babylon made Succoth Benoth, the men from Cuthah made Nergal, and the men from Hamath made Ashima; the Avvites made Nibhaz and Tartak, and the Sepharvites burned their children in the fire as sacrifices to Adrammelech and Anammelech, the gods of Sepharvaim' (2 Kings: 17: 30-31). There were kings of Judah who committed these outrages with their children too. In the 8th century B.C. the thriving king Ahaz 'even sacrificed his son in the fire, following the detestable ways of the nations the Lord had driven out before the Israelites' (2 Kings 16: 1-3). Manasseh, one of the most successful kings of Judah, 'burnt his son in sacrifice' (21:6). The sacrificial site also flourished under Amon, the son of Manasseh. Fortunately it was destroyed during the reign of Josiah. Josiah also destroyed the sacrificial site of the Valley of Ben Hinnom 'so no one could use it to sacrifice his son or daughter in the fire to Molech' (23:10). Such destructions are like the destruction of Mesoamerican temples by the Spaniards, and for identical reasons.

Ezekiel, taken into exile to Babylon preached there to his people. He angrily chided them: 'And you took your sons and daughters whom you bore to me and sacrificed them as food to the idols. Was your prostitution not enough? You slaughtered my children and made them pass through the fire' (Ezekiel 16: 20-21). The prophet tells us that from the times when his people wandered in the desert they burned their children, adding: 'When you offer your gifts—making your sons pass through the fire—you continue to defile yourselves with all your idols to this day. Am I to let you inquire of me, O house of Israel? As surely as I live, declares the Lord, I will not let you inquire of me' (20:31). Other passages in Ezekiel that complain about his people's sins appear in 20: 23-26 and 23: 37-39. A secular though Jung-inspired way of seeing God is to conceive it as how the ego of an individual's superficial consciousness relates to the core of his own psyche: the Self. In Ezekiel's next diatribe against his people (16: 35-38) I can hear his inner *daimon*, the 'lord' of the man Ezekiel:

Therefore, you prostitute, hear the word of the Lord! This is what the Lord says: Because you poured out your lust and exposed your nakedness in your promiscuity with your lovers, and because of all your detestable idols, and because you gave them your children's blood in sacrifice, therefore I am going to gather all your lovers, with whom you found pleasure, those you loved as well as those you hated. I will gather them against you from all around and will strip you in front of them, and they will see all your nakedness. I will sentence you to the punishment of women who commit adultery and who shed blood; I will bring upon you the blood vengeance of my wrath and jealous anger.

When a 'prophet' (an individual who has made a leap to a higher psychoclass) maligned his inferiors, he received insults. Isaiah (57: 4-5) wrote:

Whom are you mocking? At whom do you sneer and stick out your tongue? Are you not a brood of rebels, the offspring of liars? You burn with lust among the oaks and under every spreading tree; you sacrifice your children in the ravines and under the overhanging crags.

The very psalmist complained that people sacrificed their children to idols. But what exactly were these sacrificial rites? The spoken tradition of what was to be collected in biblical texts centuries later complained that Solomon 'built a high place for Chemosh, the detestable god of Moab, and for Molech, the detestable god of the Ammonites,' and that his wives made offerings to these gods (1 Kings 11: 7-8). And even from the third book of the Torah we read the commandment: 'Do not give any of your children to be passed through the fire to Molech, for you must not profane the name of your God.' (Leviticus 18:21). A couple of pages later (20: 2-5) it says:

Say to the Israelites: 'Any Israelite or any alien living in Israel who sacrifices any of his children to Molech must be put to death. The people of the community are to stone him. I will set my face against that man and I will cut him off from his people; for by giving his children to Molech he has defiled my sanctuary and profaned my holy name. If the people of the community close their eyes when that man gives one of his children to Molech and they fail to put him to death, I will set my face against that man and his family and will cut off from

their people both him and all who follow him in prostituting themselves to Molech.’

Despite these admonitions, the influential anthropologist James Frazer interpreted some biblical passages as indicating that the god of the early Hebrews, unlike the emergent god quoted above, required sacrifices of children. After all, ‘God’ is but the projection of the Jungian Self from a human being at a given stage of the human theodicy. Unlike Milner, a Christian frightened by the idea, I do not see it impossible that the ancient Hebrews had emerged from the infanticidal psychoclass to a more emergent one. In ‘The Dying God,’ part three of *The Golden Bough*, Frazer draws our attention to these verses of Exodus (22: 29-30):

Do not hold back offerings from your granaries or your vats. You must give me the firstborn of your sons. Do the same with your cattle and your sheep. Let them stay with their mothers for seven days, but give them to me on the eighth day.

A similar passage can be read in Numbers (18: 14-15), and the following one (3: 11-13) seems especially revealing:

The Lord also said to Moses, ‘I have taken the Levites from among the Israelites in place of the first male offspring of every Israelite woman. The Levites are mine, for all the firstborn are mine. When I struck down all the firstborn in Egypt, I set apart for myself every firstborn in Israel, whether man or animal. They are to be mine. I am the Lord.’

The psychohistorian Howard Stein, who has written scholarly articles on Judaism since the mid-1970s, concludes in an article of 2009 that the gathered information suggests a particular interpretation. According to Stein, the substrate of fear for the slaughter ‘helps to explain the valency that the High Holiday have for millions of Jews worldwide,’ presumably echoes of very ancient happenings: actual sacrifices by the Hebrews.

In contrast to what the evangelicals were taught in Sunday school as children, Moses did not write the Torah—it was not written before the Persian period. In fact, the most sacred book of the Jews includes four different sources. Since the 17th-century thinkers such as Spinoza and Hobbes had researched the origins of the Pentateuch, and the consensus of contemporary studies is that the final edition is dated by the 5th century B.C. (the biblical Moses,

assuming he existed, would have lived in the 13th century B.C.). Taking into account the contradictions and inconsistencies in the Bible—for example, Isaiah, who belonged to a much more evolved psychoclass, even abhorred animal sacrifice—it should not surprise us that the first chapter of Leviticus consists only of animal sacrifices. The ‘Lord’ called them holocausts to be offered at the entrance of the Tent of Meeting. After killing, skinning and butchering the poor animal, the priest incinerates everything on the altar ‘as a burnt offering to the Lord; it is a pleasing aroma, a special gift presented to the Lord.’ A phrase that is repeated three times in that first chapter, it also appears in subsequent chapters and reminds me those words by Cortés to Charles V about the Mesoamerican sacrifices (‘They take many girls and boys and even adults, and in the presence of these idols they open their chests while they are still alive and take out their hearts and entrails and burn them before the idols, offering the smoke as the sacrifice.’) In the book of Exodus (34:20) even the emerging transition of child sacrifice to lamb sacrifice can be guessed in some passages, what gave rise to the legend of Abraham:

For the first foal of a donkey, they should give a lamb or a goat instead of the ass, but if you do not give, you break the neck of the donkey. You must also give an offering instead of each eldest child. And no one is to appear before me empty-handed.

Compared with other infanticidal peoples the projection of the demanding father had been identical, but the emergency to a less dissociated layer of the human psyche is clearly visible. As noted by Jaynes, the Bible is a treasure to keep track of the greatest psychogenic change in history. The Hebrews sacrificed their children just as other peoples, but eventually they would leave behind the barbaric practice. After captivity in the comparatively more civilized Babylon in 586 B.C., the Jews abandoned their practices. In his book *King Manasseh and Child Sacrifice: Biblical Distortions of Historical Realities*, published in 2004, Francesca Stavrakopoulou argues that child sacrifice was part of the worship of Yahweh, and that the practice was condemned only after the exile. Like their Christian successors, the Jews had sublimated their filicidal impulses in the Passover ritual. Each year they celebrate the liberation of their people and remember how Yahweh killed the

firstborn Egyptians: legendary resonance of the habit of killing one's eldest son.

But the biblical Moloch (in Hebrew without vowels, *mlk*), represented as a human figure with a bull's head was not only a Canaanite god. It also was a god of the descendants of the Canaanites, the Phoenicians. The founding myth of Moloch was similar to that of many other religions: sacrifices were compensation for a catastrophe from the beginning of time. Above I said that Plutarch, Tertullian, Orosius, Philo, Cleitarchus and Diodorus Siculus mentioned the practice of the burning children to Moloch in Carthage, but refrained from wielding the most disturbing details. Diodorus says that every child who was placed in the outstretched hands of Moloch fell through the open mouth of the heated bronze statue, into the fire. When at the beginning of the 3rd century B.C. Agathocles defeated Carthage the Carthaginians began to burn their children in a huge sacrifice as a tactical 'defence' before the enemy. The sources mention three hundred incinerated children. If I had made a career as a film director, I would feel obliged to visually show humanity its infamous past by filming the huge bronze statue, heated red-hot while the Greek troops besieged the city, gobbling child after child: who would be sliding to the bottom of the flaming chimney. In addition to Carthage, the worship of Moloch, whose ritual was held outdoors, was widespread in other Phoenician cities. He was widely worshiped in the Middle East and in the Punic cultures of the time, including several Semitic peoples and as far as the Etruscans. Various sacrificial tophets have been found in North Africa, Sicily, Sardinia, Malta, outside Tyre and at a temple of Amman.

Terracotta urns containing the cremated remains of children, discovered in 1817, have been photographed numerous times. However, since the late 1980s some Italian teachers began to question the historicity of the accounts of classical writers. Tunisian nationalists took advantage, including the president whose palace near the suburban sea is very close the ruins of the ancient city of Carthage. The Tunisian tourist guides even make foreigners believe that the Carthaginians did not perform sacrifices (something similar to what some ignorant Mexican tourist guides do in Chiapas). Traditional historians argue that the fact that the remains are from very young children suggests sacrifice, not cremation by natural death as alleged by the revisionists. The sacrificial interpretation of

Carthage is also suggested by the fact that, along with the children, there are charred remains of lambs (remember the biblical quote that an evolved Yahweh says that the slaughter of sheep was a barter for the firstborn). This suggests that some Carthaginians replaced animals in the sacrificial rite: data inconsistent with the revisionist theory that the tophet was a normal cemetery. Furthermore, the word *mlk* (Moloch) appears in many stelae as a dedication to this god. If they were simple burials, it would not make sense to find those stelae dedicated to the fire god: common graves are not inscribed as offerings to the gods. Finally, although classical writers were staunch enemies of the Carthaginians, historical violence is exerted by rejecting all their testimonies, from Alexander's time to the Common Era. The revisionism on Carthage has been a phenomenon that is not part of new archaeological discoveries, or newly discovered ancient texts. The revisionists simply put into question the veracity of the accounts of classical writers, and they try to rationalize the archaeological data by stressing our credulity to the breaking point. Brian Garnand, of the University of Chicago, concluded in his monograph on the Phoenician sacrifice that 'the distinguished scholars of the *ridimensionamento* [revisionism] have not proven their case.'

However, I must say that the revisionists do not bother me. What I cannot tolerate are those subjects who, while accepting the reality of the Carthaginian sacrifice, idealize it. On September 1, 1987 an article in the *New York Times*, 'Relics of Carthage Show Brutality Amid the Good Life' contains this nefarious phrase: 'Some scholars assert, the practice of infanticide helped produce Carthage's great wealth and its flowering of artistic achievement.' The memory of these sacrificed children has not really been vindicated even by present-day standards.

The Carthaginian tophet is the largest cemetery of humans, actually of boys and girls, ever discovered. After the Third Punic War Rome forced the Carthaginians to learn Latin, just as the Spanish imposed their language on the conquered Mexicans. Personally, what most alarms me is that there is evidence in the tophets of remains of tens of thousands of children sacrificed by fire over so many centuries. I cannot tremble more in imagining what would have been of our civilization had the Semitic Hannibal reached Rome.

Lately I've had contact with a child that a couple of days ago has turned six years old and who loves his mother very much. I confess that to imagine what a Carthaginian boy of the same age would have felt when his dear papa handed him over to the imposing bronze statue with a Bull's head; to imagine what he would have felt for such treachery as he writhed with infinite pain in the fired oven, moved me to write this last chapter. Although my parents did not physically kill me (only shattered my soul), every time I come across stories about sacrificed firstborns, it's hard not to touch my inner fibre.

In the final book of this work I'll go back my autobiography, and we shall see if after this grim findings mankind has the right to exist.

GOD

(Translated from a section in *¿Me Ayudarás?*)

As I said in *Hojas Susurrantes*, in California I suffered an internal persecutor: a Christian fear of damnation caused by my father's miserable introjects. On May 24, 1988, a few months after returning from California still carrying in my soul a legion of dementors, I dined with my parents in a restaurant [*I wasn't living with them*]. From the street, three days before I had seen the dry branches of my tree and I believed that the tree would die so, in penance, I shaved my beard the next day after having let them grow for a few months; the only time in life I let them grow.

Saint Augustine

Before telling what happened in the restaurant I must mention that throughout my childhood I lived under the shadow of the figure of St. Augustine; as I recall, the favourite saint of my father when we lived in San Lorenzo (as we know, Augustine's ideas had been one of my greatest dementors in California). At dinner with my parents, barely convalescing from the idea that tormented me, I jumped when (my mother?) mentioned the aforementioned saint. I exclaimed that Augustine had rationalized the eternal fire for unbaptized infants... More than convalescing, the psychic wounds of my family's religion were still open, though not as maddeningly as the suffering in California. My parents felt the vehemence of my words, but not my agony behind them. What my father answered deserves to leave a record and it is worth saying that I wrote it down not in my diary, but in a single sheet. (When planning this volume I had to order my correspondence, documents and loose sheets in dozens of labelled envelopes.) According to my notes, my father answered me:

—*Those [Augustine's views] are people's mistakes; human failures. I go to what Jesus says.*

When I answered that the Gospel of Matthew put Jesus talking about the gnashing of teeth of the damned, he said:

—*I do not see [emphasis in his voice] the anathemas of Jesus. I prefer to see the lilies and the birds; come and they will be given food, dressing be added.*

On my single sheet, the following day I addressed myself: ‘Where is the Augustinian father of San Lorenzo? I am reacting—my Epistle [*first book of Hojas Susurrantes*] and anti-Christianity—against a father and a mother who no longer exist!’

I wrote that, as I said, in 1988. Today, twenty-seven years later, the dementors still persecute me somehow, although in a very much attenuated way compared to my youth. What I want to get is that, if the perpetrator does not recognize his fault, the mental virus transferred to the adult child goes out of control. If my father had been like, say, my very Catholic friend Paulina (who almost daily goes to church), another would be my story. It is not enough to point out the beautiful verses of Matthew to counterbalance the threats of Jesus about Gehenna in that same gospel. It is necessary to recognize that one committed an outrage when ‘educating’ the son in the Christian doctrine of damnation. In one of her letters that she sent me to England by the end of the century, Paulina wrote to me: ‘Also, since you are not a believer, and you feel that *religion was the first reason for your father to crucify you* [my emphasis], you must hate religion. And I understand you. And for you it does not make sense to go to church, to say things you do not believe. And that also caused you harm (hell, torture, sadism).’

My father is not like my humble friend. In a dream I had my unconscious caricaturing him, putting in his mouth these words: ‘I am very Catholic because I only think of my salvation.’ To understand the parental egotism that affected me so much, the religious mechanism with which he defended himself from his early sufferings must be analysed.

God for Miller fans

When I returned from California in my twenty-ninth year, I was not only an extremely damaged young man but also extremely naive. I left in the television room [*of my parents’ house*] a number of books in English that I had brought in such a way that their covers wore the face of Jesus so that my father could see them. At that

time I still believed that it was possible to negotiate my father's faith with solid arguments.

Let us take into account that with the words of Jesus it 'sufficed him,' and what he would tell me during the confrontation of the crucifix [*recounted in a previous chapter*]: that the fact that the miracles were interwoven with the teachings of Jesus implied that the story was true. I arrived in Mexico in February 1988. By the end of 1989 I began to familiarize myself with the sceptical criticism of the allegations of the paranormal by writers whose magazine I subscribed to, *The Skeptical Inquirer*. It was thanks to these sceptics that I saw clearly that reasoning like those of my father was fallacious. For example, that the (supposed) goodness of the teachings of Jesus demonstrates the historicity of his miracles cannot be sustained. 'Logical systems get in trouble,' I paraphrase now from one of the articles in *The Skeptical Inquirer*, 'when they are forced to show their own logic to demonstrate its claims self-referentially.'

When on another occasion I confronted my father with what I had read in those books whose covers he saw, I argued that the killing of the innocents could not be historical, as the historian Josephus, who belonged to the Hebrew priestly caste, does not mention it. (This historian of the 1st century did not silence any of Herod's authentically historical cruelties.) My father got angry, but he did not answer my argument. While it is more reasonable to assume that the verses of Matthew and Luke about the killing of the innocents are literary fiction, by pure reason I would never get to communicate with him. However, the writers of the CSICOP (acronym of Committee for the Skeptical Investigation of Claims of the Paranormal), as this group was then called, had a great limitation. Those who helped me overcome my belief in the miraculous narrative did not reach the core of the problem: the defence mechanism. If my grandfather and the elementary school [*in the early 1930s*] had not tormented the child César [*my father*], the adult César would not have clung to the idea of a dad God with the impregnable faith that he did. For Alice Miller, a child whose childhood was lived in an atmosphere of respect is perfectly capable of developing his self without needing the idea of a personal God; preferring, instead, human models. The child destined to be my father could not develop his psyche with worldly

models. He had to project the parental luminous side onto the deity of the same religion that his parents taught him.

About five years before I wrote the Epistle [*ca. 1983*], my father had confessed something important that I picked up right there in the old epistle. He was in his youth completely devastated by something terrible that had happened to him, that he did not specify. He opened the gospels and, according to his words, saw the passage ‘Come blessed of my father...!’ If, for theists like my father, a kind Father has replaced the failed human father, we should not be surprised if they experience great fear upon discovering that this substitute Father also has a dark side. My father does not know English and he did not read what I brought from the United States, but from my Spanish books he borrowed without me knowing *Respuesta a Job* (*Answer to Job*) published in 1952 by Carl Jung, of which he told me ‘I read everything.’

At his late seventy-six years, the Swiss psychologist had dared to uncover the dark side of the God of Hebrews and Christians. The same year that I wrote the Epistle I wrote down in *Answer to Job* that my father had exclaimed: ‘A terrible book!’ with great emphasis on his voice when pronouncing ‘terrible.’ Jung’s essay had disturbed him so much that he had to read a pious text about Job to console himself. What Jung said about the Judeo-Christian deity is valuable to those who have entered the underworld whose door Miller opened. In May of 1991, three years after the anecdote recounted above, I noted down on the back cover of *Answer to Job*: ‘This is the only book I know of that does not criticize religion or Christians or the church: it criticizes God itself.’ I could not say it better today, almost a quarter of a century later. Later that year I noted down that Jung had tried to psychoanalyze God. Much later, in my rereading of 2005, I wrote down:

It is amazing how Miller-like this book can be if we only know the ABC of the mind that Jung did not know. Just replace ‘Yahweh’ with ‘father’ and ‘God’ with ‘mother’ and see what you find.

Read for example pages 25f (‘Who is this that darkens counsel by words without wisdom?’). They remind me of the conversation I had with my sister in 2000, the day of the cut tree, about dad: ‘And who are you to...?’ he said to my sister. And page 28 (‘Yahweh shows Job his omnipotence with so

many thunder and lightning’) seems to portray how he treated me in my last confrontation, in 2004 [*recounted in my book’s previous chapter*]. On page 31 Jung says what for a long time I have said: pride is the other side of infantilism.

Pride is the other side of infantilism. How many times have I told myself this when diagnosing my father! Almost at the beginning of his essay, Jung observes something that could be applied to my initiative to confront my father for what he did, citing the Bible: Job said ‘I desire to argue my case with God’ (Job, 13:3) and ‘I will defend my ways to his face’ (13, 15). Nice phrase, which could summarize what I have written in hundreds of pages: defend my ways before my parents and their witch doctors. Precisely as it was extremely naive of me to hope that whoever destroyed me could, at the same time, listen to my complaint, that same ingenuity had been committed by Job on another level. (Actually, on the same level if we consider that the theistic narrative is nothing but the internal struggle with the parental introjects.) In the context of the supposed goodness of Yahweh, observes Jung: ‘In a human being who renders us evil we cannot expect at the same time to find a helper,’ and already openly psychoanalyzing God he adds something that we could impute to either of my parents: ‘Such dependence on the object is absolute when the subject is totally lacking in self-reflection and therefore has no insight into himself.’ Like any toxic parent—I would say—, about our parental deities Jung writes: ‘But Yahweh is too unconscious to be “moral”. Morality presupposes conscience.’

What better indication that the idea of God is nothing but the projection of our unresolved, attachment system with our parents! (keep in mind Colin Ross’ class). From this angle, the idea of providence is a *parental shadow* insofar as it is so full of the dark side that we see ourselves in the need to project it outwards: something that Jung himself was afraid to say. Nevertheless, the Swiss dared to write: ‘...it was only to be expected that man, superior to God in certain aspects, should have remained unconscious’—unaware of the ultimate nature of the deity. The dissident disciple of Freud wrote the following in the text that scared dad: ‘Yahweh displays no compunction, remorse, or compassion, but only ruthlessness and brutality. The plea of unconsciousness is invalid, seeing that he flagrantly violates at least three of the commandments he himself gave out on Mount Sinai.’

This brings back to me the fact that my moral was founded on the moralistic tablets of my father. Recall the [1960s] anecdote of *Hojas Susurrantes* about the ‘instantaneous introject’ when a swarthy boy threw a stone at a helpless crab on the beach. Unfortunately, and parallel to how my father did not regret what he was doing to us, on the next page Jung writes: ‘...nor does it ever occur to Yahweh to give Job at least the moral satisfaction.’ And two pages ahead what he says seems to be a reflection of the mentioned speech to Germancito [*my nephew*], when my father blamed me for my sister’s behaviour: ‘Yahweh turns the tables on Job and blames him for what he himself does: man is not permitted to have an opinion about God.’

Shadow projected to the deity: ‘Parents should never be judged,’ my mother has told me several times. And it is that ‘Yahweh pays so little attention to the person of Job... that one cannot help but see how much he is occupied with himself,’ which brings back the penetrating observation of Pedro Martín Moreno and Scott Peck about evil. Later Jung speaks of ‘Yahweh’s fear of becoming conscious,’ which also brings back the fear of parents like mine to see their behaviour.

Truly, Yahweh can do all things and permits himself all things without batting an eyelid. With brazen countenance he can project his shadow side and remain unconscious at man’s expense...

Before, he [Job] had known Yahweh ‘by the hearing of the ear,’ but now he has got a taste of his reality, more so even than David—an incisive lesson that had better not be forgotten. Formerly he was naïve, dreaming perhaps of a ‘good’ God... that God would be faithful and true...



But, to his horror, he has discovered that Yahweh is not human but, in certain respects, less than human, that he is

just what Yahweh himself says of Leviathan: 'He is king over all proud beasts.'

The mistreated son by his father must not expect moral satisfaction from an intrinsically unconscious being. 'I, too, am an amoral force of Nature, a purely phenomenal force that cannot see its own back.' Job, the son at the complete mercy of the Father whose voice of thunder crushes him when he dared to confront him, becomes, secretly, judge of the divinity.

The author of *Answer to Job* closes the book's chapter with these words: 'The drama has been consummated for all eternity: Yahweh's dual nature has been revealed, and somebody or something has seen and registered this fact.'

DYING IN A LOUIS XVI-STYLE BEDROOM

(From the introduction to *El Grial*)

Men are the devils of the earth, and
animals are their tormented souls.

—Schopenhauer

At fifty-three, I received a surprise in what in *Hojas Susurrantes* I call the cursed house. Someone had left a box on the shelf outside the bathroom for visitors. When I opened it I saw something that amazed me. A divine little animal! He *looked* like a very young bunny but it was so beautiful and graceful that it *could not* be a rabbit, I told myself. It took me a long time to recognize that he *was really* a white bunny, but so otherworldly it seemed to me that I had difficulty in reconciling my two hemispheres: one telling me that it could only be a divine creature, and another telling me that it was a little rabbit that had come into the world not long ago.

Almost abandoned in a non-custodial box, it had been one among many gift bunnies to the kids at a birthday party that one of my irresponsible siblings had bought, the father of the celebrated child. Elsewhere I might tell how I came to interact with the creature, whom I would rescue from an uncertain destiny due to the pettiness of my family and the Mexicans in general. I had never interacted in such way with an animal before. In fact, I had never wanted to have a pet even though I did not get married and have no offspring. But seeing a being so helpless and at the mercy of the modified apes in my family moved me to adapt it. Elsewhere I may tell anecdotes, but the only thing I can add now is that, over time, the white rabbit would help me in my way out from the inverted world of Alice.

A little less than two and a half years later I would receive a great shock. *The Mirror* reported that four teenagers from Seaham in Durham, England, tortured and murdered Percy: a bunny who, in

the picture that can be seen online with the naked young people, seems identical to my pet; now, an adult rabbit. They tried to shave and rape Percy; set her on fire, tried to drown her and then threw her dying but still alive from the window. The human monsters, all white, even recorded on their cell phone what they did: a video that the owner of the bunny could not see when the police arrested the perpetrators; only a frozen image to identify it. The punishment for these criminals was negligible in today's Britain. I would have tortured them—exactly what they did to the rabbit—and then cast them out the window to let them die in agony lying on the ground (eye for an eye). In fact, if by a miracle of fate an extraterrestrial force had empowered me on my latest visit to the United Kingdom, I would have done it.

We must bear in mind that if the Anglo-Saxon demons had allowed Germany an empire from the Atlantic to the Urals, in the areas under the Nazi flag the torment of the animals would have been greatly reduced. Personally, I regard Hermann Göring one of my patron saints: and he should also be for those who long for a world free of this type of abuse. Let us not forget the 1933 caricature in which the freed animals—‘No more vivisection! No more experimentation with animals!’—salute their saviour Hermann.

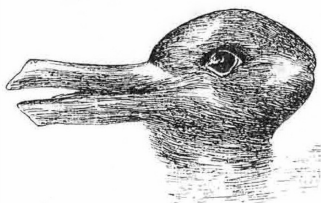


Unlike my beloved Nazis, in one of my blogs I spoke of what non-Nazis are capable of doing with defenceless animals. I mentioned fur coats factories in China where some mammals are skinned alive; farms in Mexico where they hang rabbits from their ears until they die, which has also happened in some Australian

farms. That and what they did to Percy pierced my soul. Her photograph in *The Mirror* shows her in a posture of serene confidence before the humans who would torture her: identical image to the postures of my own little bunny who, accustomed as Percy was to her benign owner, relaxes placidly in human presence. The betrayal of the universe that Percy had to experience before the change from her angelic owner to human devils must have been such that I caressed the idea of dedicating this volume to her memory.

Although what those damned humans did in Durham was condemned by other Englishmen, so-called normal people are not left behind. Humans whom I consider exterminable are able to pour concentrated solutions into laboratory rabbits, and to prevent them from closing their eyes, hold their eyelids with tongs. How many women ignore that their cosmetic products have been tested in this way... This happens today with the approval of society precisely because the Second World War was won by the wicked. Few know that from 1944 to 1947 the Soviets and the Americans, including Jews on both sides, practiced a real holocaust of Germans, the 'Hellstorm,' preventing among other things that the benign policies of Hermann, who had saved our mammals cousins in the very brief historical window that represented the Third Reich, were implemented in the West after the war.

Science philosopher Thomas Kuhn used the optical illusion of the duck-rabbit to show how a paradigm shift causes one to see the same information in a completely different way. If Westerners had not been brainwashed, instead of seeing a duck (the Nazis were bad) they would see a rabbit (actually they were the good guys). I noticed this psychological phenomenon in 1992 when I studied the so-called Faces of Bélmez in a small town in Andalusia. Originally I believed that the faces of Mrs. María Gómez Cámara's kitchen were a paranormal phenomenon until, once, seeing the face called 'La Pelona,' I made a change in my inner subjectivity. I experienced the sensation that the crude strokes of the face were the work of a human hand, debunking the parapsychological investigation in which I had placed my hopes. Perhaps in the future I will have a life to write the details of that adventure in Spain. Suffice it to say that the paradigm shift comes from the internal will. Following Kuhn's example, the volitional faculty of my mind stopped seeing a bird and discovered another small animal.



The same can happen in our inner eye as we transcend Christian and neo-Christian values to their National Socialist antithesis. Many white nationalists, mostly Christian theists and Neochristian atheists, are frightened by *The Turner Diaries*. Unlike William Pierce, with their stupid love for the modified apes they condemn other animals to a torture of millennia—as potentially the Aryans, who are extinguishing themselves, are capable of becoming Görings. For a truly integrated individual it is obvious that moral is putting a screeching stop to the sadism towards our cousins, and the only way to do this is to get rid of the human devils. A change from love to hatred towards sinful humanity—*great hatred* I mean: a hatred à la Yahweh in the mouth of Jeremiah—represents a paradigm shift.

Do you remember the quote from Arthur Clarke's *Childhood's End* that I included in the fifth and final book of *Hojas Susurrantes*? In this novel human beings are metamorphosed into a higher entity. I will quote one of those passages again. In the novel 'Karellen' was the leader of the extraterrestrial visitors, physically indistinguishable from the iconography of the devils:

'If you want a single proof of the essential—how shall I put it—*benevolence* of the Overlords, think of that cruelty-to-animals order which they made within a month of their arrival. If I had had any doubts about Karellen before, that banished them—even though that order has caused me more trouble than anything else he's ever done!'

That was scarcely an exaggeration, Stormgren thought. The whole incident had been an extraordinary one, the first revelation of the Overlords' hatred of cruelty. That, and their passion for justice and order, seemed to be the dominant emotions in their lives—as far as one could judge them by their actions.

And it was the only time Karellen had shown anger, or at least the appearance of anger. 'You may kill one another if

you wish,' the message had gone, 'and that is a matter between you and your own laws. But if you slay, except for food or in self-defence, the beasts that share your world with you—then you may be answerable to me.'

No one knew how comprehensive this ban was supposed to be, or what Karellen would do to enforce it. They had not long to wait.

The Plaza de Toros was full when the matadors and their attendants began their processional entry. Everything seemed normal; the brilliant sunlight blazed harshly on the traditional costumes, the great crowd greeted its favourites as it had a hundred times before. Yet here and there faces were turned anxiously towards the sky, to the aloof silver shape fifty kilometres above Madrid.

Then the picadors had taken up their places and the bull had come snorting out into the arena. The skinny horses, nostrils wide with terror, had wheeled in the sunlight and their riders forced them to meet their enemy. The first lance flashed—made contact—and at that moment came a sound that had never been heard on earth before.

It was the sound of ten thousand people screaming with the pain of the same wound—ten thousand people who, when they had recovered from the shock, found themselves completely unharmed. But that was the end of that bullfight, and indeed of all bullfighting, for the news spread rapidly.

Before I woke up to the real world and stopped diabolizing Hitler, *Childhood's End* had been my favourite book. Now I see that the devil Karellen, as Clarke painted him, was too magnanimous with humans. The mere fact that there are seedy slaughterhouses should move us to take more drastic measures than those of that character.

In Mexico the calves are enclosed in compartments so narrow that they cannot even turn inside the cage. As adults, farmers cut horns, castrate and mark with iron without anaesthesia. In trucks on the way to the slaughterhouses, the animals sometimes spend more than a day without food or drink, arriving thirsty and dizzy to the *Inferno*. The first thing the poor animal sees in the slaughterhouse is a Dantesque spectacle: puddles of blood and corpses skinned or torn from other cows; severed heads on the ground... She enters the first circles of hell in a state of panic. At the

seventh circle the blow that the slaughterer gives the cow's head does not always kill her. Sometimes this noble animal is only wounded, in a state of shock and with the deepest pain, wondering without language why the demons of Hell do what they do to her. Humans are so exterminable that they throw live pigs into a pond of boiling water so that the pain of the Gehenna fire causes the animal to release its hairs. (In Mexico people are fond of eating pork rind—a delicacy for my father by the way—and they dislike seeing hairs on it.) The Spaniards do not stay too far behind. They prepare the bull in a bullfight to make it less dangerous: they cut off the tips of the horns, they put Vaseline on his eyes to cloud his vision and an irritating solution on his legs so that the bull is always moving in the ring. (Long before they would have stuck a needle in his genitals to atrophy its growth.) They put tow in the nose to make it hard for him to breathe, they give him strong laxatives before the bullfight, and hit his loins and kidneys with sacks before he faces the bullfighter. And let's not talk about what can be seen on television at both sides of the Atlantic once the bull goes out to the arena.

Only until now can the strength of my unconscious be glimpsed during my dream in Madrid [*recounted also in the introduction to El Grial*]. If we pass the dream from the unconscious not only to consciousness but to super-consciousness, it means that most human beings should not exist. It is not enough that, according to the polls, most Spaniards of today do not care about bullfighting. The mere fact that they and other peoples are involved in the chain of cruelty to animals—whether using a feminine vanity product that was experimented in the eyes of a bunny or gobbling fried skin from a pig that had been submerged alive in boiling water—should be enough to arouse the exterminationist hatred of the saviour devil. Consider for example this passage from a comment by one J. Marone, who in 2005 reviewed for Amazon Books *Slaughterhouse: The Shocking Story of Greed, Neglect, and Inhuman Treatment Inside the US Meat Industry*:

Cows, pigs and chickens are taken through the slaughter house alive. Cows are often alive all the way through the line, this includes while they are getting their legs chopped off with cutters—imagine that... They do not stop the line for these inconveniences. The workers shove electric prods in

their rectums and eyes—deep into the sockets occasionally pulling out the eye to get them moving to the slaughter line.

After reading this I will never eat another piece of meat again. It is not my decision to make any other living thing suffer. *But I find it amazing that when you go to share this book, people don't want to know. They would rather stay ignorant and that in itself has shocked me tremendously.*

The italics in the last paragraph are mine and express why it is not enough for humans to claim ignorance, as almost every adult has heard what happens in the slaughterhouses.

When in my preparations to write this chapter I began to read what was happening in those places, I promised myself, like Marone, not to put again pieces of mammalian or bird carcasses into my mouth. I do not believe in the post-mortem survival of the soul. However, until one has stopped eating meat (or derivatives from tormented animals), a part of our soul remains unawakened. This goes back to what was stated in the previous pages, which expose the psychogenic evolution of man. If in childrearing the Spaniards represented a psychogenic quantum leap compared to the Amerindians who still ate the flesh of their children, a new leap means to develop, in our times, empathy towards our cousins of the animal kingdom. Unlike Hitler and the vegetarians at the top of the Nazi party most Aryans have not gone through that leap, not even neo-Nazis. It is enough to see the photographs of mammals in laboratory experiments that are carried out throughout North America and Europe to perceive that *the human being is truly a wicked species*. I will not incur the rudeness of adding those photographs in this text: a task I leave to my readers.

My exterminating fantasies would not seem unhealthy if we do another thought experiment. In *Dies Irae* I quoted a non-fiction book by Arthur Clarke where he talked about the 'judgment from the Stars' that earthlings could experience. If we imagine that in real life someone similar to a Karellen visited our planet, what is the first thing he would see from his distant silver ships, far above the human tingling? Urban spots. Industries that destroy the environment and, bringing his cameras closer, abject human misery and inconceivable suffering of the other species that share the planet with us. If, as in Clarke's novel, the visitor also possessed machines to open a visual window to the past to study the species, he would perceive that, besides the hell that the naked apes subject

their cousins, through history and prehistory they had behaved in an absolutely horrendous way with their own children. It does not hurt to summarize the revelations of the previous pages.

With his machines to literally *see* the human past this hypothetical extraterrestrial would be taken aghast by the magnitude of infanticide: nine percent of all human births. He would see thousands of young children slaughtered ritually, offered to the goddess of Babylon. He would see the infant sacrifices of the Pelasgians, the Syrians, the sacrifices in Gezer and in Egypt of the centuries that the earthlings call 10th to 8th before Christ. And let's not talk about what the visitor would see with his machines when focusing on the ancient Semites of Carthage, where the burning of living children ordered by their own parents reached levels that surpassed the exclamation of Sahagún. Something similar could be seen by our visitor about other Phoenicians, Canaanites, Moabites, Sepharvaim, and ancient Hebrews: who in their origins offered their firstborn as a sacrifice to their gods. With his magic to see our past, the alien visitor would learn that both the exposure and the abandonment of infants continued in Europe until a council took action against the custom of leaving the children to die in the open.

With technology based on unimaginable principles the visitor would also see much worse behaviour in the lands of coloured people: thousands of babies, mostly women, abandoned in the streets of ancient China, and how those babies that were not abandoned were put in cold water until they died. He would see how in feudal Japan the baby was suffocated with wet paper covering her nose and mouth; how infanticide was systematic in the feudal Rajputs in India, sometimes throwing the living children to the crocodiles; and how in pre-Islamic Arabia they buried alive not a few new-borns. The visitor would also see that the sub-Saharan inhabitants of Africa killed their children much more frequently than other races did. He would even see that the sacrifice of children in Zimbabwe was practiced as recently as the beginning of the century that the earthlings call the 20th century. The window to the past would also make visible the incredibly massive slaughter of infants among the natives of the countless islands of Oceania, New Guinea and even more so among the extremely primitive aborigines of Australia, Tasmania and Polynesia. He would realize that in the American tribes, including the redskins, infanticide continued at a time when the practice had been abandoned in Europe. The same

happened not only in Central American and South American tribes, but also in the civilizations prior to the Spanish conquest: where the ritual sacrifice of women and children suggests that they did it out of pure sadism. Finally, the visitor would see how, after the Conquest, the sacrificial institution of the Mesoamerican and Inca Indians was forbidden only to be transferred to the animals in the so-called *santería* in times when our visitor no longer has to use his devices to open the Complete Book of History and Prehistory of the species he studies.

It's clear where I want to go... If it is legitimate for this hypothetical extraterrestrial to remove from the face of the Earth a newly-arrived species whose haughtiness blinds them from seeing their evil ways, how can it be pathological for an earthling to arrive at identical conclusions? Just because, unlike the visitor, he lacks technological power? The sad truth is that the infanticidal passion and cruelty of primitive humans have not been atoned, only transferred to our cousins.

In *Dies Irae* I talked about the Star-Child. An eschatology from above would be a son of man who returned on the clouds with great power and glory to judge humanity, or, in the new version of the myth, a David Bowman in a sphere of light approaching Earth. But I, who am sceptical of both personal deities and intelligent civilizations in the Milky Way, could conceive, rather than an eschatology 'from above,' an eschatology 'from below.' I am referring to the intrapsychic evolution of a human being by developing an infinitely more intense empathy than that developed by the bulk of the modified apes (whom I call Neanderthals).

In other words, the rhetoric currently used by child and animal protectors in the West is just a first babbling of what we have in mind. Unlike the hypothetical Star-Child, the most fanatical animal protectors I have met do not even dare to see that, in addition to humans, there are other species that must be removed from the earth and its oceans. A Star-Child with mile-high empathy and powers would not tolerate, for example, the torture of hours that a pack of killer whales inflict on a whale calf by killing her to tear out her tongue. And the images of hyenas eating a small elephant alive—there are video recordings of how a member of the pack rips off the trunk from the small elephant—speak for themselves and we do not need to think much about how we would proceed.

Regardless of the cruelty of animals with animals, the hatred

that the metamorphosed human also feels towards the modified apes that surround him can be glimpsed in the following anecdote. Before visiting England with plans to emigrate I left my pet in the cursed house that, as we saw in the fifth book of *Hojas Susurrantes*, is virtually on a freeway that goes out to the Cuernavaca highway where trucks and cars are constantly passing, even in the wee hours of the morning. Seeing my bunny in a cultivated garden that is paradise for him, but wrapped in such noise, especially at night, I imagined, with powers à la Bowman, eliminating each and every one of the Mexicans who drive through that stretch of the road in order to avoid the background roar for the little animal. Such a fantasy would not seem far-fetched if, in the new tablets of the law, we value the naked apes negatively; and noble species of animals, like some lagomorph mammals, positively regardless of the relative size of their brains or sophistication of their culture. It does not matter that to cleanse the freeway from humans it is necessary to eliminate millions of Mexicans, since literally millions are taking that road. The interests of a *single* bunny trump the interests of *millions* of humans, insofar as the modified apes are valued on the negative side of our scale.

Except for a few nymphs as beautiful as Catalina residing here (see the cover of *The Fair Race's Darkest Hour*) no one else from the inhabitants of this city is worthy. Of Criollo men, for example, I know exactly no one with honour or true nobility of the soul. In an article that the author himself requested to be removed from *The Occidental Observer*, Farnham O'Reilly stated that Mexico City needs to be razed and transformed into a memorial atonement park dedicated to Nature. I would add that the sum of millions of modified apes in this city does not give a positive just because they are millions. It gives a great negative. In contrast, a single modified dinosaur (contemporary bird) or a lagomorph, however modest and discreet his life, is a small positive. The arithmetic with which the Star-Child judges the species of the Earth, including the primates, has little to do with the standards about the positive or the negative in the eyes of the latter. A world of cultivated forests turned into an Arcadia, and Percys that will never be molested again by monsters, is what the Earth shall inherit. It cannot be more significant that my most important works to date, *Hojas Susurrantes* and this one that I begin to write, are dedicated to nonhumans: a tree and a bunny.

In the final chapter of *Childhood's End* the metamorphosed

children eliminated all forms of animal and plant life except theirs. I do not think it is necessary to go that far. In the laws of the universe there is an Aristotelian golden mean between the apocalyptic children of the end and the law of the jungle that the naked apes currently impose. The mean lies in populating the planet with an archipelago of Elysian islands. Twenty-nine-year-old Clarke beautifully described this place with his prose: the city of Lys in his first novella, *Against the Fall of Night*, where, in addition to the forests and some animals, an evolved form of human being is allowed—a human in which empathy prevails and the original sin is a thing of the past. But let's get down from the heights of Clarkean science-fiction and get back to the real world.

The monastic orders brought by the Spanish crown alongside the soldiery, including some mendicant orders that protected the natives, did not represent genuine empathy. The 16th century Spain was Don Quixote, and these orders represented a counterproductive version of empathy or compassion for those who suffer. What the Franciscans, the Dominicans, the Augustinians, and eventually the Jesuits did in the Americas was quixotic folly: to conceive the naturals as souls to be saved. In the islands of the Caribbean and Tasmania the Europeans would exterminate the natives but not having exterminated them in the American continent meant that, throughout the Colonial period, the natives displaced their sadism with their children (as we have seen) towards the animals. If, instead of catechizing them, they had been cornered, as the Americans did on this part of the continent, the New Spaniard psychoclass of the Americas would have reflected the Iberian psychoclass without the tinges of Mesoamerican sadism. The social engineering of the Counter-Reformation was the great culprit that a mestizo cruelty between Spanish bullfighting and the Amerindian sacrificial passion was born in this enormous part of the continent.

In this book [*I refer to my book in Spanish*] we will analyse the stubborn infatuation of my father for a Dominican who protected the Amerindians and who, with his jeremiads, originated the Black Legend against Spain. At the moment suffice it to say that the bases of my feelings towards humanity are already in these pages. *Hojas Susurrantes* was like the tunnel in which Dave suddenly found himself: a vortex of coloured lights where, terrified, he travelled at great speed across vast distances of space, seeing bizarre

cosmological phenomena and strange landscapes of unusual colours. But *Hojas* ends before the final metamorphosis: before the new Odysseus discovered himself as middle-aged in a bedroom designed in the style of Louis XVI; progressively seeing later versions of himself and, finally, a very old man lying in a bed.

My complete autobiography will explain how, due to the evil in my family and society, without extraterrestrial agency in the form of a black monolith at the foot of the bed of an agonizing centenary, I underwent an inner metamorphosis and now I return to hate humanity as much as the Star-Child.

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