



Living  
White

*Writings on Race,  
2000-2005*

**Robert S. Griffin**



# Living White

## Writings on Race, 2000-2005

Robert S.:Griffin

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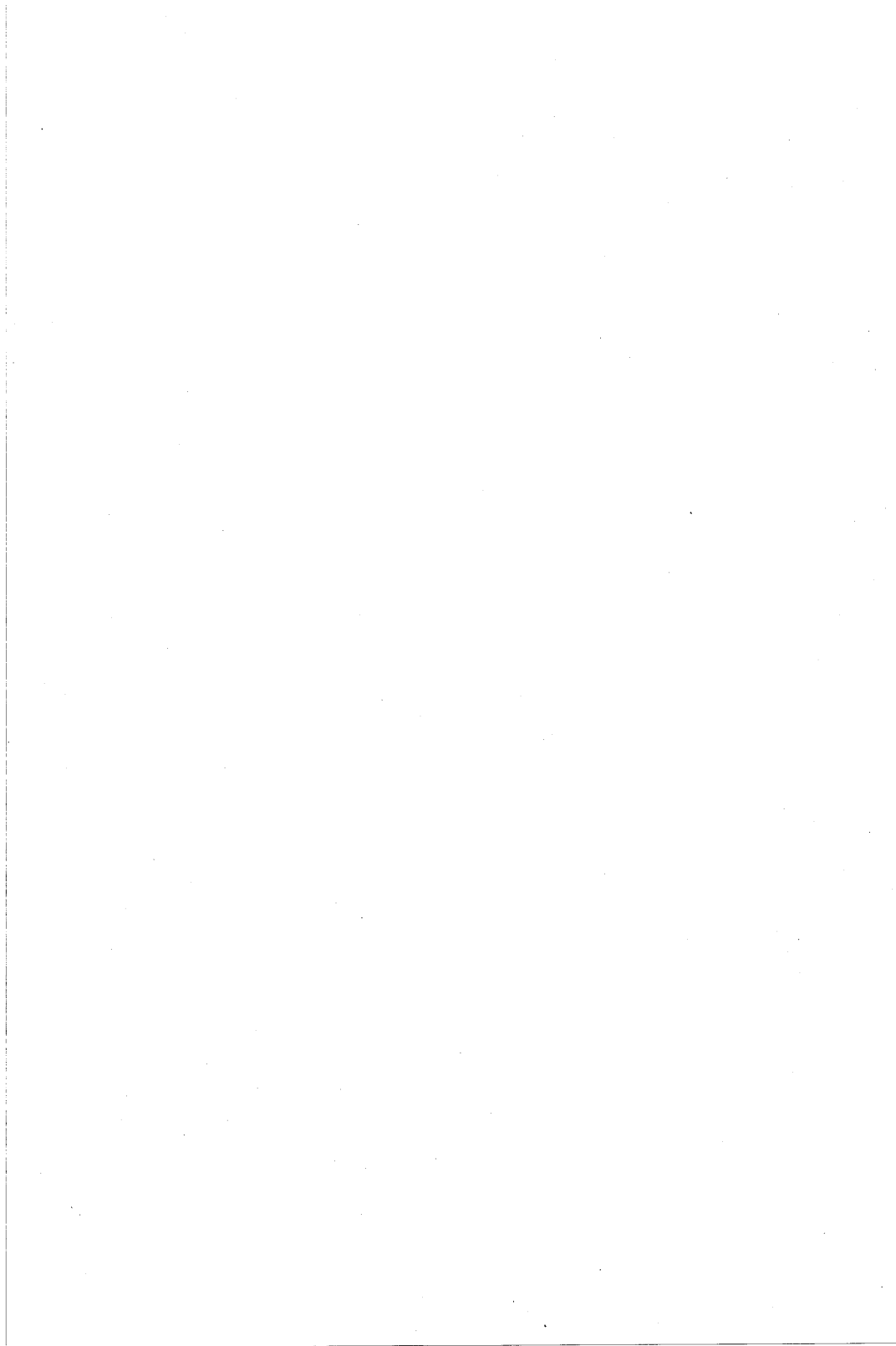
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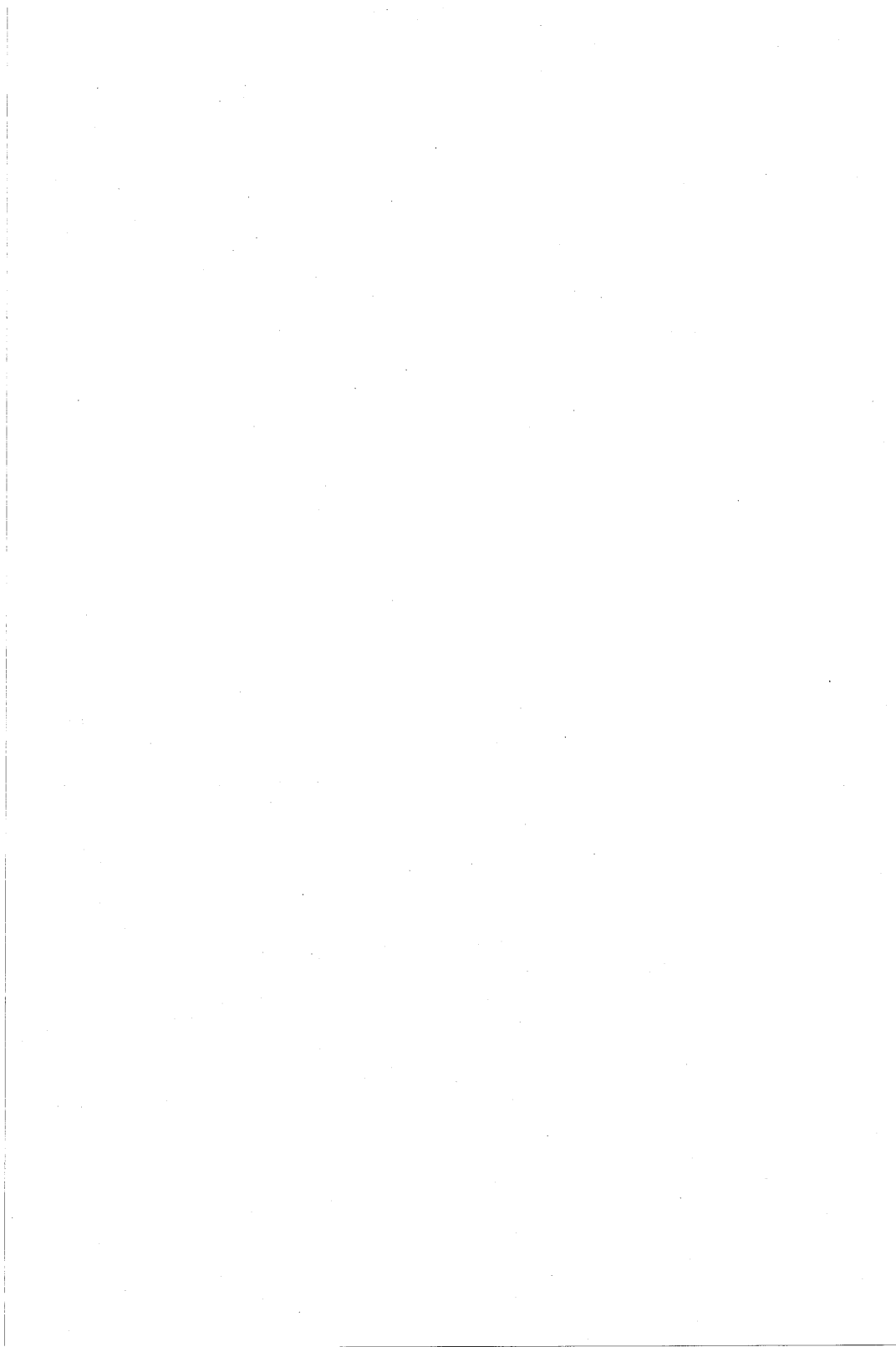
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# TABLE OF CONTENTS

1	INTRODUCTION .....	1
2	BEGINNINGS .....	3
3	WILLIAM PIERCE.....	10
4	THE FAME OF A DEAD MAN'S DEEDS.....	17
5	REARING HONORABLE WHITE CHILDREN .....	29
6	A KNOCK ON THE DOOR.....	40
7	THE NEW WHITE NATIONALISM .....	51
8	ONE SHEAF, ONE VINE .....	59
9	DAVID STARR JORDAN .....	74
10	THE REAL LINCOLN .....	86
11	READING ROCKWELL.....	92
12	LIVING WHITE .....	101
13	REMINISCENCE .....	109
14	WHILE THERE IS STILL TIME .....	116
15	RACISM: A HISTORY .....	120
16	GOING PUBLIC .....	128
17	BELGIUM INTERVIEW.....	138
18	BELGIUM IN JULY.....	145
19	OLE MISS, NEW MISS.....	150
20	POSITIVE VISIONS AND ACTIONS.....	158
	ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.....	165
	BIBLIOGRAPHY.....	166



To Beethoven and Goya





# 1 INTRODUCTION

*Living White* brings together my writings on race during the 2000-2005 period. Included are excerpts from two books I published during this time, *The Fame of a Dead Man's Deeds: An Up-Close Portrait of White Nationalist William Pierce*, and *One Sheaf, One Vine: Racially Conscious White Americans Talk About Race*. Also here, in total or in large part, are eleven published articles I authored that deal with race, one unpublished article, and a speech I gave at a conference. In addition, there is a published article about me, and a published interview in which I was the subject. Last, there are excerpts from two earlier books of mine that relate to the story I'm telling in this book, one of them on teaching in a secondary school and the other on the impact of participation in organized sports on children and adolescents. There is a bibliography at the end of the book containing the sources I use in it.

I've ordered the writings chronologically for the most part and provide commentaries to accompany them. This gives the book a narrative line and lends an autobiographical quality to it. In large measure, *Living White* is my story as it relates to race over the past few years.

*Living White* is about white people, and it is for white people. Its focus is on the personal, in contrast to the public, dimensions of the racial challenges that whites confront at this time in our history. This book isn't an analysis of race in America or elsewhere. It isn't about public policy or politics or organizational activity. It isn't about how the outside world is doing but rather how you and I are

*Robert S. Griffin*

doing as individual white people. I hope this book encourages and supports you in living a racially more honorable life in the time you have remaining on this earth.

## 2 BEGINNINGS

In the mid-1990s I had recently been promoted to full professor of education with tenure at the University of Vermont. I was teaching courses in teacher education and survey courses in education that liberal arts students take as electives. I was writing two books, a collection of essays on conservatism and individualism in education, and an analysis of the impact of participation in organized sports on children and adolescents.

If I had to label my outlook during the early 1990s, I would have called myself a libertarian. Libertarianism stresses individual autonomy and self-determination and opposes collectivism in both the private and public realms. I'd read all of novelist/philosopher Ayn Rand's books--among them, *The Fountainhead*, *Atlas Shrugged*, and *The Virtue of Selfishness*--and was enamored with her philosophy of Objectivism. Rand arguably has had the strongest influence on today's libertarians, although she did not use the term libertarianism, claiming there are important differences between Objectivism and libertarianism (I find them subtle and insignificant). Objectivism celebrates proud, independent, rational, and accomplished individuals, free markets, and minimal government prerogatives. I taught a course in a community college in Rand's thinking. I read books by libertarians such as Murray Rothbard and Robert Nozick. I subscribed to *Reason* magazine, a libertarian publication, and read materials put out by the Cato Institute, a libertarian Washington, D.C. "think tank." I did some writing for the Institute, and worked for Libertarian Party candidates for public office.

For several years, I had been investigating conservatism focusing more on what this philosophy says about culture, ways of living, than on its view of politics, economics, or organization. I would use the term cultural conservatism to describe my emphasis at that time. I was reading conservative theorists such as Russell Kirk and Richard Weaver, and writers who are known collectively as the Southern Agrarians, among them Donald Davidson, Cleanth Brooks, and John Crowe Ransom. I read novels by Wendell Berry. By the mid-'90s my perspective was beginning to incorporate what I am calling cultural conservatism.

Also during this time, I was investigating classical liberalism--Jefferson's writings, Benjamin Rush's, *The Federalist Papers*-- and this too was having an impact on the way I saw the world and myself. Classical liberalism emphasizes the individual and personal liberty, which reinforced what I had been taking from the libertarians, and it includes elements that we would now consider conservative--connection to one's cultural heritage, personal virtue, social responsibility, and localism.

The result of my investigations during the first half of the '90s was an outlook--I'm not sure how to label it--that was an interplay of individualism and cultural conservatism (thus the book of essays I was writing on individualism and conservatism in education). Over the past decade, I've added a third element to the mix: white racialism.

In the mid-'90s, my professional focus was broadening beyond the field of education. The sports book--which is entitled *Sports in the Lives of Children and Adolescents: Success on the Field and in Life*--was a vehicle for me to deal with sports involvement as well as the larger topic of growing up, all that involves, and parenting, and how the social and cultural circumstance affects those processes. The book marked a change in the audience I was addressing: it was directed at a general readership rather than the academic audience I had written to up until that time. It also reflected an attempt to make sense of my own life. I had been immersed in sports during my childhood and adolescence, and the sports book was an occasion for me to gain a better understanding of the impact that activity and

preoccupation had on me. This is what I wrote in the book (pages thirteen and fourteen):

When I was growing up in Saint Paul, Minnesota, sports-which in my case meant the team sports of football, basketball, and baseball--were everything to me. Although my dad was older and not an active participant in sports when I knew him--he was fifty years old when I was born--he was an avid fan, especially of baseball. Among my most prominent memories are the two of us going to baseball games together. I realized early on that it would be a dream come true for my dad if I became a professional baseball player.

Dad was a barber in a hotel shop and many professional baseball players, both from our local minor league team and visiting players, were his customers. When I was about eleven years old, Dad told me that he had mentioned to one of the visiting players from the Columbus Redbirds, a Saint Louis Cardinals farm team at that time, this was around 1951, that I was very interested in baseball and on a team and quite a good player. The Red Birds player said he would like to meet me and that he would leave passes for the next game at the stadium gate for Dad and me. He told Dad that I should come down on the field before the game began and say hello to him.

Dad and I took the bus to the game, picked up the passes (*passes*, we were somebody!), and got our seats about halfway up on the third base side. Immediately, Dad poked me and pointed and said, "There he is, Bobby, go down there and talk to him." The player, whose name I don't remember--I wonder if I ever knew it--in his red and gray visiting uniform was down on the field playing catch with a teammate. I was paralyzed. In those years I didn't talk to any adult very much, and certainly not to an adult who wasn't even a relative. And to a *ballplayer? Down on the field?* Earlier it had sounded great and I was excited, but now I was terrified.

"Get down there, Bobby, before he leaves. Go ahead, just walk right down there--he knows you're coming."

Somehow, I made it down the steps and somehow the player knew it was me and walked over to the railing where I was standing. I remember very little about our conversation. Mostly I remember how kind he was. He asked me what position I played, and I said

the infield, shortstop and third base. He inquired about my batting average and I answered .600 (you can have averages like that at eleven in the peewee league I was playing in). I must have been a tough interview for him; I never looked up much at all. I do have a memory of his forearms, though, so muscular and with blond sun-bleached hair, as they rested on the railing next to my boyish arms, and I remember the impressive leather glove-a real ballplayer's glove!-that engulfed his hand. If I could grow up to be like him, wouldn't that be something! We finished our conversation, he wished me good luck with my ballplaying, and I walked back up to where Dad was sitting. I could see his smile as I approached. What a wonderful time it was on that sunny day, with my hot dog and Coke, sitting next to my dad watching the game.

My parents died when I was in my early twenties, and an older sister, whom I was very close to, was killed in a car accident in 1981. My only living close relative is an older brother. I married young and there were two children, both boys. There was a rancorous divorce, my former wife remarried, and the boys took the last name of their stepfather and broke off contact with me. My former wife divorced her second husband and the boys re-assumed my last name. I saw them some after that, but something had died for both them and me and we discontinued our contact, an estrangement that holds true today.

I met Maxine, a librarian at the university, in 1993, things went well for us as a couple, and we began living together in 1995. We lived a quiet life. We both had our work at the university. We went to films and read and saw a few people occasionally. We weren't part of anything larger than ourselves: a church, club, or some other collective activity or identity. Her family lives elsewhere, and my brother doesn't live nearby. It was basically just the two of us and our work.

When I completed the sports book in 1997, I wanted to find another book project that would allow me to continue the approach I had taken with that book. I wanted to find a topic that was of general interest on which I could drape a broad, inclusive analysis of American life. I wanted to address a general audience. I wanted

to continue considering the way individuals lived their lives and, as part of that, explore the way I lived my own life. I had the gnawing sense in those years that I wasn't living consistently enough with the person I truly am. I wanted to live *my* life, and I wanted to be happier than I was. While I was doing well enough by conventional standards, the university position and all, something was off with me, even though I couldn't say exactly what it was.

When I thought about race, which was infrequent, it was predominately with regard to black people. I was sympathetic to the black civil rights movement and cared about the welfare of black people in America and elsewhere (and still do; I wish everyone living on this planet well). I would not have characterized myself as having any measure of white racial awareness at that time, although looking back at my published writing I see signs of racial sensitivity if not racial insight. In 1993, I wrote an education book called *Teaching in a Secondary School*. It is made up of essays, one of them entitled "The Importance of Language," which includes this passage (pages fifty-six and fifty-seven):

We need to focus on the impact of ethnicity on the way we approach our lives, including the way we go to school. For example, my dad, having grown up in the rural South, was living his life in the somewhat alien and hostile world of the North. The denigration of Southern whites has been relentless all my life. Stereotypes about ignorant, violent rednecks abound. I did not meet my aunts and cousins until I was an adult, after college. I remember that, based on what the media and school had lead me to expect, I was a bit hesitant to travel to Deep Step, Georgia to be with them.

How different they turned out to be from what I had expected: they were gentle, decent people, good people. Upon meeting my relatives, I was taken particularly by what kinship meant to them. I had trouble keeping their first names straight, some of which were quite foreign sounding to me: Willie Mae and Sally Belle and Piltcher and Editha and Laudrich and Eunise Ann. At the same time, these people whom I had never met knew everything about me, Walter's boy. They played and sang their music, and I learned of their ways and visited my ancestor's graves. I was embarrassed by my dad's

accent and manner as I was growing up. I never learned as a child or young adult that he reflected cultural difference and not inferiority. Now I realize that I was taught by many sources, including my teachers, to have disdain for my own.

Last week I was watching a comic do his routine on a late-night television talk show [Letterman]. The comic had performed in a small town in Alabama and was relating his experience there as part of his act, which included mocking the "backward" white speech and going on about how dumb and out of touch they all were. In one of his jokes he said we should send dentists and doctors down to those people: dentists to fix their teeth and doctors to castrate them. This brought torrents of laughter from the audience. This took place in America in the 1990s. I asked myself, what other group among us could you speak about like that with impunity? None came to mind. We are all God's children. All of us have the right to be known and judged for what we in fact are, and to have the culture we reflect understood for what it actually is.

The book from which this excerpt was drawn is still being used as a required reading in university teacher education courses. About a year ago, I received an e-mail message from a woman, from Arizona I believe she said, who has been using my book in one of her courses. She said she liked the book very much and that her students have taken well to it, but she had been approached by two of her colleagues at the university who had said to her, "Do you know whose book you are using in your classes? That book was written by a Nazi-sympathizer!" She said the two had gone to the campus bookstore, which had a few copies of the book it was selling, and the college library trying to get it off their shelves. It wasn't clear to me from what she said whether they had been successful or not.

The woman said she had told the two faculty members that they must have the wrong Robert Griffin, that she had used my book for several years and knew it well and there was nothing objectionable in it that she had noticed. She said she was upset by what had happened and wanted to know if this terrible person her colleagues were talking about could possibly be me. I'm sure I didn't contribute to



her day when I wrote back that, indeed, I am the one her colleagues were talking about.

I was taken by how these people responded to this situation. First, how the use of a negative label, in this case "Nazi sympathizer," evidently, as they saw it, obviated the need for them to go into the reality beneath the label: what exactly have I written or said or done that warrants the "Nazi sympathizer" characterization? The woman who wrote me and her fellow university faculty members presumably welcome ideas and are favorably disposed to exploring them, and value dialogue and debate. Instead, they reacted like little children who had seen a ghost.

Since I have been writing about race and have become somewhat of a public figure in this area, I have found it increasingly remarkable that advocates for white people, and even people who simply speak of whites without denigrating them, are viewed by other whites as illicit, and even more, scary. It would be one thing if non-whites were put in a dither by the expression of white racial concern or advocacy. What fascinates me is how white people have been conditioned to reject out of hand, and even attack, anyone among them who says, let's talk about how white people are doing. How this state of affairs came to be is one of the major stories of our time, I believe.

### 3 WILLIAM PIERCE

At 9:02 in the morning on April 19th, 1995, the front half of the Alfred P. Murrah Federal Building in Oklahoma City was demolished by an earth-shaking blast. One hundred sixty-eight people were killed, among them, nineteen children. Timothy McVeigh was charged with committing the largest domestic terrorist attack in this nation's history up until that time. He was alleged to have parked a Ryder rental truck loaded with thousands of pounds of explosives in front of the Murrah building that had been blown to pieces, causing seven floors of concrete and steel to come crashing down and leaving a huge crater in which a dead man lay burning.

Found in the front seat of McVeigh's car were pages sixty-one and sixty-two of *The Turner Diaries*, a novel by William Pierce. McVeigh had highlighted sentences. "The real value of our attacks today lies in the psychological impact, not in the immediate casualties." And in a later paragraph: "More important, though, is what we taught the politicians and bureaucrats. They learned this afternoon that not one of them is beyond our reach. They can huddle behind barbed wire and tanks in the city, or they can hide behind concrete walls and alarm systems at their country estates, but we can still find them and kill them."

Newspaper accounts and the prosecution in the McVeigh trial said that McVeigh was inspired by William Pierce's book, which depicted the blowing up of a government building with a bomb of almost the same components as the Oklahoma City bomb. It was reported that just days before the bombing McVeigh had mailed an

envelope to his sister in Florida containing copies of the cover and selected pages from *The Turner Diaries*. He included a note that said to be sure to read the back cover. On the back cover in bold black letters is the question, "What will you do when they come to take your guns?" And then the answer: "The patriots fight back with a campaign of sabotage and terror."

It was surmised that McVeigh had been enraged by the federal Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco, and Firearms' raid two years to the day before the Oklahoma City bombing on a complex of connected buildings in Waco, Texas occupied by members of the Branch Davidian religious sect, who were thought to possess illegal firearms. The Davidians resisted, and after a fifty-one day stand-off, Bradley armored vehicles began punching holes in the flimsy structure and firing tear gas into the complex in an effort to force the Davidians out. Soon thereafter, the buildings caught fire, and seventy-six Davidians, including twenty-five children, perished in the inferno. It was speculated that McVeigh used William Pierce's novel as a blueprint for revenging the federal government's actions in Waco.

I had never heard of William Pierce before this, but the notoriety generated by Oklahoma City prompted me to call the local Barnes & Noble bookstore and order *The Turner Dairies*. *The Turner Diaries* describes the racially motivated terrorist acts of a band of white American revolutionaries calling itself the Organization against a corrupt federal government and its supporters referred to in the book as the System. The novel is comprised of diary entries by Earl Turner, a member of the Organization and, eventually, its elite cadre, the Order. It is replete with violence and bloodshed from beginning to end, and interspersed are expositions from various characters exhorting white people to band together and defend their race against enemies bent on destroying it. I wouldn't call it great literature, although it is competently written, but I did find it riveting. I later learned that it is an underground bestseller with hundreds of thousands of readers.

Who is William Pierce? I asked myself. It turns out that it is *Dr.* William Pierce, and that he was a former university professor of physics and was now the Chailman of an organization he founded

called the National Alliance headquartered on his property in a remote area of West Virginia. I obtained transcripts of Pierce's weekly radio broadcasts and copies of a magazine he distributed, *National Vanguard*. I had trouble with his anti-black and anti-Jewish rhetoric, but much of what he said about the circumstance of white people in our time and the need for whites to identify with their race and their heritage and work for its preservation and enhancement struck home with me. I had never encountered this kind of racial message before.

I was impressed with Pierce's intellect and his wide-ranging critique of our time. He was concerned about it all and how everything fits together: history, philosophy, politics, economics, the media, education, men-woman identities and relationships, childrearing practices, and approaches to leisure. I was struck by the contrast between what I found, in many instances, to be compelling arguments and the characterizations of Pierce I was reading in the press and in reports issued by the Anti-Defamation League and the Southern Poverty Law Center that described him as a hater and bigot and the most dangerous radical-right figure in America. I was also intrigued by the fact that while Pierce had been written about extensively, it was from afar; nobody, it seemed, had gotten close to him.

I mentioned my interest in Pierce to Maxine. This was in the summer of 1997. Who \_is this Pierce, what's his story, what accounts for him? After a bit, Maxine said: "I think you ought to write a book on William Pierce-have you thought of that?" No, I hadn't thought of that, and looking back on it, I'm surprised that I hadn't. I had been looking for something to write after the sports book, but I hadn't thought about Pierce as a book subject. After Maxine's suggestion, I did think about it, and the idea of writing a book about Pierce made sense. I was looking for a way to deal with American culture and society in an overall, integrated way, and in an interesting and accessible way, and Pierce was a good vehicle for that. The fact that Pierce approached things from the extreme end of the ideological spectrum wasn't a drawback, because one of the ways to make better sense of what is going on in the core of

American life, which is what I 'really wanted to do, is to contrast it with what is thought and happening on its outer edge.

In the fall of 1997 I wrote Pierce a letter-I can't remember how I got his address--broaching the idea of writing a book about him and his way of looking at things. He wrote back saying he was favorably disposed to exploring that possibility. We decided that it would be good to meet in person, so I went to visit him in West Virginia. I wrote about our first meeting in *The Fame of a Dead Mans Deeds*, the book that resulted from our contacts (pages eighteen to twenty):

Pocahontas County, West Virginia, where William Pierce has lived since 1985, is a mountainous area in the southeast part of the state. There are trees everywhere in Pocahontas County: black walnut, hickory, oak, eastern poplar, apple, pear, red maple, sugar maple, and buckeye. Pocahontas County is shaped like a bowling pin tipped to the right and is about fifty miles from top to bottom and thirty miles across at its widest. Nine thousand people live in the county's nine hundred square miles. The county seat and largest town is Marlinton, with a population of eleven hundred. Pierce's land is near Mill Point (population fifty) in the center of the base of the "bowling pin." His three hundred forty-six acres go up the side of Big Spruce Knob, which is between Black Mountain and Stony Center Mountain.

In a letter to me before I came to visit him the first time, Pierce had this to say about where he lived:

This area is off "the beaten path" in that it has no industry other than small farms, no transportation hubs, no transient population, and very little traffic, pollution, or crime. Although it is mountainous and very beautiful, the lack of tourist facilities other than a ski lodge in the northern part of the county leads to a blessedly small number of tourists and vacationers. With the exception of four or five non- Whites imported by criminally insane Christian groups, the population is entirely White and sparse. The early settlers were Scotch-Irish, German, Dutch, and English, and a

handful of family names-McNeill, Sharp, Pritt-dominate the telephone directory. It is extremely conservative in resisting outside influences, although television and the churches (which, unfortunately, have great influence here) are doing their worst to bring the New World Order to Pocahontas County.

In the fall of 1997, I went to meet Pierce and see where he lived. I flew into Roanoke, Virginia, rented a car, and set out on the two-and one-half hour drive to Mill Point-a long way to drive, but Roanoke was the closest major airport. I got to Hillsboro, West Virginia (population one hundred eighty-eight) at about 1:00 p.m. Hillsboro is where Pierce picks up his mail and is about three miles from Mill Point. I was early- I had told Pierce I would be there at two-and hungry, so I stopped at the Country Roads Cafe in Hillsboro. Next to where I parked my car at the cafe was a weathered white metal sign with black lettering that said:

#### HILLSBORO

Here Gen. W. W. Averell camped before the Battle of Droop Mountain and after his raid to Salem, Virginia, in 1863. Settlements were made in the vicinity in the 1760s by John McNeel and the Kinnisons. Birthplace of Pearl Buck.

Pearl Buck is a Nobel Prize-winning author best known for her book set in China, *The Good Earth*.

The top price for an evening meal at the Country Roads Cafe was \$5.45; I had a chicken salad sandwich for \$2.85. After I finished eating, I drove the three miles up the road to Mill Point. I had the directions Pierce sent me, and I took the right turn off the state highway at the red brick house onto the dirt road as he had instructed me to do. I stopped the car for a moment and looked down the single-lane road that Pierce said I would take for about eight-tenths of a mile before I reached his property. On the sides of the road were unpainted wooden posts about four feet high and fifteen feet apart with barbed wire strung between them. On the right was tall

grass for a hundred yards and then trees. On the left after about three hundred yards of grass the land rose into tree-covered knolls. About five hundred yards ahead, the dirt road turned to the right and I couldn't see where it went from there. There were no people or animals in sight. I felt some trepidation.

"Well, here goes," I said to myself, and set off down the road. The dirt road was filled with bumps and ruts, and I probably wasn't going over five miles an hour as I navigated my rental car through what very quickly came to seem like an obstacle course. I tried to be careful, but I still scraped the bottom of the car a couple of times. Very soon, there wasn't any grass on my right; trees came up to the side of the road. To my relief, after about a quarter mile the road smoothed out. On my left, I saw an old red barn, and next to it a silo, its white paint peeling. Around the barn and silo were twenty or so light brown miniature horses grazing. I thought back to when I was a kid and used to ride those kinds of ponies as I called them-I'm not sure what they are supposed to be called-at the carnivals that used to set up in a big vacant lot a block from where I lived in Saint Paul, Minnesota. I didn't see any people around, just the little horses.

As I drove along the dirt road, the trees began to close in on the left to match the trees on the right. Up ahead they were so close to the road on both sides that they joined together over the road and blocked out the sun. I felt as if I were driving into a dark tunnel. The canopy of trees lasted with a break now and then for about a quarter mile, and then the overhead trees receded and the sun shone again, and up ahead was the red gate Pierce told me would be there. The gate was about five feet tall and blocked the road. It had six pipes across and four up and down. Top-center was a small black metal sign with white lettering that said NO TRESPASSING.

The gate was closed, but Pierce said it would be unlocked and that I should open it and drive onto the property. I stopped the car, got out, and opened the gate by swinging it back toward me. I wasn't familiar with the rental car I was driving, so after I got back into the car I looked down to see where the ignition key was and then turned on the engine. As I looked back up to see the road and go forward, a smiling, bearded, mountain-man face filled the open driver's side

window. I was startled; I hadn't seen or heard anyone approach the car.

The mountain man, still smiling, asked me my name. "Robert Griff--, Bob Griffin," I answered. I have had this longstanding dilemma when introducing myself: am I Robert or Bob?

"Dr. Pierce is expecting you. Go right up to the top of the hill and you'll see a place to park on the right." I learned later that had been Fred Streed.

I drove up a fairly steep incline on the dirt road for a couple hundred feet. As I neared the top, I saw a large building to my right. Straight ahead above me was a tall, slim figure standing alone in the parking area in front of the building. He waved his arm indicating that I should turn to the right and park facing the building. I did and got out of the car and stood next to the open driver's side door. The man, with a broad smile on his face, stepped forward and held out his hand and said, "I'm William Pierce. I've been waiting for you."



## **4 THE FAME OF A DEAD MAN'S DEEDS**

William Pierce and I talked in his office for a couple of hours that first meeting. It seemed to me a book about him was a good idea and that the two of us could work well together. I went back to West Virginia in early 1998 and Pierce and I spoke for seven hours straight. I took notes and later wrote up my recollections, but I found that I missed much of what Pierce said, which I found fascinating. About a month later, I visited a third time, this time for a weekend. During that third visit I proposed that I spend a month that next summer on his property working on the book. I said I wanted to conduct a series of taped interviews with him and go over materials-books, tapes, letters, papers, and so on-and generally absorb what was happening and what the people were like there. Pierce said that was fine with him, and so I spent from mid-June to mid-July living on the property collecting material for the book.

I met with Pierce a couple of hours virtually every evening that month and he recounted the story of his life and outlined his beliefs and discussed his activities. I found him entirely cooperative and candid. He told me that he was born on September 11, 1933 in Atlanta, Georgia, and that he lived in Virginia, Alabama, and Texas growing up. He had a younger brother, Sanders. His father, who was in the insurance business, was killed in a car accident when he was eight. Money was tight for his mother and her two boys, but they got by. He attended public elementary schools and a private

secondary military academy in Dallas, Texas. He did extremely well academically and was granted a scholarship to Rice University in Houston, where he majored in physics. After receiving his bachelor's degree from Rice, he went on to do graduate work at Caltech and then the University of Colorado, where he was awarded a doctorate in physics. By the age of thirty-one, he was a tenured professor of physics at Oregon State University. This was the mid-1960s. Along the way, he had married and become the father of twin sons.

Pierce had been on the fast track. He had attained a highly coveted position in a university, and thirty-one is young to have achieved tenured status, which amounts to job security for life. But instead of settling in for the long haul as a university teacher and researcher, he began to raise questions about the meaning and purpose of his life the answers to which were to alter drastically the course of his life, including leaving his university position and the field of physics.

Arguably the most formative action Pierce took during the Oregon State years was to buy a set of phonograph records that he listened to again and again. The records were the third act of a play called *Man and Superman*. That act is often presented as a separate play, and when it is, it is titled *Don Juan in Hell*. This is what I wrote about the play and what Pierce had to say about it in *The Fame of a Dead Mans Deeds*:

"As an undergraduate in college," Pierce told me, "I had a nagging worry about whether I was doing the right thing with my life. Did I really want to be a physicist, the route I was taking at that time? The question I asked myself was, how does a person decide what is the most important thing for him to do with his life? Should he be a teacher? A warrior? A doctor? A poet? A painter? Obviously, becoming some of these things is beyond your control. There is no point in trying to be a painter if you can't draw a straight line, or a poet if you can't express yourself in that medium. But this question did keep recurring, along with corollary questions like: What set of standards do you use for judging what the right course is? What is important for a person to accomplish in his life? I knew I wanted to do something that was important. I had an awareness

of my mortality from a very early age, and so it seemed to me that I shouldn't waste my life doing things that weren't truly important. I didn't want to be on my deathbed thinking, I've blown it; I had one life to live and I didn't do what I should have done.

"While I didn't yet have a clear frame of reference, by the time I got to Oregon State as a professor of physics [in 1962] I had it in my head that I wanted to answer these questions and to direct my life based on the answers I came to. I started to do more general reading-before I had not had the time with all my science courses and activities-and gradually things started to take shape about what was important in life. It was a process of crystallizing the teachings I was taking from what I was reading and refining them and learning how to express them more coherently and finding ways to exemplify them.

"One of the things that helped me find direction was a play that I first came upon at Caltech back in 1955 or so--*Man and Superman*. Act three of the play was the one that really struck me. It expressed the idea that a man shouldn't hold himself back. He should completely use himself up in service to the 'Life Force.' I bought a set of phonograph records that just had that act in it. As I remember, it had Charles Laughton, Charles Boyer, Agnes Morehead, and Cedric Hardwicke-it was well done. Don Juan's expositions were what resonated with me. I listened to that set of records over and over and let it really sink in. The idea of an evolutionary universe hit me as being true, with an evolution toward higher and higher states of self-consciousness and the philosopher's brain being the most highly developed tool for the cosmos coming to know itself. I felt I understood what Shaw meant. Over time, I elaborated on this idea-I came to call it Cosmotheism-and discussed it in a series of talks I gave in the 1970s."

I obtained a copy of *Man and Superman*, the play Pierce referred to, and read it. It was first performed in 1905 in London and has been a theater staple ever since. Coincidentally, a successful run of the play was about to end in Washington at the time I talked to Pierce about it, and I was able to drive over from West Virginia to catch a performance before the play closed.

*Man and Superman* was written by George Bernard Shaw, the renowned conversationalist, critic, satirist, pundit, and playwright. Shaw was born in 1856 in Dublin and died in 1950. After reading and seeing the play, it became clear what it was about this particular play that so captured Pierce's imagination at that time in his life. The central question the play explores is the very one that Pierce himself was confronting: what is the most important thing to do with one's life? And not only was the question relevant to Pierce's life at that point, the answer Shaw gives to that question through this play had great appeal to Pierce, and that was to give your all to being a "force of nature." In prefatory remarks to the published version of the play, Shaw wrote:

This is the true joy in life, the being used for a purpose recognized by yourself as a mighty one; the being thoroughly worn out before you are thrown on the scrap heap; the being a force of Nature instead of a feverish selfish little clod of ailments and grievances complaining that the world will not devote itself to making you happy. And also the only real tragedy in life is being used by personally minded men for purposes you recognize to be base.

The idea of being worn out in the service of a mighty purpose was exactly what this bright young graduate student and then professor had been looking for.

In act three of *Man and Superman*, its central characters have traveled from their homes in London to vacation in an untamed mountainous area of Spain. Among them are Jack Tanner (modeled after a young Shaw?), his potential love interest, Ann Whitefield, and Ann's guardian Roebuck Ramsden. Immediately upon arriving in Spain, the party is pounced upon by a group of bandits whose chief is a man named Mendoza. Mendoza, it so happens, is a Jew. As Mendoza puts it, the role of the gang he leads is to "hold up motor cars and secure a more equitable distribution of wealth." Mendoza informs Jack and the others that the band of brigands aims to extract a tidy ransom before allowing them to go on their way. Jack tells Mendoza that he is amenable to that idea, but it is mutually decided

that since it is late in the evening the transmission of funds would best wait until morning. They all bed down for the night. They fall off to sleep, and Jack has a dream. Almost all of the rest of the act-or play when it is performed separately-is Jack's dream.

The setting of Jack's dream is Hell, and everybody in the dream is a character we have met before in the play but transformed into someone else. Jack is the fifteenth-century nobleman Don Juan. Ann becomes Dona Ana de Ulloa-Ana for short. Roebuck is a talking statue. And Mendoza is the Devil. This dream-state setting and cast of characters set up what is essentially a debate between Don Juan and the Devil about what life ought to be about and which is a better place to be, Don Juan's version of Heaven or the Devil's version of Hell. When the antagonists talk about Heaven and Hell it is clear that they aren't referring to places or states "up there" or "down there" in an afterlife. They are both using Heaven and Hell as metaphors for ways of being in this life.

Don Juan sets out his case early in the act: Hell is the situation here on earth right now. It is the way most people live, and he wants out. "In Heaven, as I picture it," he declares, "you live and work instead of playing and pretending. You face things as they are; you escape nothing but glamour; and your steadfastness and your peril are your glory."

What will Don Juan do once he gets to Heaven? He will think: "I hope to escape at last from the lies and from the tedious, vulgar pursuit of happiness, to spend my eons in contemplation." And it is not just any kind of contemplation that will occupy Don Juan's time in Heaven; it is contemplation of Life (with a capital "L"), or as it comes to be called as the act proceeds, the Life Force. Don Juan declares to Mendoza: "Even as you enjoy the contemplation of such romantic mirages as beauty and pleasure, so would I enjoy the contemplation of that which interests me above all things: namely, Life: the force that ever strives to attain greater power of contemplating itself."

Just what is this Life that is being referred to? As Don Juan speaks of it, Life is an entity unto itself, a separate being of sorts. According to Don Juan, Life, or the Life Force, this entity, this being, has monumentally important purposes: to become aware

of itself and understand itself, and to realize itself, that is to say, become the finest version of what it truly is. He refers to Life's "continual effort not only to maintain itself, but to achieve higher and higher organization and completer self-consciousness." Don Juan refers to the full achievement of these ends as the attainment of "godhead." As Don Juan sees it, in all likelihood godhead won't come without a mighty struggle. Life faces extremely formidable enemies: "the forces of Death and Degeneration."

Life's central impulse is to move toward the creation of a superior kind of human being, Don Juan asserts. That is what Life at its core is about. Here Don Juan is expressing an evolutionary, Darwinian idea, the concept of man evolving into something higher, more advanced, than he is now. Life as Don Juan perceives it is the force that seeks to bring about "higher and higher individuals, the ideal individual being, omnipotent, omniscient, infallible, and withal completely, unilludedly self-conscious: in short, a god." Don Juan brings race into it as he affirms the "great central purpose of breeding the race; ay, breeding it to heights now deemed superhuman; that purpose which is now hidden in a mephistic cloud of love and romance and prudery and fastidiousness, will break through into clear sunlight.

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But if the Life Force is going to accomplish its great mission, prevail in its epic struggle, it is going to need some help, says Don Juan. Namely, it needs direction. "It needs a brain, this irresistible force, lest in its ignorance it should resist itself." And later on in the act he states: "To Life, the force behind the Man, intellect is a necessity, because without it he [the Life Force? man? both?] blunders into death."

And where is the -Life Force going to get the brains it needs? From contemplative, philosophical people like Don Juan. That is why he is leaving Hell and going to Heaven in the first place, to establish better contact with the Life Force and figure out exactly what it needs in order to become self-conscious and self-realized. And more than just provide brainpower, Don Juan also aims to provide the Life Force with some brawn to help it stay on course and move forward. Don Juan intends to take action to help the Life Force along in its journey.

Don Juan lauds a certain kind of philosopher, one who "seeks in contemplation to discover the inner will of the world, in invention to discover the means of fulfilling that will, and in action to do that will by the so-discovered means." He holds up the ideal of an individual who can see beyond the physical world to the true purpose of Life so that he can work for that purpose rather than "thwarting it and baffling it by setting up shortsighted personal aims as at present."

And what is going to keep us from pursuing this ideal? According to Don Juan it is our lack of courage and our preoccupation with respectability. "Man gives every reason for his conduct save one, and that is his cowardice," he asserts. "All civilization is founded on his cowardice, on his abject tameness, which he calls his respectability."

There is a way to overcome these personal limitations, however, and that is to find an idea worth giving one's life to: "Men never really overcome fear until they imagine they are fighting to further a universal purpose- fighting for an idea," Don Juan declares. That is why the idea of serving the Life Force is such a powerful one in his eyes. It enables people to live the life they would lead if they weren't so afraid and caught up in what others might think of them.

The Devil responds to Don Juan's assertions by declaring that Nature (his term for the Life Force) in fact has no purpose.

You're wrong, counters Don Juan, and the philosopher's brain is Nature's pilot helping it get to its destination. "It is the success with which you have directed the attention of men from their real purpose," Don Juan accuses the Devil, "which is in one degree or another the same as mine, to yours, that has earned you the name of The Tempter. It is the fact that they are doing your will, or rather drifting with your want of a will, instead of doing their own, that makes them the uncomfortable, false, restless, artificial, petulant, and wretched creatures they are."

In place of that negative circumstance, Don Juan is offering what he says is a positive alternative: an individual with a purpose in life that goes beyond his own individual needs and wants. Don Juan is holding up the image of someone who devotes his life to serving the Life Force. This is a person who supports the Life Force in knowing

itself and reaching its destination. Don Juan is saying this is how one should live.

Don Juan's ideal existence sounds a bit staid and drab to Ana, who has been listening to the exchange between the two men. She asks, "Is there nothing in heaven but contemplation, Juan?"

Don Juan replies: "In Heaven I seek no other joy! There is the work of helping Life in its struggle upward. Think of how it wastes and scatters itself, how it raises up obstacles to itself and destroys itself in its ignorance and blindness. As long as I can conceive of something better than myself I cannot be easy until I am striving to bring it into existence or clearing the way for it. That is the law of my life. That is the working within me of Life's incessant aspiration to higher organization, wider, deeper, intenser self-consciousness, and clearer self-understanding. It was the supremacy of this purpose that reduced love for me to the mere pleasure of a moment, art for me to the mere schooling of my faculties, religion for me to the mere excuse for laziness, since it had set up a god who looked at the world and said it was good, against the instinct in me that looked through my eyes at the world and saw it could be improved. I tell you that in pursuit of my own pleasure, my own health, my own fortune, I have never known happiness. It was not love for Woman that delivered me into her hands; it was fatigue, exhaustion."

This last sentence in Don Juan's speech reveals a hint of the notion that women tend to get in the way of what a man has to do in life. It is an example of the coolness toward women that shows up several places in this act of Shaw's play. Other examples: At one point Don Juan says, "I turned my back on the romantic man with the artist nature. I told him that his beauty worshipping and happiness hunting and woman idealizing was not worth a dump as a philosophy of life." Another example, Don Juan talks about how romantic men had led him "into the worship of Woman." In another context he goes on about how we, presumably referring to men, are "deluded and mind bended towards honorable love as the highest good, and to understand by honorable love, romance, and beauty and happiness in the possessions of beautiful, refined, delicate, affectionate women." At one point Ana says to Don Juan,



"I'm going with you." To which Don Juan replies, "I can find my own way to Heaven, Ana; not yours."

"I prefer to be my own master, and not the tool of any blundering universal force," the Devil informs Don Juan. "I know that beauty is good to look at; that music is good to hear; that love is good to feel; and that they are all good to think about and talk about. ... As for your Life force, in the end [serving it will lead you to] despair and decrepitude, broken nerve and shattered hopes, vain regrets for the worst and silliest of wastes and sacrifices, the waste and sacrifice of the power of enjoyment: in a word, the punishment of the fool who pursues the better before he has secured the good."

"But at least I won't be bored," Don Juan replies. "So fare you well, Senor Satan."

Don Juan asks the Statue to direct him to Heaven. The Statue replies that the frontier between Heaven and Hell is only the difference between two ways of looking at things. "Any road will take you across if you really want to get there."

And off goes Don Juan.

As he fades from view, the Devil warns Ana, "Beware of the pursuit of the Superhuman: it leads to an indiscriminate contempt for the Human."

"Tell me," Ana asks the Devil, "where can I find the Superman?"

"He is not yet created," the Devil answers.

"Not yet created!" Ana cries. "Then my work is not yet done. I believe in the Life to Come. A father! a father for the Superman!"

Ana looks at where Don Juan had been standing, but by then he was gone.

It is remarkable how this play by Shaw that Pierce had first read over forty years prior to our talk had so many of the elements that became integral parts of his life. Among them: The disdain for the shallowness and misguidedness of contemporary life. The idea of seeking a grand purpose to direct one's life. The value in facing reality head-on rather than living a life of "playing and pretending." The vital importance of the intellect and acquiring a comprehensive perspective on things. The idea of serving the Life Force as the organizing principle and purpose of one's life.

The focus on improving the race. The view of life as a struggle against powerful opposing forces. The anti-Jewish theme (again, in the Shaw play *the Devil is a Jew*). The importance of courage and the willingness to transcend one's desire for respectability. The virtue of steadfastness, of holding firm and staying the course. The perception of a contradiction between love, family, and women on the one hand and men achieving their purposes in life on the other. It is too simple to say that there is a direct and exclusive causal line between this play and what Pierce did with his life. Indeed, many factors account for what he became. But Pierce does single out listening to the Shaw play as a major turning point in his life, and after looking into the play, I believe him.

I spent about eight months preparing the *Fame* manuscript, as I came to call it. When I showed it to my literary agent, he was enthused about the merits and commercial prospects of the book. However, fifteen major publishing houses he submitted the manuscript to all passed on it, saying that it was a good book but there was simply no market for it. Nobody would buy it. One editor remarked to my agent, "The only people that would be interested in this book can't read." I suspected that the real reason for the turn-downs had more to do with the content of the book than its sales potential. The real problem with the manuscript, I speculated, was the unfiltered reports of Pierce's criticism of blacks and, especially, the Jewish influence on American culture and foreign policy.

I think publishers ought to be free to publish whatever they want for whatever reasons they choose. At the same time, I believe that no individuals or groups, whether it is blacks or Jews or anyone else, should be absolved of critique and criticism. Critique and criticism are crucially necessary to a free and democratic society. My experience with the *Fame* book and subsequent experiences have brought home to me that certain arguments are not reflected in the mainstream public discourse. We don't know about them, we never hear them; or if we do hear them, we are told about them by people who oppose them.

Whatever the real reason for the publisher turn-downs of the *Fame* book, I was left with a manuscript that I thought was worthy

of being made available to the reading public. There had been an earlier manuscript of mine, the collection of essays on education I mentioned earlier, that hadn't gotten published and that I believed had been blocked because of its ideas rather than its quality, and I wasn't going to let that happen again if I could help it. A colleague told me about an Internet company that, for no charge, made manuscripts available through its web site in electronic book--e-book--format. The company would take a percentage of any sales the book had. So, rather than put the manuscript in a drawer in defeat, in October of 2000, very late at night, alone in my office at the university, I followed the instructions and submitted a computer file of the Fame book. At least now, I thought, people will have a chance to read the book if they want to.

I then more or less forgot about the book and went about my business. Perhaps to some extent I had accepted the dire predictions about its prospects from the editors who rejected it, but whatever the case, I assumed that few if any people would ever read the book. But at least I made it available, so I was OK with the situation.

About a month later, I received an e-mail message from someone, I don't remember his name, who said he was a writer and wanted my advice on how to write a best-selling book. Best-selling book? Could he be talking about the Fame book? For the first time I checked the e-book listings and there it was, number one, *The Fame of a Dead Man's Deeds*. And then, week after week, there it was again, number one.

After about two months at number one, I received an e-mail message from a vice-president of the e-book company saying they had dropped the book. I checked and, sure enough, the book was missing from the list. I phoned the vice-president and asked her what was going on. She said that they had had a meeting and decided that the book's popularity wasn't going to last.

"Are you sure you aren't dropping it because you think it has objectionable content or you've gotten pressure to drop it?" I asked her. A week or so before, there had been an article about the book's success in a New York newspaper that quoted a representative of the Simon Wiesenthal Center, a Jewish organization, to the effect that he found the book problematic. The newspaper article noted

that the e-book company that had the book on its list was owned by a partnership one of which was a German media conglomerate that had had problems over its connection with the Nazis during WWII (the other partner was Barnes & Noble). This German company, I speculated, might want to avoid the public relations problem of seeming to be fronting my book and be receptive to Jewish complaints about the book.

No, no, the vice-president informed me, they weren't responding to outside pressure.

"Well then," I offered, "if the problem is that you don't think the book's sales will last, why don't you wait until the sales go down and then drop the book? Why drop it now? It sounds funny to me that you are dropping your number one best-seller."

I can't recall exactly what her reply to my suggestion was, but it didn't strike her as a good idea, I remember that.

Again, I assumed that was the end of it with the Fame book. But then I started getting e-mails with copies of protests that were being sent to the president of the e-book company. The word had gotten around on the Internet that the book had been dropped. Finally, I received a copy of a message the head of e-books at Barnes & Noble had sent a protester saying that he had personally read the book and found it had merit and was putting it back on the e-book list. And when that happened, Fame jumped back to number one and stayed there until the company went out of business a few months later.

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## 5 REARING HONORABLE WHITE CHILDREN

Writing *The Fame of a Dead Man's Deeds* brought me into contact with three hundred or more racially conscious white people, some followers of Pierce and some not. I met them at meetings and online, and some who had read the book contacted me. Since I work in the field of education, I particularly took note of their approach to parenting and educating their children. I published my first article with a racial theme in the October 2001 issue of *American Renaissance* magazine reporting what I was learning about these parents. I called it "Rearing Honorable White Children":

During the past several years, while working on a book about white nationalist William Pierce, I became acquainted with a number of white couples that are rearing their children in a racially conscious manner. I have noticed a pattern in the way these parents bring up children, and I believe their approach would interest those who align themselves with the views expressed in *American Renaissance*.

What links these parents is a conviction that they are bringing up their children in hostile territory. As they see it, their kind has been hammered relentlessly in the culture wars waged in this country for decades against whites. Their heritage-Western history and traditions-has been denigrated, their race linked to oppression and racism, and their racial consciousness, pride, and commitment

demonized. The shallowness and egoism of modern life run counter to their values of dignity, discipline, and responsibility.

These parents have a legitimate concern. One illustration: Just after interviewing a racially conscious couple who spoke of their worries about the influence of popular music and the youth culture, I found an article in *Talk* magazine about rap music impresario, Dr. Dre (real name, Andre Young). "Dre," the article reported, "watched from the stage of a concert as blacks and whites chanted the lyrics in a single voice and moved to the music as one. He has seen the races become a single happy entity as surely as if they had been on turntables and run through a mixer. The music is what blends the races together as decades of preaching never did."

Rap music does bring black outlooks and values to young white people. Indeed, it does blend the races, as does pop music generally. Clearly, to *Talk* magazine as well as most others in America, this is a good thing, but for whites who want to maintain their racial and cultural identity, what happened at that concert was not a good thing at all. They will do everything they can to keep their children out of Dr. Dre's audience.

Greg and Kathryn, as I will call this couple, have concluded that the best way for them to deal with a society that runs counter to what they most treasure is to withdraw from it. Morris Berman in his recent book *The Twilight of American Culture* writes about what he calls the "monastic option." Professor Berman tells of monks who lived in the disintegrating landscape of the Roman Empire and saw themselves as strangers in a strange land. What the culture saw as worthwhile, they saw as stupid and destructive. As the lights of their own culture faded, they turned their backs on what was taking its place and took upon themselves the task of preserving the treasures of Greco-Roman civilization.

Although the parents I have met would not use the term "monastic option," this essentially describes what they are doing. They are distancing themselves and their children from the dominant culture and trying to preserve their race and its heritage.

How do they insulate their children from a poisonous world? Through their basic approach to parenting, and through their stance

toward the media, schooling, and their children's relations with peers.

They believe to be effective as parents they must be authoritarian. They are not lenient or indulgent. They don't hold to the currently fashionable idea that children are basically good, and that a parent's job is to support a child's inclinations. They see all human beings as having the potential for both good and bad, and their view is that, ideally, parents and society should share the job of ensuring that children realize their positive potential.

These parents know that children are strongly influenced by the forces that surround them: principal among them, the mass media, the peer group, and the school. Since they disdain the direction in which these forces push their children, they want to be the most powerful force in their children's lives, and to protect them from what will hurt them. They are hands-on parents, who do not turn their children over to the influences of others.

As these parents see it, the major task of childhood is to pave the way to a responsible and productive adulthood, and they don't hesitate to direct that process. They assert power and control. They set standards and limits. They demand the development of sound judgment and proper behavior, and they exemplify it in the way they conduct their own lives. They transmit their fundamental values and what they consider to be the overall purpose of their children's lives, which is to carry on and enhance the best of their heritage and race.

These parents teach their children that they are not isolated beings but rather a continuous part of what their people represent and have accomplished over the course of history, and that they are responsible to their people as a whole, not just to themselves and their own happiness and well-being.

Although they are the authorities in their children's lives, these parents are not harsh or cold. They can be stern, but they are affirming and loving. They teach appreciation of one's place in the larger scheme of things, but also promote individuality and self-direction. They exercise firm parental direction and control, but also encourage curiosity and creativity. They promote maturity, but

also protect innocence and playfulness. They encourage hardness, toughness, and gentleness and compassion.

These parents think the media-television, movies, popular music, video games-promote everything they don't want for their children: baseness, vulgarity, multi-racialism, egalitarianism, cosmopolitanism, materialism, rudeness, passivity and vicariousness. Perhaps there is a History or Discovery Channel program parents and children watch together, or a classic film; but no Nickelodeon, no MTV, no Disney films (or at least no recent Disney films-the old ones, when Walt was still around, are OK), no mind-infecting video games, and no Internet-surfing.

The first contact I had with parents of this sort was in Germany: Frank and his wife Hanna. They invited me to dinner at their home with their two boys, Marius age thirteen, and Dirk, sixteen. After dinner, we all went into the living room. Contrary to my expectation, the boys didn't immediately head for their rooms or out the door. Dirk sat ready to converse with the adults. Marius picked up a book and began reading. Later, after the boys excused themselves, I mentioned to Frank that I had noticed that the children didn't sit in front of the television or play a video game.

"Oh, I forbid those things," Frank responded. "Forbid"-that is not a word I expect to hear these days.

"But you have to offer them other things to do," he quickly added. "We read together and play chess, and we cross-country ski, and the boys and I work in my workshop in the basement."

Since that time, I have witnessed the same no-media pattern in the United States. "Our television has a numerical code for activating the set so the kids cannot simply switch it on or off," reports Keith, a parent of three. "We put a cap on television time. There are some decent programs, but even in those cases we mute out the advertisements. We have chosen not to buy video games. We filter everything that comes in-music, radio, everything. We believe it is a parent's responsibility to do this. Raised right, children will make the right-and for us, that means the racially responsible- choices."

Ken and Elizabeth live in New Hampshire and have four children ranging in age from five to thirteen. This New Hampshire family



has, in effect, seceded from the mass culture. There is a television set in the home, but I have never seen it on except a few times when the family watched a classic old film. I have not heard any popular music. I asked ten-year old Helen whether she ever wanted to watch television, go to one of the big movies showing in the theaters, or buy a popular music CD. She responded to the effect that those things are low and not worth her time.

"It is inconceivable to us," Ken told me, "that people actually sit in front of the television-videos included-hour upon hour, letting this degrading material into their homes. Something either inspires the soul or destroys it. For music, we listen to classical music. Our children read good books, play chess and backgammon, draw, paint, and sew. We take hikes as a family, go on picnics, cycle, and go to museums and concerts. We do things together in order to cement our bonds as a family."

Just as significant is what the children *don't* do in this home: they don't concern themselves with the persona and career of a pop musician; they don't press their parents for cash for the latest video game; they don't get preoccupied with the plot of a Fox television show; they don't stew over the fate of a professional sports team; and they don't chatter on about a summer blockbuster film.

As far as I can tell, these parents have successfully embargoed the mass media. Before meeting people like this, I would have said that whatever the merits of getting the popular media out of the lives of children, as a practical matter it is impossible. Now I think if parents are committed, it is possible to keep Hollywood, pop music, television, and web sites out of your children's lives.

Another pattern I see in racially conscious white parents is homeschooling. Typically, these parents educate their children at home. If they don't, it is because of circumstance and they hope to in the future.

Elizabeth, the New Hampshire parent, interrupted a career in investments to take over the education of her four children. "There is nothing more important I could be doing with my life than what I am doing now," she explains.

I asked her what she wants most for her children.

"Honor," she immediately answered. "I want them to live an honorable life."

"Your honor means everything," Ken, who was sitting nearby, added. "Today, too few people understand that."

"There is an old concept of wanting more for your children than you yourself had," Elizabeth told me. "And part of that is you want them to have a better education than you did, or at least as good. With today's schools, that isn't going to happen. Standards have been lowered. Kids aren't being pushed in school. When Ken and I were going through school, you would fail if you didn't do your work. But now everyone passes. There is a leveling going on in the schools. They operate so that no one is lower and no one is higher. The gifted children aren't really encouraged to excel. The students don't spend enough time reading, and they aren't taught to think and analyze."

"The worse kind of child abuse is to deny a child a decent education," Ken added. "One of the strengths of this country was our public-school system, but not now. We've lost something terribly important. Today's graduates couldn't compete with the graduates of the turn of the last century. And I think the integration of the schools and immigration patterns since the 1960s have had something to do with that. Our schools are reflecting the needs and styles of a new clientele, and people like us are paying the price for it."

"You aren't going to understand what is going on in education if you don't take race into account—the direction Federal programs take, the problems with city schools, what content is stressed, testing, whatever you are talking about. The schools are providing what amounts to an education for menials, not a great people."

"We point out more things to our children than the schools would. The schools are producing clones, everybody the same. A superior educational system promotes difference, not sameness. This whole egalitarian push that is the current fashion works against the advancement of the race. It is anti-selection. It keeps everybody at the level of the mediocre."

"The problem from a racial standpoint," Elizabeth offered, "is that we aren't, as we once were, with our own. I want my kids to be in a stable environment, not one where there are various factions."

Kids need stability. We used to have pride in our race and our heritage. We were proud of our forefathers. Now, if a white child says he is proud of his lines, proud of his race, he is considered a racist."

"Before, Washington and Jefferson were our heroes," Ken added. "Now, our idols are being wiped out and replaced by people like Martin Luther King. If you want to bring down a people, you rewrite its history and teach that to its children. You cut off children's roots so they have nothing to tie into. They have abolished the study of Latin in the schools. Knowledge of Latin is essential to an educated person, and it is part of our racial and cultural roots. Over eighty percent of English words are derived from Latin. The Latin language has greatly influenced the development of the West. We make sure our children study Latin. There has been more than just a dumbing down in the schools. There has been a twisting down. The story of our race is being twisted. It is being perverted."

I talked to James, their thirteen-year-old about what he is reading. He said he is learning about Alexander the Great, whom he really admires-"He made history. I want to do that." He told me he recently read *Quo Vadis*, *Thomas Jefferson and His World*, a book about John Paul Jones, some books about explorers, the Hobbit series, *Alice in Wonderland*, *Arundel*, by the historical novelist Kenneth Roberts, and some of the writings of Dostoevsky, Chekhov and Joseph C. Lincoln. He recommended that I read Roberts' book, *The Northwest Passage*, and gave me his copy to take with me. What I gather from James is that he is on a quest: he is reaching out to learn; he is studying things. So many other youngsters his age go to class and do assignments, but do not actually study anything.

"We teach our children about their heritage," says Ken, "the heritage of Western man. We give them the best that our civilization has produced. The public schools aren't doing that. We don't get into every culture and subculture, because we don't think those things are important in a primary sense. The schools impose doctrinaire opinions about the irrelevance of race. They push a concept of the role of women that in our view is unnatural. They promote internationalism. Schools are brainwashing white children to feel guilty about their heritage and turn away from it. Our children's

heritage includes Homer, Plato, Michelangelo, Shakespeare, and Beethoven. They have every right to be overwhelmingly proud of their people, but schools are molding them into raceless, historyless, malleable citizens of the world."

It is true that teachers believe they have a responsibility to teach students new truths in the face of reactionary forces. This view is best articulated by the teaching profession's most revered figure, John Dewey, who wrote, "Children must be conditioned, through gradual indoctrination, to reject the thought processes transmitted by their parents and churches, so that they may be prepared for the new world social order."

Although Ken and Elizabeth are Catholic, they would not consider sending their children to parochial schools. In their view, Catholic schools reflect the same race-less view of man as public schools do, but within a religious aura that demands even more acquiescence.

Moreover, whatever their kind, schools are where children congregate, all day, every day, year after year, and that has a big impact on them. School is where teenagers, especially, come to see themselves as a tribe apart, separate from their parents, from the larger culture, from the past and the future. The youth culture stresses what is happening now, with us, with our age group. The peer group has become so central, so consuming, that the writer Judith Harris argues in her book *The Nurture Assumption* that, now, culture is being transmitted to a greater extent by peers than by parents and teachers. According to Mrs. Harris, the members of the older generation who most influence cultural transmission are those who have the attention of the peer group: product marketers and celebrities.

Ken and Elizabeth believe children are like sponges: absorbent and easily shaped. They want their children to have friends their own ages, but they chart directions and impose controls. They approve and disapprove of activities and associations. They want to know, at every moment, where their children are, whom they are with, and what they are doing. They screen the families their children associate with.

Elizabeth says her son James has become naturally selective in his friends: "He says there are a lot of children he has no interest in. He has nothing in common with them. He likes history and math, and all they want to talk about are CDs and sports."

For people like Ken and Elizabeth, physical activity tends to be things like boating and hiking and swimming, or perhaps tennis or golf. They believe interscholastic athletics, professional sports, television networks, and athletic shoe manufacturers make something trivial appear vitally important. One parent described physical activity for his children: "The great outdoors-hiking and camping and climbing. With us, there is no emphasis on organized sports."

Elizabeth points out that there is no need to get along with everyone. "Unless you want to be a life insurance salesman," remarks Ken. "We want our children to make friends/" he continues, "but we want them to do it morally and honestly and with integrity, and without losing their souls, which could easily happen. Life can be very unforgiving. Getting in with the wrong people can ruin someone's life forever. That is why we set up protected environments and train our children from the beginning on correct socialization, correct interaction, correct activities, so that when we are no longer there they can be proud of themselves and carry on their heritage and their race."

As time went along, I noticed that the two girls in the New Hampshire family, ten-year-old Helen and eight-year-old Suzanna, always wore dresses. Ken explains that it underscores what he and his wife believe to be natural and healthy differences between boys and girls. "We teach our girls that the most important thing they can possibly do is be a good mother. We believe that the careers being pushed on girls by the feminists and the schools and the entertainment industry are a dead end. For our boys, we promote the manly virtues: responsibility, courage, hard work, and leadership."

The last time I visited the New Hampshire family I spent a good amount of time with Helen. She has the bearing of a twelve or thirteen-year-old and I had to keep reminding myself that she is only ten. She showed me some stories she had written, along with the illustrations she had drawn to accompany them, and I read aloud

from her stories. She told me of the impressive list of books she had read and was reading, and of her love for horses. Throughout our time together, Helen was steady-eyed, positive, considerate, confident, unthreatened, respectful, self-expressive, and interested in me-and just ten years old.

At one point, I asked the question adults invariably ask: "I know it's a long time off, Helen, but have you thought about college and what you want to do when you are older?" It has been my experience that most girls these days aspire to college and a career such as a pilot, lawyer, or business executive. Not Helen. She matter-of-factly replied, "No, I don't want to go to college. I want to train and board horses. I want a family."

James intends to be a mathematician, he says, and perhaps take over his father's business providing actuarial advice to insurance companies. Like Helen, James seems older than other children his age. He has the bearing of fifteen-year-old. My contact with Helen and James, as well as other children in similar families, has made me wonder whether today's parents, schools, the media, and their peers keep children unduly immature.

James strikes me as a proud and independent young man. I mentioned to him that my students at the university assume that since he hasn't been part of a school-based group he lacks social skills. "That's ridiculous," he quickly and forcefully replied. "If you're congenial you can get along with anyone." I found myself trying to remember the last time I heard a thirteen-year-old use the word "congenial."

Keith, the father of three, describes his overall perspective on being a parent in a way that seems to speak for all of the racially conscious parents I have encountered. He says he \_and his wife are meeting what they consider to be their fundamental responsibility to rear children properly. They cannot count on the rest of society-schools, media, politicians, churches, journalists, intellectuals, any of them-to help them. They are doing everything they can to pass on to their children, in his words, "racial idealism, the difference between right and wrong, personal responsibility, and strength of character-all the things our ancestors cherished and passed on to their children. We teach our children they belong to a great race of

people. We teach them they should learn their own history, heritage, and culture before studying the ways of others. We teach them that their genetic inheritance and traditions must be protected and preserved and extended, and that they have a personal responsibility to do this."

## 6 A KNOCK ON THE DOOR

In 2000 and 2001, I used the "Rearing Honorable White Children" article as a reading in an education course I teach at the university. I can't say much came of it, however. I handed it out amid a flood of disclaimers: "This is a controversial article." "Even though I wrote it, that doesn't mean I support what these parents say." "Don't feel you have to go along with the ideas in it." Looking back on it, I think about what made me assume I had to all but apologize for handing the article out. The faculty that have students read material that rails against "white racism," "white privilege," and "white oppression" don't feel they have to go into this kind of shuffle. Where did I pick up the idea that I had to?

As for my students, all of them white, whatever reaction they had to the article they by and large kept to themselves. The majority of them stared into the floor and basically waited the discomforting experience out. I didn't help the process along, as I stood in the front of the room shifty-eyed and nervous and, I'm sure, giving the appearance that I felt there was something underhanded about the whole enterprise. I didn't press students to explore the claims made by the parents quoted in the article, and I didn't offer any analyses myself. Both the students and I were relieved to move onto other matters as quickly as possible.

One afternoon late in 2001, there was a knock on my office door. I opened the door and there was a large college-age young man who told me he was from the campus newspaper. Behind him was another good-sized young man holding a camera. The reporter had



a copy of "Rearing Honorable White Children" in his hand and said that someone had contacted the paper saying I was using it in class.

I asked the reporter who told him about the article (as if it mattered), and he said he wouldn't say. I assume it was a student in one of the classes in which I used the article. My response was as if the reporter and the photographer were the police and I had been caught committing a crime. I was fearful and flustered.

The reporter and the photographer inched their way into the office and I backed up. "This is a controversial article to be using in a class," said the reporter. "Can I interview you?"

"Right now?" I gasped.

"Yes."

I froze. The reporter and the photographer were blocking the doorway, so it appeared to me. I didn't invite them into the office, but they kept drifting farther inside and I kept backing up. Eventually I sat at my desk while the two of them remained standing looking down at me.

The reporter went on: "You had in here that these parents you talked to think their culture and race are 'hammered relentlessly,' is what you said. And then you said that they have legitimate concerns."

"Well, actually," I quivered, "I didn't write that about them having legitimate concerns. That was an editor's choice. What I wrote was that these parents are convinced they have legitimate concerns, and the editor took out some words to tighten the sentence and made it sound like I was saying that." Which was a lie; that sentence was exactly as I wrote it.

It never dawned me at that time to have responded to the reporter saying this is a controversial article with: "Some people, including you, may think this is controversial, but the key issue as far as I'm concerned is whether or not the article is true, whether or not it reflects accurately how these parents view things and how I view them, and the article *is* true. And anyway, what's so controversial about wanting to raise honorable white children? Would you be here if the article had been about black parents who want to raise honorable black children?"

And instead of the editor-changed-the-meaning fabrication, I could have said simply, "I believe these parents have legitimate concerns."

And I could have been calm and proud and confident and acted like I have a right to be in the world and say what I think, and I could have looked this reporter in the eye.

But in late 2001 I did none of that.

"Could we take your picture?"

"No, no!" I pleaded. "I don't want my picture taken. I'm a very private person. I don't want any pictures of me in the paper." I ask myself now, what was the speech about being a private person all about? Did I have the idea that other people could go public and I had to stay in the shadows? The answer is yes, I did. Where did that come from?

Finally, looking up at the two of them and trying desperately to compose myself and at least do a reasonable imitation of a university professor, I said, "This is really sensitive topic and I'm not very good at extemporaneous talk [where'd I get that?], so how about if you e-mail me some questions and I'll e-mail back the answers?"

The reporter said that would be all right with him, and he and the photographer left my office. I immediately went home and ate junk food and read sports magazines and didn't answer the phone, my long-standing strategy for coping with threat and fear.

The article in the student newspaper was published in January of 2002 on the front page with the headline "UVM [University of Vermont] Professor Publishes Controversial Article on Raising White Children." I skimmed it quickly and set it aside (shut down and wait for the unpleasantness to go away-another long-standing coping strategy).

I read it for the first time just now as part of this writing and, really, the article is quite benign. It quotes me as saying, "I wouldn't presume to tell white parents-or black parents or Native American parents or Jewish parents or Amish parents-how to they should raise their children. I believe strongly in the freedom of conscience, and I think all parents have a right to raise their children with their own traditions or not. To me, that right is at the core of what America, in contrast to what a totalitarian society, is all about. Increasingly, the

schools feel mandated to reshape the hearts and minds of students to conform to their own favored ideologies, ideologies that are contrary to these families' [the ones I describe in the article] deepest convictions." Nothing all that wrong with that. But as I say, I didn't read it carefully until just now.

The campus newspaper article engaged in what I have learned is standard practice when writing about anybody suspected of being politically incorrect: it quoted "watchdog groups." These are organizations that keep an eye on the bad guys and let the rest of us know what they are up to. Of course, in this instance I was one of the bad guys. The Southern Poverty Law Center and the Anti-Defamation League in particular stand ready by the phone with a list of pejorative labels and negative characterizations and associations to attach to anyone and anything they don't like. In my case, a representative of the AOL termed the *American Renaissance* magazine, where I had published the parenting article, and its web site "racist" and "insidious." I haven't found a reporter yet who asked for evidence of these sorts of attributions or who questioned the objectivity of these "watchdogs."

But even taking into account the obligatory watchdog smear, the article on me in the campus newspaper was even-handed. My experience with the article conformed to a pattern I've come to recognize in myself: I anticipate the sky falling and, as it turns out, it doesn't fall. I ask myself, where did I pick up the notion that something terrible is going to happen to me if I get caught speaking favorably about white people or advocating for them?

And more, where did I get the assumption—which, looking back on that time, I had—that I was helpless and unable to do a thing in my defense or strike back at anyone who attacked me, that I simply had to endure anything any representative of the "legitimate" world wants to dish out? With that kind of thinking, it is no wonder I hid out for so many years. Laying low makes sense if you believe others can hurt you whenever they want to, and in whatever way they want to, and you'll just have to take it.

About a week after the campus newspaper article, a reporter from the Burlington, Vermont newspaper contacted me. I was a little stronger this time, but basically I repeated the pattern that I

used with the campus newspaper: I'll only reply to e-mail questions, and no pictures.

The article that appeared a couple days later, "Professor Examines Race-Based Education"--which, again, I'm just now reading carefully for the first time--was quite fair to my views. There were the obligatory "watchdog" quotes, this time from someone else at the Southern Poverty Law Center who pointed out that *American Renaissance* is at the "intellectual racist end of things" and "paints a little sunnier face on hate." But the article quotes me accurately saying my parenting article would not have been published in a mainstream academic journal: "The rules of the game in scholarly publication is that if you write about people who have a strong white, or European American, racial consciousness, make sure you point out how off-base they are, and whatever you do, don't say anything positive about them." Fair enough. And I made a step forward this time with my declaration that I agreed with the families' "basic contention that their heritage and race have been under siege over the last generation and more."

A radio call-in show appearance the next week went still better. Not great, but better than before. I was learning to affirm my right and responsibility, and everybody's in these United States of America, to unapologetically and without restraint, and without equivocation, and in spite of fear of the consequences, speak my truth to the world.

A few months later, I received a call from a John Dicker who wanted to write an article for *Seven Days*, a widely-read free weekly "Vermont news, views, and culture" newspaper. This time I agreed to set up a face-to-face interview and pose for pictures. The result was a ten-by-fifteen-inch photo of me holding the Fame book on the front page of the May 8th, 2002, issue of *Seven Days*. Dicker's article was called "The White Stuff: Professor Robert Griffin: Open-Minded Academic or Aryan Apologist":

Robert Griffin has slept next to the enemy, but not necessarily with him. In the summer of 1998, the University of Vermont education professor spent six weeks living on a 364-acre compound in West Virginia. His host was a man who is typically described [watchdogs

again] as "America's leading neo-Nazi," with words like racist, violent and hater trailing close behind. His name is William Pierce.

"He's the most fascinating human being I've ever been around--ever," says the tall, silver-haired Griffin in his modest office in UVM's Waterman Building. "Whatever you think of him, I found him to be a man of integrity and courage and dedication, and in his eyes, he is doing the most important thing he can think of with his life," Griffin continues. "Those have become standards that I've applied in my own life."

Pierce isn't the only controversial subject Griffin has taken on. Last October, the professor published an article entitled "Rearing Honorable White Children." The piece appeared in *American Renaissance*, a journal that links inferior intelligence, criminal activity and sexual depravity to non-whites. The publication's editor, Jared Taylor, heads a nonprofit foundation that has been classified as a hate group by the Anti-Defamation League and the Southern Poverty Law Center (SPLC).

These are curious credentials for a teacher at a liberal institution in a state that elected a socialist congressman and legalized civil unions. Earlier this year, the student-government-funded branch of the International Socialist Organization canceled a meeting rather than tolerate the presence of a "right-wing" observer. Plans are currently in the works for separate housing to be offered for gay and lesbian students. In this left-leaning--and politically correct--environment, Griffin's non-condemning portraits of white supremacists challenge the unspoken code of liberalism while pushing the envelope of academic freedom....

Professor Robert Nash defends his long-time colleague in the education department and points out the hypocrisy of those who judge him harshly. "As a journalist and participant observer, he is not affirming Pierce's views, but rather he is presenting the ideas and deeds of Pierce and others like him in order to let his readers draw their own conclusions," Nash opines. "If he were doing exactly this kind of writing on more politically and educationally acceptable figures, there would be no controversy." . . .

Griffin, whose earlier work focused on secondary education and the role of sports in children's lives, says he knew no professional journal would have accepted the piece. "I published very easily until I started to move to the right of center politically," he explains. "I believe there is censorship in America and what we read is managed. Much of what we know is not on the basis of direct experience, and one of the things [Fame] is about, tacitly, is the contrast between what I found and what investigative reporters say people are." ...

Griffin's attraction to the ideas of Pierce and other white- rights advocates may stem from his own working-class roots in the American heartland. The son of a barber and a homemaker, Griffin hails from St. Paul, Minnesota. Neither of his parents graduated from high school. Like many in his social background, he joined the Army as a means of escape. Ironically, the move might have cost him his chance to play professional baseball. A major-league scout found him after he'd signed up. With the help of the G.I. bill, Griffin later earned a Ph.D. at the University of Minnesota. He got tenure at UVM in 1980.

Now 61, Griffin says his background motivated him to work harder. "I thought I was going to starve," he says. "I hear all this talk about white privilege, and my people have never done anything but something like cut hair," Griffin says. "I want everybody to realize the promise of America--that means black and white and Asian and Jewish people, and whomever I've left out, but that includes a white boy from rural Vermont."

Griffin claims he does not want any child "turned away from his heritage. I don't want him to feel that he has to be deferential or sacrificial to some other group or step aside. I think we're all in the front row in America, all of us, including white people," he adds, "and I don't want to hear anyone trashed." ...

Griffin intentionally steers clear of terms like "neo-Nazi" and "white supremacist" in *The Fame of a Dead Man's Deeds*. "I think you get deflected by talking about labels, it's a way to avoid the debate," he says. "If a reader wants to apply those labels, that's his call, but I'm not going to start with them."

One label Griffin does use is "white nationalist," starting with the subhead of his book. While this term has been used for years

among the radical right, some critics, like Vanderbilt University Law professor Carol Swain, consider the expression part of a larger repackaging of white supremacy.

"They have taken the multiculturalist argument and appropriated it to their own ends," says Swain, author of the forthcoming book, *The New White Nationalism in America*. "In a world where you have Afro-American, Latino-American and Asian-American, Euro-American doesn't sound that odd when you apply some sorts of racial reciprocity to it," she suggests. "Basically, [white nationalists] want to celebrate group pride and self-determination in the same way that minorities are encouraged to do it."

An African-American, Swain says several factors have made the times ripe for a new ascendancy of white nationalists. Affirmative action, a disproportionate black-on-white violent crime rate, the rise in non-white immigration and the loss of high-wage jobs due to globalization, she argues, are all legitimate grievances that are being addressed mostly by groups on the far right. These factors, she predicts, will contribute to unprecedented racial conflict in America's future.

Members of the more sophisticated wing of the white-nationalist movement are not your average Klansmen, Swain further notes. Organizations like Jared Taylor's New Century Foundation or the Council of Conservative Citizens may appeal to white people who would not join what they perceive to be a "hate" group. The journal *American Renaissance* does not engage in name-calling, nor does it espouse violence. White-nationalist literature is often written in sophisticated language by writers with advanced degrees after their names.

Swain contends that as whites lose their majority status, white nationalists will see their best chance to reach into the American mainstream--a trend that recently contributed to the rise of ultra-nationalist Jean Marie Le Pen in France. "I think if whites become a minority, they will behave more like other minority groups and see a collective interest," Swain says. As a professor, she notes a strained climate of debate on ethnic issues, one in which whites seem reluctant to express their views on race for fear of being excoriated as "racists."

Some of Griffin's own ideas echo Swain's point about multiculturalism. As Griffin argues, "You could say, if you were black, 'I identify with my race and I care about my people and I'm going to live my life committed to their well-being and I'm going to join with others,' he says. "I don't think it would play very well if you said, 'I'm white, I'm proud of being white, I feel in solidarity with other white people and I'm committed to furthering the well-being of my people. I think that would be labeled as neo-Nazi or racist."

Griffin concedes that his work on William Pierce altered his own views. "It has made me more conscious of race from a white perspective," he says. "It has become a lens that I see the world through much more than before." ...

He does not agree, however, with any of the pejoratives that occasionally find their way into his e-mail inbox. His colleague Robert Nash, and another member of the education faculty who wished to remain anonymous, concur that Griffin is no bigot. "In an ironic sense, Griffin wants to show multicultural pluralists like myself that we aren't really pluralists if we automatically rule out of order those views that oppose our own taken-for-granted, postmodern, liberal biases," offers Nash....

"No matter what you believe," Griffin says, "there's somebody very articulate on the other side, and it's not you and what you believe against the forces of darkness; it's more complicated than that."

A couple of weeks later, *Seven Days* printed a letter to the editor from Lorrie Smith, a resident of Burlington (ellipses in the original):

As a teacher and scholar of race studies and African-American literature, and as a white ally in the struggle against racism . . . I read with interest the article by UVM education professor Robert Griffin ["The White Stuff," May 8]. I have no idea what Professor Griffin's politics may be ... but I heartily support the principles of academic freedom and free speech that protect his right to study self-proclaimed "white nationalists."

... I am troubled, however, by the suggestion that white supremacy can be studied for its "integrity and courage and dedication" without



reference to its moral depravity. White supremacy and neo-Nazism are not neutral "lifestyle" choices, but ideologies with long histories and complicated contexts. To imply that the separatist affirmation of "white" or "European American" heritage (as if such a thing were monolithic or racially pure in the first place) is equivalent to the affirmation of "black" heritage ... is not only a distortion of history and a misleading appropriation of multiculturalist language, but disingenuous cynicism of the worst sort ...

[I]t is important to recognize the enormous costs of race-based practices designed to preserve the supposed superiority and power of "white" culture: from the Jewish Holocaust to African slavery.

.. "White nationalism" can never mean the same thing as "black nationalism," an ideology of self-determination and pride in response to centuries of racist oppression. I am concerned that the work of scholars like Professor Griffin erases these distinctions and bestows dignity and legitimacy upon organizations founded in fear and hatred.

The next week, *Seven Days* printed my reply (ellipses in the original):

Lorrie Smith's letter of May 22 in response to an article about my research at the University of Vermont {"The White Stuff," May 8) is yet another example of the way definitions are used to demonize and suppress expressions of white racial consciousness and commitment. In her first paragraph, Ms. Smith reveals her agenda-which is, I'll do the defining, thank you very much-when she refers to my study of "self-proclaimed 'white nationalists.'" Her meaning is clear: who are these people to label themselves in such a non-pejorative way? I get her point, but then again, some of these same self-proclaimed white nationalists might think her announcement that she is "a white ally in the struggle against racism" is itself a self-proclamation. "She can do it and we can't, is that it?" they might ask.

That is exactly it. In her remaining two paragraphs, self-proclaimed "teacher and scholar of race studies and African-American literature" Smith manages to smear the people I have been investigating with every negative label and association in

the standard mud-slinging repertoire (except the KKK, she missed that one): among them, racism, white supremacy, neo-Nazism, the Holocaust, hatred, moral depravity, and oppression . . . . If you buy her line--and I must say, many people do--you'll accept the double standard that the minority pride and self-determination she affirms in her letter are good, but the very same things in white people are bad.

The late comedian Lenny Bruce used to tell a joke about a guy who, when caught in the act of cheating by his wife, tells her, "Are you going to believe me or your lying eyes?" I'd like to think that in matters of race, more and more white people are getting past the Orwellian newspeak that has been coming at them for decades and starting to look hard at reality for themselves. That is what I'm doing.

## 7 THE NEW WHITE NATIONALISM

The *Seven Days* article gave a lot of space to a forthcoming book by Vanderbilt professor Carol Swain, *The New White Nationalism in America: Its Challenge to Integration*. Both before and after the Swain book was published, the book and she received a great deal of favorable attention in the media. I was eager to read it. I obtained a copy of the book as soon as it came out. After reading it, I felt compelled to publish a review of it. In my view, the publication of this book by a major academic publisher, the fawning reception the book received in the mainstream media, and someone of Ms. Swain's caliber occupying the position of professor in a highly respected university say a great deal about what's going in this country with regard to race. The review:

Carol Swain, the author of *The New White Nationalism in America*, is an academic, a professor of political science and law at Vanderbilt University. The publisher of this book, Cambridge University Press, is an academic publisher. That might well lead you to assume that this volume provides a detached, objective, and even-handed treatment of this topic. Not so fast. A sentence on the last page will give you a sense of what you are getting here: "By now I hope the readers of this book are convinced of the need to take white nationalism and the other challenges to American society highlighted in these pages as seriously as they would a diagnosis of cancer."

You might also assume from Swain's credentials-Vanderbilt, and an earlier book of hers, *Black Faces, Black Interests*, won prizes--and Oxford University Press's solid reputation, that this author brings a wide range of experience with white nationalism and a deep understanding of it to this writing. Again, not so fast. Take into account that there is no evidence in this book that Professor Swain has ever in her life spoken to, corresponded with, or been in the presence of a white nationalist. The only personal contact she reports in the book is her encounter with "a middle-aged cab driver of Jewish-Irish descent whom I will call Jerry." She asks Jerry, "What do you think the future holds for American race relations?" While she takes "copious notes," Jerry the cab driver tells her he thinks there is going to be a race war, recounts a dream where he was taken captive by some blacks and escaped, and admits to occasionally reading white supremacy literature.

As for how much Dr. Swain has learned about white nationalism from secondary sources, it appears that she has read a few things and scanned the Internet some. I am reminded of my mother referring to something so little "you could put it in your eye." It would be an overstatement to say that Swain's level of understanding of white nationalism meets that standard, but it doesn't miss it by much.

In the preface, Swain informs the reader that she has written this book "especially for people who consider themselves to be liberals on public policy issues," and then goes on to say that "by liberals I refer to individuals who favor vigorous governmental intervention to ensure the advancement of racial and ethnic minorities and to protect them from official and private discrimination." The title of this book is a misnomer. This book isn't really about the new white nationalism. For that matter, it isn't even about the advancement of minority groups plural. It is about furthering the agenda of the group to which Swain herself belongs, native-born black Americans. There is no evidence in this writing that Swain has the least concern for Asians, Hispanics or any other minority group. She makes it clear she thinks that racial preference policies should lump Hispanics together with whites, and that immigrants-90% of whom are minorities these years-should not be eligible at all.

Essentially, and remarkably, *The New White Nationalism* is about affirmative action for African Americans. Huge chunks of the book are devoted to this topic. By my count, seven of the book's fifteen chapters make no pretense of including a treatment of white nationalism. These seven chapters could have been written for another book, and frankly, I suspect they were. The chapter, "Affirmative Action Past and Present" goes into great detail about the history of affirmative action, the 1964 Civil Rights Act and all the rest (you were expecting a history of white nationalism?--not in this book) and offers the conclusion that "many forms of affirmative action ... are destructive to peaceful and productive race relations in America and are not needed to combat the very real discrimination that racial minorities often encounter." Swain goes on to say that these policies and programs have outlived their usefulness to blacks because they "they threaten to undermine public support for those principles of racial integration and racial justice that so inspired the nation during the civil rights era of the 1950s and 1960s." In other words, whites are catching on to them. Swain believes that replacing race preferences with "class-based preferences" that "take into account the obstacles an individual has had to overcome in his life" will keep blacks at the head of the line and at the same time mute hostility from whites, who will be less likely to see this arrangement as grossly unfair.

There is no evidence in this book that Swain cares a whit about the well-being of white people. There is every indication that she wants whites exactly where they have been for decades: splintered and deferential to black agendas. The very thought of white racial consciousness and solidarity gives Swain the shivers. She worries about multiculturalism in this regard: "... minority defenders of multiculturalism, in making their case for racial, ethnic, and cultural minorities to organize and celebrate group pride and self-determination, have unwittingly laid the foundation for a corresponding white-centered racial movement that celebrates the racial pride of white people." On college campuses, she notes, multiculturalism has had the "desired effect of sensitizing white students to minority concerns," but it has also had an unintended and unanticipated consequence: white students have been prompted

to establish parallel white organizations that "seek recognition as genuine cultural contributions to university life." And we certainly can't have that. Why not? "Any trend toward the establishment of white student organizations could imperil traditional racial and ethnic studies programs by decreasing the limited resources available to these groups and exacerbating ethnic rivalries and tensions [read, whites won't roll over and play dead anymore]."

And where does white nationalism fit in all of this? It's a big threat to Swain's action. White nationalism, she writes, "has the potential for considerable expansion beyond its present scope and threatens to disrupt the fragile racial situation in America and elsewhere. . . . Contemporary white nationalists draw upon the potent rhetoric of national self-determination and national self-assertion in an attempt to protect what they believe is their God-given natural right to their distinct cultural, political, and genetic identity as white Europeans. This identity, they believe, is gravely threatened in contemporary America by the rise of multiculturalism, affirmative action policies that favor minorities, large-scale immigration into the United States from non-white nations, racial intermarriage, and the identity politics pursued by rival racial and ethnic groups." What makes white nationalism a particularly strong threat to the racial status quo-in which Swain's people are ears-deep slopping at the trough-is that the "polish and sophistication" of the current white nationalist leaders and organizations are enabling them to get the white nationalist message across very effectively. Bad news to Swain.

Interspersed throughout the book are transcripts of phone interviews with white nationalist figures conducted by Princeton instructor Russell Nieli. Among those Nieli interviewed are Jared Taylor, the editor of *American Renaissance* magazine; Michael Levin, professor of philosophy at City University of New York; David Duke, who heads the European Unity and Rights Organization; Don Black, the founder of the Stormfront web site; William Pierce, the chairman of the National Alliance; and Matt Hale and Lisa Turner from the World Church of the Creator. Swain notes that these individuals are more intelligent and sophisticated than most Americans realize, which makes them, in her eyes, "more dangerous." The Nieli

interview transcripts are the best part of the book. The interviewees are articulate, and taken together, their comments outline the basic tenets of white nationalism quite well.

What does Swain do with the interview transcripts? For all practical purposes, nothing. She doesn't work with the substance of what the white nationalists say. Either she goes forward as if their statements never existed, or the individuals and/or their organizations (not what they say) are incorporated into what she spends much of her time doing in this book: talking about herself-she is a GED high school graduate, ex-welfare recipient, and born-again Christian. Instead of dealing with the interviews, she quotes and summarizes writers who support her stance, reports the comments of organizations and individuals antagonistic to white nationalism, name-calls, and pontificates. I find this ironic because a theme of the book, repeated time and again, is the need for interracial dialogue. Swain demonstrates no desire to deal with the particulars of what these white nationalists say, and she seems incapable of empathizing with anyone's frame of reference or needs other than her own.

A David Duke transcript has him saying that his organization "is about the preservation of our [European-American] entity as an ethnic people, our existence, our values, our culture, our traditions, and the things that make up traditional America." Swain doesn't relate to that. Preservation of the European-American entity? What does that have to do with black people and racial integration and her version of racial harmony? She ignores Duke's comment and says simply that Duke's group "seems to flirt with some vaguely defined ideal of racial separation ... "

In another transcript, Jared Taylor says that powerful forces are destroying European man and European civilization on the American continent. "If we do nothing, the nation we leave our grandchildren will be a grim Third World failure, in which whites will be in a minority ... and Western Civilization, if it exists at all, will be a faint echo." Swain doesn't bother responding to that. Instead, she points out that many white nationalist groups have "innocuous-sounding" names and lists Taylor's organization, The New Century Foundation, as an example. That sets up her comment that "casual listeners are unlikely to be alarmed or tipped off about a friend or colleague's

affiliation with such groups since their names raise no red flags." What really bothers Swain about Taylor is that his organization has sizable Jewish involvement. Three guesses why that puts her off. Jews have tended to be supporters of blacks. "[I]t is most troubling when I see groups like Taylor's ... finding Jewish recruits, leaving African Americans more isolated than ever before." It is important to remember that the Swain book is not about how you are; it is about how she is.

William Pierce in one of the transcripts asserts that the membership of his organization, the National Alliance, has seven times the percentage of academics in its membership as in the general population. Matt Hale says that the Church of the Creator does not welcome people who are irresponsible, and that college students are the bulwarks of his organization. Swain doesn't expend energy taking on any of that. She just lays back and in the conclusion, pulls out a fifty year old quote from longshoreman philosopher Eric Hoffer about "failures, misfits, outcasts, criminals, and all those who have lost their footing, or never had one" and how these "inferior elements of a nation can exert a marked influence on its course [because] they are wholly without reverence for the present." "[T]he truth of that statement," Swain pronounces. "is evident in the styles and leadership of contemporary white nationalist groups." Case closed.

Swain gets a lot of mileage out of quotes from individuals representing the so-called "watchdog agencies"-the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith, the Simon Wiesenthal Center, and the Southern Poverty Law Center-to the effect that white nationalists and their organizations are a menace to decent people everywhere. "The Internet ... permits bigots to communicate easily and anonymously, cheaply raise money for their activities, and threaten and intimidate their enemies." "Colleges and universities are experiencing hate, racism, and homophobia." "The World Church of the Creator is a religion for sociopaths." And so on. Yet, early in the book Swain quotes two writers as saying that the ADL and the others are "intensely hostile to the people and organizations they monitor and have a tendency to portray them in the worst possible light." The goal of these organizations, say these writers,



"is to have the public regard the racist and anti-Semitic right with the same affection they would the AIDS epidemic or the outbreak of ebola fever." That doesn't stop Swain from referring to one of these groups or another as a "public interest organization" or an "organization that monitors hate groups" and reporting their broadsides against white nationalists and their organizations as if they come from unbiased sources. This made me wonder whether Swain can remember what she wrote and if she is capable of grasping contradictions in her presentation. I even started wondering if she actually wrote everything in the book.

Swain ends *The New White Nationalism in America* with a series of recommendations, both general ones and ones directed specifically at black leaders. A number of the general recommendations reiterate what she advocated throughout the book: replacing race-based with class-based affirmative action; open discourse and candid dialogue; and directly confronting the issues of black people. Her general recommendations also include the following (keep in mind this is a book that purports to be about the new white nationalism in America):

- Ensure that all public-school districts offer vocational training. "What I found in each city [I lived in] was the all-too-familiar tracking of African-American students into low-level courses and a lack of vocational education for minority youth who are not suited for college. My oldest son struggled through high school and although it was clear that college was not a realistic option for him, he never had the opportunity to learn a marketable skill ... "
- Invest public dollars such that all who seek to attend a community college are able to. "I found my own educational options quite limited, so I chose to attend a community college."
- Establish financial partnerships between car dealers and government agencies to allow the working poor to tap into car loans and grants for automobiles. "Until I financed an automobile for a niece of mine, she regularly paid \$12 a day in taxicab fares for transportation to her job at Kentucky Fried Chicken."

- Establish humane child support guidelines. "Several of my brothers have had children out of wedlock by different partners.... One brother had child support payments for five illegitimate children ... which left him with take-home pay of less than \$25 a week."

The recommendations directed at black leaders include appeals to reduce black crime, rioting, illegitimacy, and AIDS, and to drop their call for reparations because it alienates potential allies.

What do I take away from reading *The New White Nationalism in America*? More than anything, I am left with the sober realization of who, in our time, gets on the faculty at Vanderbilt University and who gets published by Cambridge University Press.

## 8 ONE SHEAF, ONE VINE

Thee-book success of *The Fame of a Dead Man's Deeds* prompted me to put out a print version of the book and generated the funds to do so. This was late in 2000. Coincidentally, I received an e-mail message from someone I didn't know, Denis Ruiz, offering to help me with precisely what I needed to put together the print version of the book: editing help. The Fame e-book had numerous typos and misspellings that it seemed I was being informed about daily. Denis did more than point out the problem; he volunteered to help me line-edit the entire book. Denis was thinking of cleaning up the e-book when he contacted me. I told him that I was planning on dropping the e-book as soon as I could get a print version together. He agreed to help me out with that project, and did, with remarkable skill and dedication. He and I went through Fame page by page and produced a much-improved manuscript.

During the course of our collaboration I came to know and like and greatly respect Denis. He was a quiet, somewhat diffident computer programmer from the Philadelphia area with a wife and a teenage daughter. I found him exceedingly bright and informed about a host of topics, and a very caring and decent human being. He had a strong white racial identity. Denis became a valued colleague and friend. He supported me and gave me direction in both my professional and personal life. Even after the editing task was completed, Denis and I were in phone and e-mail contact daily.

In the spring of 2002, I decided that I wanted others to know the person I had come to know. I would write a book that introduced

Denis and some of the other racially conscious people I had met or would seek out. Mainstream America has a false image of white racialists. The schools and the media portray them as ignorant, violence-prone, neo-Nazi bigots, menacing skinheads, and low-life thugs doing their "perp walks" after committing a heinous hate crime. The vast majority of white racialists I have met do not fit these stereotypes, but how would the average person know that? People like Denis are silent and unseen in the public arena. They aren't on television news shows speaking for themselves. They don't make movies. They don't publish books and articles. Politicians don't articulate their perspective and advocate their positions. Journalists and intellectuals don't write about them unless it is to belittle them. They aren't on university and college faculties, and schools at all levels make no attempt to consider them objectively.

I decided to let the people I was meeting speak for themselves. I would audio-tape an interview with fifteen or twenty of them on the subject of race, and then edit myself out of the interviews so that it was just statements from them. (Actually, as it turned out, it was more of a conversation around a few topics that I had identified beforehand than an interview. I didn't have an interview protocol with a set of questions I ran everybody through.) I would give each interview a title and write a brief introduction, and that would be the book. I thought of the book as being like a movie-I was the director but I wasn't in any of the scenes.

Denis was the first interview, about an hour and a half of tape, and I took it from there. I started contacting people and asking them whether they would be interested in being in the book-not one person said no--and if they knew of anyone they could recommend to me. *American Renaissance* magazine generously put a full-page spread in one of its issues that I was looking for people to be in the book. The word spread on the Internet that I was doing this book. Every day for months I received inquiries from people who wanted to be in the book. In selecting those to include, I looked for people of various ages and walks of life and regions of the country, and both men and women.

Some of those I included asked me not to use their real names because they were worried about retaliation for expressing their

racial views: they might lose their jobs or their family and friends might reject them, their children might be harassed in school, that kind of thing. If they left it up to me to use their real name or not, I chose not to. I didn't want anyone to pay a price for supporting my work and doing what I think is the right and obligation of us all: to speak out on the issues of the day. The fact that more than half of those in the book remained anonymous speaks volumes about how free we are to express our views in America.

The book was published in 2004 and entitled *One Sheaf, One Vine: Racially Conscious White Americans Talk About Race*. The title comes from the Rudyard Kipling poem *The Stranger* and alludes to the value of racial and cultural separation and integrity:

Let the corn be all one sheaf--  
and the grapes be all one vine,  
Ere our children's teeth are set on edge  
By bitter bread and wine.

Denis was very sensitive to his physical surroundings and to his place in the world in a literal sense: to his home. I decided to center the interview with him for the book on his thoughts about his home over the course of his life. A short time before our talk, Denis was diagnosed with non-Hodgkins lymphoma, a form of cancer. He was in significant pain at the start of the interview, and I wasn't sure that he could complete it. But as we went along, however, his voice became stronger and stronger, and his manner became that of someone completely well. I titled Denis' statement "Displaced," and it is the first one in *One Sheaf, One Vine*:

I grew up in the 1950s in a little town called Fairview Village in south Jersey. It is separated from the south end of Camden by a creek that borders the town on the north, west, and south. There used to be a shipyard at the south end of Camden, and when the United States entered World War I in 1917 and '18, there was the sense that there was a need to be building more ships there. The area south of Camden was pretty rural at that time, so they built a development there. It was a planned community, designed by a fellow named

Litchfield. It was a very beautiful little town. The idea was that if people were going to work in the shipyard, they ought to have a nice environment in which to live. It had what I guess you could call garden community-type architecture. The houses were all made of brick and attached to one another in clusters of four, and sometimes two, like twins. So the houses were in rows, but they were broken up. They all had yards, and there were commons areas on every block where they didn't build houses, and some blocks didn't have houses at all. There was just grass and trees in those places.

People would walk their dogs there and kids would play touch football or tackle. They planted all these oak trees, lovely trees, so by the time I lived there they were mature, maybe sixteen to eighteen inches in diameter. There was a town square with park benches, and people would go there and sit and talk and get to know one another, and there were stores and businesses-it was a socially and economically self-contained little unit. Looking back on it, the neighborhood where I grew up seems idyllic with its parks and shaded streets in the summer and all. In fact, one fellow who had lived in England remarked that Fairview Village was like a little English town.

My parents bought their house there after World War II. They were typical of the kind of people who lived in the neighborhood when I was growing up: second and third generation immigrants from Europe. All of my grandparents came to America around the turn of the century. My mother's parents were from Slovakia and my father's parents were from Spain by way of Cuba. There were no opportunities for typesetters in Cuba, so my grandfather went to Philadelphia. We were a minority in the neighborhood, as most people were Italian, Polish, or Irish, and there were a few Scottish people. But we fit in because, like the others, we were recently arrived Europeans. All of us who lived there saw ourselves as Americans. That was the glue that kept us all in it together, that and the fact that everybody spoke English. Nobody put any emphasis on other languages.

Although my neighborhood was all white, I grew up, as much as I can tell, without prejudice against people of other races. We had what could be called a European code of conduct. At the core of this

code is that you evaluate people one at a time. You judge someone on his own merits, not as part of some group. I remember one time my parents called a TV repairman and the guy who came was black. My parents were fine with that. The set got fixed. That was what mattered to them.

My grandparents and parents were working class people, but they never had any trouble finding work because they were in a trade that was in demand, even during the depression years. There was a big value in my family on trade unionism, which made us side with the Democrats, who were associated with trade unionism. The Republicans seemed anti-union, advocating open shops and things like that. Closed shops-forcing people working someplace to be in a union-didn't seem to us like a bad thing to do because we saw open shops as a way to undermine unions. So we could get behind a kind of hardball liberalism as being morally justifiable. Even though my family basically sided with the liberals, it wasn't all the way. There was some conservatism there at the same time. My uncle on my mother's side didn't belong to a union. He was a free agent who worked for various places on terms he worked out. My parents thought that was good, too.

My family was always looking to be fair. That was really important to us. In the 1950s and early '60s, that came into play because it was the time of civil rights and fairness was the big theme in all that. I see now that besides fairness there were issues around race and culture: could, and should, such different people mix together in society? But being in a new terrain in this country, my people didn't have a taste for the full flavor of the history of America and didn't know that there were reasons why the races had been segregated up to that time. Everything was couched in terms of fairness back then. That is how the issue was framed on television and everywhere, and my parents bought into that way of looking at it. And from that angle, the civil rights issue was like if a person wants to paint your property and he has the proper tools and references from other jobs he has done, and there are bids and you pick the one who is clearly better and he comes in and he's black, should you not go ahead and hire him and have him do the job? We got the sense that in the past this black guy would automatically be

ruled out as soon as it was apparent he was black. That violated our sense of the proper way to live. You should judge a person on his own merits. If somebody has a sledgehammer and is breaking the rocks and getting the work done, you respect that. To do anything else isn't proper, it isn't fair.

Plus, my parents were big supporters of John Kennedy. They thought he was going to be a salvation. He was young and forward-looking, and he was Catholic, that played some role in it. We were Catholic, and here for the first time was a Catholic president. Kennedy seemed to be on the side of the civil rights movement, and so that had an effect on us.

And something else that got us on the side of civil rights was what I now see as a white or European trait—at least in the second and third generation sort that made up my neighborhood—and that is to be disposed to think we should all kick in and do the right thing and make something work. Also, we had the tendency to placate and smooth things over and keep the peace and keep things moving along and not get in the way.

Our impulse all along had been to bury our heritage and minimize our differences with others and become full-fledged Americans. That orientation went along with the racial message we were getting from the media and liberal politicians and the churches that racial differences don't matter. They are just a different paint job; it is the same car. I think we would have been less receptive to the big agenda that we were going to live among blacks and everything was going to be peachy keen if we had lived in America for two hundred years and knew the score better than we did.

Although as I think back on it, we knew that when a neighborhood gets mixed, it is bad news. My grandparents had seen what happened where they lived in Philadelphia—they went there in the '20s—when the area became flooded with black people from the South. Their children moved out of the area because it had been taken over by blacks and they knew that neighborhood wasn't for them anymore. My mother grew up in Camden in a largely Polish neighborhood. Puerto Ricans moved in and the whole place went to shit.

In the late 1950s, economic changes had a big effect on my hometown. The shipyard folded, as did another place where a lot of



people worked, an iron and forge plant. So the town was weakened. But I think it would have eventually rebounded by the end of the 1970s when other kinds of businesses reflecting the changes away from industrialization would have come into that area. Like the business I am in, the computer business. But that never happened because a second process was at work: the integration of non-whites into the town.

Before it became illegal, local realtors would show houses only to white families. Although it has been painted as an unfair arrangement, it really reflected the point of view of the people who lived in the town. The people there wanted to live among their own people. They wanted to live in a white community. Now, I see that as the highest form of self-determination: people defining their own community, people deciding what comes into their collective lives, people determining their own standards. It doesn't matter if their standards are rational or moral by someone else's measure. People have a right to decide whom they are comfortable living next to and not comfortable living next to. This is fundamental and it is not a matter of rationality or of morality. It is simply human. It's not that they have ill will toward anyone. It is just that they know what atmosphere they like. They might, for instance, prefer to live among Catholics or with people who are compatible with some other of the churches in a town.

When realtors were screening people and only showing houses to whites, it wasn't the dark conspiracy it has been painted as being. Rather, it was a matter of realtors being true to the community, being part of the community. But of course the issue never got defined in those terms, and in the late '60s-early '70s there were lawsuits, and realtors had to sell houses to blacks and anyone else who was interested in moving in there. A lot of the blacks that have moved in there have been "Section 8's." Section 8 is part of a law where the government encourages integration by paying the rent of minorities who move into white areas. That has turned out to be a deadly poison administered to the Fairview Village of my youth.

The neighborhood where I grew up has turned into a wasteland. Whites still make up a majority of the community-55%-but nevertheless the neighborhood has gone in the same direction of

a typical urban black area. When I was living there, when a tree died an Irish guy named Fred Fagan would plant a new one. Now, those saplings are mighty trees. When a tree dies these days, no one plants a new one. There is broken glass all over the place, and things like busted up shopping carts lying on their side blocking the alleys. Many of the old brick houses are covered over with some kind of god-awful siding. When I was a kid, repairs and restorations were done in the mode of the existing architecture of the town. Now, from one house to the next, they are all different. There is no common thread to the look of the houses now. There used to be hedges and white picket fences that lent a common feel to the area-no more.

My mother still lives there, and when I go back to visit her, I have the feeling when I get out of my car, "Is this an ambush? Is someone going to jump me?" Recently, a black teenager knocked my mother to the ground, injuring her, and took her purse. This sort of thing was unheard of in the old neighborhood, but it is commonplace now. My mother never had to contend with that kind of thing before. The black woman across the street was just arrested for robbing 7-Eleven stores with an accomplice. When I was growing up, kids could go anywhere in town on their bicycles. We could go in the woods and explore down by the creek and there would be no danger at all. Now, there is no way you would allow your child to even take a walk around the neighborhood. Just this year, a young white woman was abducted by two black men and taken to the place where we used to play ball and raped and murdered. These heinous crimes are happening regularly there.

There is no sense of connectedness among the people in my old hometown. There is this white teenager just down the street who not long ago hung himself in his bedroom. The word is he spent a lot of time alone listening to rap music. So much of popular music these years is dark and sinister and negative, with fragmentary images that confuse and bamboozle, and for someone already on the edge, like I assume this kid was, that can be deadly. In the old days, the risk of a terrible thing like that happening would have been much less. A boy like this wouldn't have been without the context of a supportive white community and way of life.

Back in 1967 or so, I listened to Jim Morrison-he was the lead singer of The Doors-and took what he sang very seriously, as if it were a volume of Keats or Walt Whitman. In those years, white groups were covering a lot of black music. I remember this one Morrison song. I think the name of it was "Alabama" or something like that. The message of the song was "I must have whiskey and your wife." The lyric was rock bottom, about drunks going from house to house looking for alcohol and sex, and there is Morrison recasting it in a way that glamorizes and legitimizes scum of the earth. That was what I was taking in. But I lived in a place that counteracted that poison. I had something the boy down the street didn't have. But the place I had has been destroyed, obliterated.

There is no good reason why I shouldn't have been able to do what my mother dreamed I would do: come back and live near her in the town where I was bom. There is no good reason that I shouldn't have been able to buy a home and raise my child in the same town I grew up in. There is no good reason that Fairview Village, New Jersey shouldn't have continued pretty much on the track that it had been on for forty years up to the 1960s and '70s. There are no good reasons for any of that, but there are bad reasons, bad reasons I have come to understand in the last few years.

Back in the 1960s, when I was a teenager, and on into the 1970s, I picked up the strong sense that there was a major revolution going on in this country. A change was in the air. There was going to be a reorientation in the society. There was a turntable that was rotating and was going to keep on rotating. A lot of self-assured media figures were telling me that. I especially remember ranting types like Jerry Rubin and Abby Hoffman and Malcolm X. There was a lot of revolution talk, and I decided this must be what was going on.

Looking back on it, I can see that what they were talking about wasn't what was going on at all. It was like the Wizard of Oz, a big presentation being put on to give the illusion that some big thing was happening. What was really going on was a lot of people who had access to a microphone telling me what was going on. In those years, I didn't understand what media was and how they shaped reality for people. Media for me was like water for a fish in a tank. I

didn't comprehend that someone was adding color to it and creating illusions so I swam around in a certain way.

When Jimmy Carter got into office, I thought he was a good guy because he seemed like a moral man. I suppose to some extent that perception came out of my Christian upbringing, the idea of living a morally upright life. That helped keep me in the liberal camp. Although, by that time I was living on my own and the contradictions between reality and what I was being told were increasingly apparent.

Lyndon Johnson's talk back in the '60s about the Great Society had registered deeply with my dad. To him, it was a kind of trade unionism for the country, the idea that there would be health care for the aged and so on. But it started to hit me that there was something wrong here. I thought to myself, all this stuff costs enormous amounts of money, and all these programs that were going to fix poverty and the black problem and all the rest aren't working. Not only are the ghettos still here, they are worse than ever. There is a flaw in the liberal agenda somewhere. And then Reagan came along saying that all these programs were just making things worse, and that confirmed what I had been thinking.

Any level of white racial consciousness wasn't there yet for me—I'm talking about in the 1980s. Coming out of my childhood, I had an awareness that there were Italians and Irish and Polish, but I had no real sense of being white. As for blacks, I just saw them as different. They had a different accent and cooked different food and went to a different church and conducted themselves differently. I really didn't go any farther than that in those years. But I did think about the fact that trying to improve their situation along the lines of LBJ's vision seemed to be making things worse for them. Here we were, twenty years later, and the nuclear family with a present and working father that had once been the norm among blacks was falling apart. Standards with reference to blacks seemed to be lower than before. Conduct that at one time would have been simply condemned came to be attributed to circumstances beyond blacks' control, whether it was white racism or something else.

I like classical music and in the 1980s I listened to public radio because it was the last stronghold for classical music. I had the

button on my car radio set to the public station. But then a strange thing happened: public radio all but abandoned classical music. They dropped it for all voice, which, as I look back on it now, was all liberal propaganda. An endless number of shows came on out of nowhere. There were Terri Gross's interviews, and there was a woman named Mary Moss Kahane, and I remember a family therapist named Dan Gottlieb. I didn't simply tune out the station because public radio had put itself across as reflecting an enlightened point of view, so I got the idea that if I wanted something more in depth and thoughtful than the snippets I could get on the other stations, I should listen to public radio. So these people had my ear.

What I find interesting now is that it was not that I really chose to listen to these people. It was more that they just sort of sprung up. It is sort of scary to think about how it happened. It is like the legend where the guy throws dragon teeth and everywhere the dragon teeth land, a warrior springs up. It is as if someone threw some dragon teeth and these radio personalities sprung up where I had been innocently listening to classical music. I was getting a heavy dose of their point of view and I didn't know where it was coming from or why.

White racial consciousness didn't happen for me until 1997, I think it was. There is a guy I work with whom I really respect—very bright and capable and accomplished, a ham radio operator, a wonderful, likable soul with a great manner. One day, I followed a link on his bookmarks page on his computer and went to a web site called the White Nationalist Library. The site contained a bunch of essays on white nationalism. I started reading them and it was clarity and sunshine. Here was somebody explaining the history of the last few decades accurately and in a way that I could understand. I felt like a fool. I was kicking myself that I hadn't figured all this out on my own.

That started it for me, and in the years since then I have been reading and thinking and talking to people and looking at things in a new way, and race has become a lens through which I look at the world and my own life. I have concluded that a war is being waged against whites in America, against European Americans. It is not being conducted violently, and it is being conducted at a

very slow speed. But it is a war nevertheless. In a war, there is demographic turmoil: populations get displaced, people flee. The neighborhood that was destroyed in my hometown and the refugees that were created are a component of that war. Exactly who is waging this war against whites, I really don't know. But I do believe that blacks, and more recently Hispanics, are being used as weapons against the racial and cultural world created by European people on this continent, and against the white people who live here now. A sophisticated Marxist-type struggle is going on against white people, but instead of class warfare it uses ideas as weapons—racism, oppression, multiculturalism, diversity, white privilege, and so on. It manipulates, even creates, ethnic and racial grievances against whites and uses them to bludgeon white people.

What had been submerged all of my life—my race and my heritage—has become front and center. Before, I was just an American. Now, I am a European American. Before I was just a man. Now I am a white man. I admit I have cringed and retreated some in my time, but that was mostly because I couldn't figure out what was going on. Now I realize that I am part of a people who are being attacked and that truly they are my people, and I stand and draw the line.

The place I live in now, on the outskirts of Philadelphia, was a clean and safe place when my wife and I moved here fifteen years ago. But the pattern of my childhood home has been repeated. Nonwhites have moved in and the neighborhood has deteriorated drastically. Before, there were a fair number of lower-end, poor white people, but they were never a problem. But we have problems now.

More and more, I find that this isn't a suitable place for my family. It doesn't reflect our heritage and values. The Catholic school here pushes multiracialism and doesn't put emphasis on academic excellence. My daughter went there for a time. She reported to her mother and me that the black boys were aggressive and that she didn't like them. That certainly didn't come from us. We hadn't said a word to her about race.

We learned first-hand, and the hard way, that these liberal, multicultural schools don't work. We realized that we wanted a

school of our own flavor. Unfortunately, the school that provides the closest thing to a European-type education is thirty-five miles away from where we live. So every day either my wife or I drive that thirty-five miles there and back. When we moved to this house, it was a nine-mile drive for me to work. Now, with the big expansion of office parks, it is twenty miles.

There is no neighborhood here at all for me now. A neighborhood is where your friends are and where your kid goes to school and where you work-that's what makes a neighborhood. My line of people needs to be bound to the earth. I need to belong to a certain soil, to a certain region, to a locality, and I need to stay in that locality, and for that process to go on for generations. I really believe that that my desire to be literally grounded is a basic white or European impulse, and that it has been irradiated in my people to a great extent over the last three decades or so. Part of this is due to economic factors, the globalization of the economy, and there are cultural factors, increased consumerism and individualism; and, in ways I don't fully comprehend, I sense these phenomena are part of this war against whites I have been talking about. In any case, I have to go to some other part of the country to find work. Really, I am migrant worker.

What a lot of whites have been doing is building gigantic houses on three-quarter acre lots in the far reaches of the suburbs. My take on that practice is that, whether these people fully realize it or not, doing that makes them pretty much impervious to encroachment; blacks are not going to come there. But these white people lose in the process too, because they have to own a \$350,000 house to pull this off and they wind up house-poor, with no money left after they pay the mortgage each month. All that money going into the house could be going into having a richer life on another level. If they could live in an old-style house, they could get by on one salary with no trouble. They wouldn't have to work two jobs. If they could build a simple three-bedroom semi-detached house in a town like the one I grew up in, where the lots are small and there are little gardens and walkways and so on, they could have something that is affordable, plus they could experience something really worthwhile: living in a tight knit community of white people.

My wife and I know that if we move we won't get more than we paid for our house fifteen years ago because of what has happened to the neighborhood. If it hadn't been for the literal destruction of my world, I would have been in much better financial shape that I am in now. My mother's house, when she dies, would have sold for a pretty penny, but it is worth very little on the market now. And if we move, I don't want to end up in a situation like my mother is in now in my childhood home, and like I am in, where the neighborhood is declining and I have to either stay and feel trapped or get out. I'd like to grow apple trees, and it takes years to do that, and you can't take your trees with you when you move. So we are probably going to rent the best place we can find near where I work and also buy a rural place and go there on the weekends and fix it up, and then move there permanently when I retire in fifteen years.

I'd like a house in a place that is like turning the clock back fifty years. I have been going to homestead sites online and reading homesteading magazines to get guidance and inspiration as well as to get some mental distance from the situation I'm in now. I'm reading about people who are forming small communities in places like Kentucky. I subscribe to mailing lists for homesteading and homesteaders, and I correspond with people who are actually doing this to get a sense of what homesteading entails and what their lives are like. They are all white, and while they don't talk about race, I speculate that at least to some extent there is a racial impulse giving impetus to what they are doing. Some homesteaders in rural Pennsylvania have invited me to visit, which I plan to do when I get through my current health issue.

It saddens me to think that I can no longer live in the place where my mother lives and where I grew up. There would be nothing more rewarding to me than to have a property like that passed down to me in the condition that it was once in. With each of the places my family has lived in, we have made material improvements, such as putting in a nice garden or gutting the walls and putting in new sheet rock and improving the drainage. Over decades, these changes add up *to* significant improvements: a better garden, a vineyard, fruit trees, a nice deck. By staying in one place, your property improves and you improve the community, and you form deep, lasting connections



with people. That is the basic way our ancestors in Europe lived for centuries. They were tied to a place. There was a real value in that. Now, we sell places and move, at best to buy a better place. But personally, I feel that I am all the time planting and I am never going to get the harvest and I am never going to live in a true community. I talked with my daughter about the rural place I'm thinking about buying or building. I said to her, "If Mom and I get a place like that, would you like to stay there, live there after we are gone?" She said, yes, she would. She was receptive to that idea and she is only seventeen years old. I think she understands what has happened to us, where we have had to pick up and start over, and she doesn't want to get in that same pattern. That house will be twenty years of our labor, where we plant nice gardens and fruit trees and a vineyard, and make structural improvements. And while we are doing that, we will be in a community where we are with people who see the world as we do, and we will know people and they will know us. And then we will give the house to our daughter. I'll bet when my wife and I pass she won't just sell it and move on. She will consider it the place where she should live and she'll build on it herself. My sickness has come out of nowhere, but once I get over this, I'm going to get that house.

Denis didn't get the house. He died a couple of months after telling me this. What I remember most about the time just after his death was the silence. The e-mails and phone calls stopped. It became silent. And there was a void, an empty space. Amid the silence and the void was an ache that pervaded my whole body.

## 9 DAVID STARR JORDAN

One of the many positive outcomes of the research and writing on race these past few years has been learning about people that I would not have known about otherwise. The example that comes immediately to mind is the women's movement in the late 1930s and early '40s that centered its efforts on opposing America's involvement in the war in Europe (see the Fame book, pages 275 to 279). At its peak, the confederation of women's groups that conducted this campaign had a membership of six million. I was staggered to learn of those numbers. I had always associated large-scale anti-war activity with the Viet Nam war. My image of the Second World War, in contrast, has been of the Good War, the war that everybody believed in and supported.

I was struck by the fact that I had never heard of the women I was learning about, among them, Elizabeth Dilling, Catherine Curtis, and Lyrl Clark Van Hyning. Even though they were well known in those years, they have been blotted out of mainstream history. They are not part of the story of this country that we have been told and that we share as a people. This raises the question for me of how that happened, and what difference it makes that for all practical purposes these women never existed.

Although the leaders of the World War II-period women's movement saw themselves as champions of women, they stood in stark contrast to today's feminists. Their politics tended to be right-of-center. They were highly nationalistic and patriotic. They were ardently anti-communist and pro-free-enterprise. Their orientation

was, in the first instance, maternal: they saw themselves as mothers and approached things from that perspective. Only mothers, they believed, could save their sons from the war that was impending. They upheld the traditional family, which in their eyes included a strong and vital patriarchal presence. They didn't set themselves off against men. Men, their husbands and sons and other men, weren't "them" but rather part of "us." They didn't portray men as competitors or adversaries, or see them as needing to be held in check or reconditioned. And last, these women tended to be strong Christians.

A few weeks before the invasion of Europe that everyone knew was coming even if they didn't know it was going to be at Normandy, Lyril Van Hynning said: "Those boy who will be forced to throw their young flesh against the impregnable wall of steel are the same babies mothers cherished and comforted and brought to manhood. Mother's kiss healed all hurts of childhood. But on invasion day no kiss can heal the terrible hurts and mother won't be there. Mothers have betrayed their sons to the butchers." I wonder how we might see things differently now if in school we had read her words along with those of the glorifiers of that war.

Another historical figure I came across that I had never heard of was David Starr Jordan, who was prominent during the first third of the last century. I published this profile of Jordan entitled "David Starr Jordan: Racial Exemplar":

David Starr Jordan (1851-1931) was a distinguished naturalist and social philosopher, a published poet, and the first president of Stanford University. He was described by his biographer as "one of the most versatile men America has produced, winning distinction not only as an educator, philosopher, and scientist but also as an explorer, a crusader for peace, and an advisor to presidents and foreign statesmen.... It would seem no exaggeration to say that he belonged to the great tradition of the eighteenth century personified by such giants as Franklin and Jefferson, who took the whole world as their province." A biological law and a mountain peak were named in Jordan's honor.

One of the most versatile men America has produced. In the tradition of Franklin and Jefferson. A biological law and a mountain peak. Quite the man. And yet, in all likelihood, you have never heard of David Starr Jordan. As far as you are concerned, he never existed, and I have just recently learned of him. Those who tell the story of America to you and your children, and to me-the scholars and publishing houses and teachers and journalists and politicians and movie makers--have concluded, so it appears, that we ("we" and "us" in this writing refer to white people in general and racially conscious white people in particular) don't need to know about Jordan, or perhaps, that it would be better for them that we don't know about him.

The question for us, of course, is whether we ought to know about David Starr Jordan. Answering that question is no trivial undertaking; whom we know about from the past, and what we know about the past in general, matters greatly, because how we think about the world and ourselves and our kind and how we conduct our lives are shaped by our knowledge of those who preceded us on this earth and our awareness of past events. My investigations into Jordan's life have led me to conclude that, indeed, he is someone we ought to know about. I'll outline what I see as the most important things for us to take into account about Jordan and then discuss their implications for our lives.

To begin, Jordan was openly and proudly a racist. Race was his primary lens for making sense of the world and living his life. He used the term "Aryan" and asserted that the "whole body of the 'blond race'" constituted a brotherhood. He talked and wrote about race without reservation or equivocation. He advocated social policies grounded in a racial frame of reference and racial goals. He believed the races were different and that the "blood of a nation" was the primary determinant in its history. "The blood which is 'thicker than water' is a symbol of race unity," Jordan wrote. "The blood of the people is at once the cause and the result of deeds recorded in their history. For example, wherever an Englishman goes, he carries with him the elements of English history. It is a British deed that he does, British history that he makes. Thus, too, a Jew is a Jew in all ages and climes, and his deeds everywhere bear the stamp

of Jewish individuality." Elsewhere, Jordan wrote that the Negro would inevitably "do deeds after his kind."

It is of particular note that Jordan referred to Jews directly and that he considered Jews a distinct race of people within his concept of race, which emphasized biology but included cultural elements. And it should also be noted that he didn't run from criticizing Jews: in 1912, for example, he prophesized that unless Jewish power in the world was held in check the result would be nothing less than Armageddon.

Jordan was far from a racial egalitarian. To Jordan's mind, the races are not equal to one another; some races have a higher potential for self-elevation than others. He certainly didn't think of himself as breaking new ground with this conclusion. He believed that racial superiority was the observation of every intelligent person. He dismissed the argument that observed differences among the races are due to discrepancies in opportunity. "Opportunity," he argued, "has come to no race as a gift. By effort it has created its own environment." He acknowledged that poverty and crime-infested neighborhoods are "bad assets in one's early environment," but asserted that for the most part these circumstances are the products of people who aren't good racial material to begin with. He agreed that bad surroundings can ruin superior individuals, but he cautioned that even the most favorable surroundings "can never change a bad breed into a good one."

Jordan used education to illustrate his claims. Education follows nature, he insisted. If a people are "well born," their children will be well taught. Regardless of their circumstance, superior people will ensure that their children have the chance to be well educated, and more, their children will take good advantage of that chance. Simply, superior people don't stay ignorant. "Low ideals in education are developed by inferior men," he pointed out. Indeed, education can contribute to the development of civilization as it "gives access to the accumulated stores of wisdom built up from the experience of ages." However, the essence of progress is a matter of blood, and thus, said Jordan, "finds its cause in selection only."

Jordan believed that some races are more temperamental than others and lack the intelligence, stability, resolution, self-restraint,

abstinence, efficiency, and frugality necessary for effective nation building. "A good stock is the only material out of which history can make a great nation," he argued. Jordan was a Nordacist in that he believed that northern European peoples have the highest level of the qualities needed to produce a superior society and culture, and that includes moral qualities, which he considered to be biologically transmitted. Just as important to Jordan, Nordics didn't have what was most detrimental to civilization building: a high percentage of people who are dissolute and disorganized.

Jordan saw America as a Nordic nation: "Its freedom was won and its integrity maintained by Nordic methods," he wrote. "Who gave them this chance?" he asked. "Did they not take it for themselves? They have had liberty, education, and self-government because they wanted these things and wanted them badly enough to put forth the effort to get them."

Jordan believed that maintaining racial superiority was a requisite of progress. He noted that Rome was weakened by the dilution of its blood. "It is the first mission of statecraft," he asserted, "to preserve the integrity of the national stock and protect the right of future generations to be well born." He believed that the fate of the American republic rests on the blood of its founders remaining dominant in the blood of its people. He despaired the introduction of the African into the colonies and the prospect of racial intermixing. He decried the immigration of "weaker groups" being fostered during his time by industrialists in search of cheap labor. He strongly condemned social policies impelled by paternalism and charity that result in racial deterioration by encouraging "weakness to mate with weakness."

Of particular concern to Jordan were the dysgenic consequences of war. He saw war as sending the finest specimens of young manhood to be maimed and killed. These young men will not breed future generations. "There is more than one in a man's life," he wrote. "The bullet that pierces his heart goes to the heart of at least one other. For each soldier, there is a sweetheart." Jordan said that "the man who is left"-the man who does not die before having offspring--determines the march of history. He pointed out that in the American Civil War half of the best young men in the South were

killed or died of disease, and that forty percent of them did not leave descendants. He wrote of the deaths from the wars of Europe:

You know the color that we call Magenta, the hue of the blood that flowed out under the olive trees. Go over Italy as you will, there is scarcely a railway station without its pile of French skulls.... You can find them in Germany, in Jena and Leipzig, at Lutzen and Bautzen and Austerlitz. You will find them in Russia, at Moscow; in Belgium, at Waterloo.

Jordan said that wars are fertile in one sense: they breed hatred, resentment, grievance, and the desire for revenge, which lead to future wars and even more slaughter and devastation. He repudiated the contention you must fight fire with fire. "Fire will not put out fire," he warned.

Jordan cautioned against the idea of the "good war." "Every war, holy or unholy, wanton or inevitable, brings dissolution in its aftermath," he wrote. He pointed out that war is expensive, encourages paternalism and corruption, and makes the masses more docile and malleable. He was distressed by the willingness of the masses to engage in whatever war their government tells them to wage: "The great body of men follow like sheep; stail them and they drive on." Jordan believed that citizens of every country have been educated to regard responding to any call to war by the politicians as one's "patriotic duty to the state." He advocated an "intelligent patriotism" to replace the blind feeling of "my country right or wrong."

Jordan wasn't a pacifist; he conceded that there were instances that call for war. He simply underscored that war needs to be viewed as but one means of resolving international conflict. He was involved with a number of organizations that attempted to awaken the American public to the dangers of war and explored alternatives to it. One of them was the Emergency Peace Federation, which was made up of distinguished citizens and chaired by Jordan. The Federation engaged in speechmaking and pamphleteering to educate the public about the horrors of war and inform them about the possibilities of negotiation, mediation, and conciliation for resolving disputes.

Jordan emphasized the establishment of friendly relations, commerce, and the removal of grievances. "The real interests of populations everywhere," he offered, "call for closer friendship, political understanding, free business intercourse, and the removal of the causes of international friction." In particular, Jordan argued, America has no place for a "vigorous foreign policy leading to military adventures in foreign lands." He warned that this country was faced with a choice-to remain loyal to her best traditions of friendship with other nations and concentrate on domestic problems or choose the path of empire with the resultant costs of militarism. In 1924, Jordan won a \$25,000 prize for authoring the best plan for maintaining world peace.

As were many prominent people of his time-among them, John Harvey Kellogg of breakfast cereal fame, naturalist Luther Burbank, and Harvard president, Charles Eliot--Jordan was a eugenicist. "A race of men or a herd of cattle are governed by the same laws of selection," he wrote. "In selective breeding with any domesticated animal or plant, it is possible, with a little attention, to produce wonderful changes for the better. Almost anything may be accomplished with time and patience." He said that a race of intellectual giants could be produced in a few generations if the best men and women would "submit themselves to the methods of selection." However, Jordan doubted that such race improvement was a practical possibility, as scientists were not likely to cooperate with such a program and people would insist on choosing mates for themselves.

So that's David Starr Jordan, the one you have--and until very recently, I had--never heard of. The question becomes, what does Jordan's life example mean to you, to me, to us? I'll offer some meanings that come to my mind.

The first thing Jordan's life brings up for me is that I can't think of a contemporary mainstream counterpart to him. I am trying to come up with the name of a college president, congressman, senator, public intellectual, or talking head on the PBS News Hour or one of the Sunday morning or cable shows who identifies with the white race and affirms it and acts accordingly as Jordan did. These years, anyone who gives the least hint of tilting in that direction



is scolded, demonized, pathologized, marginalized, threatened, or punished. The challenge is to acknowledge that state of affairs and fight against it with all we have. We shouldn't concede the center arena in American life to our adversaries; we need to figure out how to get there and stay there.

If we haven't already done so, an important step forward for each of us is to make our race a primary aspect of our personal identity and a major guide to the conduct of our lives. As for labels, we can use white racist or white nationalist, or white advocate, or simply white man or white woman. We can be other things too--conservatives, Americans, Christians, and whatever else--but we need to make being white a central and positive part of our self-definition and engagement with the world. There is a campaign currently to condition whites not to do that. Whites are shaped into holding three contradictory beliefs about race, all of which discourage racial identity, pride, commitment, and action: first, that race doesn't exist; second, that race does exist but doesn't matter; and third, that race exists and does matter, and, for whites, their race is something to feel guilty about and atone.

In our time in contrast to Jordan's, if we affirm our racial and cultural heritage or criticize other races in any way, or organize or even label ourselves as white people, we are smeared as racists. If we note the accomplishments of our race we are trashed as white supremacists. We need to purge any tendency to remain silent, equivocate, or placate in the face of racial disconfirmation and threat. We need to be articulate enough and tough enough in mind and body so that we can effectively counterattack when attacked. We need to join together so that when one of us is besieged our racial kinsmen will come to our defense. Simply, more of us, in our own way and in both the private and public dimensions of our lives, need to emulate David Starr Jordan's personal integrity and engagement with the world as a white person.

Another thing I take from Jordan's example is the need to speak about Jews openly and honestly, something whites are conditioned not to do. This past week, I viewed a videotape produced by an pro-white organization about the Frankfurt School of intellectuals prominent in the 1930s, '40s, and '50s. The writings of this group

are the underpinnings of what we now call political correctness. The tape failed to mention that virtually every one of them if not every one of them was Jewish, and self-consciously so, and that their prime inspirations-Marx and Freud-were also Jewish. To critique the Frankfurt school and not discuss its Jewish character is disingenuous and incomplete. Prudence is a virtue, and certainly there are times when it is prudent to be less than candid, but this Frankfurt School tape didn't need to duck reality as it did. The challenge to whites is to be as forthright as possible about the Jewish influence on the status and future of our people and not to flinch or cave in every time someone calls us an anti-Semite.

And then there is the matter of war. At this writing, America is embroiled in what the administration in Washington is calling a "war on terrorism." This is a war Congress hasn't declared, and neither they nor anyone else has seriously debated its merits. We have little idea how much this war is going to cost in dollars and lives and destruction and how long it is going to last, and there are no commissions of distinguished citizens as there were in Jordan's day exploring peaceful alternatives to it. All we know is that we are to get behind the war(s) and to be ready for a "dirty bomb" or nuclear device to detonate in one of our cities, or several simultaneously, and assassinations, poisoned water supplies, and explosions in our restaurants and shopping malls.

Jordan's example prompts us to assess military actions in terms of their impact on our people, white people. For example, there has been a big media campaign recently glorifying World War II. There was the "Saving Private Ryan" film, and it seems that every second book on the New York Times bestseller list the past several years has trumpeted that conflict. Certainly, the many brave men and women on all sides of the Second World War deserve recognition and respect. But what is getting lost in all this elegiac reminiscing is the horrific loss of life in that war. Of course, we all know about the six million Jews who are alleged to have died; that fact is so paramount that the war itself has become a backdrop to the Holocaust. But not acknowledged are the twenty-nine million gentiles who lost their lives in Europe alone. (I've seen estimates of up to forty million, but I chose to cite the most conservative figure I found.) To echo

Jordan's concern: how many white children and grandchildren, and now great-grandchildren, were not sired by the white men buried before their time as a result of that conflagration?

As white people, we are going to have to start looking harder at whether a particular war is serving our interests, and refusing to cooperate when it doesn't. In recent years, the American government has called upon us to put down attempts by our people to maintain their ethnic integrity (the Serbs) and to fight the enemies of Israel (the Gulf wars and the current war against terrorism). We are good Americans and dutiful people, but we can't assume that the powers in control of this country represent either America or our interests, and we are going to have to stop marching mindlessly to the drum beat and start thinking for ourselves. We are a brave people, but there are times when brave people put their energies into the removal of grievances and conciliation. Certainly, American Jews would not view it as a simple matter of "backing our president" if he called upon them to bomb Israel. If we had a stronger racial consciousness we might have had similar reservations about bombing Belgrade.

And then there is Jordan's interest in eugenics. A recent bestseller by Pat Buchanan, *The Death of the West*, is the sobering account of a declining white birthrate that will, if continued, eventually lead in the centuries ahead to the effective disappearance of the white race. A number of factors have contributed to this circumstance among them: the current tax burden necessitates two incomes for a family to maintain itself at an earlier quality of life, and children get in the way of that; advertising-prompted consumerism, and children get in the way of that, too; feminist-inspired careerism among women; and increased rates of miscegenation resulting from the push toward an integrated, multiracial society and the mass media's presentations of appealing images of interracial pairings. As for the quality of white children, government welfare programs encourage the least of us to replicate their kind.

Some have pointed to the biosciences as a way of maintaining and enhancing the quality of white children. Genetic engineering may one day serve to improve the race by, say, eradicating inherited illnesses. To be sure, there are some positive possibilities in this area, but as was true in Jordan's day, people are not receptive to

reproductive solutions implemented from the top down. It must also be kept in mind that genetic manipulations carry with them significant risks to the white gene pool.

Whatever happens through science, it is advisable for white people to look at time-honored ways of enhancing the quality of the race. In the past, the best of us engaged in an informal form of positive eugenics. We lived in communities and we knew a potential marriage partner's parents and grandparents and uncles and aunts. When we engaged in the "courtship dance" we weren't just dancing with our partner. We were dancing with his extended family. We could take into account the character and ambition of his father and mother. We could note the temperament of his sister and the intelligence of his grandparents and the way his uncle raised his children. But now we are living cut off from one another in cosmopolitan America. We meet him at work or at a bar or online, and his parents are back in Boston or Iowa or Portland, and we really don't know who he is except he is good looking and interesting and fun. We both like action movies and we seem to love each other --and love is what it is all about, right?--so we get married and have children.

What to do?

First, any movement in the direction of white separatism would be helpful. To the extent white people think and act as separate beings and consciously form networks and communities with other white people it would help establish the identities and connections requisite to the informal eugenic practices I have been describing.

And second, white parents need to take on a more directive role with their children. For decades, the word has come down to us from the "experts"--often themselves not from among our people--that we should back off as our children get older and limit ourselves to being supportive of whatever they want to do lest we be interfering and domineering parents. What many parents are realizing, however, is that approach really amounts to turning our children over to the schools, the peer group, and the mass media to bring up. More and more, we're catching on to the fact that these institutions are trying to enroll our children in a "Brazil-north" culture that is the exact opposite of what we want. Parents need to get up close and take

control of the education and overall socialization of their children. They need to set out their expectations to their children in no uncertain terms. They need to level with their children about the children's racial responsibilities and the fundamental and vitally important matter of having and rearing children.

Whatever we do, we need to counteract the pressure and insistence from every source to see eugenic concerns as somehow evil and unacceptable. With regard to any social and cultural phenomenon-whether it is an ideology or a proposed law or a popular music trend, whatever it is-white people need to ask the question, what will its effect be on the number and quality of our kind on this planet?

And last, there is the fact that Jordan has been discarded into the darkness of the memory hole of history. The often-quoted party slogan from George Orwell's *1984* bears repeating: "Who controls the present controls the past; who controls the past controls the future." There has been a concerted, and exceedingly effective, campaign by those who control the present-and it is not us, let's not kid ourselves-to rewrite history. Our heroes and models have been denigrated or obliterated. Our children are being taught to sneer at Jefferson and bow to the image of Martin Luther King. We need to control our own past and not let others control it. To its great credit, National Vanguard magazine [where this article was published] over the years has made a solid contribution in this regard. I recall reading in these pages profiles of the Spartan Leonidas, the Viking Sven Hedin, the writers Rudyard Kipling, Knut Hamsun, and Aldous Huxley, and a number of others. Those pieces inspired me to write this one on David Starr Jordan. I hope what I have written here will inspire someone else to do the same.

## 10 THE REAL LINCOLN

As well as learn about new people, I revisited the lives of well-known figures from history, this time from a racial angle. For me, the past was taking on a different meaning than it had. It turns out that Abraham Lincoln was far from a racial egalitarian. I published a review of Thomas J. DiLorenzo's book, *The Real Lincoln: A New Look at Abraham Lincoln, His Agenda, and an Unnecessary War*. The review:

The *real* Lincoln? You mean he wasn't the martyred American hero who freed the slaves and saved the Union established by the Founding Fathers? That wasn't the real Lincoln? No it wasn't, offers Thomas DiLorenzo in this worthwhile and readable book.

So then who *was* the real Lincoln? For one thing, we learn from Professor DiLorenzo (he is a professor of economics at Loyola College in Maryland) that Lincoln was a white supremacist. "There is a physical difference between the two [white and black races], which, in my judgement, will forever forbid their living together upon the footing of perfect equality.... I am in favor of the race to which I belong, having the superior position." On another occasion, Lincoln said flatly that he believed that the Negro race is inferior to the white race, and added that Mexicans are "mongrels."

And Lincoln wasn't alone in his beliefs. Among several examples DiLorenzo provides is the Concord, New Hampshire *Democrat Standard* editor who wrote, "The proposition that the Negro is equal by nature, physically and mentally, to the white man, seems to be

so absurd and preposterous, that we cannot conceive how it can be entertained by any intelligent and rational white man."

Apart from the validity of what Lincoln and this editor thought, it is useful to ponder how the flow of accepted public discourse has narrowed in the last century and a half. If someone did happen to think this way now, they wouldn't dare announce it to the world. Such is freedom of expression in our time.

Lincoln, DiLorenzo tells us, was also a white separatist. More than wanting blacks free, he wanted them gone. During the Civil War he was asked what should be done with the blacks. "Send them to Liberia," he replied. Lincoln wanted to colonize every last black to Africa, Haiti, or Central America: "I cannot make it better known than it already is, that I strongly favor colonization." He termed the elimination of every black from American soil "a glorious consummation" and "the true solution to the race question."

And Lincoln didn't leave his colonization idea at just talk. He got Congress to appropriate funds for colonization and had his Commissioner of Emigration and Secretary of Interior supervise its implementation. Lincoln's colonization plan didn't come off, however, due to inept administration and mismanagement of funds. It can be presumed that the vast majority of readers of this book are happy that Lincoln's scheme didn't work out. A few readers, though, might harbor the thought that America would have been better off if it had.

As I was reading about the colonization program I was reminded of our tendency to think that whatever happened in history was inevitable. The story becomes familiar, and with familiarity comes the impression of immutability-it had to happen that way. Well, of course, it didn't have to happen that way. Colonization might have happened, but it didn't because of what people did and didn't do at that time.

The lesson in this is that there are contemporary issues-Third World immigration, say-and how these issues will be resolved is up in the air; it depends on what people now alive do. The resolution of these issues will someday be called history, and it will seem to people in the future that it had to have worked out that way. And as with colonization, however a contemporary issue works out, the

consequences of that state of affairs will be felt for hundreds of years, because one thing affects another, and that affects two other things, and they affect eight other things, and so on.

And a last point, there may be only one time to resolve a particular issue. There certainly is not going to be colonization for blacks now. There was one opportunity to do that, and it has passed. History isn't like sports. If you lose a ballgame today, there is another game tomorrow. What greatly increases the stakes in whatever cultural or social issue you care about is if you lose that historical game, it may well never be replayed.

One of the themes in DiLorenzo 's book is that whites in those days weren't big on sharing their lives with blacks, something that in our time is taken to be an unimpeachable good. Illinois, Ohio, and Oregon amended their state constitutions to prohibit the immigration of blacks. The amendments were approved by public referenda, passing by margins of two to one in Illinois, three to one in Indiana, and eight to one in Oregon. (No public referenda on immigration in our time.) Asked for the reasoning behind his state's action, Illinois Senator Lyman Trumbull responded, "Our people want nothing to do with the Negroes." One Ohio congressman threatened blacks that if they tried to get into Ohio they would be met by "men with muskets on their shoulders."

In our enlightened age, we all know that these actions and statements were abhorrent. DiLorenzo makes clear that he has no time for what these people did, as he leads off this section of the book with, "Northerners discriminated against blacks in cruel and inhumane ways during the 1850s." Indeed, what made these people presume that they had the right to decide who would live among them? How could they even think of controlling entry into their communities, and particularly how could they justify not wanting to mingle all day, every day with blacks? It's hard to comprehend.

Of course, any consideration of these limitations on immigration is one-sided because the dead can't talk. If he could be brought back to life, I wonder what the aforementioned Senator Trumbull would say about the amendment to keep blacks out of Illinois. I could imagine him saying, "I just took a tour of Chicago. Hell, we were right."



Back to Lincoln, not only was he what we would have to classify as a dreaded racist, just as grating on our contemporary sensibilities, he was openly a white advocate. With reference to Nebraska and the other new territories, he said, "We want them for the homes of free white people." Lincoln came right out and said he wanted something for white people! Imagine the outrage if some politician today ventured to say such a thing.

It would be one thing if Lincoln was alone with these kinds of sentiments, but he wasn't. *New York Tribune* editor Horace Greeley wrote, "All the unoccupied territory ... shall be preserved for the benefit of the white Caucasian race." Our man Senator Trumbull referred to the Republican Party as "the white man's party." Representative David Wilmot of Pennsylvania announced that he wanted to preserve "a rich inheritance . . . for my own race and color." And a last example, a Niles, Michigan newspaper editor opined, "This government was made for the benefit of the white race ... not for Negroes." Reading this, I asked myself, who are some white advocates now that aren't vilified and excluded from the mainstream of American life? None came to mind. How'd that happen?

If Lincoln wasn't all that enamored of blacks, then what prompted him to issue the Emancipation Proclamation? DiLorenzo informs us that it certainly wasn't a desire to free any slaves. The Proclamation's purpose was to force the secessionists to remain in the Union. "What I do about slavery, and the colored race, I do because I believe it helps to save the Union," said Lincoln. He thought the Proclamation might incite a slave revolt, because mostly there were only white women and children on the plantations since the men had gone off to war. As it turned out, the Proclamation resulted in a problem for Lincoln. Many Northern soldiers felt betrayed. They had assumed they were fighting for the Union and were repelled by the thought of dying by the tens of thousands for black strangers they cared nothing about.

The subtitle of DiLorenzo's book refers to "an unnecessary war." What was unnecessary about the Civil War? Six hundred twenty thousand people died in that war. Standardizing for today's population, that is the equivalent of five million deaths-seventeen

times the number of Americans killed in World War II and a hundred times the number killed in Vietnam. One out of every four Southern white men between the ages of twenty and forty perished in the war. Hundreds of thousands more on both sides were maimed. Forty percent of the nation's economy was destroyed. And it didn't have to happen?

To the extent it was about slavery, no, it didn't have to happen, writes DiLorenzo. Slavery, he points out, had been a normal state of affairs in the world for three thousand years. Yet in a century slavery had ended peacefully in every country but the United States through some form of gradual abolition involving compensation to slave owners. Everybody else but us figured out how to do end slavery without bloodshed. What was the problem?

The problem, according to DiLorenzo, was that for Lincoln the war wasn't about slavery. And it wasn't about saving the Union *per se* either. It was about consolidating power in Washington, D.C. Stephen Douglas had Lincoln pegged. During a senatorial debate with Lincoln, he said Lincoln wanted to "impose on the nation a uniformity of local laws and institutions and a moral homogeneity dictated by the central government [that would] place at defiance the intentions of the republic's founders." The threat of secession was a powerful check on the expansionist activities of the federal government, and, of course, actual secession represented their defeat.

"Saving the Union" was Lincoln's euphemism for destroying the decentralized, voluntary union of states that had existed up to that time. The Civil War resulted in the death of federalism and, arguably, individual freedom in America. The consequences of that war live powerfully with us today: namely, the shift from a society based on liberty to one grounded in egalitarianism and "democracy" (the politicizing of virtually all of life). Writes DiLorenzo:

Government became more militaristic and began a quest for empire; myriad socialistic income and wealth-transfer schemes were adopted ... and the Jeffersonian notion "that government is best which governs least" was abandoned in favor of today's philosophy that nothing-not even the

rules of golf-should be beyond the control of the federal government.

Lincoln stopped at nothing to win his victory, including the violation of rules of warfare that all nations at that time considered worthy of being followed by civilized people. It was considered a war crime to attack defenseless cities and towns and plunder and wantonly destroy civilian property. Women and children, the elderly and sick, and those who offered no resistance were to be exempted from harm. The respected Swiss jurist, Emmerich de Vattel had written that occupying soldiers who destroy property, farms, and livestock should be regarded as "savage barbarians."

But then there was Unionist Colonel C. C. Walcott, whose men burned the entire town of Randolph, Tennessee to the ground except for one house to mark where the town had once existed. And there was the devastation of Meridian, Mississippi: "For five days, ten thousand of our men worked hard and with a will, in that work of destruction," wrote Union general William Tecumseh Sherman, "with axes, sledges, crowbars, clawbars, and with fire, and I have no hesitation in pronouncing the work well done. Meridian . . . no longer exists." The Union army stripped farms bare and destroyed homes in Vicksburg, Mississippi, and its citizens had to resot to living in caves and eating rats and dogs. Sherman described the corpses of women and young children in the streets of Atlanta as "a beautiful sight."

Over the years, I have often heard derisive comments about people who "are still fighting the Civil War." Especially after reading this book, my response to those people is God bless them.

## 11 READING ROCKWELL

I came into contact with George Lincoln Rockwell when writing the Fame book. Dr. Pierce told me that around 1963 when he was a professor of physics at Oregon State University he saw a twenty- or thirty-second news clip featuring Rockwell. "Rockwell was trying to give a speech to a bunch of college students in San Diego and they were shouting him down and throwing bottles at him. 'Go back to Germany, you Nazi bastard' and that kind of stuff. Despite all that was going on, Rockwell did get two or three sentences out before members of the audience rushed the stage and tore out his microphone, and I said to myself, 'You know, he's basically right.' So I went to the library and looked up Rockwell's address and wrote him a letter. About two weeks later I got a long hand-written answer from him, about a dozen pages.... He operated out of Washington, D.C. and there was a physics meeting scheduled for there, so I used that opportunity to meet him." The meeting, in 1964, significantly affected the course of Pierce's life. Pierce left his work in physics and moved to the D.C. area and Rockwell became his mentor until Rockwell's death in 1967, assassinated by a former close associate.

Rockwell was a tall, slim, dark-haired, good-looking fellow in his mid-forties when Pierce met him. He was the Commander of the American Nazi Party he founded and headquartered in Arlington, Virginia, just outside Washington. Rockwell had an assertive and brash persona, affected a dashing image with his corncob pipe, and approached things with a showbiz flair. His public rallies, with him dressed up like Hitler and surrounded by "storm-troopers" and

American and Nazi flags and greeting his followers with the Roman salute, had a theatrical as well as, for many, a frightening quality. In his speeches Rockwell would rail against Jews for being behind communism and scheming to mongrelize the American racial stock by promoting racial integration and interbreeding with blacks. He called for resettling American blacks in Africa at American expense.

To give a sense of Rockwell's style-serious but at the same time tongue-in-cheek-in response to the freedom rides, as they were called, in 1961 where civil rights activists rode buses in the South to integrate interstate travel, Rockwell had his own "hate bus" that he and some of his followers drove through the South. He had one of his followers jump in the front of civil rights marches dressed in an ape costume. Another example, evidently with reference to the strong Jewish presence among psychoanalysts and therapists, Rockwell put out a pamphlet which he said gave instructions on how to combat "the Jew mental health attack." And then there was his booklet parody, "The Diary of Ann Fink."

If anyone had told me a few years ago that I would be looking to this character Rockwell for guidance and inspiration, I would have found the notion laughable. But the truth of it is Rockwell the man--not what he thinks and not what he does, but the man--does guide and inspire me. I admire his honesty, his autonomy, his personal integrity, his elan, the joy he took in living, the chances he took, his willingness to go all the way full speed ahead, and his remarkable courage. I think from time to time how, if my life had gone differently, I could be writing here about how Princess Diana, Bill Clinton, or Bono has inspired me, but I'm happy the way things have turned out.

Ken, the New Hampshire parent I wrote about in "Rearing Honorable White Children," loaned me a falling-apart copy of a personally inscribed book Rockwell wrote in 1961 entitled, modestly enough, *This Time the World*. I published a review of the book to explain what it is about Rockwell that I relate to. I also got into how we can engage books productively in a personal way. I called the article "Getting Something Out of an Old (or New) Book: My Experience with George Lincoln Rockwell's *This Time the World*":

The black cover of the old cloth-bound book has nearly fallen off and only about half of the white coloring of the title, *This Time the World*, remains. The pages are discolored with age and have broken away from the binding in clumps. The aged appearance of the book underscores that 1961, when it was published, was over forty years ago, a long time. Ruffling through the book's pages, I came upon pictures of its author, "Commander George Lincoln Rockwell," from childhood to adulthood, which signaled that this would be an autobiographical account of Rockwell's life up to that time--Rockwell was forty-three in 1961. This volume is obviously not the product of a commercial publisher (J.V. Kenneth Morgan is the publisher of record-I've never heard of him/it); it has the look of having been run off on a printing press in someone's basement. I have learned that there were 380 copies in this first printing and three subsequent printings on a similarly small scale.

I write here not to offer a review of *This Time the World* or to provide an overall critique of Rockwell's thoughts and deeds. Rather, this is a report of what came up for me while reading this old book--thoughts, feelings, conclusions, issues. Perhaps my report will be of some worth in itself, but fundamentally this piece is about the process of reading an old book--or new one, for that matter--and getting something useful out of it. It is about engaging a book in a way that informs and guides your understanding of the past and the contemporary circumstance and your place in it. I use the word "engaging" advisedly. Reading is not always simply a matter of taking in what an author says or of allowing a book to have its effect, whatever it turns out to be. Rather, reading can be, and in the case of this Rockwell book I decided should be for me, an exchange with a writer in which the reader is consciously aware of himself and his circumstance, both public and private, and what he is trying to accomplish in his life. It is the active search for insight, meaning, and direction, and guides to action. I hope my account of what I did with the Rockwell book will encourage you to do something similar with books of your own choosing.

On the title page of my copy of *This Time the World*, Rockwell had written an inscription in ink with a bold and artful hand (he was a talented commercial artist):

No. 101

To:

"Speed Laguous-One of the worst things that ever happened to the Jew-Communists!"

[signed] Lincoln Rockwell

Reading the inscription, which in contrast to the rest of the book looked as if it could have been penned yesterday, I pondered the fact that the man who wrote those words is no longer alive-Rockwell was shot and killed in 1967 by a former member of the American Nazi Party he founded and lead. If Rockwell had lived, he would have been, as I write this in the summer of 2003, eighty-five years old. I tried to imagine what this tall, slim, dark-haired, handsome man would look like now if he had lived, and what I will look like if I live to be that age. At the most basic level, all biographical and autobiographical accounts are about mortality, about life itself, and what someone does with the precious and remarkable gift of life while he possesses it. Reading about Rockwell's life from that angle and realizing that he had one chance at it and that it is forever over for him prompted me to think about what I will do with my gift of life in the time before it is over for me. We are all finite, Rockwell and you and I. It won't last forever. ~~We~~ will certainly end. We have but a limited time to do whatever we are going to do, leave whatever mark on the world we leave, whatever legacy, and the clock is ticking.

Rockwell writes that from early childhood the two traits that most characterized him were "a deep satisfaction in defying any overwhelming odds" and "not bowing down to tyrannical folly." Among several illustrations of these qualities he provides was the protest he staged in his last year of high school against the instructional methods of his Problems of American Democracy teacher, a Mr. Schwab, who it seems required his students to transcribe the textbook word for word into their notebooks while he

sat at his desk occupied with other matters. Rockwell wasn't about to put up with that.

I brought pulp Western stories to class, placed my feet on the desk, and ostentatiously read these while the class bent over its mechanical task in the bulging notebooks....

The other kids were somewhat awed by all this, and the girls were almost terrified at such impudence in the face of the almighty.

As it turned out, Rockwell's protest resulted in his not being allowed to graduate with the rest of his class and it took him an extra year to get his high school diploma.

As I read accounts of this sort, I wondered whether Rockwell's adult life would be characterized by defying odds and refusing to bow down but then having to pay a personal price for it and not getting much if anything positive accomplished. Defying odds and refusing to bow down is not necessarily at conflict with achieving tangible positive results for yourself and others, but then again, one doesn't have to achieve anything concrete to manifest these qualities. Reading about Rockwell's classroom protest and other such episodes in his youth reminded me that I have to be clear about the results I am seeking to achieve, and about what I do achieve in my life. Particularly, I don't want to be satisfied with just being aware of what is going on with racial matters, as important as I think that is. I want to get things done. I want to make things happen in the world and I want to live honorably day-to-day. I put the book down on my coffee table and, with race as the frame of reference, reflected on what I am actually doing and accomplishing in both the public and private dimensions of my life.

Rockwell describes himself as an avowed hater. "I roundly hate," he announces. "I am proud to hate." He calls hate "a positive motivation for my activities." Among the things he hates is the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith, which he says is "trying to BULLY people out of their ideas and open discussion of facts" through the use of "smear, economic persecution, and suppression of facts." Rockwell's discussion of hate-and I'm trying to think of where else I have read or heard a case made for hate--prompted me



to think about hate in my own life. I have decided that I have spent a good deal of my life in the hands of the enemy, as it were. By the enemy, I mean elements in the society that discouraged and distracted me from becoming a proud and contributing member of my people, European heritage people, white people. Those elements include the schools all the way through the university, the environment in the university where I have worked, and the mass media.

Since I have gotten relatively free of the enemy (it is almost impossible to live in this culture and be completely free of them, they are ubiquitous) one of the tasks I have consciously taken on is to free myself of the conditioning that has persisted from those experiences. One of the ideas that was drilled into me is that hate is a bad, unacceptable emotion and motivation for me, and that I must suppress it, and certainly I must be self-condemning if I experience hate and contrite if I'm caught manifesting it. I have come to see the value in possessing a complete repertoire of affective responses and prompts to action and being able to draw upon whichever one of them is appropriate to a particular circumstance, event, or person. Love may be the appropriate response, indifference may be, and, indeed, and Rockwell's right, hate may be the appropriate response and the best foundation from which to take vigorous and effective action. I have come to realize that not allowing hate to be an option cripples me. It softens me, rounds off my edges, makes me more passive and deferring, and I think at some level the people sending me their insistent "anti-hate" messages know that. I've noticed that while they are telling me not to hate, they feel free to hate whomever they choose, including me. All to say, I'm working on my hating. For that matter, I'm working on my loving, too, because another past conditioning that exists as a residue of my time in the hands of the enemy that I need to undo is the notion that I shouldn't love my own people.

After a number of false starts in conservative endeavors, Rockwell eventually came to the conclusion in the late 1950s that appropriating the images and associations of the Nazis, arguably the most vilified group in the history of the world, was necessary to bringing his cause to the attention of the public because it would most certainly get mainstream media coverage. We needed "a smashing,

dramatic approach which could NOT be ignored," he writes, and "a super-tough hard-core of fighting men to enable such a dramatic presentation." So Rockwell got himself a brown uniform, a swastika armband, and some boots, recruited a few "stormtroopers," and began organizing demonstrations and speeches in the Washington, D.C. area.

Reading this section of the book, I thought about the basic motivations that Rockwell had described earlier. An American Nazi Party was certainly a good context for defying overwhelming odds and not bowing down to tyrannical folly. But was it a good vehicle for getting anything much accomplished? I thought about Rockwell's tendency as revealed in the book to get into a matter just deeply enough to provide himself with a positive rationale for action but not deeply enough for him to come to grips with the possible negative consequences of those actions. For example, it is true that this Nazi Party banner was going to garner him media attention. But exactly what kind of media attention? I don't think it would have taken any great prescience on his part to realize that the media were going to portray him as a malevolent buffoon, and that is precisely what happened. And as for the "super-tough fighting men" he was going to attract, if becoming a Nazi is part of the package, even if they are super tough, they might well also be dysfunctional human beings in one way or another. Rockwell appears not to have thought about this possibility, and, indeed, a number of defective people did come into his organization, and one of them murdered him while he was doing his laundry on a Saturday morning. I made a personal note to take more time to think through all of the consequences, both positive and negative, of whatever projects I take on.

When Rockwell and his "storm-troopers" started engaging in public demonstrations and speeches in the Washington, D.C. area, his remarkable courage comes to the fore. He describes going to the Mall to make a speech "knowing I might be killed or injured or arrested." I tried to imagine myself walking to a speaker's platform knowing what Rockwell knew about what might well happen to me in an hour or two. When Rockwell arrived for his speech on one occasion, sure enough, two hundred members of a Jewish organization had showed up-"BIG, husky, mean-looking."

Shortly into his speech, they charged "like an avalanche of wild beasts, screaming and howling for my guts." The battle lasted four or five minutes with the result that one of Rockwell's nine men was choked unconscious, another had an ear bitten partly off, another had a knee permanently damaged, and another was bleeding profusely. Rockwell himself, after he "gave a Jew a dose of his own medicine," was hauled off to a urine-smelling jail cell with two black eyes, a broken nose, and a tom mouth.

Most racially conscious and committed white people aren't facing the physical threat that Rockwell stood up to back then, but nevertheless they need to have courage as they confront other kinds of threats to their being: among them, scorn, exclusion, harassment of their family, and economic reprisal. I see courage as doing what is right in the face of fear and the possibility of negative personal consequence. Rockwell refers to cowardice as "the disease of our modern life," and I think he has a point. I'm working on my courage. I think I learn to be courageous in the same way I learn anything else, through practice: as situations present themselves in my life, doing the courageous thing instead of the fearful or safe thing. Rockwell's example is an inspiration to me in this regard.

What particularly came through to me in the last half of *This Time the World* is how glorious and empowering it was for Rockwell to have eventually found a mission to guide his life and give it meaning. It turned out that he *did* do more as an adult than just defy odds and refuse to bow down to tyrannical folly wherever he saw occasions of it. He was more focused than that. His life had a purpose that he understood and could articulate. He had a mission; to protect and contribute to the betterment of his people, his race. That mission gave his life thrust, confidence, and clarity.

Where before I had wanted to fight the forces of tyranny and regression, now I HAD to fight them. But even more, I felt within me the POWER to prevail-strength beyond my own strength-the ability to do the right thing even when I was personally overwhelmed by events. And that strength has not yet failed me. Nor will it fail. ... I knew with calm certainty exactly what to do, and I knew, in a hard-to-explain

sense, what was ahead. It was something like looking at the road from the air after seeing only the curve ahead.

These past few years, I have felt a sense of mission in my own life, and it has motivated and strengthened me and given me direction and, if I may say so, led to accomplishments that I am proud of. It has resulted in personal happiness beyond anything I have ever experienced -happiness in the sense of satisfaction, a feeling of gratification, the experience that "yes, life is good" and "the way I am living is right for me." Reading what Rockwell wrote those many years ago about how, as he got older, he developed a mission to give direction to his life affirmed that I am on the proper course in my own life now, finally, and that I should do whatever it takes to heighten my own sense of mission in the time I have left on this earth.

## 12 LIVING WHITE

During the 2002-2003 period, I wrote the Sheaf book, as I called *One Sheaf, One Vine*. I contacted and interviewed around thirty racially conscious white people (not all of them made it into the book). Practically all of them stayed in contact with me after the interview. The Sheaf experience sensitized me to the issues individual racially aware white people face as they try to put together personal and professional lives of racial integrity, where there is a fit between their racial beliefs and commitments and the way they conduct their lives day to day. I was confronting these issues myself as my own racial consciousness and commitment were growing. I decided I needed to have a clearer sense of what it means for me to "live white" in a culture and society that are very unfriendly to white racial pride, conviction, and action. I sketched out a framework, a set of criteria, some ideals, to guide me as I tried to bring my own life in alignment with my emerging racial identity and understanding. I saw it as a modest beginning that I could expand upon and change as time went on.

I decided to publish the framework with the hope that others would find it useful to them, and that they would join me in fleshing out this beginning effort. Also, I wanted to bring attention to the personal, in contrast to the public, aspects of white racialism, and to the interrelationship of public and private concerns. I hoped the article would encourage those who care about the well-being of white people to focus more on the experienced realities of life-health both physical and mental, personal strength, honor, love,

family, friendship, home, vocation, accomplishment, pride and joy and sorrow, and mortality.

I added some explanatory material to the framework and made it available in published form. This article has evoked more response than any other short writing of mine has received. Evidently this piece touched home with a lot of people. I called the article, "Living an Honorable White Life: A Personal Challenge and Responsibility":

Recently, I wrote an article entitled "Rearing Honorable White Children" in which I reported on the parenting practices of some racially conscious white parents whom I had encountered while writing a book on the white nationalist William Pierce. That article reflected what I have privately come to refer to as a "living white" perspective, by which I mean the piece was about racially aware white people engaging in activity that reflects their racial beliefs and commitments. It is this living white perspective that I explore in this writing.

The living white perspective, or construct, shines a light on the nature and quality of the lives of individual white people (other labels: Caucasians, European Americans, European heritage people)-this one, that one, and that one over there, and you and me. How are we doing? Day to day, month to month, year to year, are we doing what is natural and right for us? Are we living with integrity, in alignment with our deepest insights and highest values? Are we living proudly and openly and courageously? Are we getting important things done? Are we healthy and happy? Are we loved and supported? Are we living honorable white lives?

This concern for the circumstance of individual white men and women and boys and girls reflects a "small picture" in contrast to a "big picture" frame of reference, the latter being more abstract, theoretical, and impersonal. By big picture I mean analyses of what is happening in society overall, what is going on politically, what ideas and ways ought to prevail in the culture, that sort of thing. In this white racial area, a big picture orientation might result in a consideration what is happening with immigration in America, or interracial crime, or white nationalist political strategies. At least potentially, small picture and big picture orientations are

complementary, each informing and contributing to the other. The ideal, it seems to me, is a white racist worldview that harmoniously integrates "all-of-it" concerns--history, philosophy, analyses of the cultural and social context, visions of the future of the race, and so on--with "one-of-it" concerns--the fates of particular, mortal white men, women, and children.

I see an imbalance at the moment, however: namely, too much focus on the big picture at the expense of the small picture. That is to say, I think we are better at talking about how it all works than how our individual lives work. My worry is that without greater attention to matters related to what I am calling living white-specific and realistic personal goals and down-to-earth, practical strategies and actions for achieving those goals--too many racially conscious white people will end up talkers rather than doers and feel OK about that. Too many will become reviewers, commentators, spectators in life, rather than participants. Too many will come to assume that circumstances in the world and in their own lives are bigger than they can do anything about and, as a consequence, live lives characterized more by coping and hiding out than honest self-expression. Too many will live with a significant discrepancy between what they know and value and the way they conduct their lives, and this will gnaw on them and, over time, take its personal toll on them. Too many will have lives that are more frustrating than gratifying--being "in the know" and "talking a good game" is a poor substitute for living with dignity.

Thus I think it advisable to give greater attention to the manner in which actual white people conduct their lives. My assumption is that there are ways of living that grow out of white people's basic nature and cultural heritage. If that is so, if there is an approach to life or approaches that is/are natural to us, consistent with who we are, what is it, what are they? What does it mean to "live white"? What does it mean for whites collectively, and, the concern here, what does it mean for an individual? How does an individual answer that question for himself? And then after answering it--or anyway, resolving it--the question becomes, is he actually managing to live that way? Is he getting it done? Getting it done involves figuring out, concretely, what to do and then doing it successfully. It involves

getting from hopes to reality. Goal achievement capability is crucially important: living an honorable white life takes more than insight and good intentions; it takes efficacy, the ability to make things happen in one's own life. It takes "how-to" capability. Another way to put it, the white racist movement needs a technology of personal change to complement its ideological positions and social and cultural analyses and programs.

White people are born with a particular genetic make-up. They grow up, and live as adults, amid particular influences, prominent among them, their racial and cultural heritage, their parents and other relatives, friends and acquaintances, their church, neighborhood, and school, the contemporary social and cultural circumstance, and the mass media. They find a mate and some work to do and a place to live. They create a family and rear children. They take part in leisure activities. They engage the larger world--organizations, politics, the public discourse. They experience success and failure, love and satisfaction, and pain and regret. They get sick and get well and then get sick and die, leaving whatever mark on posterity they do. The idea of living white says to each of us: this is the playing field of your life. Work within this context and fashion an honorable life as a white man or woman.

There isn't just one way to be an honorable white person, but I propose honorable white lives have some common characteristics:

There is a strong sense of *racial identity and pride*.

There is a strong *racial commitment*, a dedication to live in accordance with the highest ideals or standards of the white race.

There is a *racial responsibility* to one's racial kinsmen.

There is *racial integrity*. There is a tight fit between the individual's highest racial convictions and actions. A tight fit, not a perfect fit, life isn't perfect; but there is a good correspondence between one's racial beliefs and one's deeds.

There is *courage and toughness*. These days, the world is very unfriendly to people with a strong white racial consciousness, to the point that it would do them in if it could. Living white requires fortitude, and it requires hardness and resilience. Living white means being fierce when it's called for and knowing how to fight and being willing to do it.



There is *physical and mental health*. You can't get it done if you are dragging physically-tired, washed out, overweight, half sick, and addicted to one thing or another, as so many people are, even those who are considered to be in good health. And you can't get it done if inner demons call the shots and lead you off into the marshes.

There is a *positive mental attitude*. Unfortunately, the most highly developed capability among many white racialisists is identifying how somebody else (and often that somebody else is another white racist) is wrong or messed up, and being pessimistic and cynical—a sure ticket to personal stagnation and iml er upheaval.

There is *efficacy*. You can't live with integrity and responsibility if you are unable to get good things done. Significant accomplishment is necessary to living white. Significant accomplishment doesn't have to mean altering American foreign policy in the Middle East. It can mean getting good results with your children. It can mean finding work that allows you to express your values and live more honestly. It can mean creating a living space that reflects who you truly are. Efficacy comes down to the ability to set tangible, imaginable, realizable objectives and take effective action to achieve those ends. Some people seem to know everything about everything, but when they try to do something they come up short. Others seem to spend all their time weighing options and making plans that they will implement when the time is right, but the time is never right.

And a last characteristic common to those living an honorable white life: *personal happiness*. By personal happiness I mean a basic sense of satisfaction, gratification. It is the experience of "Yes, life is good." Indeed, there is pain and loss and downtimes, as there is in every life, but pervading it all is the conclusion, "I'm living the life I should live." Amid the struggles and setbacks, and outweighing them by far, is victory and self-respect and peace of mind. I believe that happiness results from doing what you ought to do, and white people ought to live true to their nature and their heritage. If you don't, if you live with major incongruities between how you conduct your life and who you are at the core of your being, you may have cars and houses and worldly acclaim and people who

admire and love you, but still, deep down, you won't experience real happiness.

Below, I'll describe five outcomes of my looking at things through a living white lens. I hope this list encourages readers to identify concerns and projects related to their own interests and circumstances.

- I have been prompted to talk to other people about what it means to live white. One example from an e-mail exchange this past week: "My thoughts on the 'white way of life,'" my correspondent offered, "is that there's a quietness, an industriousness and a graciousness about it. Whites tend to their gardens, work in their fields, chop wood, walk their dogs, smoke their pipes, write their letters and read their books. They make things with their hands. They speak softly. I see this in rural, suburban, and urban settings. This may come as a surprise to you, but one good example of this is Garrison Keillor's radio program on NPR. Keillor features white folk music and wistful tales of this character and that: the parson and his failed romance, the football star who became a principal, the spinster librarian and her delicious apple pies. Keillor doesn't glorify high-flying capitalists and violent rap stars but rather celebrates modesty, frugality, peacefulness, and respect for natural forces. Keillor captures the white spirit well: sturdy values, gentle humor, matter-of-factness, church socials, calm perseverance, enjoyment of the simple things ... really, the joys and sweet sorrows of life in a community of white racial kin." And then in reply to my response to what he said: "When I referred to 'high-flying capitalist,' I was thinking of a race-traitor type, snorting cocaine in his high-priced Manhattan apartment, with no morals and no loyalty to racial kin, who is bent on enriching himself whatever the cost to anyone or anything else. And I absolutely agree with you that adventurism, artistic intensity, and entrepreneurship are part of what it means to be white. I was just expressing my new-found skepticism of the materialistic individualism promoted by globalist conservatives and libertarians--a crew I once found myself attracted to."

- I am finishing up a book made up of the personal accounts of seventeen racially conscious white people, *One Sheaf, One Vine: Fifteen White Americans Talk About Race*.

- I've thought about the possibilities of a Living White web site devoted to practical, how-to-do-it matters, with postings, articles, and links. "I don't like what is happening to my neighborhood and have heard about inexpensive land in Kentucky and building 'backwoods' homes. Where can I learn more about that?" "How do I make my work more reflective of what I believe?" "How can I pass on their heritage to my children?" "How can I get tougher?" (I am reminded of a comment by a white racist: "If you are going to be one of us, you have to be willing to fight up close.") "Is there anything I can do about my children's education besides homeschooling? Is a Waldorf school a good possibility?" "How do I get politically involved?"

- Many racially conscious whites feel isolated and unsupported. Another e-mail acquaintance put it this way: "How can I make some local connections? I feel a need to communicate and collaborate with like-minded folk. I want to be around a healthy Euro way of life that is continuing and growing, where kids are embracing their heritage and its lore and its music." In response to this and similar statements, I have thought about the possibility of what I am calling at this point Europa Clubs (inspired by *One Sheaf, One Vine* interviewee, Mike Rienzi). The idea would be to have local clubs whose purpose is to support members in their efforts to live honorable white lives. It could be a place for social exchange and networking, and for idea sharing and advice giving and mutual support. It could be a place to discuss how to find a good place to live or work that is consistent with your racial ideals, or how to raise and educate children, or how to stand up to the pressure to conform to ideas and ways that are contrary to your racial beliefs. It could be a place to get more informed-books to read, web sites to visit, people to contact, etc.-and stronger personally. It could be a place to identify constructive things to do. It could be a place to identify and undertake collaborative projects, say in response to some local issue. All to say, a Europa Club would be about the well-being of the people in the room.

- Over the last five years, and increasingly the past year or so, I have personally tried to move in the directions that I outlined in the last section--toward greater racial identity and integrity, toward

courage and health and a more positive mental attitude and so on. I am living a truer life now than before, and, indeed, I'm happier now than I was.

The living white idea says that if we want to improve the world we need to improve ourselves. It says that we need to go beyond knowing the way and pointing the way to *being* the way. It is not enough for us to understand what is going on in the world and to advocate the right things. The measure of us as individual human beings is the extent to which we engage in a quest to live consistently with what is deepest within us and are at least reasonably successful at it. The living white idea says we need to turn away from the big issues facing the race long enough to ask, "What am I doing with my time on this earth? In the way I am conducting my life, what do I exemplify racially, what do I further racially? What are some tangible things I can do to live a more honorable white life?" The living white idea says that whatever answer we come to in response to the last of these questions--the one about what I can do--we need to get about doing those things, and not tomorrow, *today*.

## 13 REMINISCENCE

William Pierce died on July 22, 2002. I had stayed in contact with him after gathering material for the Fame book: e-mails, seeing him once a year in West Virginia, and I accompanied him on trip to Gennany where he spoke at a political rally. Pierce was a formal man, and I can be somewhat held back myself, plus there is a natural distance along with closeness inherent in the subject-biographer relationship, so I wouldn't say he and I were very close to one another. I didn't know he was sick. Evidently, he had experienced stomach pains, gone to a doctor, and was diagnosed with, I believe, adrenal cancer, which is a rare fonn, and died within a month. It was the second death in a short period of time of someone who mattered greatly in my life, Denis Ruiz being the first.

And a sh01i time later, there was a third. The second interview in the Sheaf book, a woman from Florida whom I called Laura Hayes-her real name was Jean-died of cancer within a year of the Sheaf interview. I was in daily e-mail contact with Jean throughout her illness until her husband wrote to say that Jean had been taken to a hospice, where she died three days later. She was thirty-five years old. Jean was a dear human being, and I find myself reading the last paragraph of her Sheaf statement again and again. She didn't know that the cancer that would kill her was already in her body:

It would be good if I could say where I'll be ten years from now, but the truth is all my life I have never seen more than one step in front of me. I think of myself as an intelligent person, and I ask

myself, what is my problem? Although a lot of people I know don't know what they want to do when they grow up. There is a character in *Winnie the Poo* named Eeyore who all the time wails, "Oh me, oh my!" I'll never be like that. [And she never was, even at the end.] I'll always diligently shuffle ahead. I'll keep forging ahead in the fog holding a lantern up high. I don't know where I'll end up, but things will unfold a little bit at a time.

Although William Pierce seemed to be in good health when I spent the month in West Virginia, there was a sense of mortality, an impending end, that I picked up when I was around him, and it's reflected in the Fame book. To me, William Pierce seemed out of place in the contemporary world. And it wasn't that his point of view didn't fit; *he* didn't fit in the 21st century. In the book I likened him to a professor back in the '40s, and to General George Marshall, who lived back in those days. Even as Pierce was surrounded daily by people and at times was among large groups, he appeared to me to be alone, removed from this time and place. He was pale, and somehow shrunken for a man around 6' 3" tall.

Mortality came up explicitly several times in the Fame book. I began Pierce's and my conversation about *The Turner Diaries* with, "You know what the first line of your obituary is going to be, don't you?"

"You're talking about the *New York Times*, Pierce replied.

"Yes," I said. "It is going to say something like, 'William Pierce, author of the white supremacist novel *The Turner Diaries* died today.'"

And at the very end of the Fame book, I asked Pierce to tell me what he would like the thrust of his obituary to be. By the way, the actual first line in the *New York Times* obituary was, "William Pierce, an ascetic physics professor, who built an organization of young supporters for George Wallace into the nation's largest neo-Nazi group, and whose novel 'The Turner Diaries' was credited with inspiring the Oklahoma City bombing, died yesterday."

I was asked to write about my memories of Pierce. I did so in an article entitled "William Pierce: A Reminiscence":

Dr Pierce hadn't returned my e-mails for two weeks, or was it three? Not like him.

And then his weekly radio program was a repeat. That gave me pause. I hadn't ever remembered that happening before. I thought about how several times he had said to me, "I have no idea what I am going to do for the radio show this week. There is not one thing in my head." "Put on a repeat," I had suggested. "Oh no, I can't do that," he immediately came back. Getting out that radio broadcast every week was his responsibility and he was going to carry out his responsibility no matter what. And besides, the radio program gave him great personal satisfaction. No, no repeat shows.

And then another repeat. My stomach churned. I've got to call down there.

A Jeff Cotton answered the phone, no one I knew. Jeff told me about the cancer. Oh, no.

The day, I know now, was July 21, 2002. The next day at my office at the university, my secretary buzzed: "It's a reporter from CNN. He wants your comment on someone who died."

My heart sank.

I met William Pierce in 1997 when I contacted him proposing that I write a book about him. After a series of written and in-person exchanges, he agreed to cooperate with the project and I wrote the book, *The Fame of a Dead Man's Deeds: An Up-Close Portrait of White Nationalist William Pierce*. The title comes from a old Norse poem that was a favorite of Dr. Pierce's:

Cattle die, and kinsman die,  
And so one dies oneself;  
One thing I know that never dies:  
The fame of a dead man's deeds.

The point of the poem is that the only immortality that is real is the memory among the living of what we did with our lives. To me, it was an apt title because Dr. Pierce very much lived for posterity: in particular, the future generations of his people, white people, who he hoped would benefit from his actions in life and remember his accomplishments. That he was living for history and not just for this

time gave his life meaning and thrust, and strengthened his ability to stand up to attacks from his natural adversaries and criticism from some elements within the white racist movement itself....

A few weeks after Dr. Pierce's death, I took a walk alone on the West Virginia property. I walked past the two-story headquarters building, the new building housing Resistance Records, and the meeting hall under construction that will seat 400 people. I thought back to him telling me of when he first moved onto the property and arranged for a used trailer to be hauled in (he lived in this modest, low-ceilinged dwelling for the rest of his life). I thought of how much this man had created from the time back in 1970 when all he had was himself and something called the National Youth Alliance, which was just him, really. I recalled his description of how in the beginning he would sleep on a couch in his office and get by on fifty dollars a week. I thought about how this man had left a tenured faculty position at a university to do this, and I thought about all the people whose lives he had touched so deeply, including my own. Truly remarkable, truly exemplary.

I have been prompted by his death to reflect on what stood out to me about William Pierce the man, as well as the impact he has had on me personally.

There was his intelligence. He was the brightest person I've ever been around. I found it stunning the way he could sift through details, distractions, and surface realities and get to the essence of a concern. And the way he could immediately retrieve something he had read or experienced years ago and bring it to bear on some matter at hand. And he was so incredibly fast. I remember marveling at how quickly he typed out his radio broadcast once he decided what he wanted to say. When I was around him, I thought, "This is what those physicists in Los Alamos during World War II building the atomic bomb must have been like."

And there was his character. I found him to be a man of great integrity; there was the tightest fit imaginable between what he most deeply believed and the way he conducted his life. He had enormous commitment and dedication and perseverance. Day after day, year after year, decade after decade, he marched on. And he had courage. He put himself on the line. He went public; he used his own name.



And he was incredibly hard working: twelve and fourteen hour days, seven days a week. He would munch on caffeine tablets and candy (evidently for the sugar charge) to get himself through the day, but on and on and on he would go.

And he was kind and compassionate. Perhaps because it was in such contrast with the way people tended to perceive him, I was particularly taken by how gentle and caring he was with Alliance members who would call or come to see him about some issue they had. An incident involving me comes to mind: Researching the book involved my attendance at a conference Dr. Pierce organized, and he asked me to speak to those who had gathered about what was going on in education, my professional field of interest. I worked hard on my talk, but about five or ten minutes into it I realized that what I had put together wasn't working at all. I'm messing up his meeting, I thought to myself. He must be really put off. I avoided looking at him sitting in the front row. I struggled along and it was getting worse not better. Finally, I glanced down at him, and rather than pique or anger was a look of warmth and support. At that moment, he cared about me, not the meeting. I will never forget it.

And there were things Dr. Pierce wasn't. He wasn't ironically detached, cynical, or petty. I have gotten so used to people being one thing publicly and another thing privately. He was for real. And I am so used to hearing people put others down behind their backs. I spent hours upon hours with Dr. Pierce, often at the end of a long day when he was winding down. I never heard him denigrate an Alliance member or someone who worked with him. He didn't gossip. He respected people. He was, and this has become as big a compliment as I can make about someone, a sincere man.

Dr. Pierce could be very shy and reticent. I think of a dinner he and I had with a young married couple. It wasn't long into the meal and I started getting annoyed that he had removed himself from the occasion and left it to me to carry the evening with the two guests. As time went along and he still sat there silently, annoyance turned to anger - I was outright mad at him. At one point, I turned to glare at him, and I was quickly brought up short because there he sat looking shmnken and vulnerable. I realized that he hadn't bailed

out; he simply couldn't think of what to say. At that moment, I felt great affection for him.

He was very sensitive. In Europe at a German nationalist party rally, he was being slandered by a British political activist. Despite my attempts to make the point to him that that kind of thing comes with being a public figure, I was taken with just how hurt he was by what was being alleged about him. I saw that, indeed, it wasn't that he was so tough that things didn't get to him. Things got to him all right, but he plugged on anyway in spite of it.

And last, he was joyful. Dr. Pierce loved life. He was light and cheerful, far from the stem figure that so many think of him as being. To him, life was to be relished, not endured, and he relished it. He smiled throughout his seemingly endless workdays. I never once heard him complain about his work or responsibilities. From all I could see, he was a happy man. He left us too early, but at least in my time with him, he certainly cherished and enjoyed life while he had it.

I feel compelled to talk about what is widely perceived as Dr. Pierces's failings in his personal life. His first marriage ended in divorce, as did subsequent marriages, including, just before he died, his last one. It is easy enough to criticize him for not achieving a better balance between the personal and public dimensions of his life, and there is some validity in that criticism. But then again, I was around his last marriage. Could he have done more to make it work? I suppose. But do I think that it had the potential for being much more than it was? In truth, no. And I think about how he phoned his wife every night from Germany to see how she was.

I have come to think that people who have "it"-a very special artistic talent or political talent or intellectual talent, whatever it is-may need to play by different rules than the rest of us. Perhaps the way for people like that to be good for the world and to achieve peace and fulfillment for themselves is not to live a balanced life of work and love and friendship and play. Rather, it may be that their way forward is to do "it" with all they have, to focus their energies on that. Indeed, Dr. Pierce had "it," and more and more I'm convinced that, indeed, he lived his life in alignment with his particular reality.

I am coming to realize the great impact Dr. Pierce has made on my own life. So much more than before I knew him, I am aware of my own finiteness and the need to do what is truly important and lasting in whatever time I have left. So much more than before, I am committed to live publicly and fully as the person I really am. I won't be silent or controlled by fear, not now, not after knowing him. I seek to live with the courage he demonstrated. I want, in my own unique way, to live as he lived, as an honorable white man. Dr. Pierce was an honorable white man.

On the last day of my month-long stay with Dr. Pierce on his property in West Virginia, when I asked him how he would like to be remembered after his passing, he replied: "I truly believe that my race, the white race, is in jeopardy. I'm not saying tomorrow or next year, but if you think in terms of a century of two-a blip in history, really-we are threatened Especially in this country. I believe we need to re-establish a place for ourselves, on this land, where we can breed true once again, and live our way once again. I want to contribute to that. I don't want to be a man who marches in step and can't face being accused of being a racist or harboring anti-Semitic attitudes, or who is unwilling to pay a personal price for doing what he thinks is right. I want to be more independent than that and more courageous than that. I would love to be around a thousand years from now but I won't be, so I accept the next best thing: the possibility that my people will remember the little bit I contributed to their salvation during a critical period in our history."

We'll remember, Dr. Pierce.

## 14 WHILE THERE IS STILL TIME

And then suddenly I was confronted with my own fragility and mortality. Ten days after Dr. Pierce's death I woke up in the early morning hours with my life forever changed. I talked about it in a speech I gave a year later that I entitled "While There Is Still Time":

I've just finished writing a book which should be out late this year or early next year. This talk is the story of that book and its effect on me over this past year. The book, *One Sheaf, One Vine*, is made up of the personal statements about race from seventeen racially conscious white Americans. These are average, everyday people from around the country, from all stations in life, all ages, both men and women....

When I completed each of the audio-taped conversations with the people that resulted in the statements for the book, with one exception—a man named Denis, whom I'll talk about in a minute—I assumed that would be the end of their and my contact. It was a book project and I had a job to do and they were nice enough to cooperate and that would be it, so I thought. To my surprise and, I have come to realize, great personal benefit, the people in the book took the initiative—I'm not the greatest initiator—to keep in touch with me. These contacts altered the basic nature of this writing experience for me. From simply being about what some racially

aware white people think about race, it came to be, much more, about these people and what they are doing with their lives, and about what I am doing with my life. Even more basically, this book project came to be about life itself: existence, finiteness, mortality.

[I then recounted Dr. Pierce's, Denis', and Jean's deaths and their impact on me.]

And then one early morning, 4:30 a.m., I woke up with my ears ringing with incredible intensity; it was like a high-pitched tone of a hearing test turned up full blast. I live alone. "What's going on?" I said out loud. I couldn't hear my voice. "I can't hear!" My heart started pounding. "I can't hear!!"

I jumped up from bed. I noticed that the insistent ringing was accompanied by the sound of a roaring waterfall. My head was exploding with sound. I tilted my head to one side and then another and banged the sides of my head with the heels of my hands in a desperate attempt to clear my ears. I turned on the television set and turned the sound up and watched the little yellow markers scurry to the right. But even when the markers spilled the entire bottom of the picture, the lips of the people talking on the infomercial that was on at that hour of the morning moved silently. My God!

I went into the bathroom and looked in the mirror. It was the same me. I looked the same, although I took note of how old I looked now. I was 62. My head was still screaming. I turned on the tap and saw the water run, but I couldn't hear it. This had to be a dream, but it wasn't a dream.

With the help of a hearing aid and a cochlear implant, I now can manage in close-up situations with people, but I can't hear birds sing or the rustle of trees in the wind, and I can't hear amplified sound-telephones, movies, television, radios. I can't hear the tapes of the people I interviewed for the *One Sheaf, One Vine* book. I guess I will never hear them.

Last spring I received a graduation announcement in the mail. One of the people in the Sheaf book, Nadine Taylor, twenty-three years old, had graduated with honors from the University of Texas. It is the custom for graduates to include a quote from a public figure on the card they send to family and friends. Nadine had told me that she was having trouble deciding what quote to put on her card\* When

I received her announcement, I noticed that she had chosen a quote from the British writer Henry Williamson: "Always and only for the sake of a greater truth." Williamson had encountered difficulties over his political beliefs, having been arrested in 1940 because of his sympathies toward Germany. I wondered whether Nadine had her own possible fate in mind when she chose the Williamson quote.

I played matchmaker with Nadine. She had mentioned that she was having trouble meeting someone who sees things as she does, so I introduced her to another person in the book, a young man her age from California whom I called Glenn in the book. Nadine and "Glenn" corresponded and eventually met in person and things went well, and they are now in a serious relationship. Just this week, Nadine sent me a picture of the two of them together, a very handsome couple indeed.

Nadine and Glenn are just beginning what we can hope will be a long life. The issue these young people are facing is how to put a life together that is true to who they are as racially committed white people. That isn't going to be easy for them given the circumstance that exists now in this country. What is to guide them, who will guide them, in their quest to live with racial integrity? I believe that along with our concern for the pressing public issues of our time, immigration and the rest, we need also to attend to the quality of individual lives, including our own, yours and mine.

This past year I have learned that only currency that really matters in life is time. Each of us has just so much of this currency, and we spend it as we do, and when it is gone it can never be replenished. After what has happened to Dr. Pierce and Denis and Jean and me this past year I am living with a much greater sense of my own mortality. I'm finite; it will end. I used to merely know that. Now I really know that. More than ever before, I am aware of the need to do what is truly important and lasting in whatever time I have left on this earth. More than ever, I am conscious of my racial identity and heritage. More than ever, I feel a sense of responsibility to my people, European heritage people, white people. More than ever, I am committed to live publicly and fully as the person I really am; I won't be silent or controlled by fear any longer. While-for me-

there is still time, in my life, I want, day to day, hour to hour, in my own unique way, to live as an honorable white man.

## 15 RACISM: A HISTORY

As time went along, I became increasingly aware of how much we are shaped by what we know, or think we know. If I hadn't decided to do a book on William Pierce and that hadn't led to reading and contacts with people I otherwise would have never encountered, I would think very differently about race and white racialism than I do. This fact of my life has led me to attend to the flow of public discourse, the stream of information, ideas, images, and meanings we get in school and from the mass media, politicians, journalists, public intellectuals, religious leaders, novelists, and artists. What we believe and do is to a great extent a function of what those who control the public discourse tell us about who we are and where we fit, what is happening now and what happened before, what matters and doesn't matter, and what and whom to approach, emulate, repel, and deny. In short, I've thought about what comes into our heads and who puts it there. A review of a book by George M. Fredrickson entitled *Racism: A Short History* was a context for discussing this emerging concern of mine:

On the History Channel recently, I saw what has become classic documentary footage from the mid-1950s of the entry of black students into the previously all-white Central High School in Little Rock, Arkansas. President Eisenhower had dispatched federal troops to Little Rock to ensure that white resistance would not disrupt the court-ordered desegregation of the school. Two grainy black-and-white images come to mind from the footage: The first,



a hundred or so soldiers marching down a city street twelve abreast toward the camera, rifles held diagonally in front of them, helmets obscuring their faces, heavy boots striking the pavement in unison. The second image, a black girl of about fifteen, dark-rimmed glasses, hair straightened and neatly combed, in a white blouse and dark skirt, clutching her school books tightly to her chest as she strides quickly toward the school steps amid soldiers and a throng of protesting whites.

I had seen these pictures time and again over the years and, as always, they were riveting--an incredibly tense time, a charged moment, that came through. But while the visceral impact of this footage was as strong as ever, I was struck by how drastically its meaning had changed for me this time. Always before, I had perceived these scenes in the same way. The protagonists had been the black students—I just looked it up, there were nine of them, and this was 1957. They were the focal actors in the drama, its heroes, if you will. They were the ones I cared about. Their fate was the central question at hand. Drama involves conflict, and the conflict in this drama as I had always seen it until this last time *was* over whether or not these black children would achieve equal educational opportunity. The antagonists in the drama were the whites who were there that day. They were the "other," faceless, nameless, the villains in the piece, as it were.

The morality in this conflict was clear-cut: the black children were on the side of justice, on the side of fairness and decency, on the side of progress, on the side of history. They were aligned with what America stands for at its core, at its best: justice for all. The whites, in contrast, represented the oppressive and cruel system of racial segregation. They embodied bigotry and backwardness. As for the soldiers, until this last time I saw them as being on the side of righteousness as they protected the innocent and peaceful black children from the mob of racist and violence-prone whites that pressed in upon them.

And every time but this last time the drama had had a happy ending: through their bravery and determination, these black children, with the support of an enlightened civil rights leadership and a benevolent federal presence, won the right to go to school just

like all children have the right to go to school, and that was a victory not only for them and the civil rights movement generally, but for us all. Their victory was a victory for America.

But this time for me the story was a different one. The pictures and the narration were the same as they had always been, but the drama had changed. This time, the protagonists weren't the black children but rather the white parents. I found myself looking beyond the faces of the black children in the foreground to the white faces in the background, bringing them into focus if I could. This time, instead of being *them*, the white people were *us*, my people. Who were they? I asked myself. Why haven't I ever heard from them? This time, the central issue wasn't justice for blacks; instead, it was whether whites' cultural and racial integrity and freedom of association would be compromised. This time the drama was about democracy and the right of a people to control their own destiny rather than have it dictated from afar. This time the drama was about whether white children, as well as their parents, would be compelled at the point of a bayonet to acquiesce to something that in the deepest recesses of their beings they found abhorrent. This time the soldiers represented tyranny, not protection. And this time the story didn't have a happy ending. This time freedom lost, our republic lost, European heritage people--white people, the white race--lost ... and this time I lost.

This Central High School footage had a completely different meaning for me this time and I knew why. I had written a book in the late 1990s--*The Fame of a Dead Man's Deeds*--about the late William Pierce, a white nationalist leader, and had followed that up with other writings that had brought me into contact with a number of racially conscious white Americans, and I had learned of another way of perceiving the race question in this country. Also, in the process of researching these writing projects my own racial awareness and commitment had been heightened. So the change in my perception of the Central High School footage this last time is no great mystery.

What does intrigue me, however, is how I had come to see these events as I had all those other times. It certainly hadn't come from direct experience. I hadn't been in the South or around the

people and events of that time. Rather, I had picked up my frame of reference--my basic assumptions, my outlook, what I thought the story was about--second hand: from what I had learned in school and from the media. That is to say, my contact with the civil rights movement in general and this Little Rock incident in particular had been mediated contact. What I knew, or thought I knew, had come to me vicariously, from, call it, the flow of public discourse, from the ideas and images in films, television, newspapers, mass market magazines, popular writings, from politicians, university professors and teachers in elementary and secondary schools. People had stood between me and reality, and they had depicted and interpreted it for me; that's what had happened.

I find it particularly interesting looking back on this process how absolutely certain I had always been that the facts and interpretations that had been presented to me and the frame, the story, I had created were valid. I find it remarkable now, thinking back on it, how I was completely, utterly, confident that I knew what was going on in the area of race relations in America. It never occurred to me that there might be another way to look at these phenomena. The flow, or stream, of public discourse, as I'm calling it, had not simply given me a way to look at racial matters, it had provided me with what seemed to the only defensible way to perceive this concern; to the point that, even though I hadn't investigated the situation hard for myself, I had a strong sense of superiority, a smugness, really. I was in the know and I was on the moral high ground. Plus, I belonged: I was a member of the enlightened group who were allied against the forces of darkness.

As I look back on it, I had done what we all do: I had distilled everything I had been told and shown about race and the civil rights movement and its leadership, all that I had taken from the stream of public discourse on this topic, and put together an overall sense of what was going on and ought to go on in the area of race in this country. The distillation had been easy in this instance. I hadn't encountered any conflicting views; there wasn't any complicating dissonance for me to resolve that I knew about. It's this process of deriving a "sense of it all" from the many particulars that is the angle I bring to a critique of George Fredrickson's recent book,

*Racism: A Short History*. I look here at Fredrickson's book not from the perspective of his intentions or the specifics of what he wrote but rather from the perspective of what I think a reader will take away from this book. My point is that the impact of this book on individual readers and on this society and culture will be less a function of what the book says than what readers take from it, what remains inside them after reading it.

Fredrickson is professor emeritus of U.S. history at Stanford University and has a long publishing record in the area of race going all the way back to the 1960s. The titles of three of his books give a sense for how he approaches this topic: *The Black Image in the White Mind*; *White Supremacy*; and *Black Liberation*. *Racism: A Short History* is based on a series of lectures Fredrickson gave at Princeton University. The book is indeed short, but at least for me its plodding academic prose overcame its brevity and made for a long and tedious read. I suspect that the only people besides reviewers and academics in this area of inquiry who will read this book will be students who take it on as an assigned reading for courses. I know if I hadn't volunteered to review the book, I wouldn't have finished it.

Like so many so-called scholarly books, the Fredrickson book is largely a series of paraphrases of the writings of other academics. I didn't find it fresh: I brought only the average layman's level of knowledge on this topic to the book, and yet I'd heard just about all of this before somewhere or another. Frankly, the book read to me like the product of a sincere, hard-working but uninspired graduate student. I work in a university and I have spent a lot of my time reading this kind of thing. What I find interesting is how much positive attention this pedestrian work has received in the mainstream media: "masterly," "learned and elegant," "intense, incisive," "crisp, clear prose," and so on. Clearly, this book is very appealing to those who metaphorically row their boats in the mainstream waters of public discourse. Fredrickson is telling them what they like to hear. Staying with the metaphor, Fredrickson doesn't rock any boats.

*Racism: A Short History* focuses on the persecution of Jews and blacks over the centuries, especially by Christians, and three relatively recent phenomena: racism against Negroes in the Southern United

States between 1890 and 1950; events in South Africa between 1910 and the 1980s; and the "horrendous climax," Fredrickson's words, of anti-Semitism in Germany between 1933 and 1945. I read the book a couple of weeks ago and tried to be conscientious about it. Since I want to center this review on what is likely to be retained by the book's readers, I didn't go back through the book or any notes that I had made while reading it before answering the question, what am I left with after reading this book?

At the level of specificity, I remember very little of the flood of details I encountered in the book, and for the most part even with those I'm not altogether sure that something I recall wasn't actually gotten from some other source, some other time-again, so much of this book seemed familiar, derivative. One thing Fredrickson's book talks about that has stuck with me is the "curse of Ham." I remember that as the use of a passage in Genesis in centuries past to explain the plight of blacks. Blacks, so it goes, are descendants of Ham, who was the son of Noah, and are cursed and condemned to perpetual bondage because of Ham's mistreatment of his father. I just now checked the book and found that with this curse of Ham idea Fredrickson was reporting the work of a couple of other historians, Bernard Lewis and William McKee, and then he reiterated it three times, which is perhaps why I remember it. There are a few other details like this curse of Ham business that I remember, but they don't amount to much. My contention, though, is that just because I--and other readers, I assume I am a typical reader of this book--can't remember much of anything specific, it doesn't mean nothing came through to me, to us. Indeed, there were messages, generalizations, a basic feel of "all of it," what racism is about, that did come through to me and that I think add up to something important. Namely:

- Racism is a failing of gentile whites. A book on the history of racism, and every example of racist conduct in the book, no exceptions, was committed by white gentiles. In the entire book, the only racists were white gentiles. It isn't much of a stretch to conclude, at a global, "totally felt" level if not at the completely articulate level, that if you're talking about racism you are talking about white gentiles. And more, if you're a white gentile and the topic of racism comes up, it's about you.

- There is absolutely no defensible reason, not one, for racism. Its victims-minorities, Jews-have done nothing whatsoever to provoke racist actions against them. Racism is senseless and stupid and vile, period. No need to look any further into what precipitates it. Case closed.

- Racism is a very wide-ranging phenomenon. Slavery, racial segregation, the Holocaust, questions about the mutability of human beings, assertions that there are persistent physical or cultural differences among peoples, white separatist impulses, collective actions by whites, animosity toward Third World immigration, disapproval by whites of other groups, social exclusion-all part of the same package, racism. In fact, the favorable critical reception of *Racism: A Short History* centers on Fredrickson's linkage of racism to a whole host of actions and thoughts (racism is thinking the wrong way as well as doing the wrong thing; a thought crime, if you will), especially as it ties racial animosity and anti-Semitism together. It should be pointed out, however, that this amorphous concept of racism has been common parlance in universities for years; it comes at students all the time. Fredrickson is simply reiterating and endorsing it.

- The Christian church is suspect. Yes, there is its universalism-we are all one under Jesus and so on-but that positive is outweighed by the negative of the Church's deprecation and abuse of Jews and blacks.

- Gentile whites should carefully watch their step lest they be guilty of the sin of racism. Affirmation of European traditions and one's white racial identity and solidarity with other whites? Criticism of minorities? Refusal to defer to and serve minority interests? Talk about Jewish influence on American culture and foreign policy? Movement to create white organizations paralleling those serving the interests of minorities and Jews? Thinking or doing anything other than liking and approving minorities and Jews? Suppress those impulses; condemn them when they arise from within you. They are arguably racist in themselves, and in any case they place you on a slippery slope to outright oppression and even genocide.

Those basic messages are what I am left with two weeks after reading *Racism: A Short History*, and I suspect that is what the

university students who will read book for courses will be left with two weeks after the test.

What do I conclude from all this?

First, unless you have insomnia that you are trying to combat I'm not recommending you read *Racism: A Short History*.

Second, we need to keep in mind that the personal, social, and cultural impact of a book-or television show, or movie, or lecture, whatever--isn't what it says so much as it is what readers/viewers take away from it. Fredrickson's book may not be all that good as a piece of scholarship and work of prose, but it is very good at getting across certain fundamental messages to readers who choose to or, more likely, are compelled to read it.

Third, what I am calling the flow of public discourse is very powerful in shaping how one perceives and lives in the world. To his credit, Fredrickson has actively participated in this public forum, this public dialogue. He has written books that generations of university students have read and will read. He has taught and graded thousands of the best and the brightest at one of America's premier universities. If you and I have a different story about race to tell than the one the Fredrickson's of the world are telling, we are going to have to find a way to get our boats into the mainstream waters.

## 16 GOING PUBLIC

An issue that surfaced during the writing of the Sheaf book is that many racially conscious white people live hidden, even furtive, lives. While those who believe the opposite about race proudly declare to the world what they believe and who they are, white racialists are, very often, silent, invisible in the public arena of life. Public silence and invisibility have characterized my life until recent years, and it characterized my parents' lives. I wrote this in my book *Teaching in a Secondary School* back in 1993 (pages fifty-one to fifty-four):

As I think back on those years growing up, I realize I almost never saw my dad operate in the larger world except for the barbershop [he was a barber]. He never spoke up or became involved politically, although he did tell me that he was for the Democrats because they were on the side of the working man. He never took part in any neighborhood or community activity. Besides voting anonymously-anonymous may be the best descriptor for his public life-he was not a citizen in the way our system of self-government holds out as an opportunity and obligation for each of us. I don't think it was because he didn't want to exactly; it was more that there was a gap he felt between himself and external circumstances and events, and to a great extent he didn't think it was his place-or that he was able, really-to bridge that chasm. To him, the society was "them," not "us," and that seemed just fine with the society. No one put any energy into calling him out of his position on the periphery of collective life. I never knew him to be invited or encouraged to



live what might be called a public life in any way. If he had been, although he may have been somewhat hesitant at first, I am sure he would have done so in the best way he could....

Small things define you as a child. I remember one time going to a basketball game with my dad. We got to the ticket window and Dad said, "The best you've got on the side."

The person behind the window replied, "Courtside?" referring to seats right down next to the action.

Dad seemed taken back a bit and said, I thought somewhat harshly, "No, up top."

It was as if it should have been obvious to the ticket seller that we weren't the kind that occupy the preferred seats. I think I was learning a larger lesson on that occasion and others like it: that in every part of life other people got the better seats and other people played the game, and I had to settle for the best of the worst, way off in the back. ...

No one sees you. No one hears you. No one takes you into account. You are invisible. I remember the only vacation we ever took when I was growing up. When I was twelve, Mother and Dad and I took the train to Milwaukee to see a baseball game. But it rained out. I remember Mother crying as the rain poured down on us in the all-but-empty stadium. It seems sadly fitting now that no one knew we were there.

Although it is still difficult for me to engage the larger world, I have tried these last few years to break that pattern, and my racial activity has been the primary context for whatever success I have had in this regard. I hope using my real name and being as public as I am around racial matters will inspire others to do the same if it is at all possible for them. I realize that with things as they are in this country and the world it is not always possible or advisable for racially conscious white people to go public with their beliefs and to be up front with their activities. I do believe, however that the ideal is to live fully and publicly as the person you really are. It is an ideal to shoot for even if it isn't realizable in one's circumstance. And even if the circumstance allows it, the individual may not be healthy

and strong enough mentally and physically to take advantage of the possibility.

I published an article in 2004 that deals with this issue called "Going Public: Being Seen, Heard, and Felt as White in Mainstream America":

The last couple of years, I worked on a book that sensitized me to two issues confronting those concerned about the status and fate of white people in America. The book, *One Sheaf, One Vine*, is made up of statements about race from seventeen racially conscious white people from around the country and from all stations of life and ages and both men and women. The two issues that surfaced for me during the book project: 1) the white racist, white nationalist, perspective is absent from the public discourse; and 2) those concerned about the well-being of white people in this country don't attend enough to private, in contrast to public, concerns.

Most of what people know, or think they know, is derived from mediated experience: received information, ideas, and interpretations. They weren't there themselves, they didn't see it, hear it or touch it, they didn't think it up themselves; rather, somebody stood between them and reality and showed them a depiction of it and/or told them about it and gave it meaning for them. That somebody could be a teacher in school or a professor in a university, or a movie-maker, popular musician, television personality or performer, politician, journalist, church leader, novelist, or non-fiction writer. From our earliest years, all of us have been immersed in a stream of public discourse-images, ideas, interpretations, concepts of what is true and preferable and out of bounds-and that iconic and ideational context shapes our reality and perspective and guides our engagement with the world.

For all practical purposes, the white racist perspective is not a part of that mainstream public discourse. All the average person knows about white racism are the negative characterizations of it and those who subscribe to its tenets put forth by its adversaries who predominate in the public dialogue and debate. I teach at a university, a major battleground in the war against European-heritage people. Except for the KKK, which has been used forever

to epitomize, discredit, and demonize white racial consciousness and collective action, students don't know a single white racist organization or individual by name and haven't read or heard a word they've written or spoken. All the students know is what they have been told by the mediators of reality that get their eye and ear: that this orientation and these organizations and people are racist, anti-Semitic, hate-filled, extremist, ignorant, misguided, malevolent, and to be shunned.

More, students are conditioned to employ a "label, denigrate and affirm, and tum away" strategy that keeps their level of understanding and awareness of white racist ideas and people where it is and reaffirms their antagonism toward them. The way it works, if anything even hints at a white racist outlook, students have been taught to stop right there. Don't try to understand it, reflect on its claims, go any deeper into it; don't engage it at all. Instead, immediately label it pejoratively and derisively ("racist" "anti-Semitic" "hate"), and then go into a little speech, if only to themselves if no one is around, about how racism is bad, anti-Semitism is bad, hate is bad, diversity is good, and so on. And then disconnect altogether--get away from the "bad" person, close the book, throw the flyer in the trash; and if they can't physically get away, they are in a classroom, say, look down disapprovingly and doodle and wait it out.

Recently, I published a book review for this journal, George Fredrickson's *Racism: A Brief History*. Fredrickson, a professor emeritus at Stanford who has written and taught on racial matters since the 1960s from a pro-minority angle, portrays racism in this, his latest, book as endemic to white gentiles throughout history (and nobody else) and includes anti-Semitism in his conception of racism. What struck me reading *Racism: A Brief History* was that Fredrickson made this basic pitch to white Stanford students, among the best and the brightest of our young people, for forty years, and that his books, including this new one, have and will be encountered if not examined carefully by untold thousands more young white people as required reading in university courses. And, most significant as far as I'm concerned, Fredrickson's analysis of racial matters wasn't, and in all likelihood, won't be in the future, countered by an alternative or opposing argument. Students won't

remember the details of Fredrickson's lectures and books, but they will retain the generalization that whites have been on the wrong side of history and that to get on the right side they need to align themselves with the cause of minorities and Jews rather than with their white brethren.

Writing the Sheaf book, as I call it, and an earlier book, *The Fame of a Dead Mans Deeds: An Up-Close Portrait of White Nationalist William Pierce*, brought home to me how tightly regulated public discourse is in America. I learned that you don't get published in this country in conventional ways unless you are favorable to minorities and Jews and critical of white people. But note the qualifier in that sentence: in *conventional* ways. I was able to make both the Fame and Sheaf books available to the public through a print-on-demand Web publisher and at minimal cost, and I was able to get the word out to potential readers through the Internet at no cost that the books exist. The system of thought control, in this country anyway-it's better here than in Europe--isn 't airtight.

My experience with my two books has revealed a distribution downside, however. It has seemed to me that the only people reading the Fame book are those already familiar with and amenable to the ideas in it. In all the correspondence I've received from people about the book, I don't remember one of them being what I would call a mainstream reader. It appears that the Fame book has stayed in a niche, and I speculate that unless there is some change in marketing strategy the new Sheaf book will as well.

With a few exceptions--the editor of the book review section of this journal [*The Occidental Quarterly*], Samuel Francis [now deceased], prominent among them--racially aware white people are only talking to one another. We post things on discussion lists, we read each other's writings--some of which are fine indeed--and we talk to each other at meetings. A lot of this exchange, like exchange in any context, is little more than filler, but a lot of it, too, is quality exchange, perceptive, instructive, useful in providing insight, direction, and encouragement to the people involved. But the point here is that no one is listening to us; we aren't participants in this country's public forum.

To be sure, there are good reasons for that. I have learned firsthand how major publishers and universities operate to silence and marginalize those with outlooks they don't like. But at the same time I have also learned--at least in my university situation, and I surmise that my situation is not unique--to express myself honestly and openly about racial matters and to teach courses that include legitimate investigations of the white nationalist perspective. And I have learned--and I think this is important--that the barriers to my being involved in the mainstream dialogue and debate in America are just as much, if not more, internal than external. That is to say, many of the obstacles were and are inside me; I have held myself back, and while I am better than before, I'm still doing it. I have learned that I need to examine my assumptions about my place in the world, and I need to look hard at my own patterns of behavior and my goals and dedication and personal character.

So the issue of the absence of white racialism in the public discourse of this country has come back to me as an individual. And this leads into the second point I want to make here: that more attention needs to be paid to the personal, in contrast to the public, dimensions of the issues facing whites as a race. The people in the Sheaf book and I stayed in contact after my interviews with them that comprise the source material for the book, and that changed the meaning of the book project for me from just being about what some people think about race to what they are doing with their lives, and what I'm doing with my life. Even more fundamentally, the Sheaf book came to be about life itself, finiteness, mortality, what each of us experiences and accomplishes between now and the end of our time on this earth. Increasingly, I have used this personal, call it existential, lens when looking at white racial matters and trying to make sense of them.

The people in the Sheaf book tend--all through this, I'm speaking in generalities; I'm not saying this is every-time true--to have difficulty living lives of racial integrity. By racial integrity I mean, day-to-day, acting in accordance with one's most cherished racial beliefs and values. I mean in their jobs and relationships and engagement with the community, those elements that comprise our individual lives. For so many of them, it is as if their thoughts on

race are "over here" and their actual lives as related to race are "over there:"

While they are impressively insightful and articulate about race, at the same time-and again, this is not true in every instance-they are silent, or bordering on silent, in the public arena. They don't say what they really think in any of the contexts of their lives outside their families and close relationships, and sometimes not even there. Or at least in any of the real contexts of their lives; in a number of cases, they are very expressive in the virtual context of the Internet, through discussion list postings and such. I have an image in my mind of a person sitting in a room tapping on computer keys, but I don't have an image of someone speaking out at the school board meeting held to discuss the latest diversity curriculum. Although as I now conjure up that school board meeting image, I envision the Sheaf participants being very effective if they were to do something like that-these were informed and persuasive people, attractive people.

And more than just silent, so many of them are hidden. They are living secretive lives. They are intimidated, even frightened. What if their views on race become known? What if their friends, parents, their girlfriend or boyfriend, their colleagues at work, the teachers of their children at school, their children's classmates, find out what they believe? What if people learned about the literature they read? What if their name got in the paper? They would be ridiculed, scorned, excluded, they could lose their jobs, their children would be harassed. More than half the people in the Sheaf book used pseudonyms. In this country that, supposedly anyway, is grounded in a commitment to freedom of speech, open expression, the marketplace of ideas, all those high-sounding concepts I heard about in school, here are people who feel unable to identify themselves when speaking about something they care very deeply about. Our adversaries don't hide their identities or hold back in the least from announcing what they think about race, yet so often we do. What's that about? Why can they do go public and we can't? How'd that happen? What can be done about it?

Asking these rhetorical questions is not to imply that every one of the people in the Sheaf book should have put their names to what

they said, not at all. The world is very hostile to race-affirming white people, and we all have to make a living and get through our lives, and going public with your racial views if they deviate from the current pal ly line in this country can be like sticking your head up out of a foxhole. But I am offering that living openly and publicly and full out as the person you truly are is the ideal. It is the best way I can think of to be happy and fulfilled. I'm saying that the fact that many of us are hiding out is an issue we need to confront individually and collectively head on.

If we do take on this issue of living authentically-in truth, in honor--as racially conscious and committed white people, one of the things we are going to have to deal with, as I mentioned above with reference to myself, are the limitations or obstacles within ourselves. Indeed, there are forces outside of us that are intimidating us and pushing us to the side. And we have to take that reality into account in figuring out how to live honestly and openly and effectively, full speed ahead, no tentativeness, no hesitancy. But we hold ourselves back, too. All of us have spent our lives in the hands of the enemy, as it were--the schools and TV shows and movies and popular music and the news shows and orating politicians, all of them. Since we were very young children we have been discouraged and distracted from becoming a proud and contributing member of our own people, European-heritage people, white people. Even if we have largely escaped from the grasp of the enemy-I say "largely" because you can never completely get away from them, they are ubiquitous--the residue of that conditioning is still inside us and affecting what we think, feel, and do.

One of our major challenges for each of us is to expel the residue of our own prior conditioning. We need to expel any notion we have internalized that multiracialism, feminism, collectivism, and cosmopolitanism are, really, on the side of history, that they are the action and that, at best, we are a holding action, gadflies. They speak freely, we stay silent, or perhaps talk to a few people on the side, and that is OK as long as no one sees or hears us. They go full out and we are circumspect. They ridicule, condemn, belittle, and threaten; we defer, equivocate, and placate. They have the power to hurt us, so it goes, and will hurt us, so we had better lay low. We need

to identify those feelings, thoughts, and images and tell ourselves that we don't accept them any longer; and we need to affirm more empowering, more honorable conceptions of ourselves and, in small and big ways, take action in alignment with those conceptions.

Looking at things from a personal angle has made me realize the need for white racialists to be healthy physically and mentally and tough and fierce. To be a racially committed white person who is "out there," present in the world, in full view, saying it, being fully who he or she really is, one must be willing and able to do battle. Those in power in this country will ignore you if they can, but if you get visible or get in their way they will come after you. If you aren't strong and battle-ready you will be prone to do what so many of us do when attacked: cave in. We need to be like boxers in training getting ready for the big bout so that when the occasion calls for it we come out firing punches rather than going into a shell. Personally, I have discovered that they can't hurt me as much as I thought they could, particularly if I'm in good personal shape. And I've also learned that I can do more than just defend myself when attacked for my racial views and actions. I can counterattack. It brings a lot of bullies up short to contemplate the possibility that their nose might get bloody too.

These two issues—the lack of mainstream presence and the need to attend to how we are doing as individuals—are interconnected. The absence of our kind in the public arena leads us to feel unimportant, somehow illegitimate, outsiders, commentators rather than actors. What does it do for our sense of place in the world not to have a politician to vote for who wouldn't cross the street to avoid us? Or a teacher in a school who doesn't look down his nose at us? And the sense of ourselves as essentially on the outside looking in inhibits us from doing what it takes to increase our mainstream public presence. So it is a vicious cycle, and it has to be broken.

We can work on both these issues concurrently. As organizations and individually, we can look for ways to enter the mainstream public discourse. For myself, I intend to get the Sheaf book to the attention of mainstream readers. [I started a chain letter of sorts: I attached a computer file of the Sheaf book to an e-mail message that I sent to fifty or so people and invited them, in a similar way, to



give the book to other people and to tell those other people to pass it on. I hope that eventually the book will get onto the computer screens of mainstream readers.] As private individuals we can set a goal for ourselves to move steadily and persistently toward living our everyday lives openly and honestly and taking on anything or anybody that tries to stop us. That might come down to speaking up and holding our ground in some context where up to now we have deferred or remained silent. The lesson for some of us who try things like that is that the best option for us is to homestead in Kentucky with a community of our racial kinsman and let the world spin on its axis without us. But I think a lot of us will realize that we have as much right as anybody to live full out as the person we truly are in the dead center in American life, and that we are going to keep moving ourselves resolutely in that direction.

## 17 BELGIUM INTERVIEW

The editor of a Belgian white nationalist magazine called *Blood, Soil, Honour, and Loyalty* who had read some of my writings conducted an interview with me that was published in the May 2004 issue of the magazine:

*Could you please introduce yourself to our European readership--age, profession, and field?*

I'm 63 years old and a professor of education at the University of Vermont, which is in the northeast corner of the United States.

*You've published two books on the white nationalist movement in the USA. Could you briefly summarize both books?*

The first one, published as an electronic book--e-book--in 2000 and in print form in 2001, is entitled *The Fame of a Dead Mans Deeds: An Up-Close Portrait of White Nationalist William Pierce*. As the subtitle indicates, it not a full-fledged biography of Dr. Pierce but rather a portrait, a picture of the man and his ideas, which I painted, to continue that metaphor, as accurately, as objectively, as I could. William Pierce, as many of your readers undoubtedly know, founded and headed the National Alliance, a white racist organization with headquarters in West Virginia in my country. He is best known to the general public as the author of the novel, *The Turner Diaries*, which describes the racially motivated acts of a band

of American revolutionaries against a corrupt federal government and its supporters. He died in July of 2002.

The second book, published this year, is entitled *One Sheaf, One Vine: Racially Conscious White Americans Talk About Race*. It is made up of personal statements about race by everyday people: a postal worker, a college student, an attorney, an appliance repairman, a teacher, and so on. Again, my primary goal was to portray white nationalists in my country accurately, fairly. At the present time, the media and the schools are not doing that. I believe that the book humanizes and "de-demonizes" white nationalists and articulates their perspective-or I should say, perspectives plural, white nationalists don't all think alike. Especially I would like this book read by the general public, who can then decide for themselves whether what the people in the book have to say is valid and has any implications for their own lives.

*Why did you decide to write on William L. Pierce and not, say, someone from the KKK, which would lend itself to a more sensationalist book and, in all likelihood, result in greater sales?*

I wasn't interested in writing the usual sensationalist expose. I was looking for a way to critique American life in an overall, integrated way, and in an interesting and accessible way, and Dr. Pierce seemed a good vehicle for that. He was concerned with how everything in the culture and society works and how everything fits together. I thought people ought to hear Dr. Pierce's take on things, which contrasts sharply with conventional thinking. The mass of people isn't aware of his perspective because he has been effectively demonized and excluded from the mainstream public discourse in the United States.

*Is the National Alliance and Dr. Pierce typical of the racist movement in the United States?*

The National Alliance is the largest white racist organization in the United States and Dr. Pierce was the best-known white nationalist figure, but there are other orientations, influential

individuals, and organizations. So I wouldn't call the Alliance and Dr. Pierce typical-prominent, but not typical. Its approach is primarily educational, informing the public about the nature of the racial crisis facing whites. [In 2005, disaffected members, of the National Alliance, led by Kevin Strom, formed a new organization called National Vanguard.] American Renaissance—its central figure is Jared Taylor--publishes a monthly magazine and books and has a semi-annual meeting. Like the National Alliance, AR's thrust is primarily educational. Unlike the Alliance, however, or any of the other groups I'll mention, AR is not a membership organization, and it does not concern itself with the Jewish impact on white racial matters and welcomes Jewish participation in its activities. The European-American Unity and Rights Organization (EURO), led by David Duke, has a white civil rights focus. WAR-White Aryan Resistance-is an in-your-face white supremacist organization headed by Tom Metzger that has been around a long time. A new confrontational, take-it-to-the-streets organization called White Revolution has been formed under the leadership of Billy Roper. Another new organization, The Charles Martel Society, takes a more intellectual or scholarly approach. The CMS publishes a journal, *The Occidental Quarterly*, and has a public policy arm, the National Policy Institute. If you want to learn more about these groups or contact them, they all have web sites.

*What did you admire most about Dr. Pierce?*

There was so much to admire about him; I've never met anyone I admired as much. If I had to pick one thing it would be his commitment to do what was of most service to his race.

*A major theme in your latest book, One Sheaf, One Vine, is the repression, the witch hunt, against whites who speak openly about their racial destiny and preservation. With freedom of speech guaranteed by your constitution, it is hard for Europeans, with our anti-racism legislation, to comprehend that this happens in the United States. Could you talk about any differences you see between the repression in your country and in Europe?*

I understand that there are thousands of European white people in prison for expressing their racial beliefs. Very few Americans know that. In the United States, racially conscious and committed white people don't face the prospect of being imprisoned if they speak in support of their race. They stay silent--and the vast majority are silent--out of fear of what will happen to them if they speak publicly: scorn, social exclusion, their children harassed, loss of their jobs, and the like. They anticipate that if they speak up verbally they will be interrupted, shouted down, ridiculed, called names ("Racist!" "Anti-Semite!" "Hater!" Bigot!). While freedom of speech remains a valued element in American life, in recent decades there has been a highly effective campaign in the media, schools, and political arena to inculcate the counter idea that social justice and harmony take precedence over freedom of expression. It is justified, therefore, to shut "bad people" up, and more, to punish them for their transgressions of thought, word, and deed. There are many effective ways to do that besides putting them in jail. In fact, putting them in jail, or trying to, runs the risk of making martyrs of them and giving them a platform from which to be seen and heard. The primary goal of this campaign is to make the "bad people" invisible and impotent, and to get the "good people" to condemn and suppress not only the bad people but also any bad thoughts that may arise in themselves. The result has been what can be called self-repression.

*Which person from your second book did you consider the most effective in the battle for white homelands?*

I respect every one of the seventeen people who speak out in the new book, but I wouldn't go so far as to describing any of them as battling for a white homeland. Rather, they are focused on making sense of things and getting through their lives in a culture and society that seems to them to be increasingly alien and hostile. Having said that, there are two bright and vital racially aware young people in the book who embody my hopes for the future--Nadine Taylor from the state of Texas and Glenn Douglas (not his real name) from California. After I interviewed them for the book, I introduced them to one

another and they corresponded and met in person and now they are a couple. Nadine has just moved from Texas to California. I hope that they can live honorable white lives and be positive examples to the rest of their racial kinsmen.

*Have you undergone any repression yourself for writing books that portray white racialists favorably?*

Repression would be too strong a term for what I have experienced. Loss, negation; those would be better terms. The development of my own racial identity resulted in the breakup of a long-term relationship with a woman I cared deeply about. My change in outlook has contributed to an estrangement from my brother, who is my only close relative. I have been subjected, so it seems, to the "silent treatment" in my work circumstance-people either looking away or not going beyond a terse greeting. I get harsh, condemning correspondence. I'm not encouraged or acknowledged by my university administration-although they do tolerate me, and that is to their credit given the current climate in my country. I feel alienated from people who once were friends, to the point that my only contacts with like-minded and affirming people day to day are via e-mail. However, with all of that, I have never been as satisfied with my life as I am now. The writing I've done these past few years, which includes a number of articles and book reviews in addition to the two books, and the people I have met through that activity have transformed my life for the better. I believe I am living, finally, as the person I truly am. I'm happier now than ever before.

*What books have given you direction and inspired?*

Five come to mind: *The Turner Diaries* and *Hunter* by William Pierce. *My Awakening* by David Duke. *The Culture of Critique* by Kevin MacDonald. And *This Time the World* by George Lincoln Rockwell.

*I assume you have a tenured position on the university that guarantees your political freedom.*

I am a tenured full professor, and as a practical matter it would be difficult for the university to fire me. Also, I try to make it known that if I'm attacked I will do more than defend myself. I will counterattack with every means at my disposal. Sometimes bullies don't hit you if they know that when they do you will make every attempt to break their nose. I'm working on getting healthy and strong enough to send out powerful "don't mess with me" signals and to do battle effectively if it comes to that.

*Do you see whites becoming more racially aware, and do you note an increase in racial solidarity in your country?*

The overwhelming majority of white Americans don't relate to the concepts of racial awareness and solidarity-these ideas, ideals, are outside their frame of reference. Racial nationalism is not a part of the average white person's ideational world. It is not part of the stream of information and ideas in which they swim, to use that metaphor. Racial nationalists need to find a way to become a visible and vocal part of that stream; we aren't now. For the most part, we talk to one another-we aren't part of the public debate, at least in the United States. All the mass of white people hears about white nationalism and white nationalists are the negative characterizations they get from our adversaries, in schools and on television and in the movies and so on. One big problem I perceive is that too many white nationalists in my country have accepted the notion that we are indeed outsiders, marginal people, spectators and critics rather than actors on the central stage in American life. One of our first challenges, I believe, is to expel the notion that we are on the outside looking in. Once we do that, we will be faced with the challenge of actually making things happen in the world. We will be compelled to give less energy to complaining about those who oppose us and put more energy into seeing what we can learn from them. The feminists, black civil rights movement, multiculturalists, and Jewish thinkers and organizations, have been remarkably successful in transforming American life. How'd they do it, and what can we learn from that that will increase our own effectiveness?

*Robert S. Griffin*

*Are you working on any new writing projects?*

I've been writing articles and book reviews. I'd like to write another book, but I don't have one in mind at this point. [It turned out to be this one.] I don't operate out of any master plan. One thing I have learned about life is that there is always a good thing to do at every moment, and that's what I try to do, that good thing. I try to get that positive thing done the best I can.



## 18 BELGIUM IN JULY

In the July of 2004, I spent time in Belgium with the magazine editor who interviewed me and other white nationalists. I wrote about the trip in an article I called "Belgium in July." Note the emphasis on the worth of having like-minded and supportive people in your immediate world, something I don't have now. Also, note the reference to the value of physical training. Note, too, the anti-war reference. If you'll remember, that was also a theme in the David Starr Jordan and Lincoln writings.

This past July, I spent twelve days in Belgium as the guest of some white nationalists who had contacted me after having read some of my writings. They are members of the Flemish Blood & Honour organization. Blood & Honour chapters are in a number of countries, including the United States, and were started in the late 1980s by British racial activist and musician Ian Stuart. Stuart headed what could be called a skinhead band, Skrewdriver. Stuart was killed in a car crash in 1993.

Belgium is a divided country linguistically and ethnically. I spent my time in Flanders, the more prosperous northern half of the country, where the native language is Dutch. The southern part, Wallonia, is French-speaking. The district around Brussels, which is on the border between the two regions, is officially bi-lingual. My hosts were strong Flemish patriots. They are partisans of the Vlaams Blok political party. Vlaams Blok (translated as Flemish Bloc) favors Flanders independence. It also opposes multiculturalism and

advocates controls on immigration, which in Belgium is mostly from northern Africa. Vlaams Blok recently won significant electoral victories in Flanders, garnering a quarter of the vote. No other party in the Belgium elections was supported by more people. I took note that my hosts had politicians and a major party that advocate their positions, and I most certainly don't. Bush and Kerry would have both crossed the street to get away from me-Nader too, for that matter.

As it has turned out, however, things aren't as rosy politically for my hosts as I first thought they were. This past April [2004], Vlaams Blok was convicted of being a criminal organization because it violates Belgium's recently adopted "anti-racism" laws. The case against the party had been brought by the government agency, The Center for Equal Opportunities and the Fight Against Racism (is that title scary enough for you?), which reports directly to the Liberal-Socialist coalition prime minister Guy Verhofstadt, who upon coming to power announced that his first priority would be the elimination of Vlaams Blok. On November 9th, the Belgian Supreme Court upheld the verdict and the party has been forced to disband.

In an e-mail message since the Court decision, one of my hosts during my Belgian visit noted that one good aspect he sees in all of this is that "the system is showing its ugly face," and that, now, "no thinking person can remain with illusions." He informs me that "the phoenix will rise from the ashes" under a new name, Vlaams Belang (Flemish Interest), but with the party program "cleansed to avoid further prosecution" (or should he have said persecution?). Such is democracy in Belgium. The obvious question this truly remarkable tum of events in Belgium brings up: could it happen here in the United States? I don't know about parties, but I think you're reading the publication of an organization that would be about the first to go if this kind of thing does happen here.

When I was in Belgium, I came into contact with the anti-racism laws myself. I was scheduled to give a talk the third night I was there. The organizers couldn't bill the event as a public affair, putting a notice in the newspaper and posting fliers, anything like that, because that would have violated the anti-racism laws. They

had to handle it like a private gathering, letting people know by word of mouth and posting a "private" sign on the door of the hall the night of the event. I didn't think I had anything racist to say, but I was informed that even white advocacy or separatism is considered racist. I felt grateful that we don't have this kind of legislation in America, at least not yet. I do worry, though, that what is going on in Belgium, and other countries in Europe, is a harbinger of things to come in this country if we don't stay vigilant.

I found out firsthand that the culture war is being waged hot and heavy in Belgium. At the last minute, the hall that had been rented for my talk became unavailable because of some kind of code violation--the particulars got by me--and the organizers of the event had to scramble to find a new venue, which they did. It seemed pretty clear to me that somebody was trying to shut us down. Anti-racist groups, as they are called, mostly young white college students, threatened to disrupt the event, and this made it a media story, with coverage focusing on whether there was going to be trouble. The organizers guarded the hall the night before to prevent vandalism and there was heavy security at the event itself. A television crew showed up to catch the action. As it turned out, the evening went along without a hitch.

Just about all of the Blood & Honour members I spent time with, young men in their twenties, had the appearance I associate with skinheads. Indeed, they are formidable-looking with their close-clipped haircuts and tattoos and barbell-enhanced physiques. I picked up that, when the circumstance calls for it, their formidability is matched by actual fierceness; these people aren't about to take any crap. I found their calm, quiet strength and fierceness admirable. It's been my experience that too many racially consciousness white people can be messed with. A lot of us could use some toughening up, and we could stand taller, and that includes me.

These Blood & Honour people were polite, gracious, and considerate to me. I was taken with how articulate and perceptive and informed they are. I was struck by their sincerity, their genuineness, which I contrasted with the cynicism and ironic detachment and gamesmanship that I confront so often in my life in this country.

How different they were from the image so many people have of people of this sort.

I stayed at the homes of two married couples, one with two young children and the other with one. I was taken by the love in both homes, and the respect these men had for their wives and the respect the wives had for their husbands. I was moved by way the little children in these homes were cared for with such gentleness and patience.

One of the couples I stayed with has a bull terrier dog that became, for me, a metaphor for the people I met on my trip. Bull terriers are the whitish, solidly built ones with the long faces and tiny slanted eyes way up at the top-I was stopped in my tracks when I first encountered this scary-looking dog. It turned out this bull terrier was affectionate and calm and peaceful. It was absolutely wonderful with the two- and three-year-olds that climbed all over it.

The Blood & Honour group I was around underscored for me that a white racial organization can serve as a fraternal context. For each of the members, Blood & Honour provided friendship and affirmation and encouragement and direction and support. They spent time in each other's houses, ate dinner together, did things together. They had comrades. They didn't feel alone. All too often, racially aware white people pay dues to organizations and travel to meetings now and again, and read this and that, and have virtual relationships through the Internet, but they don't have flesh and blood human beings who live nearby and who know who they are and value them and care how they are and look out for them.

I asked one of the members of the group what most mattered to him, and he replied "personal honor, and courage." One of the ways he and the others are seeking to achieve this end is by attending to the physical. In particular, they are working with nutrition and combat training and weightlifting as ways to center and empower themselves. They eat well, and I saw no alcohol or drugs in the time I was there. I came to the conclusion that while ideas and analyses matter, so too does the body, the flesh, corporal reality.

My hosts took me to many places in Flanders. If you haven't seen the cities of Bruges (the Venice of the north it's called, with its

canals) and Ghent, I heartily recommend that you do. They look as they did hundreds of years ago; Beethoven would have felt at home in them. The architecture in the cities I visited and the art I saw in the museum in Antwerp felt so right to me; it resonated with the core of my being. I expected Belgium to be more multiracial than it turned out to be. At least in the parts of Flanders where I was, I felt as if I were with my people, European people, white people. There was a pace, a rhythm, a flow, that felt appropriate to me, true. Ironically, in a place where I had never been, I felt home. There's a tower in Flanders called the Yzertoren that must be thirty stories high, a remarkable site standing alone in the middle of a big field, and at the top of the tower it says "No More War." I won't ever forget that tower or that sentiment.

I'm back now with terror alerts and Larry King. But I'll always have my memories of Flanders. And, I'm realizing, I'm not quite the same person I was before the trip.

## 19 OLE MISS, NEW MISS

In the spring of 2005 I took note of a controversy over an ad that *American Renaissance* had placed in the campus newspaper at the University of Mississippi. It brought up my concern for white students' experience in the university, as well as my, our, responsibility to white young people, whether they are in the university or some other school or work context. I entitled an article about the ad incident "Ole Miss, New Miss: American Renaissance Ad Shakes Up the University of Mississippi":

On Friday, April 15th, 2005, a quarter-page ad appeared in the *Daily Mississippian*, the campus newspaper at the University of Mississippi. On it was a picture of a child about a year and a half old. The ad's headline read, "Will She Be a Racial Minority by the Time She Reaches 40?" The copy of the ad read:

Third-world immigration-both legal and illegal-is now running so high that whites are expected to be a minority race by mid-century. Will this be good for America?

Everyone tells you to "celebrate diversity," but for whites to "celebrate diversity" is to celebrate their dwindling numbers and declining influence.

Would Mexicans "celebrate diversity" if white were pouring across the Rio Grande, threatening to reduce them to a minority in their own country?

Diversity is a weakness, not a strength. Just look at your campus. Are different racial groups a source of joy or a cause of friction?

Don't just swallow slogans. Think for yourself.

It was signed "American Renaissance" and gave the organization's web site address and phone number.

The same day the ad appeared, in the Internet version of the paper, online editor Joy Douglas wrote, "An advertisement that ran in today's print edition of the *Daily Mississippian* contained a racist message. The ad . . . promotes *American Renaissance*, a monthly magazine launched in 1999 [sic] that espouses incendiary views about immigration and race relations. The *Daily Mississippian* advertising staff will include a retraction and apology for the advertisement in Monday's edition of the newspaper."

The rest of the Douglas story explained how the ad got into the paper. Ronald Odom, advertising representative and senior at UM, was quoted as saying, "It just kind of snuck through the cracks between advertising, creative services, editorial and into the paper. I'm sure if someone had read it, it would definitely been taken care of ahead of time."

Miss Douglas also quoted the *Daily Mississippian* editor, UM student Emery Carrington: "This ad's message is completely unacceptable and is something that the *Daily Mississippian* staff does not condone, believe in or support. . . . We have repeatedly spoken out against hate and racism in this newspaper. . . . I hope our readers will understand that this message would never have appeared in our paper under normal circumstances."

The next Monday, April 18th, the *Daily Mississippian* print version published an editorial by Miss Carrington, and columns by staff reporters Franco Healy and Michael Patronik, all highly critical of the ad.

The AR ad did raise a number of questions that could have been the subject of investigation, analysis, and dialogue on the UM campus. Is it true that whites will be a racial minority in this country by mid-century, and will that have negative consequences for them? Is diversity really a weakness rather than a strength? What is your

actual experience of diversity on campus? Have you come to your own conclusions about race and diversity, or have you been told what to think? Jared Taylor, who sponsored the ad, was quoted in a story in the *Clarion-Ledger*, a Jackson, Mississippi newspaper, explaining that the purpose of the ad was to promote debate, and these questions are certainly worth debating. Given the circumstances in this country's universities, however, it is a safe bet that they will not be seriously explored or publicly debated at Ole Miss.

One might think that unfettered inquiry and free and open debate were at the heart of what a university is about. But according to the prevailing ideological orthodoxy-multiculturalism-inquiry and debate are subordinated to achieving three racial ends: establishing the concept of racial egalitarianism; realizing the ideal of diversity in every aspect of life; and stamping out "white racism." If inquiry and dialogue do not serve these ends, shut them down hard. As the saying goes, no free speech for fascists.

And what are students-and faculty for that matter-to do when they encounter challenges to racial egalitarianism, diversity, and anti-racism? They are to dismiss them, condemn whoever is behind them, and affirm their own allegiance to diversity and opposition to racism. They are not to engage these bad ideas and bad people but rather to get away from them as quickly as they can.

What are some ways to do that? The four articles by student writers reveal some possibilities, all of which are welcomed at universities because they keep students from dealing with perspectives and people that contradict what they are being conditioned to internalize:

*Negative labeling.* Give something a pejorative label and you don't have to deal with it. The *Daily Mississippian* articles used the words "racism," "hate," "racist," "bigotry," "white supremacist," "xenophobic," "extremist," "far-right," "intolerant," and "ignorant."

*Negative association.* Writer Michael Patronik associates AR with the National Front in France, whose voters, he claims, "are not highly educated, somewhat more religious than average, and probably work in shrinking industrial-sector jobs." Supporters of such organizations, writes Mr. Patronik, are "losers in modernization." He continues: "Remember those old black-and-



white films of Nazi physicians using calipers to measure the skull proportions of imprisoned Jews and Roma, finding them to be sub-human degenerates? That's exactly the rubbish this modern-day-Dr. Mengele [Jared Taylor] is promoting."

*Conventional wisdom.* This assumes that reiterating the trite and (presumed to be) true is the same as refutation. Columnist Franco Healy: "How dare the *American Renaissance* question immigration when their ancestors were once immigrants themselves."

*Derision.* After reading the ad, Mr. Healy writes, "I almost wet myself laughing."

*Its offensive.* Free speech is good, but not if it offends someone. Editor Carrington: "... it is one thing to support the debating of issues. It is quite another to allow the spreading of messages that offend a large majority.... People were as shocked, disgusted, and offended as I was when I first laid eyes on the ad Friday morning." Ronald Odom, the advertising executive: "Being an African American student at the university who appreciates the progress we have made from our past, I am offended that this organization would place an ad in our paper ... " Melanie Watkins, advertising manager: "The ad and its message offend me greatly."

*"I think."* This involves paying attention to something-AR's message in this case-only until it prompts something else to pop into your head. "I think this university has come a long way and has become intolerant of messages such as those that American Renaissance spreads," offers Miss Carrington. Mr. Healy reports that a "practical example" of the value of diversity "would be the World War II Olympics, where the diverse roster of the United States triumphed over Hitler's team of Aryan 'supermen.'" There were no Olympics during the Second World War, and in the 1936 Berlin games Germany won more medals than any other country by far, but that is beside the point, because the issue is now what Mr. Healy thinks, and that is what Mr. Healy thinks.

*Self-congratulation.* This involves letting the world know you are a good person. Writes editor Carrington: "I, like many others my age and beyond, am proud that I refuse to judge others solely on the basis of their skin color. There are good people and there are bad people. Color of skin has nothing to do with that distinction."

Miss Carrington accomplishes a great deal in these three sentences. She lets the world know she is pure of heart ("I refuse to judge"). She trivializes racial differences (references to skin color are meant to affirm that racial differences are only skin deep) so we know she is a true-blue racial egalitarian. Finally, "like many others my age" emphasizes that she is part of the group, she belongs, she's included-being shunned is one of the most feared consequences for being on the wrong side of the race question.

The *Clarion-Ledger* reported that Emke Ohwofasa, the director of diversity affairs at UM, discussed the ad in her sociology class. I suspect some of these strategies found their way into that discussion.

My experience in the university-I'm on the faculty of one-is that when something like this ad comes up, there is a brief flurry of outrage, attack, and testimony, and then things return to normal. The bad ideas go away, and the bad people either retreat into the shadows or try to appease the commissars by backtracking and groveling. "I'm not a racist, really." "You misunderstood me." "I didn't mean to offend anyone." This goes on everywhere, not just in universities. Whichever outcome-silence or bowing and scraping-the lesson for anyone who might contemplate bucking the party line is: "I better not stick my head above the foxhole."

What made this case different is that after each of the four stories in the online *Daily Mississippian* there were comments-around 120 were posted in total. Some were frivolous, but many were informed and thoughtful. As far as I could tell, the vast majority of comments, and virtually all of the substantive ones, came from people outside the university. The messages from students tended to be terse, and I found none from a UM faculty member. My guess is that the online participation of the UM students and faculty reflected campus reality: egalitarianism, diversity, and anti-racism are preached and affirmed, but not analyzed or assessed, and they are not compared with alternatives. It is these three noble goals versus the forces of darkness. The posts from outside interjected something onto the UM campus that otherwise would not have been there.

The "anti-diversity" side, which is absent in university discourse, rang out strong and clear in the comments. Among the posts were three from Jared Taylor, which are excerpted here:

The *Daily Mississippian* is telling us it will publish no political opinion with which the staff disagrees. This is a shameful admission. University students are supposed to explore differing points of view, not act like Soviet thought police.

So I am a modern-day Dr. Mengele, a white supremacist who promulgates shoddy racial quasi-science? Hyperventilation, Mr. Patronik, is not debate. The races certainly differ. On average, whites are more intelligent and law-abiding than blacks, and 1101ih Asians-Chinese, Koreans, Japanese-are more intelligent and law-abiding than whites. There are a host of other racial differences that run from average birth-weight to twimling rates and reactions to medicines, to average brain size and levels of serum testosterone.

I suspect Miss Carrington is wrong to insist that her campus has no interest in the questions the ad raises. Are whites really indifferent to the prospect of becoming a racial minority? Should they be? If diversity is so attractive, why do people avoid it in their private lives? Only someone whose eyes are firmly shut to reality would pretend these questions are of no interest or relevance. Our office has received quite a few telephone calls from students at Ole Miss. Some, including one black and one student from India, said they wished I could come to campus to give a lecture. No, Miss Carrington, your campus is not quite so closed-minded as you think.

Here is a comment from "Courtney," who does not further identify herself:

Go to any part of the country that has a majority black or Hispanic population. Would you like to live in any of those

places? Better yet, go to any country that is run by either blacks or Hispanics. You will find that they are all third-world slums. Whites created this country and whites are the ones who made this country great. . . . Whites have every right to want to preserve this nation's European culture and heritage, and any white who supports the displacement of their own nation that their own ancestors created is crazy. If you look around the world, it is only white countries who are taking in immigrants. Why does it have to be this way? How come the UN isn't calling Japan and Korea or any other rich Asian nation 'racist' for not taking immigrants in? Why is it only white countries that are expected to destroy their own cultures by taking in immigrants? Nonwhite immigrants are destroying America, just the same way they are destroying Europe. This needs to stop, or we might as well say good-bye to Western Civilization.

John Robinson wrote from Southern California:

I did a quick Yahoo search and found many 'racist' organizations at Ole Miss-organizations promoting the group interests, group culture of particular racial, ethnic people. Here is a short list: Muslim Student Association. Malaysian Student Association. Chinese and Taiwanese Student Association. Black Law Students Association. Being a White European American shouldn't be a crime anywhere in America. If you don't fight for the legitimate rights of your people, you will lose it all.

Finally, a reader from Florida quoted Chief Sitting Bull (1831-1890) of the Hunkpapa Sioux:

Is it wrong for me to love my own? Is it wicked for me because my skin is red? Because I'm Sioux? Because I was born where my father lived? Because I would die for my people and my country?

AR is to be commended for submitting the ad. Undoubtedly it did prompt talk and reflection among white students on the UM campus, and among some faculty. And very significantly, it probably brought some people to the AmRen.com web site, where they will find a racial frame of reference they won't get at school. My experience with white university students-and I had this impression of the ones involved in the University of Mississippi controversy-is that they are good people. They are decent young whites who are affirming what everybody and everything in their world tells them is right and fair. Even more fundamentally, they are *our* young people; they are us, not them. We must reach them and give them guidance and support. And no matter what they say or do, we must always love them.

## 20 POSITIVE VISIONS AND ACTIONS

In an unpublished paper, I wrote down some recent (2005) thoughts. The title of the paper, for now at least, I may change it, is "The Need for Positive White Visions and Actions":

Since writing a book on William Pierce back in *2000-The Fame of a Dead Man's Deeds--there* was only one of his writings between that time and his death in July of 2002 where I thought to myself, I wish I had had this one before I finished the book; it would have been good to include. It was a transcript of his "American Dissident Voices" radio program broadcast December 15th, 2000 that Dr. Pierce had entitled "A White World." I saved it as a computer file and I've kept it all this time.

What drew me to this writing was that, in that broadcast, Dr. Pierce talked about his hopes for white people. He described his vision of how we might live, how we should live. What struck me most was that it was a positive expression: he created a picture in my mind of something good, right, true. When I was putting the "Fame" book together I had noted that so much of what Dr. Pierce expressed in his nonfiction writing--this doesn't apply to his novels--and so much of what others who had a public voice in the white racist movement expressed, was essentially negative, about what isn't right in the world. It was about problems, deficits, bad circumstances, dire forecasts, what they-liberals, feminists,

multiculturalists, globalists, Jews-are doing that is getting in the way of white people and holding us back. And I find that it is still pretty much that way these days-the talk is mostly about what's wrong.

In pointing this out, I not disparaging, let's call them, negative accounts, descriptions, analyses, and forecasts. Indeed, they can be very helpful: they can give us "the lay of the land," an overview of the situation, and they can provide us insight and perspective, and they can be useful in giving us direction. But still, I have come to the conclusion that the white nationalist, white racist, patriot movement, whatever label to use, needs to achieve a better balance between problems and hopes. I believe we (as time has gone on, for me the movement and its participants has gone from being "them" to "we") spend too much of our time on problems and not enough time setting out hopes and then figuring out how to realize them.

Individually and collectively, in any area of life, we become what we think and talk about. If we spend most of our time centering our attention on "ain't it awful"--look what's going on, look at what they did to us-we run the danger of becoming people who are good at articulating what's wrong in the world but not good at doing anything about it. Insight into what's not right can bring us the sense of relief that comes from "oh, now I see what's going on!" And it can boost our egos: "I'm in the know, and that makes me feel good about myself, and other people know I'm in the know, and that makes me feel good about myself, too." And it can bring us into contact with people to commiserate with us. But it is not going change anything in the world, really, and it's not going make our individual lives better, really, and it's not going to give us a pervasive sense of satisfaction or peace of mind.

Similarly, seeing things primarily in moral terms-what's right, just, how they are bad and we are good--can be problematic. Possessing a sense of our virtue and their impurity-how could they have done such a terrible thing to us, to me?--can make us feel righteous and pure, but it can also obscure a reality: what goes on in the world is much more about power than it is about morality, much more a function of strength and fierceness and resolve and organization than a function of what is fair, what ought to be. Being

a good guy isn't enough; too often, good guys are abused, unhappy, and get nothing accomplished. We need to be strong, powerful, and effective. We need to be careful that a concern for right doesn't obscure the importance of might.

For life to work for us individually and collectively we have to get positive things done. And to get positive things done we have to envision positive things worth doing. We need a vision. And then, grounded in that vision, guided by it, we need to identify concrete, tangible, do-able, realizable goals and actions that will move us, in small and big ways, toward the realization of that vision, and then we need to take action. The sums of our lives are those actions, those deeds. Our deeds and their consequences are the mark we leave on the world. They are our legacy. It's not what we know that counts; it's what we do that counts. Life comes down to finding something worth doing and doing it.

My concern is that without a positive vision to guide us, we will become stagnant, inactive, spectators, commentators, critics, complainers, victims, objects rather than subjects in the world. We will become frustrated, cynical, despairing, feel helpless. The pieces don't go together in our lives: our beliefs and values will be one thing and the reality of our lives will be another. Deep down, we won't be happy and life won't be quite right. I believe a large part of being in that fix comes from not having any positive pictures in our internal "photo albums" to make real. Simply, there is nothing that comes to mind that seems worth doing. There is a chapter in the Fame book called "Pierce's Vision" that I recommend in light I have just written.

Below is an extract from Dr. Pierce's ADV broadcast of December of 2000. Read it and see what it brings up for you. I don't think Dr. Pierce's vision--or mine or yours, for that matter-- is the definitive one necessarily. I don't think we all have to have the same exact picture in our heads of what a white world would be like. But perhaps if we all formulate and share our individual visions they will contribute to the formation of a collective vision that will encompass our individual visions while at the same time not obliterate or subordinate them. Dr. Pierce from that broadcast:



The type of world we strive for depends upon our values, upon what we think is important. I am a very race-conscious person, a person who is very conscious of the profound spiritual and psychical differences between my race and other races, and the world I want is one that provides the maximum scope for the spirit of my people to soar, a world that matches their inner nature, a world in which they are at home and can roll up their sleeves and go to work and unleash the full power of their imagination and creative spirit, a world in which the Faustian spirit of my people can exult in its striving to find and conquer new worlds, to perform noble deeds, and, in the words of Tennyson's Ulysses, "to follow knowledge like a sinking star beyond the utmost bound of human thought."

A world that matches our inner nature will be a world not too different from that in which our nature was shaped over thousands of generations in Europe. That was a world of mountains and forests and rivers and lakes and fjords and seacoasts. It was not the Semite's world of desert and bazaar, nor the Negro's world of jungle and dung-plastered huts, nor was it a world of asphalt and concrete and neon and billboards and diesel buses and fast-food drive-thru's and pollution-spewing factories and mile-after-dreary-mile of tenement houses.

We need a much lower average population density than we have now in North America. I have a vision of fifty million White North Americans living and working in a land of regrown forests and unpolluted rivers and lakes and clean air: a land without litter along its roads and pathways and with bears and wolves and mountain lions and eagles returned to their natural habitats and forming once again a natural part of our environment. A substantial part of these regrown forests and unpolluted rivers and lakes would be in the public domain: a continuous public domain stretching from coast to coast, between and around private holdings.

I envision no cities--certainly none of the sprawling, noisy, congested, asphalt-and-concrete monstrosities surrounded by smoke-belching factories, clogged freeways, and honky-tonk strips with which we are all too familiar today. Towns with populations of no more than 10,000 should be adequate for commercial centers, manufacturing centers, educational centers, and any other sort of facility requiring the cooperative efforts of a couple of thousand people. Even plants for smelting ore, producing steel, or making ball bearings, if designed and operated

to take advantage of modern technological developments, should be able to do without the huge concentrations of labor used today. I am assuming, of course, modern transportation, communication, and manufacturing methods.

I envision a world of White families, White schools, White communities: clean and orderly communities, with lots of healthy White children, hiking and camping and learning crafts or folk traditions instead of hanging around shopping malls in baggy shorts or cruising and drinking and throwing beer cans out the window: obedient White kids who say "yes, sir" and "yes, ma'am" to their parents and don't smoke or listen to non-White music or join urban street gangs, because there won't be any urban street gangs.

I envision a world with fewer limits and constraints, with a lot more possibilities for the individual to follow his own inclinations, a world in which most of the people feel that they can have almost any sort of future they want within the general framework of their responsibilities to their race, if they're willing to take chances and work hard.

As I read this excerpt, I asked myself, what does Dr. Pierce see as being at the core of being white? He refers to a "Faustian spirit": white people are seekers, strivers, adventurers, creators. We pursue nobility and greatness. In Dr. Pierce's vision, the context for our quest forward, upward, as a people and individually, is our race. He viewed the white race as separate entity of sorts, with its own destiny: to realize itself in its most highly evolved form. Our task as white men and women is to become conscious of our connection to this entity-this racial Life Force, a term he used-and to serve it by preserving it and contributing to its ascendance. Service to the race is our fundamental mission in our lives on this earth-not status, not money, not material accumulation, not career advancement, not pleasure, not entertainments, not knowledge for itself.

When I read Dr. Pierce's words, what particularly stood out was when he talked about white people living in a world "in which they are at home." I share his hope in this regard. I would like to think feeling at home, being at home, doesn't necessarily have to involve a separate living space for whites or a friendly culture and society, even though those states of affairs would be good. I don't want to be

stuck in my life because I think I have to wait around for something that might well never come about in my lifetime before I can be at home in the world. My vision for white people is that they have the capability, right now, in the situation that currently exists, to create a life for themselves where they are at home.

A major challenge for white people, as Dr. Pierce saw it, is to be who we really are. It is clear from this excerpt, and in the way Dr. Pierce lived his own life, that he considered it consistent with our essence to honor the natural environment and protect it and to live in harmonious accord with its mandates. He thought it natural to us to live in small-scale communities among our racial kinsmen. He viewed us as a clean, orderly, and polite people, and as a gentle and decent people who are at the same time courageous and fierce.

I share his hope that white people live our way, not someone else's way. More and more, I believe that race is the basis of culture, that there is a fundamental predilection of white people to live in certain ways, within certain parameters. My vision would have us live grounded in our race and the best of our heritage, connected to our ancestors, and responsible to our fellow whites and to our descendants. And I want people who start the quest now, not later, to live that way.

I don't think there is just one appropriate way of "living white" for us all. We can be rural and urban and genteel and rough around the edges and still be living authentic white lives. I just want white people who can cut through the garbage and propaganda and conditioning and find our books, our movies, our art forms, our music, our fashions, our forms of architecture and design, our ways to work, our ways to be a friend, our ways to love, our ways to be in family and raise children and educate them.

I think you can begin that quest right where you are now, and you can do it as you. Whether you pump gas for a living or practice law. Whether you prefer Bach or black metal. Whether you live out in the country or in the city or a suburb. Whether you are a Baptist or a pagan. Whether you are loud or quiet. Whether you went to school or dropped out. Whether you are working or laid off or a retiree. Whether you are in a family or are a single parent. Whether

it has been smooth for you in the past or rough. Whether you have many friends or nobody knows you are alive.

The white people I envision are healthy and strong mentally and physically. They are zestful and life-affirming and growing. They are productive. They stand tall and they live with courage and integrity and honor. They are tough and fierce: they are not about to put up with somebody trying to diminish, intimidate, marginalize or silence them. And they are efficacious: they get things done.

In my vision, white people would manifest, fully and publicly, their racial being and consciousness in every dimension of their lives, and in the mainstream of American life if they so choose. They are seen and felt in their communities and through the work they do. They participate in the public forum: they speak out on the issues of the day and run for office and they are on television and they write books and magazine articles and make music and create films and profess what they believe as teachers and students.

The white people I envision are connected with their racial kinsmen as friends and lovers and mates and colleagues. They are organized at the local and national and international levels. They have politicians to vote for who believe as they do and who advocate for them. And even if these things aren't there in their lives now, or ever, the white people I envision push forward anyway.

I hope that reading what Dr. Pierce wrote and what I have offered will inspire you to create your own vision for white people and for yourself, and to share that vision with others, and to start doing what you can--working on yourself, working in the world--to make your vision a reality while you still possess the precious gift of life.

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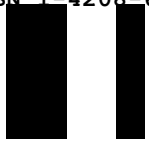




*Living White* brings together Robert S. Griffin's writings on race during the 2000-2005 period. Included are excerpts from his two books published during this time, *The Fame O/a Dead Mans Deeds: An Up-Close Portrait o/ White Nationalist William Pierce* and *One Shea/, One Vine: Racially Conscious White Americans Talk About Race*. Also here, in total or in large part, are eleven published articles, one unpublished article, and a speech. In addition, there is a published article about Professor Griffin, and a published interview in which he was the subject. Last, there are excerpts from two earlier books of his that relate to the story he is telling in this book. The writings are ordered chronologically for the most part and the author provides commentaries to accompany them. This gives *Living White* a narrative line and lends an autobiographical quality to it. In large measure, *Living White* is Dr. Griffin's own story over these past few years as it relates to race.

*Living White* is about white people, and it is for white people. Its focus is on the personal, in contrast to the public, dimensions of the racial challenges that whites confront at this time in their history. This book isn't an analysis of race in America or elsewhere. It isn't about public policy or politics or organizational activity. It isn't about how the outside world is doing but rather how individual white people are doing. This book will support readers in living more honorable lives as white men and women.

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