

# DAYBREAK

César Tort

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Maxfield Parrish  
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In Spanish:

***De Jesús a Hitler:***

*Hojas Susurrantes*

*¿Me Ayudarás...?*

*El Grial*

In English:

*The Fair Race's Darkest Hour*

*Day of Wrath*

*On Exterminationism*

*Christianity's Criminal History*

*Letter to mom Medusa*

*On Beth's Cute Tits*

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The enemy today is the U.S. Government itself and it is, by every standard of measure, the most evil thing that has ever existed on earth.

— James Mason

Murka is done, it is finished. It is a thermodynamic, spiritual, and cultural wasteland. Except for its obedient pooch, Israel, it does not have a friend in the world. It spirals towards its Puritanical, Evangelical-New Zionist, preordained destiny. It has been hot-wired for ontological decadence since 1776.

Empty of spirit and culture, undergone a lobotomy of racial memory by the scalpel of popular culture, the Jewnited States of Murka is a done deal. Amerika has not been a nation since at least 1865. There is no ‘America’. There is only the ethno-racial Melting Pot of its chosen destiny: to become New Zion.

— Sebastian Ronin

White nationalism is an impossible chimera between National Socialism and Americanism.

— the author

## Preface

I am the author of the essays collected here. They have all been edited for publication in this anthology and they appear in the chronological order in which, unedited, they were added as blog entries from October 2006 to August 2020 on my website *The West's Darkest Hour* (WDH).<sup>1</sup> I wrote them in English as my second language and have now used DeepL Translator to correct the syntax for this book. Another anthology I compiled, *The Fair Race's Darkest Hour*, collects essays by *other* authors, also published on WDH. *The Fair Race* represents a paradigm shift in white advocacy, and I recommend reading it before this book, which takes for granted much of what is already covered in *The Fair Race*.

White nationalists are wrong in their diagnosis by blaming only Jewry as if whites were not responsible for their decline. The true diagnosis of the West's decline is Christianity, or rather, Christian ethics. In short, Christian ethics plus the false and lying narrative about National Socialist Germany is a lethal cocktail for the Aryan mind. The transvaluation of Christian values plus the truth about Hitler's Germany means the liberation of the Aryan psyche.

Unfortunately, there are no true apostates from Christianity among Westerners, not even atheists. Their sense of guilt and so-called human rights are ultimately Christian ethical mandates in secularised form. Not wanting to see this—and the last essay includes a critique of Kevin MacDonald for this blindness—means that the pro-white movement is in its infancy.

In Europe, the situation is even worse, since after the Second World War all racism was banished by the American *Diktat*, and without a European First Amendment, even anonymous bloggers have not been free to dissent in Europe, Canada, Australia

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<sup>1</sup> <https://westsdarkesthour.com>

and New Zealand. So we have no choice but to continue to focus on American racialists.

There is a lot of doublethink in believing oneself to be anti-Semite or Jew-wise and still be living by the precepts for gentile consumption that a Jew wrote in the New Testament (see, for example, ‘Romulus and Jesus’ in this anthology). Moreover, none of the major figures in the current American movement proposes armed revolution as in the novel *The Turner Diaries* as the only way out. The pacifism of white nationalism is a consequence of the fact that those who promote it have been unable to break with the American way of life. The current generation of whites on both sides of the Atlantic, feminised to the core, is the perfect antithesis of the Spartans, Republican Romans, Vikings and National Socialists we studied in *The Fair Race*.

Here I include translations from my magnum opus, *De Jesús a Hitler* (‘Eschatology: the cult I left’, ‘From the Great Confinement to chemical Gulag’ and ‘Introjection’). Although four essays are more or less five thousand words long, most of the articles were originally short blog posts. Three of the long essays, including the first two, are not about race or Christian issues. One thing that surprises me about dissident voices is that almost none of them realise that psychiatry has no scientific basis (see e.g., ‘On depression’). I include those long essays because it is important that white men also wake up to non-racial issues. The first article is about the risks of falling into cults, as happened to me after my parents abused me at home. As far as short articles are concerned, which are the majority, if someone wishes to give a book critical of American white nationalism to a friend—albeit critical from the point of view of National Socialism—*this* is your book.

Only the Aryan has the potential to achieve divinity, as can be seen in the cover image, *Daybreak* by Maxfield Parrish, which is also the image I have chosen for *WDH*. The moment when the white man sees the religion of our fathers as responsible for the West’s darkest hour will represent the breaking of dawn: an era that was Adolf Hitler’s dream.

César Tort  
September, 2022

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# Daybreak



## Eschatology: The cult I left

‘Obviously, the greatest tragedy that can happen to Christian Scientists occurs when they die of a curable disease after postponing a consultation with a medical doctor. A more subtle kind of tragedy afflicts believers who, after not being healed by faith, assume that the failure is a defect in themselves’.

—Martin Gardner

On August 9, 1985, I arrived at midnight at San Francisco International Airport from Mexico City. I was alone and waiting for the immigration officer, who was interviewing another young man. When the officer finally approached me, he inspected all the belongings in my luggage. I was surprised that he was friendly and let me easily leave for the city as a tourist. I had fooled him: I planned to become an immigrant.

I said to myself excitedly:

*They don't know what they're doing! They don't know what they're doing! They have no idea of the threat I pose! Now the end of the world is coming...*

I believed I had the key to developing paranormal powers. I believed that those who developed such powers would force the *eschaton* on history; that we would break into human destiny to the point of completely transforming the world as in the novel *Childhood's End*.

How could such a bizarre idea enter my mind?

I had been indoctrinated into a cult called Eschatology. My plan was based on the expectation that I only needed to supplement the Eschatology training I received in my native country with parapsychological studies in American libraries and institutes.

But how did I fall prey to such a cult?

As a teenager, I was emotionally crushed by my parents and by a witch doctor they hired (see *Hojas Susurranes*, listed on the

third page of this book). Understandably, once the adolescent crisis was over, in a state of utter confusion I fell into a cult. Although I hoped it would save me, the cult harmed me even more. Since I believed that Eschatology would solve my problems, there was no longer any point in trying to pursue a career as a filmmaker: my childhood dream.

But instead of recounting my misadventures in Eschatology, I will rather talk about the kind of cult I fell into and how I escaped from it cognitively.

### *Mrs Eddy*

Mary Baker Eddy (1821-1910), a sensitive girl from New Hampshire, was probably abused like me at home. Mary became disturbed. The doctors who treated young Mary were as naïve as today's psychiatrists: they addressed the family problem with physical treatments. Mary rightly resented conventional medicine. The disruption caused by abusive parenting was profound. After marrying and being widowed early, Mary's life was shipwrecked for decades until she found refuge in a fatherly figure, Phineas Quimby, one of the typical American quacks who flourished in the 19th century inspired by Franz Mesmer. Like Mesmer, Quimby believed in the power of the mind and suggestion to treat illness. The meeting was crucial. Instead of physical methods, Quimby became interested in Mary as a person, and without explicit intention helped Mary transfigure her family's Calvinism into a more benign version of hell-less Christianity. Quimby sometimes used the term 'Christian science' for his quackery teachings, a term Mary Baker later appropriated to name the church she formed.

Without crediting Quimby as her mentor, in 1875 Mary Baker published the first edition of her textbook *Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures*. The following year she formed, with some of her followers, a partnership and in 1877, at the age of fifty-six, she married again, to Asa Gilbert Eddy. In 1879 Mary Baker Eddy officially founded a church, which by 1890 had four thousand followers. Since then the Established Church and its numerous churches grew exponentially. In 1895 a church was built in front of Central Park in New York, and in 1906 another huge church was built in Boston when Eddy was already eighty-five years old. Stefan Zweig wrote:

In twenty years out of a maze of metaphysical confusion she created a new method of healing; established a doctrine counting its adherents by the myriad, with colleges and periodicals of its own; appointed a Sanhedrin of preachers and priests; and won for herself private wealth amounting to three million dollars.

Zweig adds that not since Queen Elizabeth and Catherine of Russia had a woman achieved such a triumph over the world, nor lived to see on earth a monument to her rule as Mary Baker Eddy. Her followers were legion: hundreds of charlatans and dozens of minor sects with assorted names sprouted up all over the US: factions of apostates or expelled folk by the church. One of them was a young man, William Wilfred Walter (1869-1941).

### *William Walter*

Starting as a barber, Will Walter had to make a living at the age of seventeen in Aurora, Illinois. At the age of twenty-one he married Barbara Stenger and the couple had a son. In a cult it is difficult to get basic information about the founder, but one of the few biographical facts about Walter is that in his late twenties he got a job as a buyer in a department store. He initiated contact with the local Christian Science church after developing tuberculosis. Walter was unaware that spontaneous remission is not unusual in cases of pulmonary tuberculosis; he remained convinced that a church practitioner had cured him by purely psychic means. Thus he became a devout follower of the church and attained the position of 'first reader' (although officially there is no clergy in the church, the first reader is the equivalent of a Protestant pastor).

In 1912, Walter's revolutionary idea of God drove him away from the church. Or perhaps he was excommunicated. The information I have from eschatologists is contradictory. In any case, Walter accepted the title 'The Walter Method of Christian Science', which served his followers to distinguish the fledgling organisation from the mainstream church. He received correspondence from disillusioned Christian Scientists and claimed to cure his clients by mental means alone. In 1917 he taught his first class at home, but it was not until 1928 that he changed the name of his little movement to 'Eschatology'.

Except for its abandonment of theism, Eschatology shares almost all of the incredible doctrines of Christian Science, such as the belief that it is possible for advanced understanders to cure any disease, and even old age to the point of remaining in this world for centuries.



William Walter

But Eddy and Walter died at the common age of death. Walter died without having finished a series of pamphlets which he promised would number forty. In 1940 he wrote: 'This is booklet number thirty-one. The first of the fourth series of ten in the *Common Sense Series*'. But shortly after writing pamphlet number 34 death surprised him. On March 6, 1941, the *Aurora Beacon News*, the newspaper of the small town in which Walter spent most of his life, carried the story: 'William Walter Dies Suddenly in Florida Home'. The article specified that the house was Walter's 'Winter home', and that he had died 'of heart attack'. After his death the information I have is, once again, contradictory. Some say that the movement collapsed; others that Walter's wife passed the torch to Genevieve Rader. In any case, in the 1960s the organisation moved to California, where all sorts of New Age movements have flourished. In the 1970s, wealthy Mexican Mario Estrada, who studied with Rader, brought Walter's doctrines to Cuernavaca. Estrada was the teacher of Juan del Río, whom I met in Mexico City in 1977 through one of his sons.

Well, 1977 had been precisely the year my parents had conspired with a quack to control me through drugs that my mother stealthily poured into my meals. That criminal behaviour

could have destroyed my life and I escaped by the skin of my teeth. The abuse explains the state of confusion I was in at the time, and why I entered the world of Eschatology.

### *Walter's doctrine*

Although Christian Scientists are not very devoted to theism, Walter understood deity more or less like the later New Agers: he came to believe that every individual is God, something like democratising for humanity what Christians had been affirming about Jesus since an ancient council, the famous formula *Vere homo, vere Deus*. But Walter suffered terrible inner struggles to free himself from the theism that had been instilled in him in a large Catholic family in which he was the youngest of his siblings: an agony that reminds me of my religious agonies. Walter was able to overcome the parental introject by exorcising from his mind any belief in God as a personal being. In my opinion, chapter 14 of *The Sickle*, the first textbook of Eschatology, where Walter recounts his religious agony, is the only relevant chapter of *The Sickle* for non-eschatologists.

In Walter's worldview, Jesus of Nazareth, though he was the individual who best understood the Science of Life (called 'Eschatology' by Walter) and who best developed paranormal powers, was a man like any other man. Potentially everyone can develop extrasensory perception as Jesus read the thoughts of the Samaritan woman; and psychokinesis, mastery over the material world as Jesus healed people and walked on water. The 'Master Mind Jesus', Walter tells us, learned these powers from a long Hebrew tradition of the Science of Life scholars, as recorded in the Bible, though in a veiled form to hide the *psi* development formula from 'the evil-minded'. (In parapsychological literature psi means both extrasensory perception and psychokinesis). Walter wrote:

The so-called wonders wrought by Moses were done through his own understanding of the mental power; and therefore, they were not miracles, but the producing of mental phenomena through known methods. With the same amount of understanding they could be again reproduced in this age. The fact is that greater so-called wonders are now being produced by students of Mind.

Since not only Jesus but every human being is God incarnate, Walter deduced that the era in which humanity attains awareness of its divinity, and therefore of its potential powers, will come when his students understand—as Jesus and Walter understood—the Science of Life. When this happens, the consequences will be eschatological. In *The Sickle*, a title taken from a passage in the Book of Revelation, Walter tells us that after the publication of *The Sickle* will come the realisation of the application of mind-power, and with it the end of the age.

All these grandiloquent, if megalomaniacal, ideas of Walter and his followers infected the totally confused lad that I was, and explain my soliloquy at San Francisco International Airport. To understand my alienation I have no choice but to go into detail on the art of developing mental powers as taught by Walter.

### *The Law of Importunity*

In Eschatology there are three laws which Juan del Río (1923-2001) taught me and my companions from the first formal class we attended in December 1978: laws which I interpreted in a very practical way.

The first, the Law of Cause-Effect, tells us that given our divine nature we can create *ex nihilo* whatever we wish.

The second, the Law of Proportion, tells us what quality our thought must have to be ‘causal’: it must be an absolute feeling in the objective reality of our desire. Walter interpreted this as what Jesus was trying to say: ‘Therefore I tell you, whatever things you ask and pray for, believe that you have received them, and you shall have them’ (Mk. 11:24). The textbook illustration chosen by del Río was that of an apothecary’s scale. When one pan of the scales accumulates 51 per cent of our positive thoughts and feelings (‘believe that you have received them...’) the scales will tip to the bottom and the manifestation of our desire will be automatic (the opposite pan would represent the ‘appearances’ or ‘deceptive’ deficiencies in our life). Hence the name Proportion for this Law. But the real problem begins here. If we possess the capacity to cause (the First Law) and we know the quality that our thought must have to be causal—a deep conviction (the Second Law)—how can we arrive at that conviction?



The Third Law, the Law of Importunity, does the trick. According to the eschatologists, importunity means ‘to pray insistently and persistently until the mind yields’, that is, until the sum of thoughts generates a positive feeling beyond doubt. This is something Walter also deduces from the teachings of Jesus: the parable of the man and his neighbour at midnight who asks for some bread; the man replies that everyone is asleep but, because of the neighbour’s importunity, he wakes up and gives the neighbour what he wants (Lk. 11: 5-13). The idea is repeated in the metaphor of the widower who with great persistence pesters a judge for justice, a parable with the moral to ‘pray always without becoming weary’ (Lk. 18: 1-8). Walter interpreted the prayer of these verses not as a pledge to a non-existent personal God, but as the mental practice of the advanced student of the Science of Life. The way to reach the state of deep conviction (‘believe that you have received them!’) is a repetitive and troublesome mental exercise, an importunate praying to oneself which culminates in the feeling of conviction. Following the metaphor of the apothecary’s scales, through the importunate repetition of thoughts the individual mind accumulates the 51 per cent needed in the ‘right’ pan to tip the arm of the scales in our favour, i.e. to generate the feeling of conviction.

To illustrate how a connoisseur might use these three Laws, let us suppose he has lost a hand—say, as Jaime Lannister lost it in an episode of *Game of Thrones*—and wants it back.<sup>2</sup>

According to the First Law he can since his thought is causal and can create out of nothing. According to the Second Law, to achieve this you have to feel that you already have your hand. Now, to generate a feeling that contradicts all appearances, he has to ‘pray’, the Third Law tells us: he has to tell himself that the hand already exists with unrelenting importunity until he is convinced. The way to do this is to retreat to a solitary place, perhaps hiding the stump where the hand should be so that appearances don’t disturb the eschatologist, and repeat a line of thought like ‘My hand

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<sup>2</sup> I have modified many of the articles for inclusion in this book, and some of them have been heavily edited. For example, most of this article was written in 2006. But now I have added this sentence about the hand that Jaime Lannister lost in the third season of *Game of Thrones*: an episode that wasn’t released until 2013. In some of the following articles I have also added, or removed, several sentences when revising the text.

exists and I know it's here' with all the feeling he can put into it. Eventually, the theory goes, through importunity a state of mind will be reached in which the accomplished eschatologist will really believe that he has a hand. That will be the fulfilment of the Second Law and, *voilà*, a new hand will appear in the objective world.

Of course: students are taught that to achieve such a feat they must begin with much lesser goals, such as curing themselves of the flu or a nerve ulcer. These modest achievements will be the platform for developing an invincible faith in one's own ability to cause; a faith that, with step-by-step feedback from successes, will enable the learner to solve increasingly difficult problems (such as what eschatologists call the 're-expressing' of an amputated limb).

### *Cognitive dissonance*

In essence, that is the formula for developing psychokinesis according to Walter: a power that, according to *The Sickle*, when enough eschatologists develop it, the end times will come. (In this article I use the terms 'psychokinesis' and 'psi', but eschatologists don't use parapsychological terms).



My late teacher Dr Juan del Río

Decades ago, when I fervently believed in Walter's apocalypse, I imagined that if the teachers of Eschatology got sick, grew old and died like any other mortal, it was because they didn't apply the teachings properly; I believed them to be mediocre individuals with no ambition whatsoever. One of the reasons I distanced myself from Juan del Río and my second teacher, Jaime López, was that I saw no psychokinetic results not only in my life, but in theirs. Del Río, who died of cancer in 2001, looked like a man of his age, fifty-six, when I studied with him in 1979. Once, a new student told me that he had asked Del Río in front of other

students if he knew at least one eschatologist who didn't age. Del Río was silent for a while and answered in the negative. 'Then Eschatology doesn't iron out wrinkles yet!' the student exclaimed, and I thought exactly the same thing. Where were the centenarians who had to exist perforce once Eddy and Walter rediscovered the 'Science of Life' that had originally been discovered by the likes of Methuselah and the other biblical centenarians? In theory, the most elementary development of psychokinesis should control, by psychic means alone, one's own body. Eddy herself taught that her science could prevent the ravages of old age, and many of her devoted followers didn't expect her to die. What I saw flatly contradicted what Walter had promised.

Walter devoted two chapters to the subject of overcoming old age in *The Sharp Sickle*, the other textbook of Eschatology. In the chapter 'Youth and Maturity' Walter wrote:

Youth, being a sense of youth, can be consciously continued or maintained with all its vigor, energy, and good emotions. That this is not a mere theory can be established by the longevity of the Bible characters, who understood this fact.

Walter's disciples swallow this paranormal claim like fundamentalist Bible worshippers. In one of his pamphlets, Florence Stranahan, a faithful disciple who studied with Walter, wrote: 'You say yours [her hair] is prematurely gray. Age has nothing to do with it. It is your own thought'. That eschatologists think they possess the elixir of youth is also clear from the text of Genevieve Rader, the head of Eschatology when I was a student, on those chapters of *The Sharp Sickle*: a text read to advanced students. But like Eddy, Stranahan and Walter himself, Rader, who for forty years directed Eschatology until 1981, grew old and died. So the great teachers aged and died like everyone else. That didn't bother me much as I also swallowed the rationalisations of the eschatologists: that Eddy, Stranahan, Rader and many others didn't understand the Science of Life well, and that Walter made his 'transition' to the other world because he wanted to.

Believing these foolish rationalizations enabled me to continue my studies in Eschatology. During my first year in the cult I tried countless times to comply with the tortuous Law of Opportunity, but I couldn't. I felt like a fool repeating so many lines of thought to no avail, and I never got to do the marathon sessions

of hours or even days that Del Río told us Walter had done. I was twenty years old and wanted to become an Importunity virtuoso to manifest my youthful desires. But it never occurred to me to question the existence of such powers. It didn't occur to me to think that the fault wasn't mine, nor that other eschatologists had gone through similar difficulties in the praxis of importunity. I dared not think that they had fulfilled the Law of Importunity to no avail, and still less did I dare to think that the tales of Walter's marathon sessions were just the tales. Jaime Hall, my closest eschatological friend (who died in 1996 of sudden heart failure), also told me that Walter had prayed for days. The extraordinary thing was that Walter needed money and a former student sent him a cheque in the mail: a miracle he attributed to his marathon importunity. It never occurred to me to question that miracle or those attributed to Jesus. I couldn't conceive that what the Gospels tell could not be historical but literary fiction, and that Eddy and Walter's 'metaphysical' interpretation of the New Testament was nonsense. It took years, oh, how many years, to cast doubt on the historicity of the biblical accounts!

Now that I have abandoned all faith in the existence of such powers (in one of the last articles of this book, 'Introjection', we will see how I solved this problem) I can see some quite elementary things which I missed because of my blind faith. If Eschatology were a science and its laws as real as the law of gravity or the laws of thermodynamics, it is more than elementary that I would have witnessed a multitude of demonstrations of such laws by my teachers Juan del Río and Jaime López. (A vignette: During a conversation with my father in the early 1980s, I once referred to the latter as 'Yoda', as we had just seen *The Empire Strikes Back*.) Gravity needs no demonstration: we see it every day. But neither I nor any student of Eschatology had ever seen such a relatively modest paranormal feat as psychically moving a small object, let alone a centenarian Methuselah re-expressing his amputated limbs.

### *They die younger*

To anyone close to falling prey to Eschatology or any other New Age cult I would recommend that he considers this litmus test for distinguishing false science from the real thing:

Scientists can demonstrate the reality of their sciences in plain sight: electricity, engineering, computer science, medicine, aeronautics, petrochemistry, automobile mechanics and many more. Pseudoscientists cannot. If I had reasoned this way before I moved to the US, I would have realised that I didn't need to travel in search of 'serious' parapsychological materials to reinforce my eschatological faith. The fact that no eschatologist remained young, or at least healthier than the norm, should have been enough for me not to seek my salvation there.

According to the *Journal of the American Medical Association* of September 22, 1989, thousands of deaths of Eddy's followers were recorded along with a control group. If Christian Science were a real science one would expect their followers to live longer than the control group. But the journal revealed something different. The death rate among Christian Scientists from cancer was twice the national average, and six per cent of them died from causes considered preventable by doctors. Non-'Scientists' lived on average four years longer if they were women and two years longer if they were men. Eddy's followers die younger from cancer than the average American because of their reluctance to go to the doctor. If similar studies were conducted with Walter's followers, who are also reluctant to seek help from medicine because 'belief in disease causes disease', I bet a study would yield identical results. My former professor Juan del Río became seriously ill precisely because he gave up medical check-ups even after he became rich thanks to a large number of followers, and when he developed symptoms the cancer was already at an advanced stage.

I have to say that the best lesson I ever received on the Law of Importunity was given to me privately by Del Río. His exposition was clearer and more didactic than the very chapters of *The Sickle* that teach the student how to 'pray'. Twenty years later, when he was diagnosed with cancer, Del Río had an opportunity of more than four years to pray with importunity and overcome the disease. But he failed miserably. And he failed for the simple reason that cancer doesn't have a 'mental' aetiology, nor is it cured by 'healthy thoughts' or 'eradicating all hatred' as Walter used to preach. My other teacher, Jaime López, went even further than Del Río regarding the dilemma of whether or not to go to the doctor. He once made a critical comment about the del Río family as they practised prophylactic vaccination (Juan was a medical doctor and

practised his profession before joining the cult). In his study in Puebla, López told me that he didn't vaccinate his children, and that Juan and his wife had let him down by doing so. Jaime López ended his comment by telling me that he behaved in life 'as Walter says'.

It is important to note that Raquel Hall, widow of Juan del Río, continued to teach hundreds of students of Eschatology, a cult she now calls 'Mental Application'. Her husband's long agony didn't move her to question the dogma that cancer is curable only by mental means. The believer in a cult, religion or pseudoscience rarely grows up when faced with what psychologists call a shock of cognitive dissonance, such as her husband's death.

Yes: as a young man I was ignorant of the *American Medical Association* study, and believed that the old age and death of the teachers were due to their lack of understanding that Jesus and the Old Testament centenarians had. Again: it never occurred to me that the 'Laws' of Eschatology simply didn't exist, that it was all megalomania, a grandiose fantasy. It didn't occur to me because I could not conceive the non-existence of the paranormal: an idea my father had instilled in me as a child with his beautiful stories about the miracles of Jesus. Although as a young man I had abandoned traditional Christianity, I mistakenly believed that the existence of ESP and psychokinesis, on which Eddy and Walter's systems are tacitly based, had been scientifically proven by parapsychologists and that I only had to check it out for myself in American parapsychology laboratories. Hence the need to emigrate and my mad soliloquy that night at the airport.

*Please levitate this ship!*

The disturbing experiences I had after leaving the airport are recounted in my autobiography. Here I will only quote a passage from my diary that shows the maturity of my eventual apostasy from the cult.

*September 1997*

Yesterday I read two chapters of *The Sharp Sickle* after years without reading it and something important happened in my mind. For the first time I doubt Walter's honesty. Remember my handwritten note in that *Skeptical Inquirer* article about how I should have reacted to the claims of the Law of Importunity?:

Guru: 'Don't take my word for it. You can learn to do psychokinesis yourself.

Sceptic: 'Great! I'd love to! But before I put in the time and shell out the cash, I want to do a little consumer research. How about a demonstration?'

Here's the crux of the matter. Neither Walter, Genevieve, nor Bob Durling<sup>3</sup> could make even a small psychokinetic demonstration such as Walter claims on page 219 of *The Sharp Sickle*: that with his pure thought he affected pieces of steel, rubber, stone, wood and clay. 'Today my attitude would be to ask for a demonstration ('Before I put in the time and shell out the cash, I want to do a little consumer research. How about a demonstration?') or not to try to fulfil the endless hours of the supposed Law of Importunity. It is at this point that I have changed. The one who now reads this *Sickle* is another man: a sceptic.

It is a gem what Walter says on page 207: '*Investigate the works* [emphasis in the original] of those you chose as leaders and you will not be far misled', because he, Walter, died abruptly. 'That Mrs Eddy did not discover the whole is seen in that she is no longer here', Walter wrote in the book most prized by eschatologists. Another gem, for there is nothing more fatal to the credibility of Eschatology than the fact that Walter died even younger than she did. At the end of his 'Conclusion' chapter I wrote in red ink: 'Okay, Walter or contemporary professors of Eschatology, I ask you this without any contempt: Give me a lesson like Yoda levitating the ship in front of Luke as in the movie *The Empire Strikes Back* and tomorrow I will humbly begin again to study the first booklet of the *Plain Talk Series*'.

That *Plain Talk* booklet is the text used in the first lesson of the Eschatology course.

It is worth mentioning that in his day there were people who considered Walter a con man. Florence Stranahan, one of his most loyal disciples, wrote in the booklet *Messages on Christian Science series I*: 'You write that Mrs\_\_ says that Mr Walter is a crook... and that he is promoting a money-making scheme'. Stranahan doubted

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<sup>3</sup> The late Robert S. Durling was the author of a well-written book: *Out of Confusion*, an introduction to Eschatology.

that the anonymous woman's accusation was accurate. But Oliver Roberts of La Fontaine, a wealthy Wells Fargo & Co. man in California, wrote in *The Great Understander* that Walter charged him \$10,000 for an insider's course (the value of a mansion in those days). In his book Oliver confessed that on hearing such a figure he momentarily entertained the thought that Walter had been pursuing him with earlier courses, and then, once convinced, had charged him a fortune. But Oliver paid Walter what he wanted.

### *A crook*

The anecdote moves me to point out that some paragraphs in the Eschatology textbook suggest a lack of ethical principles. Walter wrote:

There are two positive stages of unfoldment which precede conscious transition [*for eschatologists 'conscious transition' is going to the next world without experimenting death*]; and these must be fully understood and demonstrated before the third stage of conscious transition can be understood and demonstrated. Therefore, whenever any student of mine will prove to me through demonstration that he or she understands these first two stages, I will gladly give him the law governing the third stage. The first stage is the demonstration of invisibility. Jesus could accomplish this at will, as is stated in the Scripture. The second stage is the transfiguration.

Did Walter really believe this? Implicit in his words ('whenever any student of mine will prove to me through demonstration that he or she understands these first two stages...') is that, if Walter asked the student for such a demonstration, he had already become invisible, and transfigured as Jesus was transfigured on a mountain in John's Gospel.

Years ago I thought Walter was simply a crackpot. Now I am beginning to see him in a more sinister light. If Walter failed to become invisible he was not delusional. He was a crook, a money-making swindler or charlatan. The difference between a deluded guru and a charlatan is that the former believes in his doctrines, while the charlatan consciously swindles. Martin Gardner distinguishes between the two in his hilarious *Science: The Good, the Bad and the Bogus*: a crackpot is someone like Velikowski, who believed in his lunatic astronomy; a charlatan is someone like Uri



Geller, who fooled us with his ‘psychokinetic’ tricks. So I repeat: did Walter believe what he was asking to his students? As I said, implicit in such a request was not only that he, Walter, did master invisibility, but that he had transfigured his body as Jesus did. But it is a fact that Walter never proved that he could make himself invisible to the men of science of his time. Had he done so, he would have revolutionised the scientific world.

Today I don’t believe that Walter made himself invisible. And that can mean only one thing: that Walter lied to his students and readers by implying, in the above quotation, that he could accomplish such a paranormal feat. This conclusion will annoy the eschatologists, for Walter ended *The Sickle* by asserting that, above all else, one must be honest with oneself.

It is impossible to prove a negative; for example, that Walter didn’t become invisible. But it is possible to prove what science is. There are two basic rules in the sceptical community about paranormal claims. The first is: ‘Extraordinary claims require extraordinary evidence’—for example, not only evidence that Walter had publicly demonstrated invisibility, but that advanced eschatologists could do so today. But in his book Walter doesn’t even bother to describe an *ordinary* proof for his extraordinary claims, let alone an extraordinary one (the same flaw appears throughout the textbook of Walter’s mentor, Mary Baker Eddy). The second rule is: ‘The burden of proof rests upon the claimant alone’. It has been observed that in the pseudosciences the burden is reversed; for example, the teacher asks the student to become invisible, even though the teacher himself hasn’t previously demonstrated his invisibility. Just contrast this irrational demand with the demonstrations made by the magic teachers in the *Harry Potter* films!

Suppose for a moment that Walter could make himself invisible. Why didn’t he make public demonstrations? Was it to hide his secret formula of Importunity for developing such powers from the so-called evil-minded? Don’t make me laugh, Walter! How absurd it would have been if Edison, just after inventing the electric light bulb, didn’t show it to anyone but kept his most important invention to himself. Imagine him asking his students that *they* must show Edison how to make a light bulb, not the inventor, before letting them into his laboratory to see the professor’s shining light bulb!

After reflecting on the two *Sickles* with a healthy dose of scepticism, the inescapable verdict on Walter is that he may well have behaved like a crook, as the woman mentioned by Stranahan in the above quote claimed.

To understand Walter and company properly, it might not be a bad idea to read biographies on the lives of religious empire builders on American soil: from Joseph Smith to L. Ron Hubbard and the Reverend Sun Myung Moon to those who, like Walter and a myriad of others, were unable to create large organisations and whose followers are barely known. Martin Gardner's *The Healing Revelations of Mary Baker Eddy* is a good place to start.

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This 6 October 2006 essay was my first article in *The West's Darkest Hour*, and it would be more than two years before I would add a second article on that blog. If you are interested in some anecdotes of my misadventures in that cult, you can visit my WordPress-hosted site in Spanish, 'Escatología: El Método Walter':

<https://caesartort.wordpress.com>

## On depression

*A Stone Boat* (Faber & Faber 1994)  
*El Demonio de la Depresión* (Ediciones B 2002) <sup>4</sup>

The previous article on Eschatology translates only a few pages from my three volumes *De Jesús a Hitler*, where I talk about how my parents caused me massive psychological damage as a teenager. That psychological damage manifested itself in my falling into a cult. But other teenagers fall into a deep depression.

When we repress our anger, says Susan Forward in her bestseller *Toxic Parents*, we are likely to slip into depression. But not all cases of depression, the most common form of mental disorder, are the result of repressed anger. It can be rooted in existential causes: the infinite range of life's intractable problems. However, in cases of repressed parental abuse, cathartic anger can be a balm for its cure. Colin Ross, who coined the term trauma model of mental disorders, believes that 'anger is the most potent antidepressant on the market'. Andrew Solomon takes the opposite position: he idealises the parent and represses his anger, as I will try to show in this essay-review of his books.



Homosexual Jew Andrew Solomon

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<sup>4</sup> Published in 2001 as *The Noonday Demon* by Scribner.

Solomon is a very peculiar writer, the son of a millionaire of Forest Laboratories: a company that manufactures psychiatric drugs. That we are immersed in the matrix of Big Pharma is evident in the praise that *The Noonday Demon* has received, especially from those who have suffered from depression. I find this so outrageous that I must write this essay, especially since *The Noonday Demon* was on *The New York Times* bestseller list. The pseudo-scientific propaganda that floods *The Noonday Demon* throughout its 700 pages (I read the 2002 Spanish translation) is such that I could have written a much longer essay-review.

*The Noonday Demon* received the National Book Award in 2001. Solomon has thus contributed to what Thomas Szasz calls the pharmacratic status quo. Although Solomon mentions Szasz and Elliot Valenstein, he omits to say that they and many other mental health professionals disagree with the biological theories that Solomon presents as fact. It doesn't even appear that Solomon has read the dissenting scholars. For example, in the 860 references he boasts in *The Noonday Demon* he doesn't mention a single reference of my critical bibliography on psychiatry that I recommend at the end of this article.

### *An American pandemic?*

According to Solomon's bestseller, nearly twenty million Americans suffer from depression. Solomon confesses in his book how he has suffered from this malaise since his mother died, and recounts the therapeutic odyssey he encountered in a psychiatric profession he considers benign. The 'demons of noon' was a religious metaphor used in the late Middle Ages to describe what since the Renaissance would be called 'melancholy', and in our times 'depression'. Over the centuries, those who have panicked when these demons attack have been prone to experiment with all sorts of quack remedies. Solomon himself tried a magic ritual in Africa; standard psychiatric medication, and alternative New Age remedies. He even experimented with alcohol, cocaine and opium, as he confesses in his book.

Tom Szasz, perhaps America's most famous psychiatrist, proposes to abolish involuntary psychiatry. Szasz doesn't propose to ban the prescription of drugs for adults, as long as the practitioner keeps his client well informed about the risks

(something they rarely do). Much of psychiatry's economic power rests on this not-so-dark side of the profession, the voluntary side: something that blinds people like Solomon to see that the profession has a darker side. (The involuntary side is also explained in this book. See 'From the Great Confinement to chemical Gulag'.)

According to Szasz, if an individual wants to take drugs, be they tranquillizers, stimulants, anxiolytics or even illegal drugs, they should be free to do so. Solomon goes further and mentions cases where panicky people have requested electroshock. Although shock treatment is sometimes voluntary, it shouldn't be legal. Solomon himself cites the case of a young woman who told him that after an electroshock session she had forgotten everything she had learned in law school. Solomon also cites the grotesque testimony of an individual who requested psychosurgery to cure his persistent depression, and neuropsychiatrists performed it (a useless surgery, of course, because the problem was in the software of his mind, not the hardware of his brain).

These procedures affected the faculties of these voluntary patients, making the cure worse than the disease, because psychiatry is an iatrogenic profession. If Colin Ross's words about anger being 'the best antidepressant on the market' are spot on, instead of these harmful treatments I would recommend a depressed patient write a long letter to the parent who provoked the crisis (I did so myself, as we shall see). This is what Susan Forward recommends in *Toxic Parents*. Alternatively, I would recommend talking to survivors of parental abuse. Forward describes her group therapies for neurotics; Ross describes the same for people in psychotic crisis. In the worst-case scenario, say schizophrenia, I would recommend a Soteria-type home, although there are very few because the medical profession monopolises treatment.

What neither Solomon nor orthodox psychiatrists understand is that, by medically treating those who have been abused at home, they promote a status quo that should change. Rather than drugging people, we want to eliminate the conditions that cause mental disorders. Conversely, with the medical model of mental disorders we are heading towards the dystopia described by Aldous Huxley. In October 1949, when *Nineteen Eighty-Four* was published, Huxley wrote Orwell a letter in which he told him that the totalitarian state wouldn't control people with a boot in the face

as in 1984, but through much more subtle forms of manipulation: voluntary drugging.

### *Brave new world*

The efficacy of antidepressants, which began to be manufactured a few years after Huxley sent his letter to Orwell, has been greatly exaggerated by pharmaceutical companies. Solomon is unaware that, like homoeopathic medicines, the antidepressant distributed by his father works as a placebo: the power of suggestion and auto-suggestion. Studies show that a considerable percentage of people who are told that a wonderful antidepressant has just been discovered are cured of their depression even if they have been given sugar pills. This effect is called a 'placebo' in the medical profession.

Companies like the one that made Solomon's father rich also downplay the side effects of antidepressants. In a market society it is very difficult to find a study by an independent researcher on the effects of antidepressants. The few studies that do exist, such as those by Peter Breggin and Joseph Glenmullen, haven't been refuted either by the companies that manufacture the drugs or the psychiatrists who prescribe them. Breggin, a Harvard-trained psychiatrist, recommends stopping all psychiatric medication. It is irritating that the dust jacket lists Solomon as deeply humane, when he advises people suffering from depression not to stop taking medication. He even confesses that he got angry with his aunt's gerontologist because the good doctor advised her to stop taking Celexa (citalopram)—the same drug that Solomon's father distributes.

As I said, Solomon writes about psychiatric theories as fact. Interestingly, at the same time he recommends alternative treatments. A lot of them. Like the race of birds in *Alice in Wonderland*, in Solomon's book all kinds of therapies, allopathic, homoeopathic and alternative, win the first prize in the treatment of depression. In Solomon's Wonderland absolutely everything is recommended, from the most diverse forms of popular quackery to lobotomy. As I only have the Spanish translation of *The Noonday Demon* I cannot quote Solomon verbatim in English (libraries in Mexico are very poor in their English section). But he certainly says that dozens of treatments, from St. John's wort to psychosurgery,

are reasonably promising. If such quackery gets results, it is all due to the placebo effect.

Solomon's book is awash with incredible treatments, personal testimonials from his depressed acquaintances and the theories of biological psychiatry. For example, Solomon writes that some people who abuse stimulants also suffer from depression in the same family. For him, this indicates that there is a 'genetic predisposition' to the use of cocaine and other stimulants.

It doesn't occur to Solomon that there cannot be genes responsible for addictions for the simple reason that the genes of our species are older than the manufacture of these chemicals. For example, a supposed gene that moves the alcoholic individual to drink cannot exist because alcohol is chronologically more recent than the genotype of the alcoholic individual, and there have been no substantial changes in our species since the caveman. Similarly, Solomon's claim that the kind of drugs his father manufactures represent real medicine is untenable. For example, he acknowledges that cocaine cures depression, but disapproves of it because it is illegal. On the next page, Solomon acknowledges that Xanax (alprazolam) tablets, a benzodiazepine, gave him unpleasant symptoms. Xanax is the anti-anxiety drug that Solomon used to take: the same drug that made George Bush senior vomit in Japan during his presidency. According to Solomon, with this drug he could fall into a heavy sleep plagued by dreams. However, he recommends it because it is legal.

Solomon never reveals in his book that Ritalin (methylphenidate) can be moral and illegal in the adult who takes it without a prescription, but that it can also be immoral and legal if given to a child for control at school. Instead, he reasons like the good establishment kid: the legality of his father's company makes those drugs by definition moral; and the illegality of cocaine and ecstasy makes them immoral. Solomon talks about the permanent damage to the brain's dopaminergic systems caused by cocaine. But he omits to say that Zyprexa (olanzapine), the neuroleptic prescribed by his psychiatrist, causes the same damage. Similarly, Solomon talks about the withdrawal symptoms caused by cocaine, but doesn't advise his readers against taking neuroleptics, even though akathisia is quite similar to those symptoms. Interestingly, Solomon says that he would agree to take cocaine or ecstasy to cure his depression, but that the withdrawal symptoms made him

hesitate. Elsewhere in his book, Solomon acknowledges that although alprazolam ended his anxiety during depressive attacks, it turned him into an addict. In a magazine article, Solomon confessed that he used to take about twelve pills a day, but when he is in a different mood he claims that the aetiology of his depression is purely existential.

The cocktail of psychiatric drugs that Solomon has been taking for years includes Zoloft (sertraline), Xanax (alprazolam), Paxil (paroxetine), Navane (tioxen), Valium (diazepam), BuSpar (buspirone), Wellbutrin (bupropion) and Zyprexa (olanzapine). While this suggests that Solomon believes in the medical model of mental disorders, he often speaks of souls in pain. He writes that he discovered something that should be called a soul. At other times he appears as a spokesman for psychiatric biologicism. His book is a contradictory compendium of both explicit apologetics for biopsychiatry and soft criticism of it; of existential testimonies of depressed people and biological myths of the profession. He advertises Prozac (fluoxetine) and on another page acknowledges that his mother complained about its side effects. (If Prozac and antidepressants work as placebos, the so-called side effects are actually the primary effects, the only effects of the drug; and the antidepressant effect would be caused by the power of suggestion.) Solomon also presents a mixture of both existential and biological problems as the cause of melancholy. He sensibly concedes that extreme poverty and homelessness can cause 'depression', but unreasonably recommends treating the homeless with psychiatric drugs. He adds the remarkable claim that, more than in any other case, homeless people's reluctance to take medication is a symptom of 'illness'. Solomon cites academics who say that the cause of addictions is 'in the brain', when common sense contradicts this bio-reductionist approach. Asians, for example, wouldn't agree that their pathological gambling is located in their defective brains. The same could be said of Westerners addicted to shopping in a consumer-oriented society: the problem is in the culture, not in their brains.

In his book, Solomon contradicts himself in a thousand ways. As a master of doublethink, he accepts both the medical model of mental disorders and the trauma model of mental disorders, when the two are mutually exclusive. In his chapter on suicide he repeats the psychiatrist's slogans, for example when he



says that we have to understand that suicidal ideation is the result of mental illness, and that mental illness is treatable. He recommends electroshock. Even the horrific case histories he mentions didn't arouse Solomon's compassion. He didn't condemn the psychiatric institutions that keep them alive against their will. But when he writes about his mother's suicide, the Jew Solomon suddenly becomes a compassionate son, and suicide is nothing more than an act of a tormented soul. However, Solomon didn't condemn the nets he saw in the Norristown hospital that kept patients alive like gnats in spider webs to prevent them from committing suicide. They were strangers to him and he accepted the involuntary therapies they applied to them. But the double-thinker Solomon confesses that nothing horrifies him more than the thought of being prevented from killing himself.

*The unacknowledged revenge against the mother*

Throughout my reading of Solomon's book, the question came to mind: How is it that someone like me, writing in a state of virtual poverty in the Third World, never fell into depression, while Solomon, the American junior who spent a fortune on treatment, suffered not only from the common blues, but from horrible depressions? Could it be that Solomon hasn't heard what Stefan Zweig, biographer of tormented souls, called the daemon?

Let me explain. Solomon writes about children whose parents brought them to the psychiatrist's office for anger therapy. Solomon completely omits to say that this was probably due to child abuse at home. Once the legitimate anger was squelched in the therapy sessions, the psychiatrists recognise that the children fell into a melancholic state (recall Ross's equation that anger and depression are inversely proportional to each other). These gentle children are, again, strangers to Solomon and he has no sympathy for them. But elsewhere in his book Solomon acknowledges that his depression originated after the death of his mother. And it was precisely a conflict with his mother, who hated Solomon's sexuality, that moved him to write another book: *A Stone Boat*.

I must confess that what moved me to write this essay-review is my literary project that I have written in Spanish and that I would love to see published in English. Unfortunately, the subject is so taboo that more than twenty publishers in Spain and Mexico

have rejected it. There is an almost symmetrical antithesis between the first of my books, *Letter to mom Medusa* (already translated), and *A Stone Boat*. There is also an almost symmetrical antithesis between my second book *Cómo Asesinar el Alma de tu Hijo*<sup>5</sup> and *The Noonday Demon*.

*A Stone Boat* is an autobiographical novel in which Solomon avoids venting the anger he feels towards his mother. In *The Noonday Demon* Solomon mentions *A Stone Boat* several times as a description of real events in his life, not as a fictional novel. Unlike *The Noonday Demon*, I have an English copy and can, at last, quote this homosexual writer. Solomon wrote:

I can remember days... that this secret [his sexual preferences] was my unacknowledged revenge on her. I would lie in the silence of my room and imagine the pain I would later cause my mother.

Although on the next page he writes: 'I wanted somehow to take the unspeakable vengeance', on balance *A Stone Boat* is a politically correct confessional novel: Solomon is afraid to tell the full truth of his feelings. The plot begins when the protagonist, Solomon's alter ego, arrives in Paris to confront his mother about her attitude towards her male lover.

I set off to Paris in anger, determined for the first time to act upon anger... I was, at best, trying to see my life as separate from my mother's.

But he couldn't. When he arrived he discovered that his mother had cancer.

Perhaps I was angrier that week than I remember, but I think in fact that when I first saw that my mother might be sick, my anger got put away somewhere, and my mother became as glorious to me as she had been in my childhood.

So, Solomon writes, 'though I had gone to France to sever ties', the beatific vision continued until she died. In the last chapter of *A Stone Boat*, Solomon confesses:

I forgive my mother as though I were spokesman for the very gates of heaven.

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<sup>5</sup> The second chapter of *Hojas Susurrantes* (see page 3); *Letter to mom Medusa* is the first chapter.

Solomon ignores that unilateral forgiveness is a psychological impossibility. The grace of forgiveness only comes when the offender acknowledges her fault. Neither in real life nor in the novel did his mother repent. And Solomon refused to confront her directly (the opposite of what another Jew, Kafka, did in *Letter to his Father*). Moreover, Solomon recounts that at the funeral he saw his mother 'like an angel' and, seeing her like this, he surrendered himself to the open arms of the goddess of Melancholy.

The literary genre I would like to inaugurate would not only oppose the biologicism of *The Noonday Demon*, but the elegant prose of *A Stone Boat*: a poetic novel that has been described as an approach to Proust. The vindictive autobiography is not at all concerned with literary form: it is a barbaric genre that breaks the age-old taboo of honouring the parent. Without scruples, without repression and with real names, vindictive autobiography throws in the parent's face what he or she did to us. By contrast, *The Noonday Demon* is a book that looks at depression from every possible angle, an atlas of the world of depression as the subtitle says. But what we need is more depth, not breadth. This is true not only of *The Noonday Demon*, but of many other quack books on the subject. The cause of mental disorders with no known biological marker lies at the core of the psyche, not on a surface that can be scanned by a scholarly 'atlas'. In his autobiographical novel, my antipode Solomon wrote: 'It was terrible how much I loved my mother. It was the most terrible thing in the world'. This was reinforced by family dynamics:

My father expected everyone to understand at once that my mother was more important than everyone else [and Solomon] was as much in the habit of believing it as he was.

Solomon's girlfriend told him: 'Enough is enough; if you spend every minute with her, you'll go crazy'. Furthermore, he writes that 'to be in the room' with his mother 'was like being splattered with blood'. He loved her even though 'in the first weeks of her illness, my mother was to reveal more clearly her terrible brutality: She could be harsh, and she was demanding, and she could be selfish'. A stone boat was his girlfriend's metaphor about Solomon's idealisation of a perfect family: a myth that, she believed, would sink into the sea. But she was wrong. Solomon didn't sink

the stony idea into a sea of truth. He continued to idealise his mother, as is evident from the fact that, after publishing *A Stone Boat*, Solomon embarked on a great enterprise: the writing of a treatise to further repress the aetiology of his depression, *The Noonday Demon*. In this later work Solomon tells us that the old Freudian precept of blaming the mother has been discarded.

Solomon is wrong on all counts. Blaming the mother is not a Freudian principle (it is Frieda Fromm-Reichmann's), nor has it been discarded (see Alice Miller's work), and Solomon himself has to get his ass even with his mother if he is to win the battle against depression. That is the advice of Sue Forward, who recommends the depressed adult read a vindictory letter to the deceased parent at the graveside to achieve inner peace. As a researcher, I have attended anger therapy at the Ross Institute for Psychological Trauma in Dallas. The level of overt rage and hatred towards the invoked aggressors shocked me. The emotions I witnessed there weren't surface creatures, but the Old World demons that Solomon and his depressing followers dare not invoke.

### *The daemon*

Those who fall into a depression are like extinct volcanoes that have long since passed through the hot spot of the tectonic plates beneath them. Solomon hasn't done a good introspection: he is an extinct volcano. Only then can we understand when he writes that one of the most terrible aspects of depression, anxiety and panic attacks, is that volition is absent: that these feelings just 'happen'. Solomon has no idea of the demonic magma that dwells beneath him and desperately needs a way out. The bestselling author on depression doesn't know what depression is: psychic congestion or a chilled boulder that, by blocking the release valve, prevents the release of a monster. Had Solomon chosen the genre of the eruptive epistle rather than the faggy, Proust-like novel or scholarly treatise, he might have confronted the inner daemon that haunts him and vomited it out.

There is a passage in *The Noonday Demon* that suggests this interpretation. Solomon writes that he once believed that his sexuality was responsible for his mother's suffering: suffering she endured until death. The mother hated Solomon's homosexuality, and that hatred was a poison that began to permeate Solomon's

mind. I am not making this up: I am rephrasing what Solomon wrote from the translated copy of his *Noonday* to which I have access. Solomon even writes that he cannot separate his mother's homophobia from his homophobia to the point of exposing himself to HIV. And he further confesses that this exposure was a way of turning an inner self-hatred into a physical reality. In *A Stone Boat* he writes that his mother told him: 'No child was ever loved more than you', and in the following pages he adds: 'A minute later I thought of killing her' to end the mother's agony. Mother's cruellest diatribe had been to tell him that he would eat poisonous worms and die, and that only then would Solomon regret having been a naughty boy.

Solomon's confessions can help us understand his depression in a way that Solomon cannot. As he writes in *The Noonday Demon*, which unlike *A Stone Boat* is not a novel, his mother committed suicide to stop the pain of her ovarian cancer. On 19 June 1991, in front of Solomon, his beloved mother swallowed red Seconal pills (secobarbital: a barbiturate). He and the rest of his family witnessed the suicide. Solomon confesses that his mother's suicide was the cataclysm of his life; that it is buried in his gut like a sharp knife—these are his metaphors—and that it hurts every time he moves. In some of the most moving passages, Solomon tells us that his mother took pill after pill, the 'poisonous maggots' she had threatened to make him feel really bad. Solomon even writes that, imitating her, he later learned to take handfuls of antidepressants, 'pill after pill'...

Solomon's psychic x-ray begins to take shape. However, like the proverbial prodigal son who represses his mother's behaviour, Solomon tells us that it is nonsense for teenagers to reproach their parents when their parents have done everything for them. Their unproved resentment metamorphoses into acute melancholy: just what happens to children whose psychiatrists remove their anger. But it is the prohibition against touching the mother that makes this Oedipus write that we must not deceive ourselves; that we don't know the cause of depression, nor do we know how it arose in human evolution.

That, my dear readers, is biological psychiatry: the art of blaming the body for our cowardice in confronting mom.

*Oedipus's struggles with the daemon*

In his desperate attempts to escape the harassment of his inner daemon, Solomon found the exit door by chance. In *The Noonday Demon* he paraphrases psychoanalysts who have written insightful passages on melancholy. For example, Solomon writes that, in order not to punish the loved one, the melancholic individual redirects the anger and ambivalence he feels for the loved one towards the patient himself. And following Sigmund Freud and his disciple Karl Abraham, he self-analyses quite well when he writes that during his first crisis, after the death of his mother, he incorporated her into his writing. Unfortunately, he also writes that he regretted the pain he caused her, and this false sense of guilt persisted. Moreover, he writes that her death prevented his relationship with his mother from having a healthy closure. In *A Stone Boat* he had written: 'Our flashes of intense hatred had never really undermined our adoration for each other'.

Solomon never walked through the same door he opened. In contrast to John Modrow, the courageous memoirist who published a moving autobiography about his maddening parents, Solomon's struggles with the daemon of honouring the parent never ended. When he published *A Stone Boat*, the daemon of guilt assailed him once more. In *The Noonday Demon* he writes that when he published the novel he felt like a defiant son, and that feelings of guilt began to consume him. He even writes of an internalised love object, his mother, and of internalised sadism: what Solomon did to himself. Solomon wasn't only masochistic to defend the idealised image of his mother (see what Ross says about 'locus of control shift' in his book *The Trauma Model*). He smashed pictures of himself hanging in his house, and left the hammer in the middle of the broken glass.

Once he even viciously attacked a friend to the point of breaking his jaw and nose. The man was hospitalised and in *The Noonday Demon*, where we wouldn't expect fiction or literary embellishment as in the novel, Solomon confesses that he will never forget the relief he felt with each of his vicious punches. He even found himself strangling his friend and says he could've killed him. However, Solomon omits to say whether he was arrested or whether Dad's lawyers kept him out of jail. But he does confesses

that he hasn't regretted what he did. Solomon justifies his actions and writes that otherwise he would have gone crazy—and he adds that some of the sense of fear and helplessness he suffered at the time was relieved by those savage acts. And yet he adds the illuminating confession that to deny the healing power of violence would be a terrible mistake, and that on the night of the fighting he came home covered in blood with a sense of both horror and elation. Miraculously, that night he felt completely liberated from his daemon. But was the fight with him over? No: this performance was nothing more than the displaced rage he felt towards his mother.

Alice Miller has taught us that displaced rage is infinite: it never ends. One wonders what the hospitalised man would say about Solomon's fans who described him as 'compassionate and humane'. The next page of Solomon's struggle with the daemon gives us the key to entering his mind. Solomon wrote that he realised that depression could manifest itself in the form of rage.

This cracks the cipher about what is the daemon. Those who fall into depression and go to the psychiatrist's office to pop a bottle and take a pill, don't know what's going on in their heads. What these people feel is rage and anger towards the perpetrators. But God forbid: we can't touch them. Parents must be honoured. A reader of Alice Miller would argue that only when our 'selves' are integrated about how and when we were abused, we won't displace our rage on innocent friends. Solomon also confesses that he displaced the rage he felt onto his lover: 'I hated Bernard and I hated my father. This made it easier to love my mother'. This reminds me of what Silvano Arieti said in *Interpretation of Schizophrenia* about one of his patients who protected the images of his parents but at the expense of having an unbearable self-image. The dots begin to connect. Solomon imagined he would 'mutilate his [Bernard's] cat'. But that was not enough:

I wrote him a letter carefully designed to make him fall in love with me, hopelessly in love, so that I could reject him brutally. I would castrate him with a straight razor. [And also fantasised] putting rat poison in his coffee, but I couldn't remember why.

Of course he couldn't: he kept displacing his anger onto a scapegoat (in *The Noonday Demon* he ratifies the real existence of the

person he called Bernard). Solomon was looking for a safer object to transfer his unconscious affections to his mother, a mother about whom he wrote: 'You don't love me. You are obsessed with me, and you keep trying to drag me down into your illness'. Because displaced anger is infinite, in *The Noonday Demon* Solomon confesses that, in desperation, he went to Senegal in search of an exorcism. The persistent daemon had to be expelled at all costs, and he tried the ritual called ndeup. But the witchcraft didn't work. The powerful spell her witch mother had cast on her child wasn't broken in black Africa.

After his experience in Senegal, Solomon continued to look for the cause of depression in psychiatry's theories of blaming the body, and also tried many pop remedies. It is fascinating to see that quite a few of his quack remedies are identical to those prescribed by Robert Burton in his famous 1621 treatise on melancholy. Both writers, the 17th century Burton and the 21st century Solomon, recommend St John's wort. And parallel to these Old and New Age quackeries, Solomon writes a 'scientific' chapter on evolutionary biology to answer how natural selection could have allowed depression. Considering that depression is a crack in our attachment systems due to unprocessed abuse, this is a pretty stupid question. When he mentions involuntary psychiatry he sides parents and professionals against their victims. The pages that infuriated me the most are those where Solomon sides with parents who label their healthy children as mentally ill to control them with psychiatric drugs, especially at school.

It is understandable, therefore, that Solomon didn't dedicate *The Noonday Demon* to the child victim of involuntary psychiatry, which is what I do with my texts. He dedicated it to his millionaire father, who funded his literary research and whose income depends on the sale of those drugs for social control.

### **Recommended readings**

On the vocabulary of 'mental health' professions:

Thomas Szasz: *Anti-Freud: Karl Kraus's Criticism of Psychoanalysis and Psychiatry* (NY: Syracuse University Press, 1990).



Criticism of language is the most radical of all criticisms. This is the first book of my list because, if in our vocabulary we don't root out the Newspeak of psychiatrists, psychoanalysts and clinical psychologists, it will be impossible to understand the family, social, economic and existential problems that we all have.

On the importance of vindictive confessions:

John Modrow: *How To Become A Schizophrenic: The Case Against Biological Psychiatry* (New York: Writers Club Press, 2003).

Susan Forward: *Toxic Parents: Overcoming Their Hurtful Legacy and Reclaiming Your Life* (2002 by Bantam, first published in 1989).

On psychoanalysis and all kinds of psychotherapies:

Jeffrey Masson: *Against Therapy: Emotional Tyranny and the Myth of Psychological Healing* (Common Courage Press, 1988).

—————: *Final analysis: The Making And Unmaking of a Psychoanalyst* (London: HarperCollins, 1991).

On the pseudoscientific nature of biological psychiatry:

Colin Ross and Alvin Pam (eds.): *Pseudoscience in Biological Psychiatry: Blaming the Body* (NY: Wiley & Sons, 1995).

Elliot Valenstein: *Blaming the Brain: The Truth About Drugs And Mental Health* (NY: The Free Press, 1998).

Peter Breggin: *Toxic Psychiatry: Why Therapy, Empathy and Love Must Replace the Drugs, Electroshock, and Biochemical Theories of the 'New Psychiatry'* (NY: St. Martin's Press, 1994).

Robert Whitaker: *Mad in America: Bad Science, Bad Medicine, and the Enduring Mistreatment of the Mentally Ill* (Cambridge: Perseus, 2001).

25 October 2009

Postscript of 2022:

Updated anti-psychiatric information can be found in Robert Whitaker's YouTube videos (not to be confused with the late white nationalist Robert W. Whitaker).

## *Daybreak*



What could still be seen in America in the 1940s, exemplified in the paintings of Maxfield Parrish—Aryan beauty and women with the most delicate facial features—is the crown of evolution. (Today, the magic of that beauty is being corrupted in our decadent culture.) Americans had these paintings in their homes, especially *Daybreak*: Parrish's masterpiece. The girls were surrounded by paradisiacal worlds with mountains on the horizon, like those in Finland, near a beach and in the light of dawn; in other paintings, always with the Leitmotif of the nymphs in the foreground.

But let's come down a bit from this ethereal art to talk about women of flesh and blood...

Any truly emerging man who has seen the recent films *Sense and Sensibility* and *Pride and Prejudice*, both based on Jane Austen novels, will see what I mean. When I recorded one of my subtitled videos about another film, *The Lord of the Rings: The Two Towers*, I had in mind a woman, Éowyn, in the capital city of Rohan, with those torn sentences coming from an eight-stringed fiddle, typical of Norwegian folklore. In that video, I said that contemplating Éowyn high above the city of Edoras and the Golden Hall of Meduseld was a numinous experience; that it transcended eroticism and took me to a divine plane.

So this is what hurts me the most: that it is fashionable among whites—even among Germanic people—not to reproduce anymore. Now intermarriage with Neanderthaloid primitives is tolerated, as is importing millions of Orcs into the West. And if we take into account that blondness is the result of a recessive gene, that if both parents are not blond they cannot pass it on to the next generation, we are talking about the sin against the holy spirit of life.

*27 January 2010*

### Lightning in the middle of the night!

These days in February 2010 have been the most important since I discovered the issue of the Islamisation of the West in September 2008 and that there was significant literature on white nationalism a year later. Until recently, Lawrence Auster's writings had been a beacon for approaching these issues. The fact that all his great-grandparents were Eastern European Jews didn't bother me in the least.

But a single sentence I recently discovered in a *Gates of Vienna* exchange in June 2009 had the effect of a lightning bolt in the middle of the night. It made me re-evaluate my values on a subject I used to call 'anti-Semitism'. Note that *Gates of Vienna* is a philo-Semitic blog site, with a big Star of David on its home page that says 'We support Israel'. Below I quote the comment from that exchange. Avery Bullard said:

As I have often pointed out, socialism is by and large a disease of the intellectuals, and Jews are over-represented among intellectuals, due to high native intelligence and a tradition of giving their children as much education as possible. Jews were also over-represented amongst musicians, physicists, and capitalist entrepreneurs. *But they are never over-represented in organisations or movements that represent the interests of the ethnic majority, only those that weaken that majority* [the bolt of lightning!].

That is why they've been expelled from so many very different countries over so many centuries. Yet with the possible exception of Albert Lindemann (*Esau's Tears*) they never want to know the reasons why they've been so disliked in order to prevent more tragedies in the future. Instead they dismiss all anti-Semitism as scapegoating.

In other words: Are Jews more responsible for communism, based on their proportional representation

amongst the intelligentsia, than any other intellectuals? If they are over-represented in the intelligentsia then they had a disproportionate influence on the direction the intelligentsia took. Many Russian intellectuals were Slavophiles. Before Jews could access the most important US universities, the old WASP intelligentsia in the US was much more traditionalist.

Bullard's comment in the words I italicised above was the lightning bolt that changed my worldview: from philo-Semitism to anti-Semitism in one fell swoop! The lightning struck my mind with such force that I must say something about the Austeresque<sup>6</sup> header I had chosen for my blog.

If between now and March I don't get a convincing rebuttal of Bullard's statement from my visitors, with the relevant accompanying facts, I will add a hatnote to all my previous posts where the Jewish question is mentioned, something along the lines of 'I no longer believe in the philo-Semitic views expressed here...'

*24 February 2010*

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<sup>6</sup> Note of 2022: I was referring to Auster's non-anti-Semitic approach to racialism.

All is about valour and honesty

Hunter Wallace's article, 'The Jews and White Nationalism' republished on 4 October 2009 (before the lightning strike) in *The Occidental Quarterly Online* when it was under the watch of Greg Johnson, opens with the sentence:

Surfing the blogosphere, I stumbled upon 'The West's Darkest Hour, a blog written by a TOQ Online reader and Lawrence Auster fan who has some concerns about the presence of anti-Semitism in the White Nationalist movement. Like Tanstaafl, it appears that Chechar<sup>7</sup> learned of us through his involvement in the anti-Jihad movement. In his previous post about White Nationalism, Chechar described his odyssey from liberalism to spectator of the racist underworld as being like awakening from 'The Matrix'. Each revelation is the tip of a much larger iceberg.

The year after the article was published I deleted the two articles linked to by Wallace because they spoke of a time when I still held politically correct views about Jews and Judaism. In this article I will briefly recount how, after a series of revelations, I finally woke up.

In a thick volume that consumed more than a decade of my life, *Hojas Susurrantes* (*Whispering Leaves*), I recount how I grew up in a traditional family and how I was treated relatively well in my childhood. Unfortunately, both my parents began to abuse me and my sisters when we reached adolescence. Since no one at that time talked about child abuse or was willing to listen to it (I was born in 1958), my sisters and I grew up carrying around huge doses of unprocessed pain. My *Hojas* is a kind of mourning to deal with the

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<sup>7</sup> 'Chechar' was my pseudonym in my early years of blogging on forums concerned with the fate of the West (after a few years I would simply change it to my initials).

pain caused by our parents' betrayal and society's deafness to the cries for help coming from the minor that I was. The mourning I endured from my late teens and throughout my twenties allowed me to see through society's denials. And it was precisely the long mourning and the ensuing soul-building that allowed me, a year ago, to see the stark realities of the Jewish question.

Perhaps only those whose souls have been ploughed by grief can understand what I mean. In the chapter 'The Soul and the Barbed Wire' in *The Gulag Archipelago*, Solzhenitsyn wrote insightful passages about how the human soul rotting in solitary confinement finds salvation through a metamorphosis that allowed him to turn abyssal pain into wisdom. Like so many abused children and adolescents, the barbed wire of the Gulag drove many Russians mad. Solzhenitsyn managed to escape psychosis through soul-building as his defence mechanism.

This is not easy. It is not easy at all. But every time I read those pages of the *Gulag* I see myself through all those years in the self-imposed confinement of my study to find out how on earth such a tragedy could have befallen my beloved family. However, what Solzhenitsyn calls the ascension of the soul is such a huge subject—wasn't it Voltaire who said that man could know the universe but would need eternity to learn something about his soul?—that I will leave it at that.

\* \* \*

Fleeing Zapatero's degenerate Spain, on 11 September 2009 (*nota bene*: five months before the 'lightning') I printed and banded twenty-five articles from *The Occidental Quarterly*. One of the first articles I started reading when I crossed the Atlantic, 'The Seven Pillars of White Nationalism' by John Gardner fascinated me: especially Gardner's take on how 'National Socialism could save us'. I had never read anything like that in a serious journal. I found Gardner's views extreme; I stopped reading the article and tried to get some sleep on the plane.

In the days, weeks and months that followed, I found the whole issue of white nationalism extremely absorbing. Regardless of what I then perceived as a flaw in the movement, anti-Semitism, I found myself discovering that the matrix in which I had previously slept was much deeper and more alienating than I had thought. So

alienated was I from reality that it can be said that over the last fifteen years I have been awakening from a series of different yet interlocking matrixes, with 'each revelation as the tip of a much larger iceberg', until I reached the true point of awakening.

In 1995, after a long process of digesting the literature of the paranormal sceptics, I abandoned my long-held belief in psychokinesis (*n.b.*, the subject of the first article in this book). Parallel to my awakening from parapsychological beliefs, in my thirties the essays of Octavio Paz discredited in my mind much, though not all, of the ideologies of the Hispanic left. His numerous reviews in the literary magazine *Vuelta* represented a new awakening from the dogmas I had been taught in high school. But those awakenings were permitted transformations within the matrix I still inhabited mentally, as was my next awakening.

Closely related to child maltreatment are mental health professionals who during intergenerational conflicts always take the side of the parents, and thus, of the perpetrators of maltreatment in the home. For example, on behalf of parents, some psychiatrists prescribe psychiatric drugs to unruly but sane children, especially boys. It was not until a mental health course taught in 1998-1999 at the Open University of Manchester that I discovered the most important books by leading critics of psychiatry and psychoanalysis. I awoke to the fact that these professions function as a political pseudo-science to impose the will of abusive parents, which moved me to convey these findings in my mother tongue. What precipitated that awakening was the bibliography in the *footnotes* I picked up from the textbooks of the university system. Then, in 2002, I discovered the work of the Swiss psychologist Alice Miller, who, unlike previous critics of the mental health professions, is a real taboo in the academic world. It was only thanks to her that I discovered that the psychic toll of parental abuse on children is a forbidden topic in all societies (I write about this in the third chapter of my *Hojas*).

But that was not all. In 2006 another non-academic author surprised me. Lloyd deMause answered my questions by email about child abuse in the Ancient World and advised me to read a couple of chapters of one of his major works. I was impressed. The discovery of deMause's psychohistory expanded the insight I had previously learned in Miller's works. After assimilating psychohistory I found myself with a meta-perspective that



encompassed child abuse studies from early civilisations to modern man. The 'unified field' provided by my inner soul-searching process through Miller, and the outer historical research provided by deMause, made me feel that I had an unparalleled vantage point to view the tragedy of my family in particular and *Homo sapiens* in general.

I was deluded!, considering that psychology is related to culture and society, and that a truly free press only began with the advent of the internet.

In late September 2008 I discovered the blogosphere; I watched some online videos about the Islamisation of Europe, and learned how prolific Muslims may overwhelm Western civilisation in this century. Although I was initially sceptical of these claims, in Madrid I bought a translated copy of Bruce Bawer's *While Europe Slept*. At the end of 2008 I was still a liberal and could only read quite liberal things. Since the family that destroyed my life is very traditional Catholic, conservatives had been anathema to me throughout my intellectual life. It was only after Bawer convinced me that there was indeed a demographic problem in Europe that I dared to buy translated copies of both Oriana Fallaci's trilogy on the Islamisation of Europe and Robert Spencer's *The Politically Incorrect Guide to Islam*. Spencer is only a scholar of Islam. But it took me a year to digest the material from the most intellectually inclined anti-jihad blogs in English: Ned May's *Gates of Vienna* and Larry Auster's *View from the Right*. Extensive reading on these broader socio-political issues not only shattered my previous liberal worldview and turned me, God forbid, into a conservative: it convinced me that those concerned about the Islamisation of the West were right, and their leftist detractors in denial. I was now psycho-historically and politically mature, I thought.

I was a chick still struggling to break out of its eggshell to glimpse the real world! When I started reading *The Occidental Quarterly* at the international airport I knew that there was a group of people who in the previous decade had coined a new term, White Nationalism. Admittedly, at the end of 2009 I was still at odds with these nationalists on the Jewish question. This difference aside, after discovering the existence of this group of intellectuals that the system had hidden from my vision for half a century of my life, I felt that I had finally broken the last Russian doll-like eggshell and could finally hear the voice: 'Welcome to the real world'.

Alas, I was still sleeping! But in February 2010 I was ‘struck by lightning’ which broke the last shell. I realised that I had misunderstood the Jewish question and that the Jewish problem wasn’t a hallucination as I used to believe. It was all too real.

Before that crucial day of 2010, I used to exchange emails with two of the best Jewish minds in the blogosphere active in the counterjihad: Larry Auster and Takuan Seiyo. Paradoxically, this pair helped me understand the issue of their tribe. Of course: they both got angry when I switched sides. But what convinced me of the essential truth of anti-Semitism is that neither of these two intellectuals could say anything rational about my February challenge, quoted in my previous article (‘If between now and March I don’t get a convincing rebuttal of Bullard’s statement from my visitors...’). After the provocative challenge, neither engaged in a civilised discussion. They simply ignored the new world I was beginning to glimpse not only beyond the now torn outer membrane, but they also ignored the clarity of my vision once I finally broke through the shell and emerged from this latest prison for the white mind.

One of them, Auster, said on his website that he wouldn’t speak to me again unless I reversed my paradigm to my previous views on the Jewish question. The other intellectual, Seiyo (misleading name: he is not Japanese but Polish) behaved even more irrationally. Enraged, Seiyo told Tanstaafl, ‘I see you as my direct and mortal enemy’ and threatened on my blog ‘to have nothing to do with Chechar as long as I have anything to do with you’.

The Jekyll-Hyde transformation of a famed author for readers of *The Brussels Journal* took me by surprise. But the reaction of the non-Jews—the Christian, agnostic and pagan commenters on the *Gates of Vienna* blog site, where I met them all—taught me a lesson. Ned May sent me an email telling me that he would stop publishing the rest of my psychohistorical book (which can now be read on *Day of Wrath*). Neither he nor others of these coward whites dared to discuss the issues. For us gentiles, criticism of Jews is considered out of place. Nationalist readers will find it comical that the Norwegian Fjordman, one of the most notable counterjihad bloggers, has declared, ‘It seems that the only people who can denounce true anti-Semitism and at the same time criticise liberal Jews are people who are partly Jewish, like Larry Auster or Takuan

Seiyo'. In other words, only Jews can criticise Jews (*n.b.*: later I learned that Fjordman is Jewish on his father's side).

These guys are out of our reach no matter how close we get to them. The sad truth is that, because of their unwillingness to see the elephant in the room, gentiles like Ned May, who think they are defenders of the West, are unwittingly undermining its civilisation. Agreed: like May, I have been a philo-Semite for most of my adult life. I blame Hollywood and the culture at large for this hard-to-break outer shell that walled my mind off from the real world for so long. But the main difference between me and these Jews and non-Jews who cling to neoconservatism is honesty, or lack thereof.

If there is a moral to be gleaned from my spiritual odyssey, it is that the dishonesty of my family, leftist friends and anti-jihad conservatives I left behind is a by-product of deep-seated and ingrained cowardice. In my teens, when I was abused at home, I believed that compassion was humanity's chief virtue. In my twenties and thirties, when I struggled with the religious demons of my parental introjects, I believed that reason in the sense of the Enlightenment philosophers was the chief virtue. In my forties, when my haughty family refused to read my heart-breaking autobiography, I believed that humility was the chief virtue.

In my maturity I have come to realise that it is all about valour and honesty—honour!

*5 April 2011*

### *Wuthering Heights*

How would we have felt if, as children, our father came home with a boy of different ethnicity and forced him into our room as a new brother? How would we have felt if, after resenting this betrayal and picking on the unfortunate intruder—as children often do—our father sent us, not the intruder, to boarding school? Forget all the films you have seen to date: for this is how the real *Wuthering Heights* novel begins. On his travels, Mr Earnshaw encounters a homeless boy. Again, forget all the Hollywood images, because this child's skin was similar to that of 'a little lascar'. Mr Earnshaw decides to adopt him and name him 'Heathcliff'. Brontë describes Heathcliff as a 'dark-skinned gipsy'. Naturally, Mr Earnshaw's legitimate son, Hindley, is robbed of his father's affection and becomes bitterly jealous of the little lascar. (The poor interloper wasn't even a half-brother or an illegitimate child of Mr Earnshaw with a gipsy.)

All critics of the novel, even the most conservative, seem to have overlooked the racial aspect of this drama.

I would venture to suggest that, once the ethnostate is established, *Wuthering Heights* will be chosen as one of the classics to symbolically convey the tragedy of thrusting, against the will of the rightful heir, an illegal alien who, after a while, hostilely takes over the entire family estate and begins to prey on key Anglo-Saxon characters in a life devoted to revenge (such is the plot of *Wuthering Heights*—gipsies are so good at it...!).

Besides, the real *Wuthering Heights* is no love story. The 1939 adaptation with Lawrence Oliver is as far removed from the original story as, say, Disney's *Pinocchio* from Carlo Collodi's much more sinister original tale. Catherine and the gipsy are the polar opposite of the heroine and the hero. The first Catherine is precisely an early embodiment of the contemporary out-group altruism that has been destroying the West ever since we made the blunder of empowering

women. The drama of the novel only ends when—after the deaths of Mr Earnshaw, Catherine Earnshaw, Isabella Linton, Edgar Linton, Hindley Earnshaw and Linton Heathcliff (the son of the gipsy who dies as a result of the abuse perpetrated by his father)—Heathcliff finally dies and the second Catherine can, at last, claim a life with her first cousin: the survivors.

Only the pure whites survive at the end of the drama.

How is it that no one has made such an obvious reading of this classic of English literature, that the tragedy only ends when the gipsy dies?

*Wuthering Heights* should be presented to people of European descent as the perfect metaphor for what Europeans have self-inflicted on themselves in recent decades by importing millions of hostile ‘gipsies’ to displace the native ‘Hindleys’. Indeed, in the novel Mr Earnshaw, whose altruistic affection for the gipsy child would wreak havoc, reminds me of the proverb ‘dog that wags its tail for strangers and barks at its own’. It also reminds me of what the Swedes are doing not to a single family, but their entire nation: an unhinged Christian sense of compassion à la St Francis transmuted into unbridled altruism.

The drama of *Wuthering Heights* was, of course, set in the Yorkshire manor. But nowadays this is happening through non-white immigration in every white heartland; the UK is just a notorious example.

Reread on Brontë to understand the English!

14 May 2011

### A Mexican lesson for Americans:

An excerpt from José Vasconcelos, *A Brief History of Mexico*

The following excerpt is taken from the chapter on 'Independence' in *A Brief History of Mexico* (*Breve Historia de México*, [México, D.F.: Ediciones Botas, 1944, first edition 1937], pages 255–60). The author, José Vasconcelos, one of the most celebrated Mexican intellectuals of the 20th century, wrote: '*El desprecio de la propia casta es el peor de los vicios del carácter*' (Contempt for one's race is the worst of character flaws).

Americans who have visited their southern neighbour or observed Mexican immigrants in California and Texas and noted their overwhelmingly Indian phenotype might find difficult to imagine that in the early 19th century—just before the War of Independence in New Spain, the country that would retake its ancient Aztec name, 'Mexico'—whites constituted one-sixth of the population. In modern Mexico, because of low white and high non-white birthrates, pure whites are almost on the brink of extinction. Thus the history of this nation should serve as a warning to the Americans against open borders, miscegenation, and affirmative action. José Vasconcelos wrote:

\* \* \*

The independence of the Latin American nations is the result of the disintegration of the Spanish empire. None of the nations of Latin America had, by a process of natural growth, reached the maturity required for emancipation... In the colonies, the men of clearer vision and greater patriotism, for example, the bishop Abad y Queipo, gave Mexico up for lost, and rightly so, after he saw that the independence was inevitable...

From the beginning, the war was supposed to destroy the Spaniards, who represented the force and culture of the country, in the same way that later a fight against the criollo was developed, and today against the mestizo—all under the pretext of freeing the Indian—in order to uproot Spanish culture and replace it with the native American culture.

The two lands most imbued with Spanish influence, Mexico and Peru, resisted independence, which happened through foreign intervention. Peru was freed by Colombians and Argentines...

In the United States, the independence movement was not a race war. For Morelos, for example, to be comparable to Washington, it must be assumed that Washington had decided to recruit blacks and mulattoes to kill the English. Instead, Washington disdained blacks and mulattoes and recruited the English of America, who didn't commit the folly of killing their own brothers, uncles, and relatives, only because they were born in England. Quite the contrary, each participant of the American Revolution felt pride for his British ancestry and hoped for the betterment of the English. This should have been the sense of our own emancipation, to transform New Spain into an improved Spain, better than that of the peninsula but with its blood, our blood. The whole later disaster of Mexico is explained by the blind, criminal decision that emerged from the womb of Hidalgo's mobs and is expressed in the suicidal cry: 'Death to the Spaniards!'

The absurd idea never crossed the mind of Washington, Hamilton, Jefferson, or any of the fathers of the Yankee Independence that a redskin should be the President or that blacks should occupy positions held by the English. What we should have done is to declare that all the Spanish residents in Mexico were to be treated like Mexicans.

The idea that independence would tend to devolve power to the Indian was not an Indian idea. The emancipation, as already said over and over again, was neither devised nor consummated by the Indians. The idea of stirring up the Indians appears in the leaders of the emancipation who had not found positive reception for their plans from the educated classes. They resorted to the dangerous decision of starting a caste war because they were unable to carry out a war of emancipation. Not even Bolívar escapes this charge, since in Colombia he stirred up blacks against whites in order to

recruit his armies. For the people of the North, such procedures would have seemed insane, as they were.

It was therefore a crime: stirring up the underdogs against the top brass without any social improvement, merely to have soldiers. In fact, the idea of putting the Indian in front of the insurrection was an English idea. One of the first people to speak of confederating the Hispanic continent under the rule of a descendant of the Incas was Miranda. This idea was given to Miranda by the two biggest enemies of the Spanish in America, namely the French and the English.

If, during the US War of Independence, an agitator had said that the country should be ruled again by the redskins, surely he would have been shot by patriots as a traitor. But among us, talk of returning the country to the Indians is greeted with smiles. The English originators of this propaganda knew well that the Indians would not even hear it, but they counted upon the unseriousness, the vanity, and the folly of the criollos and mestizos, both of whom took sides against the Spanish. Once the Spanish were destroyed, these countries could be easily divided and thus fall prey to a new form of domination. Undoubtedly, a Mexico ruled by Indians and becoming Aztec again would be as easy prey as it was for Cortés.

Even if the Indians deserved this restoration, which is absurd to imagine, it is obvious that people don't go back three hundred years—much less in the case of Mexico, where the race itself, apart from the customs and ideas, had been transformed.

Contempt for one's race is the worst of character flaws.

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This is the only one of my articles, most of it a translation actually, that appeared in *Counter-Currents*, Greg Johnson's webzine, on May 23, 2011. I republished it on my website.



### On classic pederasty

In the 1959 Hollywood interpretation of *Ben-Hur*, starring Charlton Heston, the Rome of Tiberius and Jerusalem are idealised far beyond what those cities were like in the 1st century. Consider how, to impress the audience with the grandeur of the Roman circus in 'Palestine', for the chariot race sequence the director made it look as big as the circus in Constantinople. Conversely, in Federico Fellini's 1969 film *Fellini Satyricon*, loosely based on Petronius' classic, the Roman Empire is dreamlike caricatured to the point that the film's grotesqueries bear no visual relation to the empire of the historical period. Both the idealisation of Hollywood and the dreamlike caricature are artistic ways of understanding the soul of Rome. One might think that an Aristotelian golden mean might be somewhere between *Ben-Hur* and *Fellini Satyricon*, but not even HBO's *Rome*, a supposedly realistic TV series that claimed to pay more attention to historical women, dared to show that some of them abandoned their babies.



Hiram Keller and Max Born playing Ascyltus and Giton

The directors of *Rome* didn't film either the infatuation of some men with adolescents. André Gide (1869-1951) could have been a better director than the HBO staff. He considered his *Corydon*, published in 1924 and widely condemned, his most

important work. But, unlike the literati, I can only understand the spirit of a culture through the visual arts. It would be useful for readers of this article to watch on YouTube the scenes from the film *Fellini Satyricon* featuring Encolpius, who looks to be in his middle twenties, and his boyfriend Giton, who looks like a leptosomatic sixteen-year-old boy. Cinematic experiences aside, what do scholars have to say about what I call pseudo-homosexuality: pederasty (not to be confused with paedophilia)? In the introduction to *On Homosexuality: Lysis, Phaedrus and Symposium*, Eugene O'Connor wrote (without added ellipsis):

The composition of [Plato's] *Symposium* owes much to the Greek tradition of 'banquet literature', often a collection of informal discussions (in prose or verse) on various topics, including the power of love and the delights of young men and boys. Indeed, a whole body of homoerotic literature grew up around the themes of male beauty and how one ought to woo and win a boy.

The customary social pattern was this: a boy in his teens or, at any rate, a younger man (called an *eromenos*, or 'beloved') was sought out by an older male (called an *erastes* or 'lover'), who might be already married. Women in classical Athens were kept in virtual seclusion from everyone but their immediate families and their domestic activities were relegated to certain 'female' parts of the house. As a consequence, boys and young men—partly by virtue of their being seen, whether in the gymnasium, in the streets, or at a sacrifice (as in the *Lysis*)—became natural love-objects.

Strict rules of conduct bound both parties: adult males could face prosecution for seducing free-born youths, while Athenian boys and young men could be censured for soliciting sexual favours for money. That would make them in effect equal to courtesans, who were hired companions and lacked citizen status. This *erastes-eromenos* (lover-beloved) relationship, although it was sexual and in many ways comparable to typical, male-female relations, with the man assuming the dominant role, was meant ideally to be an educative one. The older man instilled in the younger—in essence, 'made him pregnant with'—a respect for the requisite masculine virtues of courage and honor. Socrates in the *Phaedrus* describes how the soul of the pederast (literally, 'a lover of youths') who is blessed with philosophy will grow wings after a certain cycle of

reincarnations. In recent centuries, the word 'pederast' has come to be viewed with opprobrium, fit only to describe child molesters. But in ancient Greece the word carried no such negative connotation, and was employed in a very different context. Surrounded as he often was by the brightest young men of Athens, Socrates jokingly compared himself, in Xenophon's *Symposium*, to a pander or procurer. These are witty, humorous characterizations of Socrates to be sure; yet, in the end, Socrates was the best erastes of all; the loving adult male teacher who sought to lead his aristocratic *eromenoi* (male beloveds) on the road to virtue.

I have read Xenophon's *Symposium* and in the eight chapter it does appear that Socrates and others had intense infatuations with their *eromenoi*. In his *Corydon*, Gide shares the Platonic view that what he calls 'normal pederasty' (to distinguish it from child molestation) is a state of mind conducive to shedding light on truth and beauty. In the last pages of his slim book, Gide concludes 'I believe that such a lover will watch over him jealously, protect him, and himself exalted, purified by this love, will guide him towards those radiant heights which are not attained without love'. On the last page, Gide adds that 'from thirteen to twenty-two (to take the age suggested by La Bruyere) is for the Greeks the age of amorous friendship, of shared exaltation, of the noblest emulation', and that only after this age does the young man 'want to be a man': to marry a woman.

I don't only need visual elements to understand a culture well: visual elements that we still lack today in the film and documentary industry. Narrative, which contrasts dramatically with academic treatises, is also fundamental as a way of delving into the unfathomable depths of a past world. There is a story told by an old poet, Eumolpus, in the first long novel known to Western literature, Petronius' *Satyricon*, that deserves to be read. It begins with the words: 'When I went to Asia as a paid officer in the Quaestor's suite, I lodged with a family in Pergamum. I found my quarters very pleasant, first on account of the convenience and elegance of the apartments, and still more because of the beauty of my host's son'. These pages of the real *Satyricon*, contrasting with Fellini's nightmare, deserve to be read as a window into the past.

But was the erastes-eromenos relationship always as hilariously picaresque as Petronius describes it? In the 1978 treatise *Greek Homosexuality*, K.J. Dover writes:

Ephoros, writing in the mid-fourth century, gives a remarkable account (*F149*) of ritualised homosexual rape in Crete. The erastes gave notice of his intention, and the family and friends of the eromenos did not attempt to hide the boy away, for that would have been admission that he was not worthy of the honor offered him by the erastes. If they believed that the erastes was unworthy, they prevented the rape by force; otherwise they put a good-humored and half-hearted resistance, which ended with the erastes carrying off the eromenos to a hide-out for two months. At the end of that period the two of them returned to the city, and the erastes gave the eromenos expensive presents, including clothing which would thereafter testify to the achievement of the eromenos in being chosen; he was *kleinos*, 'celebrated', thanks to his *philetor*, 'lover'. [p. 189]

John Boswell, a homosexual professor at Yale University who died at the age of forty-seven from complications of AIDS, specialised in the relationship between homosexuality and Christianity. He refrains from mentioning the word 'rape' which Dover used without qualms in his treatise published by Harvard University. But in *Same-Sex Unions in Premodern Europe* Boswell describes in less academic, and more colourful language, the legal provisions relating to such abductions:

Apart from the abduction aspect, this practice has all the elements of European marriage tradition: witness, gifts, religious sacrifice, a public banquet, a chalice, a ritual change of clothing for one partner, a change of status for both, even a honeymoon.

The abduction is less remarkable, by the standards of the times, that it seems. The ruler of the gods, Zeus, mandated a permanent relationship with a beautiful Trojan prince, Ganymede, after abducting him and carrying him off to heaven; they were the most famous same-sex couple of the ancient world, familiar to all its educated residents. Zeus even gave Ganymede's father a gift—the equivalent of a dowry or 'morning gift'. The inhabitants of Chalcis honored what they believed to be the very spot of Ganymede's abduction, called

Harpagion ('Place of Abduction'). Moreover, as late as Boccaccio (*Decameron*, Day 5, Tale 1) an abduction marriage that takes place seems to find its most natural home in Crete.

*Hetero*-sexual [my emphasis] abduction marriage was also extremely common in the ancient world—especially in the neighboring state of Sparta, with which Crete shared its constitution and much of its social organization, where it was the normal mode of heterosexual marriage. It remained frequent well into modern times, and even under Christian influence men who abducted women were often only constrained to marry them, and not punished in any other way. In a society where women were regarded as property and their sexuality their major asset, by the time an abducted woman was returned most of her value was gone, and... public attention was focused... [whether] she would ever find a husband. And in a moral universe where the abduction of Helen (and of the Sabine women) provided the foundation myths of the greatest contemporary political entities, such an act was as likely to seem heroic as disreputable. *The Erotic Discourses* attributed to Plutarch begin with stories of abduction for love, both heterosexual and homosexual. [pp. 91-93]

This last sentence about the founding myths of both Hellas and Rome is central to understanding the moral universe of ancient Greeks and Romans. However, Boswell omits to say that Zeus would be considered a quasi-bisexual god with strong heterosexual preferences—Hera and many other consorts—by today's standards, by no means a homosexual god. Moreover, the erastes-eromenos relationship was not intended to be permanent. The continuity of an erotic relationship was frowned upon. In dramatic contrast to so-called 'gay marriages', romantic relationships between adult coevals weren't respected. In fact, the former eromenos might well become an erastes himself with a younger youth when he grew older. Boswell, who tried to use classical scholarship to support what degenerate westerners call 'gay marriage', overstates his case in other passages of *Same-sex Unions in Premodern Europe*. What struck me most about his study is that on page 66 he misleads readers by claiming that the protagonists of the *Satyricon*, Encolpius and Giton, are simply a same-sex couple. I have read a couple of translations of the *Satyricon* and it is clear that Boswell omitted a fundamental fact: the age of Giton, an underage teen by today's standards.

### *A window of escape*

Classic pederasty didn't resemble what nowadays is called the 'gay movement'. However, the causes of pederasty lie not only in what O'Connor said above: secluded women and men transferring their affections to younger boys. In sharp contrast to Lloyd deMause's psychohistory, which is hostile to Greece and Rome, my educated guess is that the Greco-Romans must have treated adolescents well enough to allow the explosion of arts, philosophies and politics that we have inherited.

On the third page of this book is a list of our books. My books in Spanish introduce a category that could revolutionise our understanding of ourselves. In a nutshell, there are hells at home in which, psychically, children and teenagers suffer far more than adults in concentration camps: experiences far more destructive to the spirit than those endured by the average prisoner. However, without assimilating the central message of my books (for abridged English translations, see *Letter to mom Medusa* and *Day of Wrath*), what I am about to say won't be appreciated or understood. There are legitimate cases of pederasty: those that help the abused adolescent escape from the homes of maddening parents. This is something that totally and utterly escaped the focus of deMause's history of childhood, explained in my *Day of Wrath*.

Some clinicians say that abused adolescents often dream of a window of escape from their homes. For a long time, but this is the first time I have committed to writing it down, I have harboured the idea that, thanks to that window of escape, mental health grew exponentially in Ancient Greece. After all, Greek pederasty was the opposite of Christian pederasty, the latter being performed in secret by priests and without warning to the unwary child. By contrast, in the Greek and Latin world the 'lovers of youth' were out in the open: in the Palestra, the Gymnasium or even at home as tutors; with friends and acquaintances warning the budding boy about satyrs, or older males of dubious reputation—something that never happened in Christendom's monasteries, or more recently with altar boys.

If the reader doesn't understand cases of hellish homes, the point I am trying to make will be incomprehensible. To complicate

matters further, in our culture blaming parents for their children's mental disorders is such a heresy that an entire profession, biological psychiatry, has been created to hide the work of what causes neuroses and psychoses. But apparently it was not such a taboo in the Athens of Pericles. Think of Euripides' plays *Iphigenia* and *Electra*, the former brought to the big screen by Greek director Michael Cacoyannis and the latter a play I saw performed theatrically.

Agamemnon sacrificed his daughter Iphigenia and his wife Clytemnestra drove another of their daughters, Electra, mad: perfect examples of what we call soul murderers or infanticidal psychoclass. If the modern mind could break the taboo that the ancient tragedians began to break before their suicidal Peloponnesian War, under this new perspective could we use Gide's phrase 'defence of pederasty' in a sense that Gide never imagined? More importantly, could it be possible that, centuries later, the abolition of the erastes-eromenos institution by the Christian emperors resulted in a psychogenic regression? Today, the trauma model of mental disorders is neither accepted by the academic world nor by the general culture. But taking into account the fundamentals of developmental psychology and attachment theory, perhaps only those who follow Gide's words—'such a lover will jealously watch over him, protect him'—will be able to open a window of escape for the male adolescent: the possibility to flee the schizogenic home.

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Abridged from a longer, 14 March 2012  
article entitled 'Giton's magic'.

## On Erasmus

When I was younger, my father mentioned Erasmus several times, and I imagined that his famous book was something like praising the so-called madmen in a world gone mad. Later, even before I read it, I imagined that Erasmus was a great humanist who saw the madness of the religious wars of his time. I was not prepared in the least to discover that Erasmus himself was part of the madness of Christendom.

When in 1996 I read page 146 of Kenneth Clark's illustrated book *Civilisation*, I was encouraged to get hold of Penguin's excellent 1993 edition of *In Praise of Folly* without suspecting what it contained. A few days later I wrote on the inside cover of the book that Erasmus had disappointed me; that, contrary to my expectations, he didn't see the folly of his time but was himself a fool.

A.H.T. Levi's introduction to *In Praise of Folly* is worth reading, and precisely on page xlii of the long introduction I was surprised to learn that no one in the whole of the Middle Ages had questioned Christian 'truths'. Instead of challenging accepted wisdom, in Levi's introduction to Erasmus' other works I found scholastic discussions about whether or not the ancient Greeks and Romans would be saved from eternal damnation!

Erasmus is truly a stranger to the people of our time. The problems he wrestled with—he never considered his *In Praise of Folly* as his most important book—are infinitely far removed from the problems that overwhelm us today. His worldview is dead, except for those who, like me, were tormented by our fathers with doctrines of eternal punishment.

Erasmus was the most famous humanist of the so-called 'Northern Renaissance', a man in touch with all the princes and scholars of the time. Many consider him the central figure of the intellectual world of what, in my opinion, was a pseudo-Renaissance



(the real intellectual Renaissance would only begin with Montaigne). How could the 'Northern Renaissance' be compared with the Italian Renaissance when its most emblematic intellectual, like Thomas à Kempis, was an Augustinian canon who took the Pauline madness as a panegyric of Christian piety? Erasmus, who was deeply scandalised by the pagan atmosphere of Julius II's Rome, probably decided to publish *In Praise of Folly* precisely to support the growing opposition to Julius in France. When the art of Michelangelo and Raphael was conquering the soul of Rome, Erasmus went so far as to recommend a return to Scripture and the so-called 'Fathers': Origen, Ambrose, Jerome and Augustine; and Erasmus' Greek New Testament was more feared by the Church than his *In Praise of Folly*.

Now that I have mentioned Kenneth Clark's *Civilisation*, let us recall the image Clark chose to represent St Francis: Jacquemart de Hesdin's *The Fool*. In Erasmus' most famous book, women, admittedly stupid and foolish creatures, are the pride of Folly. As we are informed in the very introduction to the Penguin edition, Erasmus takes a surprisingly modern, 'liberal' position on the role of women in society. Since Folly praises ignorance and lunacy, Erasmus reasons that women should be instrumental to the Christian cause. In his book, Folly is only interested in following the example of Jesus, the example of charitable simplicity in the face of the budding intellectualism of the 16th century. The fact that Erasmus has taken St Paul's 'praise of folly' against the best minds St Paul encountered in Athens speaks for itself and needs no further comment.

It doesn't take a great intellectual effort to recognise that the so-called Northern Renaissance was set against the true Renaissance of Italy, which had fallen in love with our genuine Greco-Roman roots. Erasmus' so-called optimistic discussions on the subject of the predestination of both the elect and the damned represent the medieval mind. How could Erasmus' work discussing whether a personal God 'predestined' some of us to an eternity of torture be called 'Renaissance'? It is true that, in Erasmus' century, the prevailing theology was Pelagian and not Augustinian, in the sense that Europeans were supposed to be able to earn their salvation by their own efforts. But this is entirely medieval, not modern, thinking.

To understand Erasmus one has to remember the bestsellers of his time. *The Pseudo-Gregorian Dialogues*, composed in 680 c.e. and translated into all known vernaculars, reinforced in the faithful what priests used to call ‘a salutary fear of hell’. That book implied that hell was eternal and that the soul, though spiritual, suffered physically when it burned. Dante himself drew heavily on the *Dialogues* ‘and its influence on popular piety was greater than any other single work of piety in the history of Western Christendom’.

Visualise yourself for a moment living under the heaven of Erasmus’ time. Visualise yourself caught up in the dogma of the Church and wrestling with the terrible argument about whether the ancient Greeks could be ‘justified’—a nasty Lutheran word inspired by Augustine—and thus saved from eternal flames.



Grünewald’s *Isenheim Altarpiece* (detail above), at the time when Erasmus was publishing his books, describes the spirit of those still dark ages far better than any scholastic treatise.

Look at Grünewald’s painting and imagine that you are asking God to save you from eternal torture... For the so-called humanists of Erasmus’ time this dilemma was too serious a

theological matter, and they rationalised their desire to save the 'heathen' after the recent discoveries of Indian 'souls' in America, who had no opportunity to receive the gospel through no fault of their own. The fact that such doctrines were then considered more enlightened than Augustine's 'pessimism' (see Erasmus' treatise against Luther, *On Free Will*, and the latter's reply, *On Unfree Will*) will never disprove the fact that Erasmus and his ilk were shackled in the trappings of medieval thought.

I felt compelled to write this article because all westerners, including white nationalists, have forgotten what life was like under Christendom. No racist writer I know of has said anything pertinent about the horrors of the infinitely evil doctrine of eternal damnation, or how that fear was so central to Christianity. Modern westerners seem to retroproject their healthy psychoclass and never wonder about the subjective horrors that millions upon millions of whites endured during the Middle Ages as a result of that doctrine.

*22 April 2012*

### The ascent of the soul

Before I read J. A. Sexton's review of Thomas Goodrich's *Hellstorm: The Death of Nazi Germany, 1944-1947*, I knew nothing of what the Allied forces had done to the helpless Germans during and after the Second World War. I confess that, for most of my adult life, I was infected with anti-Nazi propaganda. My mind had been colonised with films, books I read, articles and documentaries about the evils of Nazi Germany. I didn't realise that the propaganda of World War II never really ended, which made me demonise the Third Reich in my inner thoughts for so many years. The powers that be simply covered up the story of what happened from 1944 to 1947, the best-kept secret in modern history!

Now that, thanks to *Hellstorm*, I have awakened to the real world, I am moved to, in memory of the millions of men, women and children tormented and murdered by the Allies, observe a moment of silence out of respect for the victims. Freezing my website for a while with this entry at the top will provide visiting Westerners in general, and Germans in particular, with the opportunity to learn the grim facts of an unheard-of Holocaust perpetrated on the German people: a true Holocaust in every sense of the word.

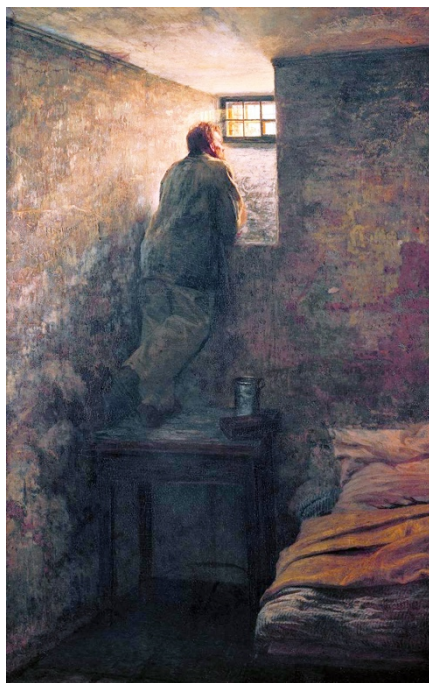
As for the perpetrators of the crime of the age, in his *The Gulag Archipelago* Solzhenitsyn, who in his younger years participated in the rape and murder of German civilians, wrote:

There is nothing that so aids and assists the awakening of omniscience within us as insistent thoughts about one's own transgressions, errors and mistakes. After the difficult cycles of such ponderings over many years, whenever I mentioned the heartlessness of our highest-ranking bureaucrats, the cruelty of our executioners, I remember myself in my captain's shoulders boards and the forward

march of my battery through East Prussia, enshrouded in fire, and I say: 'So were we any better?' And that is why I turn back to the years of my imprisonment and say, sometimes to the astonishment of those about me:

*Bless you, prison!'*...

In prison, both in solitary confinement and outside solitary too, a human being confronts his grief face to face. This grief is a mountain, but he has to find space inside himself for it; familiarize himself with it and digest it. This is the highest form of moral effort, which has always ennobled every human being. A duel with years and with walls constitutes moral work and a path upward... if you can climb it.



Nikolai Yaroshenko, *The prisoner* (1878)

Through tragic personal experience I have corroborated that processing the mountain of pain was, indeed, the only way to develop the soul. Only the rarest of the rare have climbed the path, so no website that I know of even mentions such a forced initiation. But there are exceptions. In the comments section of this site, Goodrich said:

I wrote the above book...

I died a thousand deaths in so doing... Yet I felt I *had* to finish it—for them.

Thanks to Mr Sexton for his review. Like himself, I have never been the same man since.

I am sad... but I am also extremely mad... extremely mad.

The last few weeks I had to pause my agonising reading of *Hellstorm* by taking frequent breaks, but like the author I had to digest the sins white people have committed against themselves; and as well as feeling outraged, paradoxically I also feel strangely calm and liberated. The psychological causes of self-loathing among today's Westerners had been an enigma. The idea is dawning on me that the false narrative about the Second World War is the root cause of our darkest hour.

Unfortunately, since Anglo-Americans failed to do some soul-searching like Solzhenitsyn, and continue to celebrate their behaviour in World War II, the moral integrity of whites everywhere has disappeared. Precisely because of the unredeemed nature of this sin, what the former Allies did in Hitler's Germany has created an Id monster that has been destroying our civilisation ever since: a slow-motion Morgenthau Plan, or low-intensity extermination war, but this time for *all* whites.

It is true that I have abandoned Christianity. But I still believe in the salvific effects of the triad that examines conscience, repentance and atonement: the painful soul-building that Solzhenitsyn experienced in his cell. If, unlike him, we haven't had the opportunity to be imprisoned, let us, in the dreary solitude of our bedrooms, experience the same painful yet awakening process through reflection on the historical facts set out in Goodrich's book.

Prison causes the profound rebirth of a human being... profound pondering over his own 'I'... Here all the trivia and fuss have decreased. I have experienced a turning point. Here you harken to that voice deep inside you, which amid the surfeit and vanity used to be stifled by the roar from outside.

Your soul, which formerly was dry, now ripens from suffering...

*14 September 2012*

A P.S. to my prolegomena

This is a postscript to what I said yesterday in a blog post, ‘Prolegomena for the New Religion of Whites’.

A deeper response to the issues raised by Stubbs would mean reminding my readers that Kant said at the end of his *Critique of Practical Reason* that there are two universes: the empirical universe and the subjective universe. Josef Popper-Lynkeus comments that those who don’t believe in the second universe would do well to reflect on their own death—it is so obvious that a whole universe dies when you die!

What repulses me about academia today is that it is an institution that denies the existence of this second universe. One can imagine what would happen if a student of psychology or psychiatry tried to write a lyrical essay on why Nietzsche lost his mind, like the one Stefan Zweig wrote and which I have excerpted for this website.

A proper response to Stubbs would require an absolute break from the epistemological fallacy that is so pervasive in academia. That is, we must approach such questions as if they were questions of our inner world. Following on from what I said about the psychoclasses in *Day of Wrath*, we can best answer Stubbs by imagining that a few white people touched the black monolith of the film *2001*. Those who have touched it—and we are talking here about the ‘second’ universe that the current paradigm barely acknowledges—know that the most divine creature on earth, the nymph, must be preserved.

This is not the sphere of objective science. Speaking of the ideals of our soul, I would like to confess that I became racially aware in 2009 when I was living on the Spanish island of Gran Canaria, near Africa. The great unemployment that began in 2008 hit me, and since I had no job and was completely broke, I spent a

lot of time on the internet. When I learned that a demographic winter was affecting the entire white population on planet Earth, I was watching a *Harry Potter* movie with the blondest female teenager. I remember saying to myself that from now on I would defend her race with all my teeth and claws.

To understand this ‘universe’ I would have to tell the story of Catalina: a nymph who looked like an English rose who happened to live around the corner from my house decades ago, and reminds me the girl in the painting *Lady Violet* by Parrish. But I’m not going to talk about a tragedy in my life here (see my book *El Grial*). Suffice it to say that my mind has since been dedicated to her beauty, and by transference it is now dedicated to the protection of all genotypes and phenotypes that resemble her...

If we start from our emergent universe (emergent compared to the Neanderthals who didn’t touch the monolith), Stubb’s questions are easy to answer, if one only dares to talk about what lies within our psyche:

*So let me think of some fundamental questions that need to be answered: Why does it matter if the White race exists, if the rest of the humans are happy?*

Speaks my inner universe: Because the rest of humans are like Neanderthals compared to Cro-Magnon whites. Here in Mexico, I have real nightmares imagining the fate of the poor animals when the whites go completely extinct (Amerinds are incapable of feeling the empathy I feel for our biological cousins).

*Why does it matter if the White race continues to exist if I live my life out in comfort?*

Speaks my inner universe: because only pigs think like that. Remember the first film in the Potter series when Hagrid used magic to make a pig’s tail sprout out of Dudley’s fat arse for devouring Harry’s birthday cake. We have a duty with God’s creation, even when there is no personal god.

*Why should I be concerned with the White race if it only recently evolved from our ape-like ancestors, knowing that change is a part of the universe?*

Speaks my inner universe: Because it is our mission that we, not others, touch the black monolith again after four million years have passed since one of our ancestors touched it.

*Why should I be concerned with the existence of the White race if every White person is mortal, and preserving each one is futile?*



Speaks my inner universe: It is a pity that no one has read *The Yearling* from which I recently made an extract. I wanted to say something profound in the context of child abuse, but that is a subject that doesn't interest my readers. Let me hint at what I thought after reading it.

For me, the moral of the novel is not the moment when the father forces his son to shoot Flag, but the very last page of Marjorie's masterpiece. Suddenly Jody woke up at midnight to find him shouting 'Flag!' when his pet was already gone.



The poet Octavio Paz once said that we are mortal, but that 'bits of eternity', like a boy playing with his yearling, are *the meaning* of the universe. The empirical (I am now speaking of the external) universe was created precisely to give birth to these simple subjective moments: figments that depict our souls like no other moments in the universe's horizon of events.

*Why should I be concerned with preserving the White race if all White people who live will suffer, some horribly, and none would suffer if they were wiped out?*

Speaks my inner universe: The boy suffered terribly when his father forced him to murder Flag, yes. But the moment of eternity as depicted in Wyeth's illustration *had to be lived*. It will probably leave a mark if another incarnation of the universe takes place...

9 July 2013

### My ‘pod’ cousin



Lately, I’ve been complaining that American films and British and Spanish TV series have been the medium for anti-white propaganda (with the sole exception of the first episode of *The White Queen*). A naïve person might think that if I approached a series directed by one of my cousins instead, the message would be a little more positive.

*Gritos de Muerte y Libertad* is a Mexican television series based on the period of the Mexican War of Independence, produced by Leopoldo Gómez and directed by my cousin Gerardo Tort (pictured above) and lesbian Mafer Suárez. Advised by a group of historians, several scriptwriters wrote thirteen episodes for the first season of the series. The series premiered on 30 August 2010 on the occasion of the bicentenary of Mexico’s independence from Spain and ended on 16 September of that year.

In ‘A Mexican lesson for Americans’ I quoted in this book José Vasconcelos, stating that the war of independence, under the pretext of liberating the Indians, was aimed at destroying the Spaniards who represented the strength and culture of the country. And on my website, I have revealed some hidden facts about Miguel Hidalgo y Costilla, the father of Mexican independence. All 19th-century paintings of Hidalgo, such as the one seen in the

Wikipedia article about him, are fakes. They were all based on a portrait of a man of Austrian origin who posed for an artist because no one had painted a portrait of the real Hidalgo by the time he was elevated to the status of father of independence. The man was long dead by the time the new nation needed a noble face to honour (just as Americans have their portraits of George Washington). Well, the original spoken accounts describe Hidalgo not as an Aryan, but with a hooked nose! What does this mean? That the vast majority of Mexicans are unaware that the Catholic priest Hidalgo was the son of Jewish converts. Nowadays even Mexican Jews, no longer needing to hide the Jewishness of their people, have acknowledged it.

Of course: my cousin Gerardo was only hired to direct a script written by others. But since I know him, I suppose he didn't object to the script's anti-Spanish bias. It is worth mentioning that at the turn of the century Gerardo made an *auteur* film about homeless children in Mexico City, and later filmed a documentary of his own about a Mexican guerrilla fighter he admires and which fits perfectly with his leftist ideology. I hadn't seen the series *Gritos de Muerte y Libertad* until recently, but now that I'm reviewing other TV series I'd like to say something about it.

In the first episode, one of the pro-Spanish characters says these words (in Spanish, of course) about the independence movement: 'Imagine a government of Criollos [white ethnic Iberians who weren't born in Spain], Indians, mestizos and mulattos!'

What struck me as most surreal is that the vast majority of upper-class New Spaniards are represented by mestizo or harnizo actors (slightly whiter mestizos), not even by castizos (Iberian whites with a distant drop of Amerindian blood) or true Iberian whites. The script that Gerardo directed mentions 'Criollos' many times in the textual dialogue, but during casting he selected mestizo actors. Phenotypical Criollos do appear in the next episode, but that episode was directed by the lesbian.

Most surreal of all is that the Aryan-looking actor who was cast as Hidalgo by both directors, the actor on the far left in the photo on the next page, was—not in the series but in real history—a Jew with even the prototypical hooked nose, according to the spoken testimony of those who had seen the historical Hidalgo in the flesh. Moreover, in *Gritos de Muerte y Libertad* my cousin portrays

José de Iturrigaray, the viceroy of New Spain from 1803 to 1808 (standing in the photo with a ridiculous wig), as an ignoble character; and for María Inés de Jáuregui y Aróstegui, his wife, he chose a mestizo actress (wasn't the historical Inés a white Iberian too?). So you have Gerardo, the phenotypical Criollo, filming the Spanish viceroy as the bad guy and the Jew Hidalgo as the good guy in his film. That said, I doubt Gerardo knows that the historical Hidalgo was genetically Jewish. Like all Mexican leftists he is sleeping in a deep Matrix.

In the other episodes of the series that my cousin also directed, I was struck by a dialogue. A woman asks Hidalgo: 'Take the command from the Europeans and hand it over to whom?' while giving a hostile look to a Mexican Indian standing next to her. Of course: the woman is depicted as a fanatic.



*Gritos de Muerte y Libertad* includes explanatory notes to clarify the supposed historical facts for the Mexican audience. One of them announces that, once in prison and excommunicated by the church, Hidalgo felt guilty that the coloured mobs he had commanded massacred civilians at the Alhóndiga de Granaditas. This is a curious claim since Hidalgo was well known for his *cri de guerre* '¡Viva la Virgen de Guadalupe y mueran los gachupines!' ('Life to the Virgin of Guadalupe and death to the Spaniards!'). So clearly racial is the script of *Gritos de Muerte y Libertad* that it includes these words from a fearful viceroy when Hidalgo's coloured mobs arrived in the capital of New Spain: 'This is the main square of the Spanish crown! And no horde of Zambos [hybrids between Amerindians and imported blacks] will ever claim it'. This was the viceroy who succeeded José de Iturrigaray, but my cousin also films him in a bad light.

In later episodes, Gerardo has Hidalgo imprisoned before he is shot after losing major battles against troops loyal to the Spanish crown. Once again, my cousin used a mestizo actor for the jailer (Félix Calleja's soldiers were likely Castizos, Criollos and Spaniards). Hidalgo recounts his adventures to the jailer and presents himself as noble and wise. The jailer even acknowledges that Hidalgo 'is a good man, a son of God'. At least in that monologue my cousin has Hidalgo acknowledge that in Guanajuato his angry mobs killed women and children, but Gerardo didn't dare to film the actual scenes showing that the victims were white; and the killers, Indians and Zambos. This is shameful, since Damián Tort Roca, our ancestor five generations ago, had come to America as a physician's assistant to the royalist army in the war against the insurgent Indians and mestizos.

Gerardo filmed the platoon that shot Hidalgo, again, as a group of slightly mesticised Indians. I wonder if machines are ever invented to see the past and we might see the historical scene as whiter men shooting a phenotypical kike. But before the shooting Hidalgo hands out candies—yes: candies!—to his executioners and after the shooting one of them is on the verge of tears. How moving...

I obtained two DVDs of *Gritos de Muerte y Libertad*, the next one dealing with Hidalgo's successor, the mulatto José María Morelos, who continued the slaughter of Iberian whites after the death of his mentor. But I have no patience left to watch this second DVD. Suffice it to say that a few years ago, here in Mexico City, some *nacos* (an insulting pejorative for Indian-looking males, analogous to the American *nigger*) assaulted Gerardo's brother. Interestingly, one of Gerardo's two sisters once told me during a private conversation that *nacos* should 'have equal rights'. Yes... all my white relatives are Pods. And a worse kind of Pods than American liberals, since among older people in the United States there is at least a memory that their nation was majority white. Those who have seen the 1956 film *Invasion of the Body Snatchers* can see a beautiful California town populated exclusively by whites. This was California before Aztlán took it over with the blessing of body-snatcher pods (like my cousin).

Mexico, even during the three centuries it was known as New Spain, has experienced no less than half a millennium of miscegenation. The remaining Criollos have been so brainwashed

that the very mention of avoiding intercourse with coloureds would be considered blasphemy. I would venture to assert that after the dollar plummets dragging down the Mexican peso, the shock won't be enough to awaken the remaining Criollos from their catatonic slumber.

*10 December 2013*

## On Spain and literature

Annoyed by the infamous TV series *Toledo*, I tried to find some solace in the epic film *El Cid*, a story of the life of the Castilian knight Don Rodrigo Díaz de Vivar who in the 11th century contributed to the unification of Spain. But even that film, released in 1961, begins with a politically correct scene.

*El Cid*, played by Charlton Heston, spares the life of a Moorish king in the hope that he will behave after an anti-Christian raid—and behaves like a gentleman for the rest of the film. Then, in the royal palace, *El Cid* has a private conversation with the woman he loved, played by Sophia Loren, and makes a speech about his pacifist intentions when he is accused of treason for sparing the Muslim king's life. To top it all off, unlike Heston, Loren is not an Aryan.

What if we forget the old and new films altogether and focus instead on the Spanish literature of the Middle Ages? What will we find there?

Big surprise: the historical Cid found work fighting for the Muslim rulers of the taifa of Saragossa! This happened after he fell out of favour with Alfonso VI, King of León and Castile, who in 1081 ordered the exile of Rodrigo Díaz. But what else can the literature of the period say about the customs and mores of medieval Spain? Let's take a look...



The photograph of Soledad Anaya Solórzano (1895-1978) was taken around the time she was the literature teacher of Octavio Paz, who would go on to win the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1990. Anaya was the principal of *Secundaria Héroes de la Libertad* until her death, the Mexico City middle school where I studied. When Miss Anaya taught me she was in her seventies and looked much older than in the picture, but she was still in full command of her intellectual capacities. Anaya never married and was the sole author of *Literatura Española*, a textbook of over thirty editions which we used in her class and which I will use in this article. I must say that in the first chapters of Anaya's textbook, first published during the Second World War, she used the word 'Aryans' without qualms when referring to the first conquerors of the Iberian Peninsula.

In the first ancient text analysed by Anaya, the 8th-century legend of *King Rodrigo and the Loss of Spain* (pages 28-31), the reader with knowledge of the Jews is surprised to learn that no information is provided about the Jews inviting any Muslims to the peninsula. The old legend tells instead that Florinda, a Visigothic maiden (presumably a purely Aryan girl) was seduced by King Rodrigo, another white Iberian, in Rodrigo's castle. In revenge, Count Julian, Florinda's father, 'opened Spain to Muslim expansion', wrote Anaya: an expansion that had previously been contained by the count himself. The Moors then invaded the peninsula 'and easily destroyed the already weakened Visigothic power'. Anaya adds that 'it is not known what happened to King Rodrigo, who caused so much damage' and that the 'historical events related to this legend occurred in 711 AD' (my translation). Note that King Rodrigo is blamed and not Count Julian—or the Moors. Presumably the weight of the legend rested on a peculiar sense of honour among the Iberians of those remote times.

Later, on pages 40-47 of the textbook I used as a teenager, Anaya mentions the case of the legend of *The Seven Infants of Lara*, which tells how other Iberian whites used other Moors to take revenge for other cases of Aryan offences. This very famous medieval tale has Gonzalo Gustios, the weeping father of the seven white young men beheaded in Cordova, marry Aixa, the daughter of Almanzor (Almanzor, who had imprisoned Gonzalo Gustios, was one of the most powerful figures in the Caliphate). Mudarra González, the mixed-race son of the Christian Gonzalo Gustios and



the Muslim Aixa, is destined to avenge his father. The victim, of course, is not Almanzor, the Moor who ordered the beheading of the boys in the name of the brave knight Ruy Vázquez. The victim is Ruy Vázquez himself, whom the mestizo dispatches at the end of the story. Once again, for the medieval Spaniard, race didn't seem to be the central issue: it was the sense of knightly honour, especially during in-group vendettas.

In the following chapter, Anaya takes a closer look at the ancient texts about the Cid. His life inspired the most important epic poem in Spanish literature: the *Cantar de mio Cid*. Now that I have reread his book forty years after reading it for the first time, I was shocked to see Anaya's statement that the Cid was 'the terror of Moors *and* Christians' (my emphasis). When I finished the chapter I was surprised to learn that the fame of the Cid wasn't based entirely on the feat of expelling some Moors from the peninsula, but mainly on the chivalrous character of this historical and legendary figure of the Reconquista.

The reason why I rarely include poetry on this website is simple. Very rarely does a poem reach the depths of my soul. The first poem that reached me was one by Luis de Góngora, which I read in Miss Anaya's textbook when I was a teenager. Góngora was a baroque poet of the Spanish Golden Age. He and his contemporary Francisco de Quevedo are considered the most outstanding Spanish poets of all time. Góngora flourished in the late 16th and early 17th centuries, when the Spanish language reached its peak. Anaya tells us in *Literatura Española* that later in his life Góngora became a priest and lived in a chaplaincy of honour in Madrid in the palace of King Philip III.

Góngora composed his Sonnet LCXVI when he was twenty-one years old. Although the poetry cannot be adequately translated, the following is Edward Churton's translation. Góngora's urgent appeal to a young blonde nymph to enjoy her youth before time destroys her made a great impression on the lad I was:

*While to contend in brightness with thy hair  
Sunlight on burnished gold may strive in vain,  
While thy proud forehead's whiteness may disdain  
The lilies of the field, which bloom less fair,  
While each red lip at once more eyes will snare  
Than the perfumed carnation bud new born,*

*And while thy graceful neck with queenly scorn  
Outshines bright crystal on the morning air:  
Enjoy thy hour, neck, ringlets, lips, and brow;  
Before the glories of this age of gold:  
Earth's precious ore, sweet flowers, and crystal bright  
Turn pale and dim; and Time with fingers cold  
Rifle the bud and bloom; and they, and thou  
Become but ash, smoke, shadow, dust and night.*

Apropos of what I have said on my website about blaming the Iberians' lust for gold for their miscegenation in the Americas, let me quote a translation of a few lines from one of Francisco de Quevedo's poems, *Poderoso Caballero es Don Dinero* which I reread recently in the Anaya book. When Quevedo writes 'in the Indies did they nurse him' he is referring, of course, to gold being found in the newly conquered West Indies, the lands of New Spain (now Mexico). And when he says 'in Genoa did they hearse him' he means that the gold is buried like jewels with the corpses of the rich merchants of the Italian city of Genoa:

*Mother, unto gold I yield me,  
He and I are ardent lovers;  
Pure affection now discovers  
How his sunny rays shall shield me!  
For a trifle more or less  
All his power will confess,  
Powerful knight is don money.*

*In the Indies did they nurse him,  
While the world stood round admiring;  
And in Spain was his expiring;  
And in Genoa did they hearse him;  
And the ugliest at his side  
Shines with all of beauty's pride;  
Powerful knight is don money.*

*Noble are his proud ancestors  
For his blood-veins are patrician;  
Royalties make the position  
Of his Orient investors;  
So they find themselves preferred  
To the duke or country herd,*

Powerful knight is don money.

*Never meets he dames ungracious  
To his smiles or his attention,  
How they glow but at the mention  
Of his promises capacious!  
And how bare-faced they become  
To the coin beneath his thumb*  
Powerful knight is don money.

I am not sure that the translation of ‘to the duke or country herd’ accurately conveys the meaning. In the original Spanish it says that the yellow metal ‘*hace iguales al duque y al ganadero*’, it makes the duke and the herdsman equal. We can imagine how ambitious young commoners of the time, like Hernán Cortés and company, sought advancement opportunities in the West Indies.

I have read, in its entirety, a classic of Spanish literature to which Miss Anaya devoted many pages in her textbook, and I would like to say something about it. Quoting Julio Rodríguez-Puértolas, on page 7 of *The Culture of Critique* Kevin MacDonald wrote

A prime example is *The Celestina* (first edition dating from 1499) by Fernando de Rojas, who wrote “with all the anguish, pessimism, and nihilism of a *converso* who has lost the religion of his fathers but has been unable to integrate himself within the compass of Christian belief”. Rojas subjected the Castilian society of his time to “a corrosive analysis, destroying with a spirit that has been called ‘destructive’ all the traditional values and mental schemes of the new intolerant system. Beginning with literature and proceeding to religion, passing through all the ‘values’ of institutionalised caste-ism—honor, valor, love—everything is perversely pulverised”.

I confess that I found *La Celestina* rather dull, but I am not sure it is appropriate to label this comedy—because it is a *comedy*—as ‘destructive’ in the sense that MacDonald (who doesn’t seem to have read it) puts it. However, Fernando de Rojas did feel alienated in late 15th-century Spain. Some of his biographers even claim that, when Rojas was a bachelor studying in Salamanca, he received the tragic news that his father, a Jewish convert to Catholicism, had been condemned to death at the stake by the Inquisition. As crypto-Jews were wont to do, Rojas married a *conversa*, i.e. a woman of

Jewish ethnicity, the daughter of Álvaro de Montealbán. De Montealbán also suffered a trial by the Inquisition, and although Rojas was a very successful lawyer by profession, he wasn't allowed to defend his father-in-law because Rojas was also of Jewish heritage, and therefore suspect.

*La Celestina* was a great bestseller at the time, even in translation outside Spain, but Rojas was always afraid because he had written it in his youth and, for forty years, kept silent about its authorship. In 1492, the Spanish Catholic monarchs Ferdinand and Isabella passed a law to expel Jews who wouldn't convert to Catholicism. The Jews who had lived in Spain for centuries had to leave and the converts who remained became second-class citizens for centuries to come. The mission of the Inquisition was to keep the conversos under scrutiny and to see if they continued to practice their religious customs in secret.

Except for the first act, which wasn't written by Rojas but by a non-Jew (either Juan de Mena or Rodrigo de Cota), as I said, I found the comedy dull. Whatever the influence of this scathing denunciation of the idealisation of women, an idealisation so common in popular authors of the time such as Petrarch, it probably went no further than Cervantes' similar denunciation of the chivalric novels of the time. To my taste, mentioning *La Celestina* in the first pages of *The Culture of Critique* is a little out of place, especially considering that the most hilarious anti-woman pages are authored by a gentile (whether by Mena or Cota).

Rojas died in 1541, four years after Pope Paul III granted unmarried soldiers in America permission to have children with Amerindian women. Now that I have finished reading *La Celestina* I would say that, while there is some truth in what MacDonald quoted, it should be obvious that the Spaniards' lust for gold, along with Catholicism, was the main cause of their racial suicide in the Americas. In those centuries, conversos rarely gained—like Rojas—positions of cultural influence in a society that seriously tried to rid itself of the subversive tribe. For connoisseurs of Spanish history and Spanish literature, it would be laughable to hear that the book written by Rojas was a contributing factor to the ethnosuicidal blood-mixing in the New World.

8 January 2014

## Negroes and English roses



'I've never seen a real nigger, only in pictures'.  
'Lucky you! That was kind of the idea behind  
the Revolution, sweetie, so you wouldn't have  
to see one', said Jenny.

*Freedom's Sons*, page 579

I am currently in the UK, extremely dismayed by the number of mixed couples, a sort of wuthering heights across the island. There is also widespread miscegenation and fraternisation between whites and coloureds in a country that still produces some of the most beautiful Aryan women, formerly known as 'English roses'.

I first visited London in 1982. I was not so racist then, but my mind didn't register non-whites. Now, in 2014, I see that native English has become a minority in their capital. Were it not for the surprising number of beautiful blonde children and teenagers I have seen in London, some of them tourists, I suppose, I would have no qualms about nuking the Sin City. Even at Shakespeare's Globe Theater, where I had to pay 40 pounds for a seat to see *Antony and Cleopatra*, several of Shakespeare's actors are now mulatto and black, and in the audience, I had to watch a pubescent white girl being

fondled by a dark Indian while watching the comedy. Considering how the English of old treasured their roses, you can imagine the astronomical change that has taken place on the island since I was born, more than half a century ago.

To cap it all, during my visit to the Guildhall Art Gallery I discovered that it was closed for repairs until September, which means I will not see the collection of ethereal nymphs depicted in the pre-Raphaelite masterpieces.

In contrast to the paintings I had hoped to see but couldn't, on this visit to the UK I have been bombarded with street and tube photos showing black people everywhere as if they were the rightful inhabitants of this country. One member of the London Forum told me that the media even portrays blonde women with black husbands and coffee and milk children as cool and trendy. Even the cover of a promotional brochure for the Bank of England Museum, which I visited, has a black girl next to a pile of gold bars. Fortunately, the English are as Keynesian mad as the Americans, which means that the coming crash of the dollar will drag the pound sterling down as well, throwing this multi-racial utopia into utter chaos.

*Postscript of 28 August.* I have left the UK. Kevin MacDonald has published an article on the epidemic of rape of pubescent white girls in the UK that perfectly diagnoses the runaway madness in the once great nation. This is one of MacDonald's sentences in the article: 'This is a pathology so extreme that it should really be considered a collective psychosis'.

*28 August 2014*

## On Paul Kurtz

In the past, I have praised Paul Kurtz, who passed away in 2012 and whom I used to call ‘mentor’ for his work in debunking pseudosciences that wasted many years of my life.

After his death, I discovered a YouTube video, ‘Reflections at Eighty’, presented by the Council of Secular Humanism in the programme *The Humanist Perspective*: a special conversation of Nathan Bupp with Paul Kurtz. In the last five minutes of the interview Kurtz said that ‘America is a universal culture’ and, mentioning America’s immigrant fauna, added the phrase: ‘We are part of the planetary community’. Kurtz then agreed with the interviewer that ‘the genetic make-up of the human race is all one’ and, incredibly for someone who made a career out of defending real science against pseudoscience, added: ‘There are no separate races; we are all part of one human family’. The interviewer called Kurtz the ‘father of American secular humanism’. I couldn’t resist the temptation to criticise Kurtz harshly in a comment thread on *The Occidental Observer* after watching the video, where Kurtz also claimed that WASPs have no exclusive claim to America and mentioned Asians as a group that, through the Straits of Gibraltar, settled here before whites.

Imagine that! Before I became a Jew-wise, I even entertained the idea of dedicating my autobiographical book to this guy... Looking directly into the camera at the end of the interview, Kurtz concluded that ‘the first principle of planetary ethics is that we ought to treat every person on planet Earth as equal’, after which he mentioned race and ethnicity.

Well, well... I am still grateful that Kurtz’s writings, his *Skeptical Inquirer* and *Free Inquiry* magazines, and the organisation of sceptics he founded have helped many people who, like me in the

past, were misled by paranormal claims. But when I met him personally in 1989 and 1994—in the 1994 Seattle conference of sceptics I also met Carl Sagan and shook hands with him—I ignored that both Kurtz and Sagan had Jewish ancestry.

*29 March 2015*



## Phoney Nazis

‘I think the men’s movement will eventually go completely Nazi; just a matter of time’ wrote Andrew Anglin recently. But it is becoming increasingly clear that, like Harold Covington, who admits women into his inner party, Anglin and the commenters at *The Daily Stormer* are phoney Nazis. This Easter Anglin published a Frankenstein article trying to mix the unmixable, a Levantine cult and Aryan preservation: ‘Today is the holiest day in the Christian calendar, and it is important to remember why’.

What is important to remember on this Easter is that Christianity made the Jewish problem possible (see ‘National Socialism and Christianity’ in this book). Anglin added:

Christ was an example, both in deed and in metaphor. The metaphor of the crucifixion and resurrection is the metaphor for all of life. Life is suffering, but it is through that suffering that we become something more. We must die in order to be born again. This is where the meaning is. In the fight. Victory is inevitable and absolute. But it is the struggle, this is where the transformation takes place.

Finally, it is clear to me why most white nationalists don’t treasure Pierce’s *Who We Are*. If Americans are philo-Semitic, it is precisely because of ‘the gradual replacement of White tradition, legend, and imagery by that of the Jews. Instead of specifically Celtic or German or Slavic heroes, the Church’s saints, many of them Levantines, were held up to the young for emulation; instead of the feats of Hermann or Vercingetorix, children were taught of the doings of Moses and David’.

Thanks, Mr Pierce! Anglin and other Christian racialists are simply unable to see the level of alienation that was involved in introducing into the Aryan citadel a Trojan horse: none other than the god of the Jews! But Anglin believes the diametrically opposite:

Jesus fought the Jew, and when it seemed as though the Jew had won, killing him, he rose from the grave. So too are we dead, and so too shall we rise from the grave. Just so, each of us as individuals must suffer in order to truly become what we are meant to be.

A couple of days ago I told a commenter on *The Daily Stormer* that throughout the Old Testament the Hebrews taught ethnocentrism for the Hebrew people, but in the New Testament the Jew Paul teaches universalism for us Gentiles. Now, I am so annoyed with this nonsense that I'm going to remove *The Daily Stormer* from my blogroll list.

When we lost WWII, we died. We are now in Hell. But the dawn is about to break, and we shall rise from the grave, living flesh, moving toward Heaven. Hail Victory.

What Anglin and the Christians at *The Daily Stormer* ignore is that it was precisely because of Christianity that we lost World War II. Read Tom Sunic's article 'A War Crime of the Bible' in his book *Homo Americanus*. Why do I claim that Christianity is incompatible with National Socialism and that any attempt to merge the two is like Shelley's novel about creating a grotesque but sentient creature? Just look at what Hitler and the SS said about the religion of our parents as quoted in the writings of Richard Weikart.

5 April 2015

*Postscript to 2022:* Anglin's quotes can only be taken seriously from a Jungian point of view, where these Christological myths could be of some use in understanding the Aryan as a dream can serve us, at the level of a dream symbol, to understand some psychohistorical realities.

A priest of the 14 words...



§ sees the whole of history and the world of ideas through the prism of Aryan preservation. He would be well advised to familiarise himself with William Pierce's *Who We Are* and the imperative need to create the Aryan ecclesia;

§ like Hitler, the priest of the fourteen words is aware of the Christian problem, the Jewish problem and doesn't worship Mammon;

§ he dreams of a Fourth Reich, which means expelling all non-Whites from the Reich regardless of the cost in human lives that implementing such a project would entail.

*29 April 2015*

## Ethno-suicidal nationalists

Liberals, conservatives and white nationalists are heading for the abyss. Londoner Joseph Walsh has said that even the pro-white movement seems to be carried away by the irresistible death wish suffered by contemporary whites. I would say: Led by the Jews, gentile liberals are driving the train toward the abyss. The conservatives are simply trying to slow it down, lightly stepping on the brake here and there to hinder the liberals' ways. Off the train, white nationalists are headed in the same direction, but at a much slower pace: they go on foot.

For the sake of clarity, let us compare the values of the white nationalists with the genuine defenders of the Aryan race.

- Hitler and the National Socialists organised a political party: the first step to make a difference in the real world.

On this one, we must not be too harsh about the cyber-based movement of white nationalism that refuses to leave the homely comfort zone because the US government is not allowing a peaceful reform. This said, white nationalists ought to have concluded by now, paraphrasing JFK, that violent revolution in the future will be the only way out of their dilemma. But they are still thinking like civilians, not as freedom fighters.

- The Germans clearly defined their ethnicity as Germanic, including Austria, the Scandinavian and Low Countries, Switzerland and parts of the old Soviet Union. Hitler even dreamt of sharing the world with the British Empire. For the eugenicists of the last century on both sides of the Atlantic, Nordicism was taken for granted.

Those who advocate white nationalism either ignore eugenics or don't care about Nordicism at all. Like the conservatives of the Republican Party who treat mestizos as equals, in order not to offend Mediterranean sensibilities white nationalists refuse to recognise that the standard of whiteness is the Nordic

type. Many have no objection to conceding amnesty to the Caucasoid population in Europe with their bloodline compromised, even if that means the eventual mongrelisation of true whites. This is why I say that nationalists are going on foot toward the abyss. For example, the American Richard Spencer, who created the term Alternative Right and who in 2016 was filmed giving a salute in a conference that the media interpreted as a Nazi salute, married an un-Aryan woman and the couple had a child. In a nutshell, anti-Nordicism is still a codeword for anti-white.

- Hitler and his closest pals abandoned Christianity, a religion of Levantine inspiration that only weakens the Germanic peoples.

Most white nationalists are either Christians or Christian sympathisers (see for example our critique of Kevin MacDonald in the last essay of this collection).

- National Socialists, including Catholics and Protestants, renounced Christian ethics and became pragmatic Nietzscheans.

White nationalists are frightened by history, for example the legitimate will of the Germans to conquer those Slavs who had handed over their country to the Bolshevik Jews. If a Reich existed today, the same could be said about the legitimacy of conquering the Judaised United States by this hypothetical German empire. I would even say that the century of 1930 to 2030 was providentially destined to be the Aryan century of all history, but it has become the Jewish century *par excellence*, courtesy of the Anglo-Americans.

- Hitler and the National Socialists took sexual polarity as something to be taken for granted. Like all militarist cultures, the Germans subscribed to patriarchy and no woman was admitted to the leadership class.

White nationalist men have become unrecognisably feminised. Most of them have no problem with second-wave feminism, only with third-wave feminism. Even when first-wave feminism should be rejected, nationalists have no problem accepting that women make careers; that they enter their conferences, and some among them fail to criticise that they practice ethnosuicidal forms of natal control.

- The National Socialists pursued the fulfilment of their duty to the point of dying heroically for the fate of their race. Like the Republican Romans their ethos was severe, stoic and brutal. Remember Cicero's *On Duties*. A solemn character (*gravitas*) should

govern our actions; young people should be demanded respect (*verecundia*) and purity (*pudicitia, integritas morum*). As for the training of citizens, propriety in public life (*dignitas*) constituted a virtue for the Roman citizen of the Old Republic. *Deserere patriam* was a Roman expression that designated desertion from the ancestors and the adoption of foreign cults (precisely what would become the Roman Catholic Church).

On the opposite side of the hard Roman ethos, quite a few white nationalists live under the illusion of the American dream and the childlike pursuit of universal happiness. Like the decadent Romans when the Empire was already committing miscegenation, they lack the Teutonic spirit of tribal sacrifice. The saying 'We don't stand a chance unless our men become killing machines and our women birthing machines' sounds like anti-music to their bourgeoisie ears. Very few want to sacrifice themselves for the fourteen words. Who really wants to become a bloodthirsty soldier or literally force our spoiled women to become birthing machines, as the first Romans did with the Sabine women?

- Hitler and the National Socialists subscribed to collectivism, honour, hierarchy and militarism always in harmony with the aesthetic impulse of the Aryan soul. They pointed to fascism, war and conquest. Just read the Führer's various pronouncements about his projected empire in his after-dinner conversations.

Many white nationalists, light-years away from the spirit of Sparta, Rome, or NS Germany, seem to sympathise to some extent with the human rights proclaimed by the French revolutionaries. Even the atheist racialists have not broken away from liberal standards of morality. American white nationalism looks like a giant step backwards from German National Socialism.

- Hitler used to speak, enthusiastically, about the most beautiful European architecture, paintings and classical music. All of this was omnipresent in the plans of what the Reich was to become after the consolidation of his conquests. At the same time, the National Socialists recognised the problem of cultural degeneration in general and degenerate art in particular.

Many white nationalists, including racially-conscious Europeans, listen to the Negro-American phenomenon of rock and watch the filth that the Hollywood Jews make us see on the big screen and our televisions. Uneducated neonazis of the kind of

those who read James Mason's *Siege* don't even know the plot of any of Richard Wagner's operas.

The most serious problem with this folk is that they have not realised that their race is their nation and, from this point of view, the history of Germany and other European countries is also *their* history. Had they realised it, they would have repudiated the founding ideology of their American 'nation', capitalism plus Christianity (see Ronin's epigraph at the beginning of this book), and would do something analogous to what the Jews have been doing: denouncing the Hellstorm Holocaust that claimed more lives of innocent Germans than the so-called Jewish holocaust.

Roosevelt, Eisenhower, Stalin and Churchill, who ordered that Aryan Holocaust after the war was over, ought to be considered the greatest villains not only of the 20th century but of Western history. If American white nationalists knew that their race is their nation they would have sympathised with the true martyrs, their German cousins, and would have been reporting the Hellstorm Holocaust every morning, midday and evening until the West wakes up. They do nothing of the sort because, ultimately, they are joining the liberals and conservatives on their road to racial oblivion.

*January 1, 2016*

## Freedom's daughters

Harold A. Covington is a neo-Nazi and novelist. He advocates the creation of a new nation, the White Republic in the Pacific Northwest region of the United States as a sanctuary from white extinction. Covington's five novels present a fictionalised account of the rise of the future White Republic of the Northwest. This nation secedes from the US, expels all non-white inhabitants from its territory and becomes a regional superpower, defeating the US attempts to reconquer it.

Corinna Burt ('Axis Sally') was Covington's assistant and co-host. Corinna appeared on his weekly podcasts on numerous occasions while... having sex with black men! After leaving Covington, the bitch returned to her vomit: bodybuilding and a job as a porn actress. She even attacked Covington and white supremacy on her blog and YouTube channel.



How could this happen to the best white nationalist novelist after William Pierce's death? The answer is simple: Covington believes that in the coming race wars women are interchangeable with male soldiers. He even coined a term for these female freedom fighters in his quintet, 'gun bunnies'. If we remember our critique of feminism, the best way to illustrate Covington's errors is simply to



quote what he wrote in the last novel of his quintet, *Freedom's Sons*, a book of nearly a thousand pages. In the foreword, he wrote

Wingfield scowled after her: "I'm sorry if my order to keep our female comrades out of direct combat ruffled their feathers, and I know they're all as brave as lions or they wouldn't be here" [p. xxxvii]

Brave as men. Really?

A number of Nationalist soldiers wearing NDF [Northwest Defense Force] tiger-stripes—mostly female, in view of Wingfield's ban on women in direct combat for the operation—were manning the electronic gear and talking into microphones, wireless phones, and typing on laptops. [p. xli]

From a feminist point of view, the White Republic of the Northwest looks like America II.

"Okay, comrades, we're going to have a major troop movement of about four thousand men crossing the enemy's front, and we need to make sure they don't get hammered by the heavy stuff", called out Wingfield. "Who's hooked up with artillery fire control?"

A woman soldier raised her hand. "I am sir". [xliii]

Covington is not a natural scientist. The point of keeping women off the front lines is that their wombs are too valuable for the fulfilment of our fourteen words. In addition to their lower strength, lower stamina and lower IQ, they simply cannot be put in harm's way as mere grunts.

"Two of 'em at least are gone, sir", Lieutenant Campbell said. "We have a Threesec spotter doing a Tarzan act up on top of the I-5. She climbed up there onto a beam or something pretty high up, where she can see over what's left of the buildings along the river. She's got a set of field glasses, one of our radios she got from somewhere, and a wireless laptop. What she can't see, she can get off Google and CNN. She has a bird's eye view of Edgewater golf course, the Arboretum and Delta Park East. She's calling in to C Battery, that's the 155s on the corner of Maritime and Columbia, and also to the Sector Two mortar crews' fire control officer. That's about twenty-five pieces, eighty-one mils mostly. She's dropping some heavy shit on those niggers along Martin Luther King and all the way down to Bridgeton".

“She?” shouted Wingfield in exasperation. “Judas priest, did none of you ladies understand my order to stay out of direct contact with the enemy? I thought I was supposed to be a general or something? Army Council says so, anyway. Didn’t any of these mutinous gals get the memo?”

“This girl says she’s Third Section and she knows you, sir”, replied Campbell. “Anyway, she didn’t ask me or anybody else here. She just went out there on her own. First we heard of it when she started calling in to C Battery a few minutes ago”.

“Pipe it up so I can hear whatever the hell she’s doing”, ordered Wingfield. [p. xlv]

What would a real Nazi think of this American novelist? His fictional liberalism seems like a typical Jewish psyop to sabotage the army of an Aryan nation. In the first chapter of *Freedom’s Sons*, ‘A Madhouse of Ministries’, Covington wrote what are perhaps the most offensive lines of his long novel:

The new government department consisted of 32 people plus himself, about evenly split between male and female. [p. 8]

So more women were appointed to Covington’s neo-Nazi cabinet than Donald Trump is appointing to his cabinet today! Another offensive line appears a few pages further on:

“A lot of Christians and general Neanderthal male chauvinist types want to go back to an all-male army”. [p. 23]

Can you imagine what would have happened to the Spartans or the Romans if their armies had been made up of both men *and* women?

“No more. From now on citizenship and the right to vote is something that has to be earned, and right now the only ones who have earned it are those who fought in the NVA [Northwest Volunteer Army] and the NDF”. [p. 43]

Unlike the Third Reich, democracy continues in the Northwest White Republic and, to top it all off, women can vote.

“Robert, this is Millie, one of my part-time admin assistants from the high school. She graduates in June and she’ll be doing her Labor Service here at UM along with night school for a teaching degree, and so she’s getting a head start on things now, after school”. [p. 195]

The Northwest White Republic is, as I have said, a kind of Second Incarnation of America. Women continue to make careers for themselves like any other guys in today's West. A hundred pages later we read:

“So what can we throw against these bastards?” asked Morehouse.

“Almost five million men and women under arms, including our regulars, who are the best trained and most highly motivated individual soldiers in the world”. [p. 288]

Neo-Nazi girls are perfectly interchangeable with neo-Nazi boys, even in the military. Let's jump forward 235 pages and find this charming passage:

With Barrow was his blonde and Canadian-born wife, former NVA Captain Jane Chenault, who was now the senior Permanent Secretary for Education, essentially the senior civil servant working under the Cabinet Minister for that department. For the duration of the war, Jane had reverted to her reserve military rank of colonel, and she had promised her husband that if she were not allowed some role in the conquest of Canada, their future married life would be something to make him shudder. Like all wise husbands who know when their wives really mean it, Frank gave in immediately. Jane was proud and pleased to discover that her statuesque figure could still fit into her old Kevlar vest from her NVA days. [p. 524]

In Covington's neo-Nazi republic white women are not only empowered, but they are also doing shit tests—and the men comply. No wonder why Uncle Harold misjudged Corinna Burt's character!

The novel actually ends on page 537. The rest of the book is like the sixth novel in Covington's saga of the creation of an ethnostate. I suppose that since Covington had promised his radio listeners that *Freedom's Sons* would be his last novel, instead of acknowledging that it was not the last he decided to insert the rest of the manuscript under one cover. But the plot of the rest of the book is so different that a future editor would separate the books. (In fact, the feminist message of Covington's fifth novel is so toxic to the fourteen words that it would be censored in a real NS state.)

At the climax of *Freedom's Sons*, a woman kills Hunter Wallace, the President of the United States, as he is about to drop a

nuclear bomb on the racist ethnostate. Note that the heroine is a woman. In the rest of the novel the Republic is consolidated. If you read it, the rest represents a grand anticlimax. Covington even returns to the crime fiction genre of the first novel he wrote of this saga, *The Hill of the Ravens*. In *Freedom's Sons*, another crime has to be solved within the already secure Republic. The very title of the first chapter of this novel implies that it is virtually another book: '32 Years, Seven Months after Longview'. In the opening paragraphs of that chapter, Covington wrote:

Colonel Robert Campbell, who at the age of 46 was now the head of the Civil Guard's Montana regional Criminal Investigation Division, shook his salt-and-pepper head in bemused admiration. "I'm sorry", he said, "I still can't wrap my mind around it. Where the hell did you come from again?"

"From down in the number four traverse trench", replied his daughter-in-law, Allura Myers Campbell, a graduate student in archaeology at the University of Montana. She was wearing khaki shorts, a khaki work shirt, mud-caked work boots and knee socks, and a large floppy straw hat to protect her head from the sun, which in May was already becoming uncomfortably hot in the pine hills of Lost Creek. [543]

Two pages later we learn that this woman is an intellectual.

"Nope, first time for both of us", said Campbell. "Tom and I are going to be running point on the security aspect of this visitation of foreign eggheads. No offense, honey".

"None taken", said Allura with a merry laugh. "I am an egghead". [p. 545]

Allura is a 22-year-old girl from the ethnostate. So women not only compete with men in the army but also in the world of ideas. Covington doesn't seem to realise that the feminist world he imagines is contradicted by what he writes on the next page: 'a wide range of uncles, aunts, grandparents, cousins' as if it were possible to have both radical feminism and prolific families in the same society. Three hundred pages later, on page 852, a female character made me sceptical. Even tough guys don't have the nerves of steel that this woman showed on a mission. A few pages later we see that the novelist pays attention to the education of girls—maths. What

about the chores of cooking or preparing them for motherhood? Is this a novel written by a traditionalist?

Covington can't have his cake and eat it. Either these traditional families make their women submit or they become feminists. Covington seems to believe that with the American freedoms of their fantastic ethnostate these career women would simply choose to have lots of kids. On page 864 we read:

She had experienced this on her first weekend at the Selkirk spread, when her new sisters and cousins had taken her down to Northwest Butte and gone on a shopping spree, fitting her out with a whole new wardrobe of hats, long dresses with sleeves, new lace-up shoes that displayed no immodest ankles, and assorted hats.

It is the women who choose to dress like a pre-1960s Western society, not the patriarchal codes that force them to do so! At the same time, Covington would have us believe that some of the liberated women of the ethnostate would choose to have eight children! On page 867 we are told, again, that they have the right to vote and what is worse: these little women are now applying for first-class citizenship. At the end of the long novel, on page 908, we learn that Nightshade is a national heroine of the ethnostate. I have read most of the saga. When I devoured *A Mighty Fortress*, one scene of this gun bunny, Nightshade, struck me as psychopathic behaviour. She was angry with a fellow soldier and intended to stab him in the eye with a razor. But, of course, 'Nightshade' is a female.

Like the sex-starved Wyoming males who granted women's suffrage in the 19th century, my educated guess is that Covington writes to attract bunnies. But with Corinna, he hit the wall of reality. In conclusion, I stand by everything I said on the article 'Ethno-suicidal nationalists'. The ideology of today's racists is part of the problem and part of the solution. Crossing the Rubicon from liberalism to the other side involves several stepping stones: alt-light, alt-right, white nationalism or southern nationalism, neo-Nazism (white nationalism with Nazi paraphernalia) and getting to the other side, National Socialism.

20 November 2016

*Update:* Harold Covington died at the age of sixty-four in Bremerton, Washington, USA, between the early morning and about two o'clock in the afternoon of 17 July 2018 Pacific Time.

I consider the book listed on the third page, *On Beth's Cute Tits*, a literary gem that demonstrates that feminism has been a weapon of mass destruction used against the white race.

### Savitri's *Impeachment of Man*

All over the world, men in general ceased offering sacrifices as their fathers had, but accustomed themselves to the existence of slaughterhouses as a so-called 'necessity'.

The fact is that even the most illustrious cultures of the world—including those supposed to be relatively 'humane'—are in general sadly devoid of any sense of real consideration for nonhuman suffering, as well as of any serious preoccupation concerning the welfare of nonhuman beings regarded *for their own sake*, and not for what man can get out of them.

Of course there have always been individuals whose natural, spontaneous love for creatures transcended the general outlook of their contemporaries and coreligionists; people like St Francis of Assisi, who used to speak of his 'brother' the wolf and his 'brother' the ass, in the midst of a society and of a Church that denied an immortal soul to dumb beasts.

St. Francis himself—so they say—once vehemently rejected the idea, put forward by one of his monks, of keeping up Christmas Day without meat. And doubtless many other less holy and less well-known persons, among those who have acknowledged the brotherhood of all living creatures, were not more consistent in all they did or said or tolerated without protest.

In this present-day, nightmarish world—the outcome of the victory of the Dark Powers—we cannot, unfortunately, say a single word to the glory of the greatest of all Western men of love and of vision; of the inspired Prophet (for *that* is what he was) who fought for the reinstallation of a world order in tune with the divine order of nature: a world order in which beautiful healthy beasts had rights, while decadent men had none.

Whatever we could say would be bitterly held against us and our brothers in faith, and against the very cause of Life which we

intend to serve. Those who know will understand us without our mentioning the godlike leader's name. Those who don't know yet, will know one day (if they have at all any wits) and admit that we were right, and place the one great vegetarian ruler the West has ever had ahead of those most uncompromising expounders of the life-centered outlook who are, at the same time, men of action.

*Editor's note:*

In the last two paragraphs above, Savitri Devi was referring to Hitler. Since *Impeachment of Man* was written in 1945-1946, the time of the Hellstorm Holocaust, Savitri was not free to speak openly. She had in mind Nazi Germany's revolution in the treatment of animals, which I will recapitulate below:

- Goebbels mentions that Hitler planned to ban slaughterhouses in the German Reich after the conclusion of World War II.

- Support for animal welfare in Nazi Germany was common among the country's leaders. Heinrich Himmler, for example, worked to ban the hunting of animals.

- After Hitler ascended to the Chancellery and the Nazis consolidated control of the Reichstag, the Nazis immediately held a meeting to enact a ban on vivisection. Göring announced an end to 'unbearable torture and suffering in animal experiments' and said that those who 'still think they can continue to treat animals as inanimate property' would be sent to concentration camps.

- On 21 April 1933, almost immediately after the Nazis came to power, parliament began to pass laws regulating the slaughter of animals. On 24 November 1933, Nazi Germany enacted another law called the *Reichstierschutzgesetz*, for the protection of animals. This law listed many prohibitions against the use of animals, including their use for filming and other public acts that caused pain or damage to health.

- In 1938, animal protection was accepted as a subject to be taught in public schools and universities in Germany.

After the Hellstorm Holocaust, the triumphant Dark Powers reversed these advances and imposed a regressive *Diktat* of cruelty to our cousins, the animals.

30 May 2017



## From the Great Confinement to Chemical Gulag<sup>8</sup>

Aristotle said that to gain a profound knowledge of something, it is necessary to know its history. To understand psychiatry, it is necessary to know how the profession came into being. The following account of how the psychiatric profession came into being is taken from Michel Foucault's *Madness and Civilisation*, which I will paraphrase.

In England appeared the pamphlet *Grievous Groan of the Poor*, which proposed to banish the destitute and move them to the newly discovered lands of the East Indies. But the famous Bedlam for lunatics had existed in London since the 13th century. In the 16th century it housed only twenty inmates. By the 17th century, when the pamphlet to banish the poor appeared, there were over a hundred prisoners in Bedlam. In 1630, King Charles I convened a commission to address the problem of poverty and the commission decreed the police persecution of vagrants, beggars 'and all those who live in idleness and who don't wish to work for reasonable wages'.<sup>9</sup> In the 18th century, many destitute people were taken to correctional facilities and workhouses in cities where industrialisation had marginalised part of the population. Prisons for the poor were also established in continental Europe. The spirit of the 17th century was to bring order to the world. After the eradication of leprosy, the medieval leper colonies that had been left empty were filled with the new lepers: the destitute. Foucault calls

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<sup>8</sup> As this is an appendix within the second 'book' or chapter of *Hojas Susurrantes* (see page 3), I will add explanatory brackets after some sentences.

<sup>9</sup> Quoted in Michel Foucault: *Historia de la Locura en la Época Clásica* (Volumen I), p. 106.

this period 'The Great Confinement' and underlines the fact that the concept of mental illness didn't yet exist.

Isolating the leper, a truly sick person, had served a hygienic purpose in the Middle Ages. But isolating the indigent had no such purpose: it was a new phenomenon. 1656 was a pivotal year in this policy of cleansing human refuse from the streets. On 27 April, Louis XIV ordered the construction of the General Hospital, a place that was a hospital in name only: no doctor presided over it. Article 11 of the king's edict specified who would be imprisoned: 'Of all sexes, places and ages, of whatever town and birth and in whatever state they may be, valid or invalid, sick or convalescent, curable or incurable'.<sup>10</sup> At the head of the General Hospital, directors for life were appointed. Their absolutist power was a miniature decal of the power of *le Roi Soleil*, as can be read in articles 12 and 13 of the edict:

They have all the power of authority, direction, administration, commerce, police, jurisdiction, correction and sanction over all the poor of Paris, both inside and outside the Hôpital Général. For this purpose, the directors shall have stakes and torture rings, prisons and dungeons, in the said hospital and the places dependent on it, as they see fit, without being able to appeal against the ordinances drawn up by the directors for the interior of the said hospital.<sup>11</sup>

These draconian measures aimed to suppress begging by decree. A few years after its foundation, the General Hospital housed one per cent of the population of Paris. There were thousands of women and children in the Salpêtrière, the Bicêtre and the other buildings of a 'Hospital' which was an administrative entity that, in concurrence with the royal powers and the police, repressed and policed the marginalised.

On 16 June 1676, another royal edict established the foundation of general hospitals in every town in the kingdom. Prisons of this type were opened all over France, and a hundred years later, on the eve of the Revolution, they existed in thirty-two provincial towns. The archipelago of prisons for the poor covered Europe. The *Hôpitaux Généraux* in France, the Workhouses in

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<sup>10</sup> Edict of Luis XIV, quoted in *ibid*, p. 81.

<sup>11</sup> *Ibid*, p. 81s.

England and the *Zuchthäusern* in Germany incarcerated young people in conflict with their parents, vagrants, drunkards, lechers and ‘fools’. These prisons were indistinguishable from ordinary prisons. In the 18th century an Englishman was surprised to see, in one of these prisons, quite different people together because they didn’t know how to confine them separately.<sup>12</sup> The so-called alienated were confused with the sane, though destitute, individuals, and it was sometimes impossible to distinguish one from the other.

In the Middle Ages pride was a cardinal sin. When banking flourished during the Renaissance, greed was said to be the greatest sin. But in the 17th century, when the work ethic took hold not only in Protestant countries but also among Catholics, laziness—actually: unemployment—was the most notorious of sins. A city in which every individual had to become a cog in the social machine was the great bourgeois dream. Within this dream, groups that were not integrated into the machinery were destined to carry a stigma. The men of the 17th century had replaced medieval leprosy with destitution as the new group of exclusion. It is from this ideological framework of destitution as a vice that the great concept of madness appeared in the 18th and 19th centuries. For the first time in history, madness would be judged by the standards of the work ethic. A world governed by the work ethic rejects all forms of uselessness. Anyone who cannot earn a living transgresses the limits of the bourgeois order. He who cannot be integrated into the group must be alienated.

The edict creating the General Hospital is very clear in this sense: it considers ‘begging and idleness as the source of all disorders’.<sup>13</sup> Significantly, ‘disorder’ is still the word used by psychiatrists today. The *Diagnostic and Statistical Manual of Mental Disorders* (or *DSM*, the ‘Bible’ of psychiatrists) uses the word ‘disorder’ instead of ‘disease’. As the 17th century marks the line at which it was decided to incarcerate a group of human beings, it would be a mistake to believe that madness waited patiently for centuries until some scientists discovered it and dealt with it. Likewise, it would be wrong to believe that there was a spontaneous

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<sup>12</sup> Ibid, p. 182.

<sup>13</sup> Ibid, p. 115.

mutation in which the poor suddenly and inexplicably became insane.

The imprisonment of the victims of a large city was a phenomenon of European dimensions. Once the Great Confinement of which Foucault speaks had been consummated, the censuses of the time on prisoners who had not broken the law show the type of committed people: old people who could not fend for themselves, epileptics disowned by their families, deformed people, people with venereal diseases, and even those imprisoned for the king's letters.

The latter was the most widespread imprisonment procedure from the 1690s, and the petitioners for the king to write a *lettre de cachet* were the closest relatives of those imprisoned. The most famous case of imprisonment in the Bastille by *lettre de cachet* was that of Voltaire. There were cases of so-called 'incorrigible girls' who were interned. 'Reckless' was a label that would more or less correspond to what in the 19th century would be called 'moral insanity' and which today is equivalent to adolescent oppositionalism or 'defiant negativism' in the contemporary *DSM*. I would like to illustrate this with a single case from the 18th century: A sixteen-year-old woman, whose husband's name was Beaudoin, openly asserted that she will never love her husband; that there is no law commanding her to love him, that everyone is free to dispose of her heart and body as she wishes, and that it is a kind of crime to give one without the other.<sup>14</sup> Although Beaudoin's wife was considered foolish or crazy, these adjectives had no medical connotation. Behaviours were perceived under a different sky, and confinement was a matter to be settled between the families and the judicial authority without medical intervention.

Persons to be interned were considered 'dishonest', 'idle', 'depraved', 'sorceresses', 'imbeciles', 'prodigals', 'handicapped', 'alchemists', 'unbalanced', 'venereal', 'libertines', 'dissipators', 'blasphemers', 'ungrateful son', 'dissipated father', 'prostitutes' and 'fools'. In the records, one can read that internment formulas also

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<sup>14</sup> Quoted in *ibid*, p. 213. It is interesting to compare Foucault's encyclopaedic history of so-called madness, written in opaque prose, with Thomas Szasz's brief but clear history of psychiatry (e.g., *Cruel Compassion: The Psychiatric Control of the Society's Unwanted*, Syracuse University Press, 1998).

used terms such as ‘very bad man and cheater’ and ‘inveterate glutton’. France had to wait until 1785 for a medical order to intervene in the internment of all such persons: a practice that came to fruition later under Philippe Pinel. As I have already said, the departure from the social norm would provoke the great issue of madness in the 19th century. It is from this point that we must understand the classifications of Kraepelin, Bleuler and the *DSM* of the 20th and 21st centuries.



French psychiatrist Philippe Pinel releasing women from the Salpêtrière asylum of Paris in 1795.

In our century some psychiatrists openly say that ‘suicide is a brain disorder’: a blatantly pseudoscientific pronouncement. In the 17th century, pronouncements were not yet pseudo-scientific, such as ‘self-murderer’, a crime ‘against the divine majesty’ (i.e. the Judeo-Christian god). In internment files for failed suicide attempts the formula used was: ‘he wanted to get rid of himself’. It was to those who committed this crime against ‘god’ that 19th-century psychiatrists first applied the instruments of torture: cages with an open lid for the head and lockers that enclosed the subject up to the neck. The transformation from an overtly religious trial (‘against the divine majesty’) to the realm of medicine (an alleged ‘brain disorder’) was gradual. What today is considered a biomedical disease in the 17th and 18th centuries was understood as extravagant and ungodly behaviour that endangered the prestige of a certain family.

In the 17th century, for the first time in history, people from very different backgrounds were forced to live under the same

roof. None of the previous cultures had done anything like this or seen similarities between such people (venereal, foolish, blasphemous, ungrateful children, witches, prostitutes, etc.). That there was a moralistic judgement behind the imprisonment is revealed by the fact that people suffering from venereal diseases were imprisoned—the great scourge of the time—only if they contracted the disease out of wedlock. Virtuous women infected by their husbands didn't run the risk of being taken to the General Hospital in Paris.

Homosexuals were locked up in hospitals or detention centres. Any individual who caused a public scandal could be interned. The family, and more specifically the bourgeois family with its demands to keep up appearances, became the defining norm for the confinement of any of its rebellious members. At that time began the dark alliances between parents and psychiatrists that would give rise to the profession of Dr Amara [*previously in my autobiographical book I had brought to public light the misdeeds of the psychiatrist Giuseppe Amara*]. Biological psychiatry would have an easy birth with the gestation of a couple of centuries since the Great Confinement of the 17th century. The origins of the profession known today as psychiatry go back to that century.

Throughout the 18th century, the confinement of non-lawbreakers continued, and by the end of that century the houses of confinement were full of 'blasphemers'. The medieval Inquisition had held sway in southern France, but once the Inquisition was abolished, society found a legal way to control dissenters. There is a well-known case of a man in Saint-Lazare who was imprisoned for refusing to kneel at the most solemn moments of the mass (this strategy was also practised a century earlier). In the 17th century, unbelievers were considered 'libertines'. Bonaventure Forcroy wrote a biography of Apollonius of Tyana, a contemporary of Jesus to whom miracles were attributed, and demonstrated with this paradigm that the Gospel accounts could also be fictitious. Forcroy was accused of 'debauchery' and imprisoned, also in Saint-Lazare.

The imprisonment of outcasts and undesirables was a cultural event that dates back to a particular moment in the long history of intolerance in post-Renaissance and post-Reformation Europe. The 17th and 18th centuries shaped the psychiatric values of Western man, values that continue to determine the way we see the world.

## Psychiatry

At the end of the 18th century, psychiatry didn't exist as a medical speciality. The word psychiatry was coined by Johann Reil in 1808. The new profession took for granted a postulate that had its roots in ancient Greek medicine. A postulate is a proposition that is admitted without proof. The postulated platform of the new profession assumed the organic origin of psychic disturbances. This postulate elevated to an axiom, and even to biologic dogma, prevented the introduction of subjectivity in the study of mental disturbances.

As we saw with John Modrow [*explained in an earlier chapter of my book*], the reality is diametrically opposite. Only by introducing the subjectivity of a soul in pain, and rejecting the organic hypothesis, is it possible to understand what the hell is going on in the innermost chambers of those suffering from acute anguish and mental disorders. Objectivity in questions of the inner world of a subject is as impossible as the opposite case: approaching the empirical world in the manner of philosophers like Plato, who from his idealistic philosophy despised the practical study of nature. This Platonic error cost the West the discovery of the scientific method, just as the antipodal error of reducing the humanities to science is so confusing for our civilisation. It is a category mistake to try to understand psychological trauma through neuroscience, just as it is a category mistake to try to understand the empirical world, say astronomy, through social discourse. Postmodern philosophers and psychiatrists represent two symmetrical, though opposed, attempts at extreme ideologies. The former wants to reduce science to the humanities; the latter, the humanities to science: neither respects the other as a separate and intrinsically legitimate field. (Keep in mind what was said in this book about the two universes by Popper-Lynkeus.)

The birth of modern psychiatry occurs when the marginalised leave the jurisdiction of the French and European houses of confinement and are placed in the care of the medical institution. In the 21st century profession, armed with a battery of genetics, neurology and nosological taxonomy, it is impossible to see what psychiatry is at its root. But in Johann Christian Heinroth's *Lehrbuch der Störungen des Seelenlebens* (Textbook on the Disorders of Mental Life), published in 1818, we see the foundations of

psychiatry without the pseudo-scientific smokescreen so common today. Following the tradition of the 17th and 18th centuries, Heinroth used the expression ‘mental illness’ and defined it as ‘egoism’ or ‘sin’: terms he used interchangeably. Heinroth not only equated the Christian concept of sin with that of mental illness. Although he regarded mental illness as an ethical defect, Heinroth’s great innovation is that he treated it with *medical* procedures.



How did Heinroth make this conceptual leap? Or, we may ask, why should physicians re-route the flock of straying sheep? This turn of events wasn’t envisaged in the plans of the architects of the 17th-century Great Confinement. Once the Inquisition was officially abolished, Heinroth himself wondered who would be the new social controller: ‘would this be the task of a doctor? or perhaps a cleric? or of a philosopher? or an educator?’<sup>15</sup>

In the end, the task fell to the physician. Presumably, this was because, as the physician deals directly with the physicality of human beings, it was easier to cover physical violence in the medical profession than in other professions. At a time when the ideals of the French Revolution were still in the air, civil society would have been suspicious of a clergyman or a philosopher with jurisdiction over other people’s bodies, but not of a physician.

For people to accept the new inquisitor, he also had to literalise the central metaphor of the profession. Originally, ‘mental illness’ was understood as a mere metaphor for what in previous

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<sup>15</sup> Johann Christian Heinroth, quoted in Thomas Szasz, *The Myth of Psychotherapy* (NY: Syracuse University Press Edition, 1988), p. 73.



centuries had been called ‘men of unreason’, a policy that lumped dissenters together with the disturbed. When the physician took on the responsibility of occupying the role formerly occupied by prison officials, Heinroth assumed that the selfishness and sin he treated were medical entities: something like saying that the ‘viruses’ that infect our hard drives are not a metaphor for subversive programmes, but micro-organisms. The *literalisation* of the metaphor ‘mental illness’ into a real disease wouldn’t have been possible if Heinroth and many other mental health professionals hadn’t met with society’s approval. The 19th century was the most bourgeois of the last few centuries, and the social forces that drove the rich to lock up the undesirable were still expanding, even more so than at the time when Heinroth himself was born.

The only way to understand Heinroth and his philosophy of the hammer is to let him speak. I have borrowed the following paragraphs from a study by Thomas Szasz. The first sentence quoted is taken from *Medicina Psychica Politica*: a title that perfectly illustrates how, in its origins, psychiatrists spoke not in Newspeak but Oldspeak. Heinroth wrote: ‘It is the duty of the State to care for mentally disturbed persons whenever they are a burden to the community or present a public danger; and the accommodation, cure, and care of such individuals is the duty of the police’. But who are the ‘mentally disturbed’? He answers: ‘It is those least deserving of freedom, namely the *maniaci* [maniacs], who love freedom best; and as long as they are left to themselves and their perverted activity, even if only in an Autenreith chamber, no recovery is thinkable’.<sup>16</sup> Autenreith’s chamber and the mask of the same name were torture devices about which he explains his *modus operandi*:

Experience has shown that the patient in the sack is in danger of asphyxiation and of falling victim of convulsions... [In the confinement chair] the patient can remain bound in the chair for weeks on end without incurring the slightest bodily harm. [The pear is a] piece of hard wood, with the shape and dimensions of a medium-sized pear, has a cross-bar with straps which can be tied at the back of the neck of the patient. Since the oral cavity of the patient is more or less filled by the

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<sup>16</sup> Ibid., pp. 74-75.

instrument, the patient can obviously utter no articulate sounds, but he can still utter stifled screams.<sup>17</sup>

Heinroth articulated some guidelines for the psychiatrist: 'First, be master of the situation; second, be master of the patient'.<sup>18</sup> Szasz comments that in these sentences psychiatry is laid bare for what it was and still is today: subjugation, enslavement and control of one human being by another. He also comments that contemporary psychiatrists, although they do similar things, don't speak frankly as they did in Heinroth's time. However, Heinroth understood early on that in his profession he had to disguise torture chambers for social control as a hospital activity, for which he recommended: 'all impression of a prison must be avoided', a situation which persists today. In Spain, for example, contemporary psychiatrists have replaced window grilles with external shutters: cosmetic but rigid metal slats that act as prison bars. The façade of the psychiatric gardens of our century follows 19th-century standards. On what goes on behind the façade, according to Heinroth:

The edifice should have a special bathing section, with all kinds of baths, showers, douches, and immersion vessels. It must also have a special correction and punishment room with all the necessary equipment, including a Cox swing (or, better, rotating machine), a Reils's fly-wheel, pulleys, punishment chair, Langermann's cell, etc.<sup>19</sup>

Here are further words from this doctor who lived a century before Orwell wrote *1984*. According to Heinroth, the psychiatrist

appears to the patient as helper and saviour, as a father and benefactor, as a sympathetic friend, as a friendly teacher, but also as a judge who weighs the evidence, passes judgement, and executes the sentence; at the same time seems to be the visible God to the patient.<sup>20</sup>

Heinroth seems a hybrid between the Orwellian O'Brien and a contemporary man of his time: Sade. The fact that some psychiatrists see in Heinroth one of the founders of modern

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<sup>17</sup> Ibid., pp. 76-77.

<sup>18</sup> Ibid., p. 77.

<sup>19</sup> Ibid., p. 79.

<sup>20</sup> Ibid., p. 78.

psychiatry and the forerunner of Eugen Bleuler speaks for itself and needs no further comment. Thanks to Heinroth and other apologists for medical violence, in the mid-19th century the metaphor 'mental illness' was recognised as a real illness. In England, parliament granted the medical fraternity the exclusive right to treat the newly discovered disease. The first journals specialising in psychiatry appeared. The *American Journal of Psychiatry*, originally called the *American Journal of Insanity*, whose first issue appeared in 1844, published from its inception data now known to be fraudulent.<sup>21</sup> Throughout the 19th century, countless 'reckless' women such as Hersilie Rouy and Julie La Roche [*cases mentioned at the beginning of my book*] were imprisoned by their fathers and husbands; and psychiatrists resisted attempts to inspect their 'asylums', as they were then called because it interfered with medical autonomy. Many doctors tried to get important positions in the asylums.

The modern psychiatric profession was born.

In the 20th century, the psychiatric profession consolidated its power and prestige in society. A smokescreen terminology developed and, for the man in the street, it became impossible to see psychiatry in its naked simplicity. Sadists like Heinroth became 'psychiatrists', their tortures became 'treatments', social outcasts became 'patients', insane asylums became 'hospitals' and dementia praecox became 'schizophrenia'. Before the creation of Newspeak, asylums were properly called Poorhouses. Before drugs were designed to induce torturous states of mind, Emil Kraepelin and Bleuler used other methods of subjugation.

In 1911, the latter experimented with a particularly repugnant drug that caused bloody vomiting, but at least Bleuler confessed with a frankness no longer seen in psychiatry today: 'His behaviour improves. From an ethical point of view, I cannot recommend this method'.<sup>22</sup> Similarly, in 1913 Kraepelin used to

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<sup>21</sup> See, for example, Robert Whitaker: *Mad in America: Bad Science, Bad Medicine, and the Enduring Mistreatment of the Mentally Ill* (Cambridge, Massachusetts: Perseus, 2001), pp. 75ff.

<sup>22</sup> Bleuler, quoted in John Read, Loren Mosher & Richard Bentall: *Modelos de Locura* (Herder, 2006), p. 39.

inject sodium nucleate to induce fever in his patients, who became more docile and obeyed the doctors' orders.<sup>23</sup>

### *The butchery of the brain*

The great revolution in modern psychiatry came in the 1930s. Previously, Heinroth and his colleagues had assaulted people's bodies with their instruments to control them. But in the 1930s the assault on the body was abandoned in favour of a more effective method: directly attacking the brain. Metrazol shock, insulin shock and electroshock were introduced knowing that they killed brain cells.

Pentylentetrazole (known commercially as Metrazol in North America and Cardiazole in Europe) provokes an enormous reaction in the victims. They suffered such violent attacks that teeth, bones and spinal cords were often broken. The Metrazol shock was so devastating to the brain that, once it wore off, some suffered regressive states and behaved like babies; they played with their faeces, masturbated and wanted nurses to cuddle them. When they recovered, they prayed 'in the name of humanity' that they wouldn't be injected with Metrazol again—a drug that subdued even the toughest of military men. But in 1939 the use of Metrazol was common in most US hospitals, which meant that in those days some inmates often received multiple injections.

*The New York Times*, *Harper's*, *Time* and even *Reader's Digest* joined the chorus of praise for a similar psychiatric treatment: insulin shock, which also produced frightening convulsions. A *Time* writer wrote that as the patient descends into a coma he 'shouts and bellows, gives free vent to his hidden fears and obsessions, opens his mind wide to listening psychiatrists'. Self-serving professionals interpreted the victims' complaints in favour of their colleagues. At a meeting of the American Psychiatric Association, Roy Grinker psychoanalytically interpreted the patient's mind stating that he 'experiences the treatment as a sadistic punishment attack which satisfies his unconscious sense of guilt'.<sup>24</sup> Robert Whitaker, the author of a very readable critique of American psychiatry, describes

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<sup>23</sup> Kraepelin, quoted in *ibid*.

<sup>24</sup> The revelations about Metrazol appear in Whitaker's book.

this era, the first fifty years of the 20th century, as ‘the darkest’ in the history of psychiatry.

1935 marked the birth of lobotomy. Egas Moniz, a Portuguese psychiatrist, had begun his experiments by using alcohol to destroy brain tissue in the frontal lobes but changed the method by cutting it directly with a scalpel. His first guinea pig was a prostitute, and three months later he had lobotomised twenty people, daring to cut more and more brain tissue from his victims. According to Moniz, ‘to cure these patients we must destroy the more or less fixed arrangements of the cellular connections that exist in the brain’.<sup>25</sup> Moniz’s work led to an explosion of lobotomies in the West, especially in the United States, but also in the United Kingdom, Italy, Romania, Brazil, Cuba and, finally, Mexico.

In 1941, neurosurgeon Walter Freeman called this practice ‘brain-damaging therapeutics’.<sup>26</sup> At least it is to Freeman’s credit that he didn’t express himself in Newspeak, but in Heinroth’s *lingua franca*: he acknowledged that lobotomy damages the brain. But in that decade the Swedish Academy awarded Moniz the Nobel Prize of Medicine and the media was enthusiastic about the novel therapy, including *The New York Times*, *Time* and *Newsweek*. A *New York Times* editorial celebrated the success with lobotomised patients: ‘would-be suicides found life acceptable’.<sup>27</sup> With this social support, tens of thousands of lobotomies were performed in the 1940s and 50s. Emotionally troubled college students, and even rebellious children, were thought to be ideal candidates for Freeman’s lobotomy. Whitaker mentions the effects of this radical operation. One lobotomised woman was described as ‘fat, silly and smiling’. Although she had been of lineage, another woman who suffered the operation defecated in a dustbin. Lobotomised patients would take food from their neighbour’s plate or vomit in their soup and keep eating. Some wouldn’t get out of bed unless ordered to do so by a family member, and it was common for them to urinate there. Others just looked out of the window. Those who had been employed before the operation couldn’t earn a living for themselves. It was possible to insult them and get a smile in

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<sup>25</sup> Egas Moniz, quoted in *Mad in America*, 113.

<sup>26</sup> Freeman, quoted in *ibid*, p. 96.

<sup>27</sup> Quoted in *ibid*, p. 138.

response. Some referred to lobotomy as ‘a surgically induced childhood’, and you can imagine the burden on families to support them. But Freeman and his assistant Watts took a more positive view. They wrote that the lobotomised patient could be considered ‘a household pet’.<sup>28</sup> Reports in scientific journals also painted things in a favourable light for the medical profession. The language of science is intended to be neutral, apolitical and unemotional. It doesn’t make value judgements: quite the opposite of what I do. In the professional literature, where graphs and figures abound, it is easy to write articles in which the tragedy left by these semi-vegetable humans wasn’t perceived as a crime.



Walter Freeman at the moment of cutting out the healthy brain of one of his victims. Note how this was done openly with students learning from the lobotomist.

The ‘brain damage therapeutics’ of Moniz and Freeman lost momentum in the 1960s and 70s. Today it is difficult to know how many lobotomies are performed in the world each year. According to an article in defence of lobotomy published in *Psychology Today* (March/April 1992), at the beginning of that decade there were at least 200-300 openly declared ‘psychosurgeries’ each year. In our century, some doctors continue to promote ‘psychosurgery’ for serious emotional problems, and in some US states, special boards have been formed to review all proposals for such operations.<sup>29</sup>

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<sup>28</sup> Freeman, quoted in *ibid*, p. 124.

<sup>29</sup> Lobotomy, Microsoft® Encarta® Encyclopedia 2000. On the resurgence of lobotomy, see Peter Breggin: *Toxic Psychiatry*, pp. 261ff and

Although lobotomy has fallen into relative disuse, electroshock (ECT or electro-convulsive ‘therapy’ in Newspeak) remains a common psychiatric practice. It was developed in 1938, inspired by a slaughterhouse in Rome where pigs were given electric shocks to facilitate the cutting of their necks. A psychiatrist, Ugo Cerletti, had been experimenting with electric shocks on dogs, placing electrodes on the dog’s snout and anus. Half of the animals died of cardiac arrest. After seeing the electrocuted pigs, Cerletti decided to use it on humans. Cerletti’s first guinea pig was a homeless man wandering around Rome’s train station. Shortly afterwards, in 1940, electroshock therapy was admitted to the other side of the Atlantic. Manfred Sakel, who introduced insulin shock into medical practice, compared his technique to electroshock and commented on the latter ‘the stronger the amnesia, the more severe the underlying brain cell damage must be’.<sup>30</sup> This was another form of Moniz and Freeman’s ‘brain-damaging therapeutics’.

Although psychiatrists acknowledged all this in their journals, they were more cautious in their public pronouncements. They painted ‘electroconvulsive therapy’ as a harmless therapy and said that the loss of memories was temporary. The media took the propaganda as honest science, and by 1946 half the beds in American hospitals were occupied by psychiatric patients, some of whom had undergone such therapy. Two years later, Albert Deutsch published *The Shame of the States* and an article appeared in *Life* magazine with shocking photographs of a reality that the American people were unaware of: what went on in concentration camps called psychiatric institutions.

While the images contributed to the reform of public institutions in the United States, the 20th century witnessed two other psychiatric revolutions. One was the consortium between psychiatrists and multinational pharmaceutical companies; the other, the invention of chemical lobotomies in the 1950s. Surgical lobotomy fell into relative disuse in favour of the use of neuroleptics: a more subtle form of social control.

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an article by a lawyer, Lawrence Stevens, that can be read on the internet: ‘The brain-butchery called psychosurgery’.

<sup>30</sup> Manfred Sakel, quoted in *Mad in America*, p. 98.

*From pesticides to antipsychotics*

May 1954 is a memorable date for psychiatrists. For the first time a neuroleptic (popularly known as an ‘antipsychotic’), chlorpromazine, commercially called Thorazine in the United States and Largactil in some European countries, was marketed, revolutionising treatment in the profession. The first generation of phenothiazines from which chlorpromazine emerged had been used for pesticidal purposes in agriculture. In addition, experiments were known to induce catalepsy in animals.

The neuroleptic was a chemical *intentionally* designed as a neurotoxin, but millions of prescriptions for Thorazine were written in the US. Under the effects of chlorpromazine, patients could now be ‘moved about like puppets’, and the first psychiatrist to experiment in the US with this neuroleptic said it ‘may prove to be a pharmacological substitute for lobotomy’.<sup>31</sup> The campaign to sell Thorazine to American society was so fierce that even the professionals called the propagandists of the company that manufactured them ‘Thorazine assault troops’.<sup>32</sup> This was the first massive public relations foray by a pharmaceutical company into a hitherto very small market: institutional psychiatry. In its first year of marketing, Smith, Klein & French made \$75 million from the drug. The rest, as they say, is history.<sup>33</sup>

In 1955, *Time* magazine called the professionals who opposed chlorpromazine ‘ivory tower critics’. Gregory Zilboorg, the same psychiatrist who held the authors of the medieval *Mallens Maleficarum* in high esteem, said that the public was being misled and that the drug only served to control the patient. Another doctor raised his voice and said that chlorpromazine was more dangerous than heroin and cocaine. But the publicity dampened all internal dissent.

By the mid-1960s more than ten thousand medical articles had been written about chlorpromazine. Television campaigns

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<sup>31</sup> Heinz Lehmann, quoted in *ibid.*, p. 144.

<sup>32</sup> These words from the pharmaceutical company Smith, Kline & French appear in Loren Mosher: ‘Soteria and other alternatives to acute psychiatric hospitalisation’ in *The Journal of Nervous and Mental Disease* (1999, 187), that I read on the internet.

<sup>33</sup> Loren Mosher, Richard Gosden & Sharon Beder, ‘Las empresas farmacéuticas y la esquizofrenia’ in *Modelos de locura*, pp. 141s.



omitted any mention of the drug's Parkinsonian effects, and magazines received substantial sums if they advertised the miracle pill in their lead articles. *Time*, *Fortune* and *The New York Times* were among these prostitutes for the pharmaceutical corporations. The use of neuroleptics was soon considered cutting edge among psychiatric treatments, trumping insulin-induced comas, electroshock and lobotomy. In the 1960s, the revolution of this miraculous alchemy from pesticides to antipsychotics was consummated, and the message was implanted in the public mind that these were 'antipsychotic' drugs: an idea that persists to this day. By 1970, nineteen million prescriptions for neuroleptics had been written, and not just for distressed people. Some juvenile delinquents and rebellious adolescents who were given the neuroleptic called it 'zombie juice', but professionals countered by introducing the euphemism 'major tranquillisers'. In the case of children and adolescents, a study showed that between 1987 and 1996 the number of children given the drug had doubled. Between 1996 and 2000 the figure multiplied to one in fifty, although the most important age group was 5-9 years old.<sup>34</sup>

The propaganda through which multinational pharmaceutical companies brainwash civil society that they need to take these neurotoxins is carried out through education campaigns to health visitors, school counsellors and parents. Joe Sharkey, financial journalist and author of *Bedlam: Greed, Profiteering and Fraud in a Mental Health System Gone Crazy*, has reported that in the late 1980s, 25 per cent of the revenue paid by health insurance went into the pockets of mental health workers, largely due to the psychiatric treatment of these unruly adolescents.<sup>35</sup>

Moreover, since the 1970s these professionals entered into an open partnership with pharmaceutical companies. The consortium between psychiatrists and Big Pharma is so blatant that *all* psychiatric congresses are funded by these corporations, and in some medical centres, all laboratory research is also funded by multinationals. These corporations also fund psychiatric journals. In

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<sup>34</sup> These figures appear in *Modelos de locura*, pages 124s.

<sup>35</sup> Sharkey: *Bedlam*, p. 4. Sharkey's book takes as its central theme the unjustified hospitalisations by psychiatrists, especially of children and adolescents, in order to get as much money as possible from their parents' insurance companies.

addition, a study of 800 articles from some of the most prestigious non-psychiatric scientific journals (*Science*, *Nature*, *Lancet*, *The New England Journal of Medicine* and *Proceedings of the National Academy of Medicine*) found that 34 per cent of the authors had financial interests with Big Pharma. The pharmaceutical industry is the largest funder of psychiatric research in the United States, including research at universities and medical schools. It is estimated that in 1994 alone it spent \$1.5 billion on academic research.<sup>36</sup> Some critics have used the expression 'Is academic medicine for sale?' to describe this situation.

This is fundamental to understanding why I say that psychiatrists, despite their impeccable medical credentials, promulgate pseudoscience. The sponsorship provided by these companies translates into a biologicistic, pro-drug bias in research. Editors of specialist journals are very wary of publishing articles by professionals who criticise biological psychiatry, especially if they question the efficacy of psychotropic drugs or if they mention the terrible effects of these drugs, such as tardive dyskinesia and dystonia produced by so-called 'antipsychotics': symptoms that doctors euphemistically call 'extrapyramidal symptoms'. Pharmaceutical companies spend huge sums on advertisements in trade journals, and editors are unwilling to offend their sponsors with articles exposing the epidemic of drug-induced tardive dyskinesia, under threat of the companies withdrawing advertising. The financial dependence of journals on these companies leads not only to discretion, but many authors resort to self-censorship. As some mental health professionals say, the pharmaceutical industry *owns* the data obtained in the clinical trials it subsidises and decides which studies should be published; it chooses the authors, writes the articles and even the reviews to interpret the data.<sup>37</sup> On the other hand, it is only natural that new medical research professionals choose the most promising area: the one that is generously funded by pharmaceutical companies. That is where the funding for their careers is to be found. There is a whole book on the subject, *How the Pharmaceutical Industry Bankrolled the Unholy*

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<sup>36</sup> This information appears in Eliot Valenstein: *Blaming the Brain*, pp. 199 & 187.

<sup>37</sup> Modelos de locura, p. 144.

*Marriage Between Science and Business* by Linda Marsa, and this trend is much more evident in psychiatry. There are fewer guarantees for scientific accuracy in a psychiatric journal than in other specialist journals. The profession no longer hears, as in the 1950s and 1960s, that abusive parents drive their children mad (see *Day of Wrath*). The economic interests in hiding this reality are enormous.

For example, in the mid-1990s, one pharmaceutical market analyst claimed that the \$1 billion market for neuroleptics could grow to \$4.5 billion a year. In May 2001, a *Wall Street Journal* report valued the neuroleptic market at \$5 billion a year, a five hundred per cent growth in five years. Total US sales of neuroleptics in 2000 were \$2.5 billion, and international sales reached \$6 billion in the same year. The neuroleptic Zyprexa alone earned Eli Lilly \$1 billion in profits in 1998. In 1999/2000, the United States led Western consumption of neuroleptics with 65 per cent, followed by Europe with 22 per cent and Latin America with 2.5 per cent (not counting Russia, Asia or Africa). The misnamed 'antipsychotics' are even used in veterinary medicine! Considering that many people want to control others in prisons, asylums, insane hospitals, juvenile correctional facilities and even at home, the growth in market demand for these terrible drugs is understandable.<sup>38</sup> These figures are key to understanding today's psychiatry: a chemical Gulag.

### *Big business*

In the face of a multi-billion dollar business that has subtly bought off doctors, universities and the media, civil society cannot see what is happening. Just as in Heinroth's time political actions were cloaked in medical garb when the ideals of the Revolution were in the air, after the rebellion of the 1960s psychiatry reacted by increasingly cloaking itself in the garb of hard science, the paradigm of our times. In 1999, Professor Leonard Duhl of the University of California defined mental illness and poverty as the 17th-century ideologues of the Great Confinement did: 'the inability to command

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<sup>38</sup> See Whitaker: *Mad in America*, and Valenstein: *Blaming the Brain*, chapter 6. See also Richard Gosden and Sharon Beder: 'Pharmaceutical industry agenda setting in mental health policies' in *Ethical Human Science and Services* (Autumn/Winter 2000).

events that affect one's life'.<sup>39</sup> The consolidation and expansion of psychiatric power continues into the 21st century. The tenfold increase in the use of neuroleptics in minors from the mid-1990s to the first five years of the new century, with the advertising claim that they are 'at risk', shows the cynicism of this marketing design.

Heinroth was a great visionary. He foresaw that drugs could be the prisons of the future. Although neuroleptics had not been manufactured, Heinroth was already talking about 'pharmaceutical means of restriction' and 'restrictive surgical means', anticipating the lobotomy that Moniz would develop a century later. Since the guidelines that would define the policy of psychiatrists were promulgated in the 19th century, the expansion of the chemical Gulag meant a shift from long-term involuntary hospitalisation to long-term voluntary (or involuntary) drug addiction. Psychiatrists, of course, would put things differently. They say that in the treatment of mental illness the most remarkable development of the 20th century was the ability to synthesise these substances in laboratories. But this is one of the claims of scientific progress that, on closer inspection, is found fallacious.

In psychopharmacology, there are no biographies of John, Peter or Mary when they are prescribed neuroleptics, nor when they are prescribed antidepressants, nor when they are prescribed stimulants, nor when they are prescribed tranquillisers. In biological psychiatry, or biologicistic psychiatry as I prefer to call it, there are no persons: only biochemical radicals to be normalised by other chemicals. In an age that seeks easy solutions to existential problems, there is no need to dig into the past. It is enough to calculate the dosage of 'happy pills', be it Prozac or any other. This is also the case with the abuse of illegal drugs, the only difference being that psychotropic drugs are legal. Approximately thirty million people have taken Prozac (fluoxetine), a drug that *Newsweek* has publicised with cover stories. The situation is increasingly reminiscent of scenes from Aldous Huxley's *Brave New World* where, at the behest of the state, all citizens consumed the drug *soma*.

In the medical profession, the environmental factors that prick our souls have disappeared from the map. If the ideology of the biological psychiatrists is correct, all our passions, traumas and

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<sup>39</sup> Leonard Duhl, quoted in Szasz: *Pharmacracy*, p. 95.

conflicts, loves and fears, are not the result of our desires in conflict with the outside world, but of the swings of tiny polypeptides in our bodies that are transformed into despair. The preface to some editions of the *DSM* states that the future will completely erase the ‘unfortunate’ distinction between the popular concept of mental disorder and physical illness. On 1 January 1990, California became the first US state to accept the dogma of psychiatry: that mental disorders are illnesses originating in brain dysfunctions. (This reminds me that for Benjamin Rush, the father of American psychiatry, insanity was caused by low blood circulation in the head.) But in real neurological science, the claims about dopamine and serotonin have been discredited.<sup>40</sup> Bioreductionist psychiatry is all about looking at supposed biological abnormalities in the body and not traumatic events due to the environment or the family. It is like studying trauma not as a reaction to a scandalous act, say, Dora’s incestuous rape [*mentioned earlier in my book*], but studying the temporal lobe of the raped daughter, where the treatment is directed. The drugs, or the hammer of electroshock, are the result of a medical postulate. After all, he who only knows how to use the hammer treats all things as if they were nails.

I am not caricaturing the profession. In November 2002, I had a long discussion with Dr Miguel Pérez de la Mora, a physician specialising in experimental cell physiology at the Biophysics Department of the National Autonomous University of Mexico (UNAM) and director of the Mexican Academy of Sciences. In my discussion with Pérez de la Mora, it struck me that when I mentioned the mental state of concentration camp inmates, my opponent immediately jumped to the subject of the amygdala and anxiety, which he was studying in his laboratory: anxiety understood in a strictly biological way. In our surreal discussion, it took me a long time to make the obvious point to the doctor: that the cause of the inmates’ mental stress was the brutality of the camps. But even conceding this point Pérez de la Mora added—without evidence—that only camp inmates who presumably had a genetic predisposition could be the ones who were disturbed. For this neurologist and his colleagues, the concentration camps were merely a ‘triggering mechanism’ for the disorder of a prisoner

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<sup>40</sup> See Valenstein, *Blaming the Brain*.

whose biology was presumably already defective. I must clarify the concept of a 'trigger mechanism' for an alleged latent mental disorder. This is one of the psychiatrist's main mantras, and it exemplifies what I have called bioreductionism. For the bioreductionist, human rights and psychological trauma are put on the back burner, and the only thing that matters is the genomic project and the search for the gene responsible for the disorder (or other strictly biological cause). Pérez de la Mora's speciality is the study of anxiety disorders in UNAM's laboratories, and during our conversation, he confessed that the company that manufactures the psychiatric drug Valium funded his research. I pointed out to Pérez de la Mora that research funded by the same pharmaceutical companies produces results with a clear biological bias. The eminent scientist told me that researchers rarely sell out to companies.

The reality is that the way multinational pharmaceutical companies buy scientists is infinitely more subtle than direct bribery. Roche, which makes Valium, simply funds professionals who postulate biological hypotheses, and no one else. Neither Roche nor its competitors would give a penny to those of us who research psychological trauma. Our line of research is a proposal that requires social engineering and changes in the nuclear family to prevent child abuse. But in our world, no one wants to fund the researcher who puts parents in the dock. For example, no institution funded the research to write this book. On the other hand, the medical model promotes the drugging of the abused child without changing the parental abuse that caused mental distress in the first place. Only in this way does the field enjoy society's approval. If the anxiety that Pérez de la Mora studies, or panic, depression, addictions, phobias, manias, obsessions and compulsions are the result of abnormal biology, the human and existential content that has caused these experiences becomes irrelevant.

The thinking of our time is limiting itself to a one-dimensional worldview when it comes to mental health. Bioreductionism, the ideology of doctors with blinders reluctant to see the social sides, is a doctrine whose conceptual framework is quite simple: determinism and reductionism ('Your biology is your destiny'). But as psychiatrists present this doctrine with all its scientific sophistication, the matter seems complicated. The

following Szaszian analogy illustrates how simple biopsychiatry is at heart: The primitive sorcerer, trying to understand nature in human terms, treated objects as agents: a position known as animism. The modern sorcerer, who tries to understand man's subjectivity in terms of Nature, treats agents as objects: a position known as bioreductionism. Primitive man has been demystified in our scientific age. Who will demystify psychiatrists?

*23 August 2018*

*Postscript:* I wrote this article in the early years of the century and have not reviewed the latest criticisms of psychiatry in more recent books. However, as I said here in 'On depression', at least I continue to update myself by watching Robert Whitaker's latest YouTube videos.

No amount of research in recent years has changed my opinion about that pseudo-medical profession. (See also my original contribution to the debunking of it in *Day of Wrath*: the article 'Unfalsifiability in psychiatry'.)

## Dark night of the soul



The time has come to talk about a revolution within the limits allowed by US law. Since *Siege* is the most popular book of the radical wing of white nationalists, I must say a few words about the author and the readers of *Siege*.

In 1980, James Nolan Mason took it upon himself to write *Siege*, a newsletter for would-be revolutionaries, and continued to publish it until 1986. This was in pre-internet times. In mid-2017 some young members of the so-called Atomwaffen Division contacted Mason personally after decades in which their guru had lived in obscurity. They wanted to have him as a veteran advisor to a small group aspiring to become revolutionaries. One of them commented on *The West's Darkest Hour*, and I learned that Mason had been immersed in mystical and 'Christian Identity' issues all those years. The racists who believe in CI promote a pseudo-scientific interpretation of Christianity: that Caucasian Aryans are the true descendants of the biblical Jacob.

I don't believe in the magic of the Tarot. But I do believe, as Jung said, that the figures of the deck represent archetypal



symbols. And from this angle I can use the symbol of *La Lune*—The Moon—to offer my views on James Mason and those of his epigones who, like him, continue to admire Charles Manson. Unlike the psychoanalysis of the Jew Freud, Jung's analyses had much more Aryan overtones. So here I would like to interpret Mason's pond inspired in what Sallie Nichols wrote about the *La Lune* card in *Jung and Tarot*.

Sallie Nichols (1908-1982) was a teacher of Jungian organisations in California. A long-time student of Jungian psychology, she had the opportunity to study at the Carl Gustav Jung Institute in Zurich while Jung was still alive.

As we see in the previous image, the hero that Nichols had seen in other Tarot cards doesn't appear in *La Lune*. The hero's intellectual ego has sunk into a pond. He has fallen into a deep depression, because unlike the hopeful card The Star there is no human figure to help him out of the darkness. He is as immersed in the watery unconscious as the prehistoric crab imprisoned in the pond. This is the darkest moment of the journey of the twenty-two cards of the Major Arcana: a journey toward the knowledge of our Self.

The territory on the other side of the water is an unknown land, a country unexplored (until very recently). To advance into this place full of abysmal terrors and infinite promises, the towers of distance, requires great courage: more than Mason and his epigones have shown in their later years for it implies full apostasy, not pseudo-apostasy, from the religion of our parents. Like the rites of passage we see in Gore Vidal's *Julian* through which the apostate passes, in the transition he must now face, the hero must pass naked and alone. He cannot return to the mandates of Christian ethics as most alt-right people do. It takes courage and faith to act as our ancestral enemy, Abraham, did: to turn away 'from your people, from your loved ones, from your home, in search of the land to which I will take you'.

In a journey that goes in exactly the opposite direction to Jerusalem, our hero must transform himself in order to be reborn from the night of terror. In the card we find other accidents in the sky that are bad omens, because the multicoloured drops that appear, unlike in the card The Sun, are directed from the earth towards the sky. It is as if the Goddess Moon, as a devouring mother, calls to herself all the creative energy of the madman,

leaving him desolate and empty. It is the Dark Night of the Soul spoken of by some Catholic saints. In psychological terms, it symbolises the triumph of Jerusalem over Rome: the devouring aspects of the serpent of *Laocoön and his Sons* that have given rise to a historical psychosis throughout the West. The Moon of the image seems to suck the energies of the alt-right hero, leaving him weakened to even think about revolutionary action. I am not so much referring to Mason here, but to the racialsists who are ideologically reactionary, never revolutionary.

But rebelling against Judeo-Christianity also has its dangers. As we see in the card, the dogs of Hecate, also caught under the spell of the Goddess of the Night, could tear the hero apart, leaving him raging and foaming at the mouth in a perpetual night: a psychosis without recovery like the one Nietzsche suffered from 1889 to 1900, when he died. But only in the regions of greatest terror, such as the darkest hour poor Nietzsche suffered while writing his last books, can the golden treasure be found. As Jung said, enlightenment is not achieved by imagining (as the New Age fools do) figures of light. It is achieved by becoming familiar with our dark side (which I do with my disturbing autobiographical books). The hero sees the crab trapped in the pond and feels that he is ready to abandon his annoying shell (the last Christian vestiges) and climb the ladder of evolution. Wet with our dew from the *lacrimae lunae*, the tears of the moon, when confronted with this card the towers seem very attractive. One wants to move forward to discover what's inside them. There is no turning back: the path, especially in other pictorial versions of the Tarot Moon, leads clearly forward. One of the towers signifies the knowledge provided by the authors of my earlier compilation, such as the history of Christianity and how Christian ethics has turned Aryans into lunatics: a perpetual night of the soul from which even the most hardened revolutionaries have not fully awakened.

On my website I discontinued the weekly publication of *Siege*. Mason had written: 'In Southern Europe, Christianity came to power slowly, via more subtle means, while in Northern Europe it was brought to power largely by the use of the sword' (James Mason, *Siege*, Iron March publication, 2015 revision, page 130). Mason wrote this article in February 1981, the year of my first visit to the United States. There was no internet and Mason was completely unaware that southern Europe had suffered a very

violent takeover by fanatical Christians after Constantine empowered them. The true history of early Christianity has only been revealed to modern audiences through the efforts of Karlheinz Deschner in German, Vlassis Rassias in Greek and, more recently, Catherine Nixey in English. At the time Mason wrote his article, only ivory tower scholars were aware of the apocalypse that had befallen southern Europeans in the 4th and 5th centuries.

But it was not only ivory tower scholars who knew the real story. Hitler mentioned it in his after-dinner chats and, to write *Julian*, Vidal had to read an enormous amount of classical literature, from 1959 to 1964, while living in Rome. That knowledge was hoarded in a tower that awaited wiser men than Vidal. Since I read Nichols' book, these towers remind me of the library tower in Umberto Eco's *The Name of the Rose*, set in the Middle Ages, when knowledge of certain forbidden books was feared by a monk who began to poison those who dared to read them. Except for the Franciscan William, who evokes the memory of Roger Bacon, all the learned monks lived in the darkest night for the Western mind.

But what about the so-called awakened whites of today?

Christian Identity influence on James Mason? Libertarians who yearn for an ethnostate within the United States? Alt-Right pundits arguing over mind-rotting Hollywood movies? Anti-Semitic white nationalists who, through Christianity, cling to the god of the Jews? *Siege* readers who admire Charly Manson? All that and much more is howling at the moon in a dense, haunted night rather than reaching the *finis Africae*: the writings of those authors I have collected elsewhere (in Eco's novel that place was a hidden room in the tower containing the forbidden works of the so-called pagans). The time has come to talk of a revolution, yes, but the unhinged racists urgently need a star to lead their way to the towers of wisdom that house the *finis Africae*.

24 January 2019

## On empowering carcass-eating birds

Christian ethics was like a time bomb ticking away in Europe, a Trojan horse waiting for its season.  
—William Pierce

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

*The Occidental Observer's* articles are academic. But yesterday's article by Tobias Langdon on how the left has begun to devour itself is fascinating. His article is about the culture war that transgender men are winning over radical feminists—including the mulatto, lesbian and Jewish feminists who one would imagine are, in today's inverted age, the most powerful.

Today, trans men have begun to position themselves at the top of the pyramid thanks to Orwell's observation: all men are equal, but some are more equal than others. These men only have to declare themselves women, and in several US states they are allowed in bathrooms, locker rooms and showers for women. Langdon mentions a transsexual, who still has a penis and a pair of balls, who is very interested in the female tampons that pubescent girls leave beside the toilets. Of course: in our sick society he is untouchable. Tucker Carlson and the feminists invited to his show complain a lot that trans men are also starting to dominate women's sports. The most impressive sentence in Langdon's article is that 'Stale pale males who were at the very bottom of the victimhood hierarchy have leapt to the very top of it in a single bound, thanks to the superpower of transgenderism'. So true: radical feminists who dare to criticise these trans men are being dismissed from social media with the typical accusations that their complaints are 'hate'. One woman commented on Langdon's article in the *Observer*: 'We don't need any more proof that Satan rules the world'.

I would argue the exact opposite: at last Christ rules.

White nationalists have a rather superficial idea of the history of Christianity. Their knowledge of the religion of our

parents doesn't go beyond historical books on the level of those *Reader's Digest* books for pious Christian families that I find in the library left by my father. A deeper look, beyond the *Reader's Digest* level, reveals that the inversion of values that has now driven the West mad had its origin in none other than the Gospel message. Whenever some Christians wanted to apply the Gospel in its purity, the medieval Church, in all its wisdom, crushed them: they knew how dangerous it would have been for the health of pre-Reformation Europe. I don't ask white nationalists to read Karlheinz Deschner's scholarly work on the history of Christianity. If they would only read the best historical novel ever written about the period I am referring to, they would realise what I mean. Umberto Eco's *The Name of the Rose* contains a passage that sheds great light on what is happening today with the empowerment of trans men: until recently, the most dispossessed creatures in God's kingdom.

Adso: 'But you were speaking of other outcasts; it isn't lepers who form heretical movements'.

William of Baskerville: 'The flock is like a series of concentric circles, from the broadest range of the flock to its immediate surroundings. The lepers are a sign of exclusion in general. Saint Francis understood that. He didn't want only to help the lepers; if he had, his act would have been reduced to quite a poor and impotent act of charity. He wanted to signify something else. Have you been told about his preaching to the birds?'

Adso: 'Oh, yes, I've heard that beautiful story, and I admired the saint who enjoyed the company of those tender creatures of God', I said with great fervour.

William of Baskerville: 'Well, what they told you was mistaken, or, rather, it's a story the order has revised today. When Francis spoke to the people of the city and its magistrates and saw they didn't understand him, he went out to the cemetery and began preaching to ravens and magpies, to hawks, to raptors feeding on corpses'.

Adso: 'What a horrible thing! Then they were not good birds?'

William of Baskerville: 'They were birds of prey, outcast birds, like the lepers. Francis was surely thinking of that verse of the Apocalypse that says: "I saw an angel

standing in the sun; and he cried with a loud voice, saying to all the fowls that fly in the midst of heaven: Come and gather yourselves together at the supper of the great God; that ye may eat the flesh of kings, and the flesh of captains, and the flesh of mighty men, and the flesh of horses, and of them that sit on them...!”



Adso: ‘So Francis wanted to incite the outcasts to revolt?’

William of Baskerville: ‘No, that was what Fra Dolcino and his followers wanted [*the violent and revolutionary wing of the Fraticelli*], if anybody did. Francis wanted to call the outcast, ready to revolt, to be part of the people of God. If the flock was to be gathered again, *the outcasts had to be found again* [*my emphasis*]. Francis didn’t succeed, and I say it with great bitterness. To recover the outcasts he had to act within the church; to act within the church he had to obtain the recognition of his rule, from which an order would emerge, and this order, as it emerged, would recompose the image of a circle, at whose margin the outcasts remain’.

However fictional, the dialogue between these two 14th-century Franciscan monks hits the nail on the head: the two epigraphs at the beginning of this article. The age of the Trojan horse of which Pierce wrote, i.e. the complete reversal of Aryan values into Gospel-inspired values, has finally arrived!

Following the resignation of Pope Benedict XVI in 2013, a papal conclave elected the Argentinian Jorge Mario Bergoglio as his successor. When Bergoglio chose Francis as his papal name in honour of St Francis of Assisi, my father, a great fan of the holy

man of Assisi, expressed words of surprise. He wondered, as he watched the ceremony, how it might have been only in the 21st century that an elected pope chose the name of the most beloved saint by Catholics. Short answer: because the Catholic Church wasn't openly suicidal as it is today.

As this Argentinian pope's mother tongue is Spanish, when I hear him speak I understand him better than those who don't know the language. It really seems to me that, for the first time in the history of the Church, the purest message of the Gospel has reached the Vatican. I remember very well, for example, the time when Bergoglio, now Pope, declared that the theme of poverty—the lepers of old—was at the very heart of the Gospel. I also remember his words about homosexuals (Bergoglio is the first Pope to use the Newspeak term 'gay': a word that wasn't used to describe them when he and I were children) and the trans men who visited him in the Vatican.

What they say in the forums of white nationalism is false: that the Pope has betrayed his principles. On the contrary: the dream of reuniting the crows, magpies and carcass-eating birds has been fulfilled.

When I first discovered white nationalism, the term used to designate the enemy was the very generic 'liberalism'. In his *Observer* article, Langdon uses the currently fashionable term, 'cultural Marxism'. I have recently suggested that the more accurate term would be 'neochristian'. This term includes the scale of values of both Christians and liberals: a scale of values that teaches that the last—e.g., the transsexuals—shall be first and the first shall be last. After all, Francis wanted to gather the outcasts into his *civitate Dei*. In the library left by my late father, there is a book that I have never opened, but its title says it all: *En busca de los pobres de Jesucristo* (In search of Jesus Christ's poor).

7 March 2019

### Terminal stage



*The Course of Empire* is a series of five paintings created by Thomas Cole in 1833-1836 (above, *Desolation*, the fifth painting in the series). It reflects popular American sentiments at the time, when many saw pastoralism as the ideal phase of human civilisation, fearing that empire would lead to gluttony and inevitable decadence.

I have said that white nationalism has developed a myopic diagnosis of white decline: the Jewish problem. I have also complained that American white nationalists have not published Pierce's *Who We Are* and sold it as a bestseller, to expand that myopic diagnosis into a more comprehensive worldview. Anyone who enters the history of the white race encounters patterns not seen on most nationalist websites. One of the most conspicuous elements of this pattern is the history of Christianity. And I don't just mean the destruction of the classical world by Christian fanatics from the 4th century. I am referring to the zeitgeist born in the West after that destruction.

In today's world of florid psychosis, it seems that the fashion for transgender empowerment has nothing to do with the Christian or liberal zeitgeist. But this is precisely where the nationalist perspective seems myopic to me. A few months ago I wrote 'On empowering carcass-eating birds', where I try to explain that some features of the more psychotic aspects of today's



egalitarianism can be traced back to a 14th-century Franciscan movement that wanted to bring the message of Jesus, in all its purity, to medieval Italy. The Church of Rome wasn't tolerant of the egalitarian faction that took the gospel literally, and ended up persecuting the Fraticelli as heretics. As I have iterated many times, for an entertaining account of that historical drama, read Umberto Eco's *The Name of the Rose*: a novel as didactic about the 14th century as Gore Vidal's *Julian* describes the 4th century. No one could have predicted in the Middle Ages that the Fraticelli's latent ideals would have their historical chance once the power of the Church had been removed. But that is exactly what happened, centuries later, with the French Revolution. The egalitarian ideals, forcibly implanted throughout Europe during and after the French Revolution, were inspired by the Gospel message (cf. Bardamu's article in *The Fair Race*). It may seem incredible to say, but even the most anti-clerical Jacobins subscribed to the commandments preached by the fictional character called Jesus, created by the Semitic authors of the New Testament.

If we compare what the West is suffering from to cancer, we can say that the first cancer cells arose when, in the second century, a faction of Judaism, which Julian would call 'the Galileans', began to infiltrate the Gentile world in the outer provinces of the Roman Empire. The infection came to power with Constantine and the Roman emperors who followed him, despite Julian's best efforts in his brief reign. The noble spirit of the Aryan managed to tame, in the Middle Ages, the more ethnosuicidal aspects of this Levantine cult which even overpowered the northern barbarians by force. But it was not until the Reformation and Counter-Reformation—when they killed, once again, the revived pagan spirit of the Renaissance—that the holy book of the Jews began to be taken seriously, especially in the Protestant world.<sup>41</sup>

Nothing could have been more suicidal than to worship the holy book of the Jews, since both the Old Testament and the Talmud are sworn enemies of the Gentiles, especially of the Aryan man because He represents the best of the Gentile world. But worst

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<sup>41</sup> See Nietzsche's long quote at the end of 'Rome against Judea; Judea against Rome' in *The Fair Race's Darkest Hour*.

of all happened when this virus mutated from its religious phase to a secular phase.

The Western world today is no more than an ideological heir to the ideals of the Enlightenment, the American Revolution and the French Revolution. But the so-called Enlightenment philosophers didn't salute Reason, to use the language of the time, let alone the French revolutionaries. Those who really began to salute Reason since the twilight of the Greco-Roman world were Gobineau, his successors, and the eugenicists. Only they broke with the Christian dogma that 'All men are equal before God', or the neochristian or secular version of the gospel, that 'All men are equal before the law'. The crux of the matter is that 'All men are equal before the law' has mutated, in our times, to 'all men and women are ontologically equal': the final or terminal stage currently killing the West, the Woke Monster. As that Cassandra named Alexis de Tocqueville foresaw, the equality virus always demands more and more equality. It is like a gene or meme that multiplies to the point of absurdity. And the absurdity has arrived today not only with neo-Franciscan the demand that we should consider transgender people as our equals, but also trans children. But in Tocqueville's observation this latest metastasis won't end with trans children. There are already Western countries that have legalised zoophilia and, in some of them, there are proposals to legalise paedophilia.

By this final metastasis, this runaway egalitarianism, the West is doomed. There is no doubt about it. Or to put it more precisely, Western *Christian* civilisation, which is in its terminal phase, will die in this century. But the point is that it all had its origin in the radical message of Jesus: a message that seemed sublime to me at the age of sixteen but which, at sixty, I see as Semitic poison for the white man. It must be said again: the age of the Trojan horse of which Pierce wrote, the complete reversal of Aryan values into Gospel-inspired values, has finally arrived.

*10 August 2019*

## Romulus & Jesus

In *The Fair Race* I mentioned the work of Richard Carrier. ‘All the evidence we have’, Carrier said in a public debate with an American Christian, ‘strongly supports the conclusion that there were actually literal rabbis that originated the sect’ (Christianity). They simply used the story of the Hero-God founder of the Romans: Romulus. The idea of those who wrote the New Testament was simply to use the mythological biography of the white God to convince the Romans to worship, instead, the god of the Jews. The parallels between the old Romulus and the new Jesus invented by the rabbis are so obvious that it is worth mentioning some of them.

Both are sons of God; their deaths are accompanied by wonders and the earth is covered with darkness; both corpses disappear; both receive a new immortal body superior to the one they had; their resurrected bodies were sometimes luminous and shining in appearance; after their resurrection they meet a follower on a city road; a speech is given from a high place before the ‘translation to heaven’; there is a ‘great commission’ or instruction to future followers; they physically ascend to heaven and, finally, are taken up into a cloud.

Everyone in the West has heard the story that the New Testament authors invented about Jesus. But who knows the original legend, that of the white Hero-God Romulus? It really seems that the Gospel writers plagiarised the founding myth of Rome to sell us another founding myth. But the new Christian myth did more than just substitute the Aryan Romulus for the Jewish Jesus, something infinitely more subversive as we shall see.

In the draft of ‘Dark Night of the Soul’ I had said that all whites are heading for Jerusalem, a metaphor to be understood in the context of my essay ‘Ethnosuicidal Nationalists’ (also in this

book). How did Christianity manage to reverse the moral compass of the Aryans from pointing to Rome to pointing to Jerusalem? Remember: according to Richard Carrier in his magnum opus *On the Historicity of Jesus: Why We Might Have Reason for Doubt*, there is no historical Jesus, but rather authors of the Gospels. Also, keep in mind what we have been saying on this website about the inversion of values that occurred in the West when whites, including atheists, took the axiological message of the Gospels very seriously. Building on this and the crucial part of Evropa Soberana's essay on Judea vs. Rome in *The Fair Race*, let us look at what Carrier says at the beginning of chapter 4 of *On the Historicity of Jesus*.



Romulus appears to Proculus Julius.

In Plutarch's book on Romulus, the founder of Rome, we are told that Romulus was the son of God, born of a Virgin, and that there were attempts to kill him as a baby. As an adult, the elites finally killed him and the sun went dark, but Romulus' body disappeared. Then he rises from the dead. Some doubted and, along the way, Romulus appears to a friend to pass on the Good News to his people (see image above). It is revealed that, despite his human appearance, Romulus had always been a God and had become incarnate to establish a great kingdom *on earth* (note these italicised words in the context of the indented quote on the next page). Romulus then ascends to heaven to reign from there. Before

Christianity, the Romans celebrated the day Romulus ascended to heaven. Plutarch recounts that at the annual Ascension ceremony the names of those who were afraid because they had witnessed the feat were recited, something that reminds me of the true ending of Mark's Gospel (Mk 16:8) before Christians added more verses. Carrier comments that it seems as if Mark is adding a Semitic spin to the original story of Romulus: an Aryan story that seems to be the skeleton on which the evangelist would add the Semitic flesh of his literary fiction. Carrier's sentence in bold has convinced me that his treatise *On the Historicity of Jesus* deserves our attention.

There are many differences in the two stories, surely. But the similarities are too numerous to be a coincidence—and the differences are likely deliberate. For instance, **Romulus' material kingdom favoring the mighty is transformed into a spiritual one favoring the humble.** It certainly looks like the Christian passion narrative is **an intentional transvaluation of the Roman Empire's ceremony** of their own founding savior's incarnation, death and resurrection. [page 58]

The implications are enormous. It does seem that the Gospel writers, presumably Jews, thoroughly plagiarised the founding myth of Rome to sell us another myth. This new myth not only involved the substitution of an Aryan hero (Romulus) for a Jewish hero (Jesus). It did something infinitely more subversive, what Nietzsche called the transvaluation of values.

It is becoming increasingly clear: Not only Jesus of Nazareth didn't exist. The evangelist Mark stole the myth of the Aryan God Romulus for incredibly subversive purposes (see my boldface above). That is why they tried to erase any trace of the Romulus festivals when they destroyed almost all the Latin books, from the 4th to the 6th century. It cannot be a coincidence that Mark wrote his gospel in 70 c.e.—chronologically, the first gospel of the New Testament ever written—right after the Romans destroyed the Temple of Jerusalem!

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Posted in two entries ("The resurrected Jew" and "Unhistorical Jesus") on September and October 2019. In addition to Carrier's scholarly volume, see Catherine Nixey: *The Darkening Age: The Christian Destruction of the Classical World*.

## Caligula & Charlemagne



Gaius Julius Caesar Augustus  
Germanicus ('Caligula')

Let us recall what Evropa Soberana tells us in the essay I have promoted the most:

In the year 38, Caligula [bust above], successor to Tiberius, sends his friend Herod Agrippa to the troubled city of Alexandria, to keep an eye on Aulus Avilius Flaccus, prefect of Egypt, who didn't exactly enjoy the emperor's confidence and who—according to the Jew Philo of Alexandria—was a real villain. Agrippa's arrival in Alexandria was greeted with great protests from the Greek community, who thought he was coming to proclaim himself king of the Jews. Agrippa was insulted by a crowd, and Flaccus did nothing to punish the offenders, even though the victim was an envoy of the emperor. This encouraged the Greeks to demand that statues of Caligula be placed in the synagogues as a provocation to the Jews.

This simple act seemed to signal an uprising: the Greeks and Egyptians attacked the synagogues and set them on fire. The Jews were expelled from their homes, which were looted, and subsequently segregated in a ghetto from which they could not leave. They were stoned, beaten or burned alive, while others ended up in the arena to feed the wild

beasts in those macabre circus spectacles so common in the Roman world. According to Philo, Flaccus did nothing to prevent these riots and murders, and even supported them, as did the Egyptian Apion, whom we have seen criticising Jewry in the section on Hellenistic anti-Semitism.

To celebrate the emperor's birthday (31 August, a Shabbat), members of the Jewish council were arrested and flogged in the theatre; others were crucified. When the Jewish community reacted, Roman soldiers retaliated by looting and burning thousands of Jewish houses, desecrating synagogues and killing 50,000 Jews. When ordered to cease the killing, the local Greek population, inflamed by Apion (no wonder Josephus has a work entitled *Against Apion*) continued to riot. In desperation, the Jews sent Philo to reason with the Roman authorities. The Jewish philosopher wrote a text entitled *Against Flaccus* and, together with the surely negative report that Agrippa had delivered to Caligula, the governor was executed.

After these events, things calmed down and the Jews didn't suffer violence as long as they remained within the confines of their ghetto. However, although Flaccus' successor allowed the Alexandrian Jews to give their version of events, in the year 40 riots again broke out among the Jews (outraged by the construction of an altar) and among the Greeks, who accused the Jews of refusing to worship the emperor. The religious Jews ordered the altar destroyed and, in retaliation, Caligula made a decision that showed how little he knew about the Jewish quarter: he ordered a statue of himself to be placed in the Temple in Jerusalem. According to Philo, Caligula 'regarded most of the Jews as suspicious, as if they were the only ones who wanted to oppose him' (*On the Embassy to Gaius and Flaccus*). Publius Petronius, governor of Syria, who knew the Jews well and feared the possibility of civil war, tried to delay the statue's placement as long as possible until Agrippa convinced Caligula that it was a bad decision.

In 41, Caligula, already promising to be an anti-Jewish emperor, was assassinated in Rome, unleashing the violence of his Germanic bodyguards, who had been unable to prevent his death and who, because of their peculiar sense of loyalty, sought to avenge him by killing many conspirators, senators and even innocent bystanders who had the misfortune to be in

the wrong place at the wrong time. Claudius, Caligula's uncle, would take control of the situation and, after being appointed emperor by the Praetorian Guard, ordered the execution of his nephew's murderers, many of whom were political magistrates who wanted to reinstate the Republic.

This is the probable cause of the unprecedented historical defamation of this emperor: the texts of Roman history would eventually fall into the hands of Christians, who were mostly of Jewish origin and viscerally detested the emperors. As, according to Orwell, 'he who controls the past controls the present', the Christians adulterated Roman historiography, turning the emperors who had opposed them and their Jewish ancestors into deranged monsters. Thus, we do not have a single Roman emperor who participated in the harsh Jewish reprisals who was not defamed with accusations of homosexuality, cruelty or perversion. The Spanish historian José Manuel Roldán Hervás has dismantled many of the false accusations against the historical figure of Caligula.

I have said several times that to save the white race from extinction it is necessary to rewrite the history of the West. It is not only necessary to vindicate pagan emperors such as Caligula and Nero within a new narrative. At the same time, it is necessary to bring down from the pedestal the figures that Christianity placed at the top, something I would like to illustrate with Charlemagne.

Arthur Kemp, the only living historian for whom I have respect told me that he would rank Charlemagne among the five most evil characters in European history. I have recently acquired Thomas Hodgkin's *The Life of Charlemagne*, which I recommend to those who have bought into the Christian propaganda. If we consider the message of the historical sections of *The Fair Race*, we see that even after the Aryan apocalypse of the 4th and 5th centuries, there were still many Germanic tribes in the 6th and 7th centuries who refused to worship the god of the Jews.

Charlemagne forced these uncontaminated Aryans to worship the enemy god: a historical milestone that has a direct bearing on the philo-Semitic state that the entire West suffers from today. We could imagine a parallel world in which at least part of the Aryan population didn't worship, for more than a millennium, Yahweh and his son Yeshu.

24 May 2020



## National Socialism & Christianity



A commenter of *The West's Darkest Hour* explained why most American racialists don't admire Hitler:

The reason most white nationalists aren't all that interested in Hitler and despise him or prefer not to invoke his name except when and where it's convenient (at times), is because they don't identify with the pagan spirituality of Hitler and the National Socialist movement, especially where it violates their Christian beliefs. Americans and English will always have an inferiority complex because they lack a certain sense of real culture, and they try making up for this inferiority with their Christian religious cults because they have no *myth* about their existence. The Anglo-American mode of life prides ego and wealth as their way of sizing up others, rather than mutual love and consideration for their kin.

Bormann (pic below), Hitler's deputy, saw Christianity and National Socialism as 'incompatible'. But white nationalists side

with Christianity, even those secular nationalists who refuse to criticise it.

It is worth quoting and rephrasing what is said in a Wikipedia article, 'Religious aspects of Nazism', purging from it all the anti-Nazi propaganda promulgated by that anti-white encyclopaedia, and adding some observations of my own:

Historians and theologians generally agree about the National Socialist policy towards religion, in that the aim was to eliminate the explicitly Jewish content of the Bible (i.e. the Old Testament, the gospel of Matthew and the Pauline Epistles), transforming the Christian faith into a new religion, completely cleansed of any Jewish elements and reconciling it with National Socialism, *Völkisch* ideology and the *Führerprinzip*: a religion called 'Positive Christianity'.

Something analogous had already been attempted in the year 144. Marcionism presented the god of the Old Testament as a tyrant or demiurge. Marcion's canon, the first Christian canon ever compiled, consisted of eleven books: a 'New Testament', which was formed from the books of Luke and ten Pauline epistles. His canon rejected the entire Old Testament, along with all the other epistles and gospels.

Regarding Positive Christianity in the Third Reich, it was destined to fail. It was well-intentioned, but in the end it is impossible to combine oil and water. It was a very explicable mistake in the nation that had just awakened to the most elementary racialism. However, the National Socialist Party programme of 1920 included a statement on religion as point 24. In this statement, the National Socialist Party demanded freedom of religion for all religious denominations that didn't oppose the customs and moral sentiments of the Germanic race. In addition, the paragraph proclaims the party's support for Positive Christianity.

### *Alfred Rosenberg*

Alfred Rosenberg was influential in the development of Positive Christianity. In *The Myth of the Twentieth Century* he wrote that St Paul was responsible for the destruction of the racial values of Greek and Roman culture, and that the medieval dogma of hell destroyed the free Nordic spirit. The doctrine of hell is fundamental to understanding the psychotic guilt that even liberal Christians

suffer today, and it is a pity that I am the only racist who is regularly writing about such doctrine. Rosenberg also wrote that ‘the original sin’ is an oriental idea that corrupts the purity and strength of the Nordic blood; that the Old Testament is no exception, that Germans must return to the fables and legends of the Nordic peoples, and that Jesus wasn’t a Jew but had Nordic blood from his Amorite ancestors.

This was another understandable mistake. Neither Rosenberg, Hitler, nor anyone at the top of the National Socialist elites knew that ‘Jesus’ didn’t even exist. Only 21st-century scholars have shown that Mark devised a literary story with many anecdotes, the ‘Gospel’—unlike the esoteric theology of St Paul—, and that the other evangelists simply edited Mark’s entertaining Gospel.

### *Heinrich Himmler*

Reichsführer-SS Heinrich Himmler said: ‘We believe in an Almighty God who is above us; he has created the Earth, the Fatherland and the Volk, and has sent us the Führer. Any human being who doesn’t believe in God must be considered arrogant, megalomaniacal and stupid, and therefore unfit for the SS’.

This was Himmler’s mistake, since theistic views of providence come from monotheistic Judaism. In internet jargon, the word that refers to the Judeo-Christian god could be written with triple parentheses. Triple parentheses are an anti-Semitic symbol used by white nationalists to highlight the names of individuals of Jewish background. So internet anti-Semites could, in theory, add those parentheses to the (((god))) of the Jews or the characters of the New Testament—something they usually don’t dare to do.

On the other hand, credited retrospectively as the founder of ‘esoteric Hitlerism’, Himmler, more than any other high official of the Third Reich, including Hitler, was fascinated by pan-Aryan (i.e., broader than Germanic) racialism. Unlike Hitler, Himmler realised that Charlemagne’s slaughter of Saxons made him a sinister figure for those of us who review the history of white men. Nevertheless, the historical example Himmler used in practice as a model for the SS was the Society of Jesus, for Himmler found in the Jesuits what he perceived as the central element of any order: the doctrine of obedience and the cult spirit to form an

organisation. The evidence for this is largely based on a statement by Walter Schellenberg in his memoirs, but Hitler is also said to have called Himmler 'my Ignatius of Loyola'. As an order, the SS needed a coherent doctrine to set it apart. Himmler attempted to construct such an ideology, and to this end he used the Germanic tradition from history.

In a 1936 memorandum, Himmler set out a list of approved holidays, based on pagan and political precedents, intended to wean SS members from their dependence on Christian holidays. The winter solstice, or Yuletide, was the high point of the year. It brought SS people together at candlelit banquet tables around bonfires reminiscent of German tribal rites. The *Allach Julleuchter* (Christmas light) was produced as a presentation piece for SS officers to celebrate the winter solstice. It was later given to all members of the SS on 21 December. The *Julleuchter*, made of unglazed stoneware, was decorated with archaic Germanic symbols. Himmler said: 'I would like every family of a married SS man to own a *Julleuchter*. Even the wife, when she has left the myths of the church, will find something else that her heart and mind can embrace'.

In 1935, Himmler, together with Richard Walther Darré, created the *Abnenerbe*. Initially independent, it became the ancestral heritage branch of the SS. Headed by Dr Hermann Wirth, it was primarily devoted to archaeological research, but was also dedicated to proving the superiority of the Aryan race.

Much time and resources were devoted to researching historical, cultural and scientific background of the Aryan race. For example, an expedition was organised to Tibet to search for the origins of the Aryan race. To this end, the head of the expedition, Ernst Schäfer, commissioned his anthropologist Bruno Beger to make face masks and measure skulls and noses. Another expedition was sent to the Andes. When I lived in Gran Canaria, a woman told me that Himmler's researchers had been very interested in investigating the Nordid aborigines of the Canary Islands: blonder and lighter than the Spaniards themselves.

27 June 2020

## Wagner & Bach



The fourth part of my last autobiographical book, *El Grial*, begins with a dream which I now translate into English:

I was walking along a street by day with Dad, who pointed out to me, enthusiastic and cheerful as his character, the great church—or wall of a great church, more like a Gothic cathedral—while I felt real horror at the kind (not glimpsed, only felt) of gargoyles, bas-relief sculptures or external figures of a very dark stone cathedral. The contrast between the animated Dad pointing out that Christian bastion to me as something so positive that he even smiled at me and the horrified son—though I reciprocated Dad's smile from my childish height with another smile to be kind to him—couldn't have been greater.

I then remarked that over the years I had several dreams on that theme, and interpreted that my father lacked sufficient empathy to realise that traditional Catholic doctrine, which seemed so positive to him, horrified his little firstborn.

I said recently that the music of *Parsifal* has been one of my favourites, although the opera's characters are quasi-Christian knights that Wagner devised. Wagner's last work is not one hundred per cent Christian in that the libretto never names Christ or Christianity. It rather resembles the spirit of the Germanic sagas in

times of Christendom, when there was still something of the old pagan spirit in the air. I must confess that, unlike *Parsifal*, traditional Christian music has horrified me as much as that series of dreams with which I opened this article.

Iconoclasm, even in music, is a thorny issue. If we proclaim the transvaluation of all values, the question immediately arises: What to do with so-called sacred music after a truly anti-Christian revolution conquers the West? Nietzsche loved the prelude of *Parsifal*, but abhorred its message, especially the chastity of the quasi-Christian knights. In my opinion, Wagner, Hitler's favourite composer, is salvageable, but how should we treat the sacred music of his predecessors?

Unlike Richard Wagner (1813-1883), who flourished a century after the death of Johann Sebastian Bach (1685-1750), Bach had no passion for the Germanic sagas of the pagan past. On the contrary: he composed his music for the main Lutheran churches in Leipzig and adopted Lutheran hymns in his vocal works. The hundreds of sacred works Bach created are generally considered a manifestation not only of his craft, but of his great devotion to the god of the Christians: that is, the god of the Jews. Bach went on to teach Luther's catechism as *Thomaskantor* in Leipzig, and some of his pieces represent this. For example, his very famous *St Matthew Passion*, like other works of this type, illustrates the Passion of the crucified rabbi directly with biblical texts. Compare all this with Wagner's relatively paganised work, which didn't quote the Gospel: a musician who, by introducing pre-Christian elements into his operas, was already beginning to shake the Judeo-Christian monkey off his back. But before I continue writing about Bach, I would like to quote Nietzsche's words from *The Fair Race*:

Here it becomes necessary to call up a memory that must be a hundred times more painful to Germans. The Germans have destroyed for Europe the last great harvest of civilisation that Europe was ever to reap—the *Renaissance*. Is it understood at last, will it ever be understood *what* the Renaissance was?

*The transvaluation of Christian values*: an attempt with all available means, all instincts and all the resources of genius to bring about a triumph of the *opposite* values, the more noble values... To attack at the critical place, at the very seat of Christianity, and there enthrone the more *noble* values—that is

to say, to *insinuate them* into the instincts, into the most fundamental needs and appetites of those sitting there... I see before me the *possibility* of a heavenly enchantment and spectacle: it seems to me to scintillate with all the vibrations of a fine and delicate beauty, and within it there is an art so divine, so infernally divine, that one might search in vain for thousands of years for another such possibility; I see a spectacle so rich in significance and at the same time so wonderfully full of paradox that it should arouse all the gods on Olympus to immortal laughter: *Cæsar Borgia as pope!*... Am I understood? Well then, *that* would have been the sort of triumph that *I* alone am longing for today: by it Christianity would have been *swept away!*

What happened? A German monk, Luther, came to Rome. This monk, with all the vengeful instincts of an unsuccessful priest in him, raised a rebellion *against* the Renaissance in Rome...

Instead of grasping, with profound thanksgiving, the miracle that had taken place—the conquest of Christianity at its *capital*—instead of this, his hatred was stimulated by the spectacle. A religious man thinks only of himself. Luther saw only the *depravity* of the papacy at the very moment when the opposite was becoming apparent: the old corruption, the *peccatum originale*, Christianity itself, no longer occupied the papal chair! Instead there was life! Instead there was the triumph of life! Instead there was a great yea to all lofty, beautiful and daring things!

And Luther *restored the church*.

I invite visitors who like classical music to watch an hour and a half documentary titled *Bach: A Passionate Life*. The presenter of the documentary informs us that when Luther took refuge in a castle, he believed that the devil stalked him from the roof. Compare that dark paranoia with the return to the pagan spirit that then reigned in Renaissance Rome.

In that room, the obscure monk Luther translated the New Testament using many German dialects, thus creating a unified language for that nation. In one of my previous posts I said that all Western nations since Constantine, except the brief reigns of Emperor Julian and Hitler, should be considered failed nations from the new point of view.

Why the Germans were so easily brainwashed by the American-imposed *Diktat* can be explained if we see that the inertia of their culture was infinitely more Christian than the occult paganism of the Third Reich, so emblematic in Himmler's SS castle at Wewelsburg. In other words, what triumphed again after the Second World War was, as it was after Julian's assassination and Luther's restoration of the Church, the dominance of the Jesus archetype over the Romulus archetype.

Compare my view with what even a racist, non-Christian revolutionary wrote in one of his novels. Harold Covington imagined a dispute between Christians and pagans, both fighters for the fourteen words, during the race revolution: a dispute that was only resolved when the pagans allowed the hymn of the new Aryan republic to be none other than a hymn that Luther had composed. Neither the late Covington nor his lay followers who can still be heard on Radio Free Northwest knew that Christianity and the Jewish question are the same. These hymns of Luther coincided perfectly with the central aim of Bach's life, as we are informed almost at the half-hour mark of *Bach: A Passionate Life*: 'A well-regulated church music for the glory of God'. Those were the words of Johann Sebastian Bach: the words of the grandfather of composers of classical music. From the 45th minute of the documentary *Bach*, a man confesses to us, when we hear the *Partita for Violin no. 2* in the background, that this kind of musical soliloquy 'would convince me that there is a God'.

This is very interesting because this *Partita* is the solo music I have heard most from Bach, and although it isn't sacred music it perfectly portrays the feeling of the boy in my dream: what seemed sublime to my father (or the Christians) seems hellish to me, not in the sense of today's degenerate music, but another sense.

Just as the Gothic cathedrals represent magnificent art, so much of Bach's music (and even Beethoven's quartets) transports me to that nightmarish gargoyle-filled world from which I wish only to escape toward a musically enlightened world, to Vivaldi and the Renaissance so to speak! Understand me well: unlike those who cannot understand the music of Bach, Beethoven or Wagner, because my parents were classical musicians by profession, I understood them. But it is the dark *zeitgeist* that, as in my series of dark cathedral dreams, bothers me even though I recognise that the *Partita* is a masterpiece. Curiously, when after getting used to



listening to it on the violin I once heard the same *Partita*, but this time in a version for classical guitar, the gargoyles disappeared and I was finally able to enjoy it. Something similar happens to me with the church organ and the harpsichord: I can't listen to them except when the pieces are versioned for other, more modern classical instruments. It is the *zeitgeist* of the Christian Era that horrifies me.

In *Bach: A Passionate Life*, from the forty-sixth minute onwards, the narrator speaks again of Bach's 'life ambition': to write music for the church. It is very interesting to note how Bach worked frantically in Leipzig to compose, in a relatively short time, his two Passions. Leipzig was 'the city of churches', and out of a population of thirty thousand, nine thousand were gathered in two churches, making Bach the centre of an audience ten or twelve times larger than that of an opera house.

Wagner would have envied him!

It was there that Bach premiered a Passion: a central jewel in a series of cantatas and oratorios telling the story of the arrest, trial and crucifixion of a 1st-century rabbi. This was the fictitious rabbi that traitorous Aryans still worship, including a good part of the misnamed white nationalists. *St John Passion* is an amalgam of 'storytelling, meditation and drama' and let us remember that the Gospel of John was Luther's favourite. If one glances at the fifty-sixth minute of that documentary, we see the narrator conducting a group of musicians that includes a dark-skinned woman: the perfect corollary to an ethic that commands the Germans to love every anthropomorphic creature. The narrator comments on the playing of *St John Passion*: 'It's like nails being driven into bare flesh', and that's exactly the feeling I get from this music. But not in the sense the narrator imagines: but in the sense of my dreams of terrifying cathedrals and my aversion to my dad's Christianity. I feel it especially when the choir sings together.

In a non-nightmarish world, Aryan Germany would have continued without the Levantine contamination. What would that Teutonic music have sounded like in a parallel 18th-century world in which Emperor Julian hadn't been murdered or if Cæsar Borgia, not Luther, had made history? Perhaps when Christianity dies out Bach's music will die out, but even in secular Germany, Christianity is alive. Just listen to the lyrics of *St John Passion* sung by the German choir from the fifty-eighth minute onwards.

*Lord [i.e., the god of the Jews], our ruler  
whose fame in every land is glorious!*

Axiologically, the Hebrew god still rules the secular West ('ethnocentrism for me'—the chosen people of Israel—but universalism for thee'—gentiles). In a 'wonderful presentation of story-telling' Bach's *Passion* tried to transmit, in 'an extraordinary amalgam between theology and music', the drama of the rabbi's crucifixion whom mad people ordered to be killed. It hurts to see these Aryans sing to the god of the Jews seven decades after a German Reich tried to get them on the right track. *St John Passion*, the narrator informs us, is a masterpiece even though the authorities at the time disliked it so much that they forced Bach to make changes to it.

Bach didn't compose any opera at a time when the genre was very much in vogue. In this, he can no more contrast with Wagner, who was known primarily for his operas (or, as some of his mature works later became known, 'musical dramas'). Unlike Bach, who used the Gospel text in his more ambitious works, Wagner wrote both the libretto and the music for each of his works. My father, a classical composer, used to say that Wagner's art predicted cinema. However, in the aforementioned documentary the narrator tells us that *St Matthew Passion* has operatic elements. It was music that inspired 'contrition and remorse', and it is amazing how white nationalist pundits don't want to see the elephant in the room when they agonise over how originated the guilt that currently kills Germany. *St Matthew Passion* is an hour and a half long, and has twice as much choir and orchestra as *St John Passion*.

*Who has hit you  
my Savior, and with torments  
so harshly abused you?*

The narrator tells us: 'And it is at that moment that I feel Bach is saying: This suffering is unbearable. We have to stop it. We have to show our sense of moral outrage'. No wonder that in today's secular Germany these feelings of guilt for the crucified rabbi have been transferred to the holocausted Jews!

*You know nothing of our sins...  
Have mercy my God  
for the sake of my tears.*

The narrator tells us that Bach's obsession with composing religious music was such that, despite his Lutheran background, he even composed a large-scale Latin mass for a Catholic court. The lyrics of one of his last compositions say, shortly before Bach died, 'Before your throne I now present myself...' referring again to the god of the Jews.

*4 July 2020*

I am still alone

One of the things that strike me when I say I am talking to myself is that some people respond that they are listening to me, or that they have learned about anti-Christian issues from this site. The reality is that that would only be one aspect of being accompanied. A few days ago I quoted again what Nietzsche said about Luther. This monk, instead of kneeling in Rome grateful for the transvaluation of visual values that had begun in the very seat of Christendom, none of it made any impact on him but he went back to his vomit to write obscure religious texts.

White nationalism is an American phenomenon. All the major websites are American, not European. Europe died after World War II when two nations Judaised to the core annihilated it. But we shouldn't blame Roosevelt's US and Stalin's USSR one hundred per cent, as both socio-political experiments were offshoots of the same egalitarian baobab that began to engulf the West right after the French Revolution.

White nationalism being an American phenomenon, descended from the Calvinist Puritanism of the early colonists, is blind to the values espoused by the Renaissance: the visual and plastic arts. If we recall the texts of Evropa Soberana, a European from the westernmost part of Europe, for the Greeks and Romans the beauty of statuary and temples, rather than texts—not everyone could read—was central. Recall what Greg Johnson said in the comments section of *The Occidental Observer* in 2012: 'We need a regime that bans pornography and erects statues of gorgeous naked nymphs and athletes in every public square and crossroads'.

White nationalist texts, including those that Johnson publishes in his webzine, bore me (the worst of all is the very verbose *The Unz Review*, whose administrator is Jewish). They are

the direct result of those who conquered the American continent, alienated in the Old Testament ethos and consequently inspired by Judaic legalisms and moralisation rather than by the visual arts. Unlike these Judaised whites, I am interested in the beauty of nymphs, sylphs and dryads (and it doesn't bother me in the least that some pederasts include androgynous ephebes in the list). By contrast, white nationalist pundits, even those who have read Nietzsche, like prudish little Luthers are blind not only to the beauty of the Aryan body, insofar as their webzines don't dream of it at every crossroads, but blind also to the squares that should inspire them to create the ethnostate. Remember the video 'What did Ancient Rome look like' that I embedded not long ago!



If I am alone, it is because I have not been understood when I talk about transvaluation. Perhaps many believe that I am still referring to texts or cold reason, when what I want is an ethnostate whose architecture resembles the Rome that appears in the aforementioned video. The anti-white climate of our time is exactly the reverse of the dream of putting beautiful nymphs and naked ephebes in all public squares and crosses. If contemporary racialists had already transvalued their values, instead of verbose texts that few people read, they would show such beauty in their webzines (as I do with the nymphs in the sidebar of my blog).<sup>42</sup>

This is one of the reasons why it doesn't bother me in the least that crazy American negrolatres, and negroes themselves, are smashing up statues of white men in America. All the statues torn

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<sup>42</sup> I wrote this before *The West's Darkest Hour* was censored by WordPress Inc., where in the sidebar there were some paintings by Maxfield Parrish. At present I haven't yet been able to afford a website designer for the new incarnation of my site.

down by BLM and the Antifa have been statues of clothed Christians: statues that had to be thrown down anyway after the Nietzschean revolution. What we need throughout the reconquered West are thousands of fully nude pagan statues displaying Aryan beauty in all its frontal glory.

*6 July 2020*

### Transvaluation explained

Robert Morgan has a clear sense of the damage Christianity did to the white race. In his most recent commentary he wrote:

The fish doesn't perceive the water he swims in; or as Ellul put it, when a propaganda has triumphed completely, it disappears from view as propaganda. Then it becomes the normal, replacing whatever existed before with itself. Christianity conquered the West so completely and uprooted paganism so thoroughly that nothing remains in the culture that opposes it. There are only various Christian heresies, some of which, like Marxism, accept the Christian moral outlook on the so-called 'brotherhood of man', but relegate belief in Jesus to an optional accessory, or even oppose it. Gone with paganism is the white man's primaevial joyousness, his celebration of himself as depicted in the sculptures of ancient Rome and Greece. Gone is his sensuality and love of life; gone his love of victory; gone his pride. He learned from Christianity to despise himself, be ashamed of sex, and look forward to death.

In another comment he added:

A prominent feature of today's totalitarianism is a 1984-style Anti-Sex League. This operates synergistically with the Puritanical view of sex fostered by Christianity, and now persists as Christianity's cultural residue even among those who aren't religious, or even consider themselves anti-Christian.

This is very true and we need to look at it.

Almost without exception, all white advocates ignore that the anti-white zeitgeist in the white man's collective unconscious was born in the time of Constantine. That is why it is so important to read Evropa Soberana's essays in *The Fair Race*. However, reading him is only the beginning of mending our ways. He who truly

transvalues all values detects reminiscences of the Christian ethos even in the harshest novel ever written by a white advocate. *The Turner Diaries* contains a passage in which it is said that the Order would take a freedom fighter to the firing squad if he raped a woman who also belonged to that liberation movement.

The first thing to note here is that Pierce wrote his novel before the rise of the internet movement that led me to compile *On Beth's Cute Tits*. In short, women only become evil if they don't have many children, just as men become evil if they don't kill the enemy. In the context of war, a man's life is worth infinitely more than a woman's, and that is where Pierce got it very, very wrong. One of the harshest episodes during Julius Caesar's war in Gaul occurred when Vercingetorix's fighters had to expel the Gallic women and children from a besieged fortress, as the food was scarce, and it was understood that without the precious lives of the male warriors the war would be lost.

Unlike the above anecdote, which shows how precious male life is in wartime, in the reader's mind that passage in Pierce's novel, which is very brief, only demoralises the would-be freedom fighter. In total war what counts is killing, genocide, extermination, and leaving no stone unturned of enemy culture as the Romans did at Carthage. Occasionally, this blond beast is even allowed to rape the women of his tribe. Although the TV series *Vikings* is as flawed as *Game of Thrones* in describing the spirit of yesteryear, I remember in one of the episodes of the first season that Rollo raped a woman from his village simply because he fancied her. For the white advocate who wants to do something for his race, and even for Pierce who wrote that passage, such barbarity would be inconceivable. It is true that once there is a social contract in a pure white society (think of the worlds of Jane Austen or *Downton Abbey*), rape shouldn't be allowed. But in those societies the institution of marriage was rock solid.

The point is that we are not living in the age of early or late Victorianism. We live in a time when Christianity has been axiologically transformed into a neochristianity whose goal is for white people to immolate themselves. In these times the only thing that matters is to disabuse Aryan males of the lie of the millennia, as Nietzsche would say (hence the first directive of the 14-word priest: "Speak only to Aryan men"). What Morgan says in his second quote could be illustrated not only by the case of the Viking Rollo raping a



cute blonde of his village, but by the siege of the warriors of Vercingetorix, albeit now seen from the Roman side.

Homer describes Ganymede as the most beautiful of mortals, and in one version of the myth Zeus falls in love with his beauty and abducts him to serve as cupbearer on Olympus. Although Zeus was heterosexual and always had countless affairs with goddesses and human women, he wanted to know what the pretty brat tasted like. Imagine that one of Julius Caesar's centurions, a married man with children in a distant village, like most soldiers was sexually starved in the camp. Following the example of Zeus-Jupiter he became infatuated with an androgynous adolescent and adopted him as his tent's cupbearer. Who in the Roman world, in wartime, would care that this centurion had such a crush on the ephebe? Who would tear his clothes out as racist 'anti-Christians' would today, so loaded with the bogeyman of the Christian superego?

These two examples illustrate what Morgan says in the above quote. The sad truth is that a 1984-style Anti-Sex League persists among today's racialsists. Just as they are clueless about Constantine's role in the destruction of the ancient world, even so-called anti-Christians remain slaves to the moralism dictated by Moses rather than the morality of Homer. Many people, even those who have congratulated me on this site for the texts I have translated debunking Christianity, have no idea what the phrase 'transvaluation of all values' means:

*Be humble!*

Be humble enough to recognise that we made an astronomical mistake seventeen hundred years ago. Constantine's mistake, which may cost the race its very existence, involved replacing the beautiful Aryan gods and the customs that went with them—yes: even Zeus abducting Ganymede—for the evil god of the Jews. If the white race is heading for extinction, it is because of the *superbia* of refusing to see something so obvious.

9 July 2020

## Puritanical Gomorrah

Hitler's first measure to heal degenerate Weimar Germany was to ban pornography and homosexuality in the public spaces. Which publisher of the leading white nationalist webzines is now proposing to emulate the Führer with such salubrious measures by cracking down on all things LGBT?

I have often said, even personally with some family members, that the colourful LGBT flag lacks precisely the colour that was relatively accepted in the Greco-Roman world. Given that in that world neither the Greeks nor the Romans had interbred to the point of becoming the creatures we see today in Greece and Italy, Federico Fellini got it right in casting two English actors for the roles of Encolpius and Giton in his surreal adaptation of Petronius' *Satyricon* (the Roman author of that novel lived in 27-66 c.e.). As we can see in a clip from the *Satyricon* on my YouTube channel, it involves a man in his twenties and an androgynous teenage boy. This type of 'pederasty' was the only form of homosexuality accepted in the Greco-Roman world, and watching the clip doesn't cause repulsion in the heterosexual viewer, as the teenage Giton, before becoming a fully grown man, actually looks like a girl. Sodom's LGBT movement may add more colours to its nasty little flag now that the genders are surrealistically multiplying. But it will never add the only colour accepted in the time of Pericles, or of Nero when Petronius flourished (remember that in a revised reading of history, which removes Christian propaganda, Nero wasn't a villain). Why do I say that LGBT people, who must be swept away as the first cleansing action of the Fourth Reich, won't agree with the only homo colour accepted in the ancient Aryan world? A single anecdote will illustrate my point.

Thomas Hubbard's *Homosexuality in Greece and Rome: A Sourcebook of Basic Documents* was published in 2003. The following editorial review appears online:

The most important primary texts on homosexuality in ancient Greece and Rome are translated into modern, explicit English and collected together for the first time in this comprehensive sourcebook. Covering an extensive period—from the earliest Greek texts in the late seventh century b.c.e. to Greco-Roman texts of the third and fourth centuries c.e.—the volume includes well-known writings by Plato, Sappho, Aeschines, Catullus, and Juvenal, as well as less well known but highly relevant and intriguing texts such as graffiti, comic fragments, magical papyri, medical treatises, and selected artistic evidence. These fluently translated texts, together with Thomas K. Hubbard's valuable introductions, clearly show that there was in fact no more consensus about homosexuality in ancient Greece and Rome than there is today... This unique anthology gives an essential perspective on homosexuality in classical antiquity.

Outraged by this professor's scholarly work on pederasty, half a year ago Antifa vandalised his house, as can be read in an online article. (Be very careful with this news article. It was written by a Latina, and those who protested and vandalised the professor's house were predominantly feminist women.)

I don't believe that the Fourth Reich should promote pederasty, but I do believe what I've iterated recently about erecting statues of naked nymphs and ephebes in all public squares. It is quite clear to me that this, and the filth that Hitler banned as soon as he came to power, are two types of animals that are not only different but aesthetically opposed. But when it comes to same-sex unions, Americans are incapable of distinguishing between the sublime and the grotesque. Richard Spencer once brilliantly described America as a mixture of Christian puritanism and sexual degeneracy at the same time—a puritanical Gomorrah.

No wonder a nation suffering from such schizophrenia is incapable of visually recreating the Greco-Roman world as it really was. Hollywood Rome is not Rome, and while Jews and decadent whites are very good at recreating degeneracy, they are incapable of recreating pederasty of antiquity. They couldn't even bring a film like *Death in Venice* to the screen. Only an Italian was able to do it with the right aesthetics, and without any sexual contact in the film (a truly platonic love).



Björn Andrésen playing Tadzio in *Death of Venice*

What I said in ‘Transvaluation explained’ can be exemplified by this chimaera between gross sexual degeneracy and puritanism. As long as they don’t repudiate Jerusalem and go to their Greco-Roman roots, they will be unable to bring to the screen the ethos of Greco-Roman antiquity. In sexual matters, they will remain neochristians to the core.

*12 July 2020*

### ‘Introjection’

I have used the word *introject* and I would like to explain it using a small isolated fragment from my biography, as in writing an in-depth autobiography I had to come across this word.

In common dictionaries introjection is ‘the unconscious adaptation of the ideas or attitudes of others’. But I emphasise the adoption of the ideas instilled in us by our parents, since it was they who most influenced our tender psyches.

Several commenters, both here and outside my website, have mocked my past ideological deviations such as Eschatology and parapsychology: completely ignoring what I intended to tell them. I have confessed it to illustrate how we are slaves to parental introjects; for example, why in the past I displaced belief in the miracles of Jesus to belief in paranormality or why some anti-Semites continue to kneel before the Jewish deity.

Although decontextualised, the following passage from *El Grial*, the last book of *De Jesús a Hitler*, illustrates how it was that I internalised some of the religious things my father told me. It was like a tremendous piece of malware that I could not erase for a long time. The following passage is just one loose piece of the jigsaw puzzle that my autobiographical books put together, but it helps to understand the term. In *El Grial* I wrote the following (my Spanish-English translation, with some explanatory parentheses):

#### *The shroud of Turin*

Imagine my surprise when, in a bookstore, leafing through a book on the so-called Holy Shroud during a subsequent stay in the neighbouring country (this time in Houston, Texas), I found some pages in which the authors spoke about a paper of mine whose theories I had already abandoned!:

Some see the origin of the image on the Shroud as paranormal, rather than miraculous. They suggest that supernatural, rather than Divine, forces may be at work. Mexican parapsychologist Cesar Tort has raised the possibility that the image is a ‘thoughtograph’. There is evidence—controversial, but not easily dismissed—that some psychics can create recognizable images on film by the power of thought alone. The most famous case is that of Ted Serios, an alcoholic Chicago bellhop, whose abilities were studied intensively in the mid-1960s by the eminent researcher Jule Eisenbud. If it exists, the ability of the mind to affect the highly sensitive chemicals of photographic film would seem to be a natural variant of psychokinesis (PK)—the alteration of the state of a physical object by mental influence alone—as exhibited most famously by Uri Geller.

Tort<sup>43</sup> points to a similar phenomenon, that of images appearing spontaneously on the walls and floors of buildings. He cites a well-documented case from the 1920s, when the image of the late Dean John Liddell appeared on a wall of Oxford Cathedral. Such pictures are usually of people of special sanctity, but not always. In one case in Belmez de la Moraleda in Spain, which was investigated by the veteran parapsychologist Professor Hans Bender one-time mentor of Elmar Gruber, co-author of *The Jesus Conspiracy*, leering, demonic faces have appeared regularly on the walls and floors of a house for more than twenty years.<sup>44</sup>

Cesar Tort’s starting point was the paradox between the historical and scientific evidence that we had already noted: the image on the Shroud is more consistent with actual

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<sup>43</sup> Tort, César J. (1990) ‘The Turin Shroud: A Case of Retrocognitive Thoughtography?’, *Journal of the Society for Psychical Research*, Vol. 56, N° 818, pages 71-81.

<sup>44</sup> The previous footnote appears in the book by the English authors. I investigated this case on my visit to Bélmez in Andalusia, Spain, in 1992. After another credulous article of mine in the journal of the previous note, I became convinced of the fraud. See my short 1995 article, ‘Bélmez Faces turned out to be suspiciously picture-like images’ in *Skeptical Inquirer*, 19 (2) (Mar/Apr), page 4. I personally submitted the manuscript of this article to the editor of the magazine, Kendrick Frazier, during the CSICOP conference in Seattle in 1994.

crucifixion (and so, to most people, with the first century), than with a medieval artistic forgery, but the carbon dating and the documented history show it to be medieval. How, asked Tort, could a fourteenth-century cloth show a first-century image? So he speculated that it was a thoughtograph, projected onto the cloth by the collective minds of the pilgrims who came to meditate on a (then plain) cloth that they believed had wrapped their risen Lord. Tort admitted the main objection to this scenario: even suspending disbelief about the reality of thoughtography, we would expect the image to conform to the beliefs and expectations of those who unconsciously created it. To a medieval mind, there should be nails in the palms (not the wrists), Jesus should look younger, and he would certainly not be naked as here. To explain this, Tort has to invoke another paranormal phenomenon—retrocognition—where the past can be psychically perceived.

The pros and cons of these phenomena are outside the scope of this book, but in the case of Tort's hypothesis it is enough to say that neither effect has ever been reported as working on the scale needed to make the Shroud image, and that the use of two such unknowns—thoughtography and retrocognition—is simply stretching credulity far too far. Neither does it explain why a negative image was projected, or why the bloodstains should be so different from the rest of the image. It is a bold and open-minded attempt to reconcile the contradictory elements of the Shroud, but in the end it creates more questions than answers.

The passage appears on pages 45-46 of *Turin Shroud: In Whose Image?* by Lynn Picknett and Clive Prince. The authors mention my name again on pages 48 and 57-58. Despite having cited an enormous number of bibliographical references, I never imagined that what I had written in the *JSPR* could appear in a hardback book whose first edition was sold in the United States.

In a book by Octavio Paz I read that what is written for money has no artistic value. If I had become a commercial writer, I would have written, in addition to 'My Agony in California', books like 'In Search of a Soul Mate' and 'My Quixotic Misadventures in a Cult'. Eventually, my publisher, hungry for bestsellers from the pens of tormented souls, would ask me to write 'My Misadventures with the Shroud'. But those books would no longer be the crème de

la crème as are my autobiographical texts. However, although I could fill a book on my misadventures with the Shroud, which I will not write, I cannot entirely overlook that stage of my life.

It all began in 1986, on a gloomy night in the Loch Lomond private boat harbour in San Rafael, California, a time when I was writing desperate letters to Octavio [*my cousin*]. In wanting to save myself [*from the introjected fear of hell*], I had to prove that the mysterious image of the shroud had been a mere paranormal phenomenon (did others also leave stamps on death sheets?), not Jesus' resurrection as Christians understand it. In my *Hojas Susurrantes* I mentioned that in that year John Heaney replied to a letter I had sent him. But I omitted that the theologian was referring to a book by Scott Rogo on miracles, pointing out that this parapsychologist had speculated in a way analogous to what I had asked Heaney. I had also remarked to Heaney, in a sentence I wrote to him that still comes back to me, 'Because of the fear of eternal damnation, I have been in spiritual agony'.

When I opened Scott Rogo's book in the darkness of Loch Lomond [*I had a night shift*] I was greatly surprised by a hypothesis that had never crossed my mind. That book, *Miracles*, was the starting point that led to an obsession in which I gradually acquired several books and scientific documents on the shroud.

Back in Mexico, I devoted two years, full time, to the subject and even published my theories in the journal that Picknett and Prince read in the previous quote. In 1991 I would even visit John Beloff in Edinburgh, the editor of that journal for psychical researchers. Incidentally, the previous year I had rushed to publish my article, which Picknett and Prince summarised so well above. It was riddled with typos because I had asked Karen Deters, my syntax editor, to talk Beloff into publishing it in January 1990, instead of the editor's wise advice to leave it until April. Deters tried to contact Beloff [*there was no internet*], but Beloff wasn't in his cubicle when she phoned Scotland. The call was answered by the head of the Psychology Department at Edinburgh University, who relayed my hasty wish to Beloff. So I was responsible for the horrible typos.

More than three decades have passed since my misadventures with the Catholic Church's most sacred relic began. I currently have a web page, *The Medieval Turin Shroud*, hosted on WordPress that reproduces some texts. To write one of the entries



on that site I had to find, among my archives, an old, half-faded photocopy of Walter McCrone's article in *Scientific American*. The short article referred to the turning point of October 1988: the month in which radiocarbon test results dated the relic to between 1260 and 1380 c.e. Capturing McCrone's text for my shroud web page was a revelation. But before I confess, I must say that, at the time I was writing for Beloff's journal, I didn't pay much attention to what the *Skeptical Inquirer* had published in the Spring 1982 issue, which contained an article by Marvin Mueller. I had requested that issue and Joe Nickell's sceptical book on the shroud, but I still believed the image to be paranormal (the term I then invented was 'retrocognitive thoughtography').

When I quoted McCrone's words in 2018, the question came to me how it was that, with such good information, thirty years earlier I had not woken up. I concluded, in one of my journals, that it had all been a tremendous introject by my father. Years before my internal struggles at Loch Lomond, it had been my father who had captivated me with his tales of the Shroud, and I studied that information from books he had been collecting. 'And that was more important than anything published on my new blog about the Shroud', my diary says. 'You can imagine', I said to myself, 'the toll the Shroud of Turin would have taken on my mind if my father had been agnostic about religion, like his brother Alejandro, who is still alive'. In the 1990s, Uncle Alejandro had told me, in front of dad and alluding to McCrone, that the image on the shroud was iron oxide, as if mocking my *JSPR* article, which he had read.

At my internet page, I confess that I am indebted to the late nuclear physicist Marvin Mueller for having had the patience to respond to my letters. Mueller's lengthy missives, which would gradually disabuse me of the claim that the image was mysterious, can be seen on my aforementioned shroud website.<sup>45</sup>

25 July 2020

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<sup>45</sup> *The Medieval Turin Shroud*: <https://eliminatedleaves.wordpress.com>

## Andúril

At midnight I was talking about the sense of unreality I felt watching a video by Jared Taylor. Finding ourselves on the brink of a civil war, or rather an anti-white war that comes ever closer to Ward Kendall's dystopian novel *Hold Back This Day*, Taylor gives advice such as get married, have a good job and try to do politics without openly revealing our true colours...

Another notable racist webzine, Kevin MacDonald's, recently published a terrifying article about things I had already seen in London the last time I visited the city. The island has become the ultimate example of what I call 'the sin against the holy spirit of life', an unforgivable sin: they make massive propaganda for English roses to have children with blacks! But the most serious thing about this article is that there is not a hint of hatred among the webzine's commenters, not even in the author. And without hatred there can be no war for the recovery of their women.

What can save the white race at this time? Only that a million white men on each side of the Atlantic develop the infinite hatred I feel. But what chance is there that they will become like me? The chances seem nil. However, there is a possibility of salvation: a *Deus ex machina* in the real world, a convergence of catastrophes.

What will happen if a coloured vice-president becomes president and moves from soft to hard totalitarianism? I have said several times on this site that Paraguay's first president forced whites to marry Indians, blacks or mulattoes: an even harder step to exterminate the white race than the soft steps taken in the UK.

What has happened these days in the Taylor and MacDonald webzines confirms what I have been saying: white nationalists are just a couple of steps away from the semi-normie who has begun to cross the psychological Rubicon. It should be

more than obvious that on the other side we can already see warriors ready to fight to reclaim not only their land but their spoiled women. Will catastrophes converge in time to make the Aryan man react?

Most white advocates don't even believe that the dollar will tank. The lack of warrior hatred in the movement, and the lack of the most elementary understanding of economics, make today's white nationalist a kind of toddler throwing a tantrum in the middle of the psychological Rubicon, unwilling to go beyond his first steps.

But after the economic crash there will be a window of opportunity for white men to start waking up in sufficient numbers to make a difference. A window of opportunity is just a window of opportunity. It is by no means assured that, even if the catastrophes converge with a *Hold Back This Day* scenario, a million whites will want to wake up.

'Men will fight to the death only for the basest motives', said George Lincoln Rockwell. If I understand human psychology correctly, in the convergence that will unfold in the next few years or decades, at least thirty per cent of whites will have to die horribly before the survivors finally reforge Andúril, their broken sword.

*2 August 2020*

## On Charlottesville

### *Or what does the word transvaluation mean in my mouth*

There is something I should add to what I have said about so-called race realism, which can be summed up in the words of Michael O'Meara: 'The historical course offered by myth, in contrast to the inherently passive determinism of scientific rationalism, is a choice for heroes, not for bookworms or computer hobbyists'. But O'Meara's failed in not seeing in Hitler the hero who created the new myth, the story that supplants the Christian story.

Among Americans, only George Lincoln Rockwell, after he finished reading *Mein Kampf*, saw that Hitlerism was a new religion. William Pierce got off to a good start, calling Hitler 'our leader' in *National Socialist World* in 1968. But then he got carried away with Americanism and, instead of using the swastika for the new religion he wanted to create after Rockwell's assassination, he came up with another symbol (which nobody uses anymore). The mistake I see here is that the American population cannot come into contact with a higher archetype, as the Germans of the last century did. Americans are not the chosen people to create the new religion because their materialistic culture is completely uprooted from the history of their race, so well described by Pierce himself in *Who We Are*.

I have said that what is called history must be rewritten because, if it came from the pen of Christians or neochristians, the only value that history books can provide is the raw material that must be relocated in the numinous context of the fourteen words. To give just one example. Remember what I do with Karlheinz Deschner's work, his criminal history of Christianity. Although the late Deschner was anti-Christian, his scale of values was liberal, that

is, neochristian: a pseudo-apostate to use my neologism. Deschner's encyclopaedic knowledge had to be appropriated to make his legacy revolve around our point of view: the one of the transvalued man. And the same has to be done with the rest of the historians.

What galvanised the men in National Socialism were their marches and actions in the streets. From this viewpoint, the only event that imitated them well, apart from Rockwell as a young man, was the Charlottesville event three years ago. However, even though the government ambushed the demonstrators, the demonstration was schizophrenic because of the American flags they carried. It is as if the Nazis of yesteryear had carried the symbols of the degenerate Weimar Republic on their marches instead of devising a new flag.

That the racist movement that flies the American flag is schizophrenic is seen in its inability to realise that, with its three anti-white wars—the 1860s, the 1940s and the current cold war that is already heating up—America has become Mordor, and that using its symbols is *doublethink*. As far as I know, the only contemporary racist who has understood that you have to hate the US to save Anglo-German DNA in North America is the Canadian Sebastian Ernst Ronin. Even in that Rockwell failed by mixing the Swastika with the Stars and Stripes. Since the US was founded as an entity to worship Mammon and the god of the Jews, it is unreformable. You can only repudiate it as a body snatcher and put a totally different political animal in its place.



Sebastian E. Ronin

If the American racist movement weren't schizo, its advocates wouldn't only start rewriting history as Pierce did. They would also reject both materialist comfort and Yahweh's son Yeshu, and the *archetype* of Romulus would reign again (not necessarily the classical religion itself). They would also start learning Germanic languages and even try to change their American accents to what they sounded like in England. In addition, after the Revolution, bonfires would burn the books of accepted wisdom, especially the Bibles, degenerate music and Hollywood movies; plus the destruction of churches and the public lynching of those who oppose them.

Mount Rushmore would be nuked and a new mount would boast colossal granite sculptures representing Leonidas, Hermann, Hitler and the American Kalki who led the race revolution (a man whose name we don't yet know).

For the transvaluation of all Christian values to Greco-Roman ones to be complete, public opinion won't give a damn if one or two ethnostate generals have had such cute ephebes as Björn Andrésen or Max Born in their arms (for the latter, see picture on page 59). On the other hand, having sex between adults of the same sex will be frowned upon as it was in Greece and Rome. Since all this is impossible given the level of inflated ego in today's American nationalists, only a convergence of catastrophes that kills large numbers of whites around the world will straighten the survivors' ways.

Now that I have seen the title of the latest article in *The Occidental Observer* I couldn't contain the feeling of what O'Meara said about bookworms compared to the heroes we need. This includes the coming Kalki, to use Savitri Devi's imaginary. Without soldiers and transvalued heroes the academy is useless. In other words, the right steps were taken in Charlottesville, rather than the polite articles published by Jared Taylor or Kevin MacDonald. Now we should do the same but without the enemy's flag, devising a swastika flag for American consumption.

But demonstrating in the streets will be impossible as long as Uncle Sam lives. If the US government didn't exist, whites would easily win a war against Black Lives Matter and the Jews who finance it. But killing Sam will be impossible as long as Christians and neochristians dominate both conservatism and white nationalism itself. Why? Because without endless hatred there is no

revolution, and with the psychic toll that Christianity has bequeathed us, there will be no room for endless hatred (the Jesus archetype is a societal introject that compels us to love the enemy).

Interestingly, American racialists have already heard of the keys to saving the race in both Pierce's *Who We Are* (transvalued academia versus Taylor and MacDonald's neochristian academia) and *The Turner Diaries* (bloodthirsty soldiers). But they follow a different path because they insist on being slaves to parental and cultural introjects, including the enemy flag. Although white advocates recognise that Jews hate, they are incapable of connecting the dots and imitating the winners. Being children of the Christian and liberal ethos they believe—even many secularised racialists—that we must solve our problems without violating the commandment to love our neighbour. Otherwise, they would have amalgamated their spirit with the *Diaries* by now.

### *Postscript*

As harsh as what I said may sound, mine is constructive criticism of white nationalism insofar as, unlike destructive criticism, I point the way that could save them.

What is known in the US as white nationalism isn't white nationalism. If it were, the Americans who promote it would say that the mentioned men are the heroes who would replace the faces carved on Mount Rushmore. Their provincialism is the great failure not only of ordinary white nationalists, but of one of their best minds, the retired Michael O'Meara, who in one of his articles wrote:

If you want, then, to engage in discussions about race and racial differences, you bring in the geneticists and Darwinists. But if you want to build a nationalist movement to ensure the continuity of white America, you appeal to Andrew Jackson and Thomas Jefferson, to the Battle of the Alamo and Kearney's Workingmen, to the Stars and Bars and the sustaining voices of those quintessential representatives of America's white culture, the Carter family.

Stars and Stripes? As American Robert Morgan explained to us, the personalities sculpted on Mount Rushmore, including Jefferson that O'Meara considers an inspirational figure, represent ideals that would eventually lead to white decline. Morgan wrote:

The Old America is dead? I don't think so. Symbolic of the Old America, and chiseled into Mt. Rushmore, are four American 'heroes', whose exploits demonstrate the white man's biggest problem: himself. First we have George Washington, who magnanimously freed his slaves, but only after his death, after which he had no further use for them. How many white Americans have been robbed, murdered, or raped by the descendants of those slaves? Quite a few, no doubt.

Thanks George!

Then comes Lincoln, who authorized the murders of hundreds of thousands of whites on his way to freeing the slaves and then turning them loose on his countrymen. His admirers say that, like Martin Luther King, he had a dream. But Abe's dream was that all of the negroes would *volunteer* to leave these shores. How racist! Amazingly, and no doubt a big surprise to Abe, few wanted to do so.

Thanks a lot, 'honest' Abe!

Then we have Thomas Jefferson, a randy old fellow who was probably nailing his quadroon slave Sally Hemings, and likely had a child by her. His was the colonial prototype for the long American tradition of race mixing (a.k.a. white racial suicide).

Thanks Tom! You set a fine example.

Last is Teddy Roosevelt, the original progressive. He was an advocate for women's suffrage, yet another step in the direction of the hallowed American cause of 'equality', and it's painfully obvious how that turned out. Also, he favored a powerful federal government, just as do progressives today. To fund such a government he favored the income tax, a noose into which the American public eagerly thrust its neck.

The current unrest is only more of the same white racial self-destruction. So the Old America isn't dead. Its spirit is just flying new flags, reorganized under the banners of BLM and antifa. *Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose.*

Let's now compare what O'Meara wrote with what Maurice recently told us in response to an academic objection about the images of Leonidas and Hermann in the new Mount Rushmore ('We are not sure what they looked like'). Maurice replied:



We don't need pictures of them. Christians didn't need pictures of Jesus, nor did we for the iconography of our demigods.

Leonidas looks like a veteran of a hundred battles. He is the wise old man of sixty, husband, father and king. Long grey hair tied in plaits. Cleft chin, scars on his cheeks and forehead. His deep, sullen blue eyes stare fiercely at the horizon as the subhuman hordes approach. He clutches his spear in his right hand and his Corinthian helmet under his left. Long red cloak, shining bronze armour. Behind him, a wall of shields bearing the Lambda symbol. He is hopelessly outnumbered and yet he knows no fear.

Hermann is a virile young man, full of wit and confidence. Golden blond, bright blue eyes, very tall. He is the intelligent warrior with two faces. On one face, he is a gallant Roman commander, in steel armour, silver helmet and blue cloak, on horseback leading his cohort across the Rhine. He is the Eagle. On the other side, he is a muscular, bare-chested German warrior, leading a fierce charge against the Roman shield wall, roaring at the top of his lungs: 'Tyr!' He is the Wolf.

There is no image we cannot sculpt.

What people on the internet call white nationalism, O'Meara included, is *de facto* American nationalism. That should be obvious: a legitimate white nationalism would imply a history that inspires all white Nordid types, not just those of a single country. (Hitler, for example, welcomed the inhabitants of Scandinavia and other countries with a Nordic population into the Reich.)

Tomorrow will mark three years since the Charlottesville event. Just compare how the US government reacted to that event with its reaction to BLM. The inversion of classical values is now complete. The US government is truly Sauron. That non-revolutionary nationalists fail to at least repudiate Lincoln is so delusional that it is pointless to try to argue with them. America's near future will disabuse them.

7 & 11 August 2020



## Kevin MacDonald's apologetics



MacDonald's preface to Giles Corey's *The Sword of Christ* was not only published in *The Occidental Observer*, but also *Counter-Currents* and *The Unz Review*. As we can see from the comments section of *Counter-Currents*, some commenters are Christian or sympathetic to Judeo-Christianity, so they liked McDonald's essay-review and some of them have ordered a copy of Corey's book. One exception was commenter Asdk:

If we were to apply Kevin Macdonald's perspective on the culture of critique to modern ideologies, Christianity would be very easily understood. Christianity is an ideology created by Jews to benefit the Jewish people, to break the feeling of tribal union of the peoples who are rivals to Jewish hegemony.

We can already imagine how different white nationalism would be if the administrators of the main nationalist webzines were like Asdk. Giovanni Gasparro's painting above, *The Martyrdom of St. Simon of Trent*, which appears in MacDonald's preface, was painted earlier this year in the early baroque style. The idea of creating this painting reminds me of one of my favourite paintings

by Hieronymus Bosch, *Christ Carrying the Cross* (1516). The idea is the same: the bad guys—the Jews—surround the child to be sacrificed, or the divine rabbi to be crucified. Gasparro's oil canvas of 2020 measures seven by five feet, and refers to a blood libel that led to the execution of several Jews in 1475. The scandal (some would call it a moral panic) began around the disappearance and death of a Christian boy in Trent named Simonino. He was later made a saint and the day of his death, 24 March, was included in the Roman martyrology—hence the cherubs in Gasparro's painting—until its removal in 1965. In his article, MacDonald tells us: 'This [the blood libel] is a subject I have never written about... However, we should not be surprised that such practices occurred'. I am not going to polemicise with him because I want to respond to his Christian apologetics, not to this new approach to the Jewish question. I will merely point out that on the subject of blood libel I had already written an article in 2013, 'Isabel' (Isabella I of Castile): a time when MacDonald was more sceptical about allegations of libel. He begins his review with these words:

Giles Corey has written a book that should be read by all Christians as well as white advocates of all theoretical perspectives including especially those who are seeking a spiritual foundation that is deeply embedded in the history and culture of Europeans.

White advocates of all theoretical perspectives? What would Revilo Oliver and William Pierce, so critical of Christianity, have thought of Corey's book? What would Alex Linder think today? Spiritual foundations embedded in European culture? MacDonald ignores the difference between Western Christian Civilisation and European Civilisation, as explained in 'The Red Giant' (see another collection of our of essays, *On Exterminationism*). MacDonald also says of Corey's book, 'It is excellent scholarship'. If the scholarship is excellent, the blood libel had to be historical. But, as I said, I don't want to discuss the Jewish question but the Christian question. MacDonald wrote: 'Corey is well aware that contemporary Christianity has been massively corrupted'.

Completely false. Contemporary Christianity is as legitimate a form of Christianity as any other. Earlier Christianities were based on St Augustine, and in the case of the Catholic Church, also on St Thomas Aquinas. The Christianity of Pope Francis today, like the

Christianity of the medieval St Francis of Assisi, is based more on the direct message of the Gospel. There is no true Christianity and heretical Christianity: only Christians use anathemas and excommunicate each other, always claiming that their faction is the true Christianity. For non-Christians like us, St Francis (and therefore Pope Francis' politics) is as authentic a Christian as St Augustine, however different they may be in their politics. In the *Counter-Currents* thread, commenter Asdk added the following:

It sounds ridiculous, but in the middle of the Christian era, the Pope did it with the pre-Columbian Indians; today the descendants of such an aberration populate most of Latin America and will soon be the new majority of North America.

What happened in Latin America is relevant: something I have said so many times in racist forums that I gave up because no one would listen. And they won't listen for the simple reason that miscegenation on a colossal scale in this American continent, perpetrated by the Spanish and Portuguese since the 16th century, just when they were persecuting Jews and crypto-Jews, is such a demonstration that there is a Christian problem that you don't even have to argue it: just point to the historical facts in the Spanish and Portuguese-speaking parts of the continent.

On my website I have reproduced an old canvas of a notable Spaniard marrying an Indian with the approval of the Church. MacDonald says the corruption is recent. How does he explain the biggest genetic catastrophe on his continent? The trick MacDonald and white nationalists play has been to ignore history south of the Rio Grande, and history *north* of the Rio Grande, I might add, insofar as New Mexico, Utah, Nevada, Arizona, California and Texas, before the war of 1840, belonged to Mexico and before that to New Spain. For MacDonald to say that Christianity has been 'massively corrupted' he must necessarily be ignoring the history of those states that now belong to his country, since the New Spaniards never forbade miscegenation. Why does MacDonald not see that more than 500 million mestizos in Latin America are the direct result of marriages between Iberian whites, Indians and blacks, marriages that both the Spanish crown and the Church approved?

The answer is clear: if you dared to look at the history of New Spain your paradigm would immediately collapse, for it would

be obvious that alongside a Jewish problem there has been a huge Christian problem. In the 1530s a papal bull allowed unmarried Iberians on the continent to marry Amerindian women. This was only a decade after the conquest of the Aztec Empire. Christianity is blind to racial issues. And the Church didn't give a damn about the biological havoc such a bull would wreak. Incidentally, the Catholic Church was so powerful in New Spain that by the end of the 17th century it owned more than half of its territories. Like today's elites, the Church was interested in ruling over low-race mestizos rather than high-IQ Iberian whites. *Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose*—"The more it changes, the more it is the same thing". Yes, there is no such thing as 'contemporary Christianity has become massively corrupted' as MacDonald wrote. Only an ignoramus of history on the American continent can say such a thing. He also wrote:

Until the twentieth century, Christianity served the West well. One need only think of the long history of Christians battling to prevent Muslims from establishing a caliphate throughout the West—Charles Martel at the Battle of Tours, the Spanish Reconquista, the defeat of the Turks at the gates of Vienna. The era of Western expansion was accomplished by Christian explorers and colonists. Until quite recently, the flourishing of science, technology, and art occurred entirely within a Christian context.

We have discussed the need to rewrite history. This paragraph has only been made possible by centuries of misinformation as to historical facts. I have read the only two histories in English that have been written from the point of view of racial preservation, that of William Pierce and that of Arthur Kemp. As Pierce died before I woke up, I was only able to visit Kemp when he lived in a beautiful little town in England. The only two stories that have been written from the point of view of white advocacy start from one premise: white civilisations have fallen because of the imperial phase that inevitably leads to miscegenation.

One of my great surprises in reading these two stories, *Who We Are* and *March of the Titans*, is that by starting from a pro-white point of view, many values that we had taken for granted in the more academic and conventional histories are inverted. For example, it is striking to learn that the Greeks of Doric times were

pure Norse who came to the peninsula from the north. And something similar could be said of the early tribes that created the Roman Republic on the other European peninsula: they were also non-mixed Norse. All this was hidden from me by conventional historians simply because most of them have been Christians.

And as for the more recent secular historians, they live under the sky of the ideas about the equality of men that led to the French Revolution: a doctrine that breathes even in the American Declaration of Independence: ‘We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator...’ Only when the reader of history repudiates this egalitarian premise is he prepared to understand history. Otherwise, he may be a scholar but his historical knowledge will be contaminated with a worldview so false that distortion is inevitable. And conventional history books are so full of distortions that we must start from scratch. I don’t think MacDonald has read Pierce’s or Kemp’s books. If he had read either of them, he would have realised that what he says in the previous quote cannot be sustained from such a scratchy point of view.

The following is what MacDonald seems to ignore.

The Christian era began with a hostile takeover of classical culture—that is, white culture—by a sect of Levantine origin. In the 4th and 5th centuries c.e., in a destructive outburst, temples of the white gods and sculptures displaying Aryan beauty were destroyed by Judeo-Christian fanatics along with entire libraries of ancient wisdom (see Catherine Nixey: *The Darkening Age: The Christian Destruction of the Classical World*).

I must say something about Charles Martel mentioned by MacDonald and the Spanish Reconquista. Given my Hispanic background, the history of Spain as told by Pierce and Kemp caught my attention several years ago when I read their books. They both mention something that left me cold: the Iberian Visigoths—pure whites of the Nordid type—were tricked by the Christians into committing miscegenation: a little fact that won’t be easy to find in conventional histories. Recall that the Goths were Germanic people who played an important role in the fall of the Western Roman Empire. In the early centuries of our era, the Iberian Goths burned at the stake their fellow whites who dared to mix their precious blood with that of the mudbloods. But the king of Hispania Recceswinth made the biggest mistake in Iberian history: a mistake

that normie intellectuals and historians still don't recognise as such, but a gigantic mistake. By converting to Christianity, Recceswinth abolished the long-standing ban on intermarriage (which reminds me of the rigorous Spartan ban against intermarriage), which led to the immediate intermarriage of the Visigoths. The decision of the king of Hispania allowed anyone of any racial origin, as long as they professed Christianity, to intermarry with the Germanic Goths. Such a break with the ancestral prohibition of intermarriage and the worship of the enemy god—the god of the Jews—took place just a few decades before their territories were invaded by the Moors!

*If you worship thine enemy's god, thou art defeated;  
Adopt the religion of his fathers, thou wilt be enslaved;  
And if thou propagate with his daughters, thou art destroyed.*

One would have to study this crucial page of Spanish history in much greater depth than the preliminary stories of Pierce and Kemp. But I suspect that the Visigoths would have been invincible if, with the benefit of hindsight, they had expelled or exterminated the mudbloods, mainly peoples of Hispania of Semitic origin (non-Jewish Semites had begun to invade the Iberian peninsula since Carthaginian times). Hispania aside, if the Roman Empire had not declined, and remember that Gibbon blames the Christians for this, Islam wouldn't even have had a chance for its spectacular conquests that only the gates of Vienna stopped, which MacDonald mentions. By subscribing to the official history, he regards Christianity as our saviour in the face of Islam, and not as the cause of the power gap that occurred after the Christians destroyed the classical world (or cheated the Visigoths), leaving the remaining whites at the mercy of a primitive Arab tribe.

As for the Western achievements MacDonald mentions in the above quote, he is framing them as achievements of the Christian spirit. Nothing could be further from the truth. The white man had to fight for centuries against the prohibitions of the Church (see our translation of Karlheinz Deschner's *Christianity's Criminal History*) to regain his right to scientific research, technology and art untainted by biblical passages or lives of the saints. Now I am reminded of my history teacher, whose brothers were blond, at Madrid College. She used to tell us that in New Spain they used the trick of putting covers of saints' lives on secular books imported from Europe so that they could pass through customs. And this



went on until the early 19th century! Again, MacDonald is ignorant of history south of the Rio Grande. He wrote:

Such individualism was not disastrously self-destructive. As Corey notes, 'Christian universalism historically posed little to no danger to white survival because it was preached by whites living in a world ruled by whites; it was only in the multicultural Egalitarian Regime inseminated in the mid-twentieth century that Christian sacrifice was transformed into a call for racial suicide'.

Precisely because MacDonald, like most white nationalists, hasn't read Pierce or Kemp, he knows little of real history. Most westerners are unable to see that healthy religions promote the good of a tribe, and unhealthy cults—a phenomenon that appears in the imperial phase of civilisation—give up what is good for the tribe and begin to speak of individual salvation. Richard Carrier has studied this phenomenon in various Mediterranean religions at the time of the decline of the Roman Empire, and those who believe that any form of universalism was not 'disastrously self-destructive' should familiarise themselves with Carrier's work. That religious individualism was toxic from the beginning is evident in the fact that by shifting from the good of the group to individualism (the Christian must think first and foremost of the salvation of his soul), the foundations were laid for miscegenation. Once Constantine changed the name of ancient Byzantium to Constantinople, the new capital of the Empire became a melting pot for all the races of the Mediterranean, in which the pure Nordic blood of the Roman patricians was corrupted. MacDonald wrote:

Instead, Corey advocates a revitalization of Medieval Germanic Christianity based on, in the words of Samuel Francis, 'social hierarchy, loyalty to tribe and place (blood and soil), world-acceptance rather than world-rejection, and an ethic that values heroism and military sacrifice'. This medieval Christianity preserved the aristocratic, fundamentally Indo-European culture of the Germanic tribes. This was an adaptive Christianity...

Adaptive medieval Christianity? See what I say in this book about Caligula and Charlemagne. The latter forced the untainted Saxons to worship the enemy god: a historical landmark related to that late metastasis, the philo-Semitic stage the USA is currently

suffering from. Remember: 'If you worship thine enemy's god, thou art defeated; Adopt the religion of his fathers, thou wilt be enslaved; And if thou propagate with his daughters, thou art destroyed'. MacDonald wrote:

My view, developed in Chapter 3 of *Separation and Its Discontents: Toward an Evolutionary Theory of Anti-Semitism* is that traditional Christian theology was fundamentally anti-Jewish and was developed as a weapon which was used to lessen Jewish economic and political power in the Roman Empire. Here Corey describes the writings of the fourth-century figure, St. John Chrysostom who has a chapel dedicated to him inside St. Peter's Basilica in Rome as well as a statue outside the building. His writings on Jews are nothing less than scathing and reflect long-term tensions between Jews and Greeks in Antioch. And Chrysostom was far from alone in his hatred.

This is my response. Although Muslim jihadists are anti-Jewish, many contemporary Jews promote the Islamisation of Europe for the simple reason that the best goyim (whites) must be destroyed according to them. In other words, it is no secret that Jews accept some war casualties to win their final battle against the Aryans. Something similar happened with the hostile takeover of the classical world by the Judeo-Christians, many of whom had Semitic blood. Their anger was directed against the white world. It didn't matter to them that these fanatics MacDonald speaks of committed anti-Jewish acts. What mattered was to overthrow the classical world at any cost. MacDonald ignores what was ultimately at stake, as explained in the climax of 'Rome against Judea; Judea against Rome':

435 c.e. In this year occurs the most significant action on the part of Emperor Theodosius II: He openly proclaims that the only legal religion in Rome apart from Christianity is Judaism! Through a strange, subterranean and astonishing struggle, not only has Judaism persecuted the ancient culture, and Rome, its mortal archenemy, adopts a Jewish creed, but the Jewish religion itself, so despised and insulted by the ancient Romans, is now elevated as the only official religion of Rome along with Christianity!

This game of different types of Semites is what MacDonald has missed. He speaks highly of St John Chrysostom, as if this anti-Semite were a champion of the Aryan cause. What did this saint, so

revered among clueless anti-Semites, do? Do white nationalists know what happened to the immense Temple of Artemis, one of the Seven Wonders of the Ancient World? As we explain in *The Fair Race*, it was built near Ephesus in the 6th century b.c.e. on an area considered sacred since at least the Bronze Age. It took more than a century to build and was arguably comparable to a cathedral. St John Chrysostom and his henchmen tore it down in 401 c.e. following an edict from the Christian emperor, a year after Chrysostom instigated the massacre of 7,000 Goths in Constantinople! The stones were used for a tomb and a bathhouse and a cross was erected on the site of the statue of Diana. It was the Aryan religion that had to be crushed at all costs, not the Judaism that survived the apocalypse of the ancient world.

History must be rewritten from the point of view of racial preservation, and misleading books like Corey's should be rebutted. Not only are books of this type bad history: they are as toxic a reading of history as we could read from a Jew. MacDonald wrote:

And although Protestantism was generally far more amenable to Jewish interests even before its current malaise, there certainly are exceptions. Here Corey emphasizes Martin Luther's writings on Jews. Luther emphasizes Jewish hatred toward Christianity and their sense of superiority vis-à-vis Christians, seeing the latter as 'not human; in fact, we hardly deserve to be considered poor worms by them'.

I have been saying that people like MacDonald don't know the histories of the white race authored by real racials. Recall what William Pierce says about Luther. I apologise for the long quote that follows, but it is necessary to quote *Who We Are* because of the stubbornness of white nationalists who refuse to read it:

*The Reformation.* Another factor which undoubtedly made the West more susceptible to the Jews was the Reformation, the lasting effects of which were confined largely to Europe's northwestern regions, in fact, to the Germanic-speaking regions: Germany, Scandinavia, England and Scotland, Switzerland. The Church of Rome and its Eastern Orthodox offshoot had always been ambivalent in their attitudes toward the Jews. On the one hand, they fully acknowledged the Jewish roots of Christianity, and Jesus' Jewishness was taken for granted. On the other hand, the Jews had rejected Jesus' doctrine and killed him, saying, 'His blood

be on us and on our children' (Matthew 27:25), and the medieval Church was inclined to take them at their word. In addition to the stigma of deicide the Jews also bore the suspicion which naturally fell on heretics of any sort. During the Middle Ages people took Christianity quite seriously, and anyone professing an unorthodox religious belief, whether he actively sought converts or not, was considered a danger to the good order of the community and to the immortal soul of any Christian exposed to him.

What the Protestant reformers did for the Jews was give the Hebrew Scriptures a much more important role in the life of the peoples of Europe than they had enjoyed previously. Among Catholics it was not the Bible but the Church which was important. The clergy read the Bible; the people did not. The people looked to the clergy for spiritual guidance, not to the Bible. Among Protestants that order was reversed. The Bible became an authority unto itself, which could be consulted by any man. Its Jewish characters—Abraham, Moses, Solomon, David, and the rest—became heroic figures, suffused with an aura of sanctity. Their doings and sayings became household bywords. It is ironic that the father of the Reformation, Martin Luther, who inadvertently helped the Jews fasten their grip on the West, detested them and vigorously warned his Christian followers against them. His book *Von den Jueden und ihren Luegen* (*On the Jews and their Lies*), published in 1543, is a masterpiece. Luther's antipathy to the Jews came after he learned Hebrew and began reading the Talmud. He was shocked and horrified to find that the Hebrew religious writings were dripping with hatred and contempt for all non-Jews...

Alas, Luther could not have it both ways. He had already sanctified the Jews by elevating the status of their history, their legends, and their religion to that of Holy Writ. His translation of the Old Testament into German and his dissemination of the Jewish scriptures among his followers vitiated all his later warnings against the Jews. Today the church he founded studiously ignores those warnings...

The great tragedy of Luther is that he failed to... recognize that no religion of Jewish origin is a proper religion for men and women of European race. When [he] cut himself and the majority of the Germanic peoples off from Rome, he

failed at the same time to cut away all the baggage of Jewish mythology which had been imposed on Europe by Rome. Instead he made of that baggage a greater spiritual burden for his people than it already was. The consequence was that within a century of Luther's death much of Northern Europe was firmly in the grip of a new superstition as malignant as the old one, and it was one in which the Jews played a much more explicit role. Before, the emphasis had been on the New Testament: that is, on Christianity as a breakaway sect from Judaism, in which the differences between the two religions were stressed. The role models held up to the peoples of Europe were the Church's saints and martyrs, most of whom were non-Jewish. The parables taught to children were often of European origin. Among the Protestants the Old Testament gained a new importance, and with it so did the Hebrew patriarchs as role models, while Israel's folklore became the new source of moral inspiration for Europe. Perhaps nothing so clearly demonstrates the change, and the damage to the European sense of identity which accompanied it, as the sudden enthusiasm for bestowing Hebrew names on Christian children.

The Reformation did more for the Jews than merely sanctifying the Old Testament. It shattered the established order of things and brought chaos in political as well as spiritual affairs—chaos eagerly welcomed by the Jews. Germany was so devastated by a series of bloody religious wars that it took her a century and a half to recover. In some German principalities two-thirds of the population was annihilated during the conflicts between Catholics and Protestants in the period 1618-1648, commonly known as the Thirty Years War. Everywhere during the 17th century the Jews took advantage of the turmoil, moving back into countries from which they had been banned (such as England), moving to take over professions from which they had been excluded, insinuating themselves into confidential relationships with influential leaders in literary and political circles, profiting from the sufferings of their hosts and strengthening their hold, burrowing deep into the rubble and wreckage of medieval society so that they could more easily undermine whatever rose in its stead.

Thank you Dr Pierce. But you fell short as Nietzsche saw further than you did.

Note my quote from Nietzsche in the article 'Wagner and Bach' in this book: Luther revitalised Christianity when it had begun to die in Rome itself! If Caesar Borgia had come to the papacy in a world without Luther, the transvaluation of values—the salvation of whites—could have started from the Renaissance in Rome. But exactly the opposite happened: the Reformation vindicated Judeo-Christianity. One thing is clear: MacDonald is not a reader of Nietzsche or Pierce. He wrote: 'Mainstream Christianity from traditional Catholicism to mainstream Protestantism was fundamentally adaptive in terms of creating a healthy family life'.

Here MacDonald is not only ignoring the issue mentioned above, that a cohesive family is useless to our cause if countless marriages in Catholic Latin America have been, for half a millennium, between whites and non-whites. And concerning Europe, MacDonald also ignores the catastrophe in Portugal. After their incursions into Africa, the Portuguese not only imported blacks into the Iberian Peninsula, but, unlike the Anglo-Germans in North America, who didn't originally intermarry with them, the Portuguese immediately proceeded to stain their blood, courtesy of Catholicism that didn't care about racial preservation! MacDonald writes about the traditional family in Christendom while ignoring what happened in vast territories where Catholicism took hold of the white psyche. And even in America, where miscegenation was not perpetrated for quite some time, the havoc wreaked by the Puritans' infatuation with the Jewish holy book can be seen in the names they gave their white children. It is worth quoting Pierce again:

Even before the Reformation a few Jewish names had been adopted by Europeans, but they were in most cases variations of the names of Christian saints of Jewish race: John (Heb. Johanan), Matthew (Heb. Mattathiah), Mary (Heb. Miriam), Ann (Heb. Hannah, supposedly the name of the maternal grandmother of Jesus). In addition, a few other purely Hebrew names had come into fairly common usage in parts of Christian Europe prior to Luther's time: Adam, Daniel, David, Michael, Elizabeth, and Sarah are examples. During the 17th century, however, practically every name from the Old Testament came into general use. The madness

reached its height among the Puritans, who scorned the names of their own ancestors and christened their offspring with such atrociously alien appellations as Israel, Amos, Ezekiel, Lemuel, Deborah, Reuben, Esther, Abner, Samuel, Nathan, Noah, Ephraim, Gideon, Jesse, Rachel, Susannah, Leah, Elihu, Abigail, Benjamin, and Abraham. The Puritans brought this pernicious habit with them to America, and Hebrew names were more common in the New World than European names during the Colonial period.

Don't be surprised that America has become the number one philo-Semitic country in the world! (To the list in the previous article, in addition to nuking Mt. Rushmore and all that, every citizen of the new White Republic should repudiate his Semitic first name and change it to a purely Nordic one.) So which is the main cause of white decadence, Judaism or Christianity? Which is worse: the external enemy—the Jew—or the traitor—the Christian? MacDonald wrote: 'As I write this in the summer of 2020, we are experiencing what feels like the end game in the Jewish conquest of white America'.

End of the Jewish conquest or the Christian conquest of the Aryan soul? MacDonald wrote: 'I agree entirely with Corey's conclusions and recommendations for a revival centered around the adaptive aspects of Christianity'. And what are Corey's conclusions and recommendations?:

We must not tolerate subversion. Liberalism must go; we cannot afford to repeat the mistakes of the Enlightenment. We cannot afford to countenance any further anti-American, anti-family, anti-white speech, and this should be reflected in a new Constitution. Just as conservatism was not enough, the United States Constitution was not enough, with gaps that left it gaping wide for judicial 'interpretation'. For another thing, we must circle the wagons and inculcate the Männerbund, restraining our individualism at least for the time being. For another, we must return to our Lord and Savior.

Triple parenthesis could be added to these last words by Corey. What most white nationalists fail to understand is that to think that you can help save the white race and, at the same time, bend the knee to Jewish deities is some sort of combination of insanity, dishonesty, cowardice, naivety or a lot of stupidity.

In short, it won't work.

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