

Return to Father [Rev. 20180620]

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What a Father Is

What a simple thing to say, beautiful in its clarity and truth, and yet one that must be reiterated today. *Fathers are not mothers.*

Fathers were created in all their specialness by God, to exacting standards and tight tolerances. Imagine the scene as the Almighty, overlooking his Creation, drafted the great blueprints for Father, Model 1.0. No doubt His angels heard Him muttering to Himself as He worked out the kinks in the divinely-inspired design:

"A father must have a strong back, for it is on his that the support of the family rests. He will have to hoist toddlers to his shoulders, he will show bravery in the face of fear, he will stand sentry over his family.

"This father must have strong hands. With these he will squash spiders that threaten the sanity of his wife, he will build things useful to his family, he will show a young son how to change a tire on a car—and yet he will use them to tenderly embrace a child!

"A father must have sure legs. He will use those to carry himself to and from a job he may hate in order to care for those given to his charge. He will run next to a daughter learning to ride a two-wheeler for the first time, he will climb ladders to clean out gutters, he will rush to the side of any of his brood so he might protect, encourage, love.

"His mind must be a thing of wonder. It cannot be as easily swayed by emotion as a mother; it must be rational and reasonable. It must be able to focus and concentrate, to be creative in order to solve problems. And yet, at times it must be the source of wicked humor.

"His eyes must be all-seeing. They must be able to look into the eyes of his son and understand. To crinkle at the corners in delight at his daughter. To shed tears at griefs so great they squeeze his soul. To look far enough into the future to discern threats, and yet they must be forgetful about what they've seen in the past.

"His heart—a father's heart—must be the most magnificent machine in all Creation. It should be tuned to hear My frequency. It must be courageous: he will have to both protect his family and stand fast against the withering shrillness of a teenage daughter being told 'No.'

"A father's heart must be tender enough to be hurt and yet strong enough to volunteer for more. It must beat for his family, and it should be large enough to hold compassion, love, and fortitude for each of them."

Fathers, you are some of the most criticized people on the face of the planet, and yet it is on your shoulders that so much responsibility rests. You bring forth the next generation and you instill them with values and morals to propel them forward as good people and good citizens. You are the mainstay of your family, the bedrock on which your children and grandchildren will depend. You are constant, you are strong, you are dependable. Civilization itself depends on you... *That is a father.*^{*1}

Advaita

Advaita means life is 'as it is.' The word advaita meaning 'not two' comes from Sanskrit. Advaita also means 'non-duality.' Advaita signifies not only that life is light, because the essence of everything in life is light, but also indicates that light 'as it is' is 'not two.' This implies that advaita is light. The two or many in life appear real to the mind, but nevertheless are a reflection of light.

Dvaita means 'two' or 'duality' and duality is real to the human mind. The two or many are due to colours, and colours are a reflection of light. Light 'as it is,' however, is one and not two. Therefore, the real in the mind, which is dvaita, is an illusion of light and not real.

'Life' is advaita, meaning 'not two' or 'absence of duality.' So is every man and woman's life. The 'mind' is dual, meaning 'two' or 'presence of duality.' So is every man and woman's mind.

The real remains the same without changing. But everything changes in life, so the real, which the mind thinks is real, is illusory. The sages realised that the real in life is illusory, meaning, to the mind, that the real appears to be in life, whereas it is not in life as an actuality. 'Neti Neti' means 'not this, not this' or 'neither this nor that,' to signify that 'this' or 'that' is illusory and not real.

Illusory means the real exists, but the existence of real is illusory, to mean the real does not exist in the manner the mind thinks it exists. The illusory exists as a play of light and sound, which gives rise to a deception of reality.

The real that exists in the world, including the world, is illusory because every atom of the real that exists is light. Therefore, the real that exists is an illusion of light and not an actuality. The sages have rightly proclaimed that life is a play of light and sound, without a real cause or effect, and that light, which has no real cause, reflects only illusory effects of reality.

Therefore, the real or advaita cannot be known, taught, practised, searched or experienced. Only the illusory can be known, taught, practised, searched and experienced. To understand that life, as the mind thinks it is, is illusory is advaita, non-duality or absolute understanding. Life has gifted the mind only to man, so that he may understand his own mind. This absolute understanding leads to enlightenment.^{*2}

Father's Day

Father's Day is about so much more than store sales and cheesy coffee mugs. It is, to borrow the words a resolution President Calvin Coolidge once signed on its celebration, a day "to impress upon fathers the full measure of their obligations," and remind ourselves of the importance of fatherhood to our country.

It is something that, unfortunately in today's culture, needs to be repeated often and with clarity: fathers matter. Their responsibilities in families and society are all essential to the strength of our country. Fathers and mothers serve equally important, but distinct, functions in raising children. Fathers play the indispensable role in protecting their families from harm, encouraging children to overcome challenges, disciplining children with authority, and teaching boys how to become responsible men by modeling responsibility themselves.

This should not be controversial. In fact, it is an area of bipartisan agreement.

President Barack Obama once said, "Of all the rocks upon which we build our lives...family is the most important. And we are called to recognize and honor how critical every father is to that foundation. They are teachers and coaches. They are mentors and role models. They are examples of success and the men who constantly push us toward it."

From the Moynihan report to Republicans partnering with President Bill Clinton on welfare reform, politicians who have studied the causes of family instability and poverty have all recognized the crucial role fathers play. It's something worth remembering this Father's Day, because the absence of strong fathers and strong families is the leading cause of so much of our current social chaos.

We see the consequences of fatherlessness all around our country, in deep and sometimes unexpected ways. The research connecting fatherlessness to increased crime rates among adolescents is widely discussed surrounding the prevalence of child poverty, but it affects all of us. We should consider that absent fathers' causality in youth delinquency might encourage the kind of reckless, rebellious nihilism evident in so many of the young men who have committed horrific acts of violence. For example, more than 75 percent of the most-cited school shooters since Columbine came from broken homes.

The results of our confusion on what it means to become a man, and its culminating rite of passage in responsible fatherhood, afflict communities throughout our country. It makes for an alarming number of working-age young men who do not work, seem to have no drive, and take drugs to escape their frustration. It makes for an equally alarming number of young men who abuse women, abandon financial responsibility for their children, become thugs, or become ridiculous hyper-masculine idiots. The data on this point is irrefutable: fatherlessness is associated with higher rates of poverty, crime, drug addiction, and divorce, perpetuating a cycle for generations to come.

In no way does this reality devalue the equally important work of mothers, especially single mothers and their children who struggle against many obstacles to succeed. There is nothing more American than their round-the-clock labor of love or the grit of the children of broken homes who go on to break the cycle. But single mothers are often the first to acknowledge how difficult it is to raise children when their fathers are absent from their homes or their lives.

Fixing these problems associated with fatherlessness will require more than any politician or government program can offer. But at least for this Father's Day, let's focus less on the latest gadgets and cultural outrages, and more on the distinct value—and obligations—of fatherhood and the fatherly virtues of honor, drive to provide, bravery, courage, conviction, gentle toughness, and strength of will.^{*3}

In Love, the focus moves from the intellectual tasks of data collection and theological speculation to being all that is known: "Make a gift of your life and lift all mankind by being kind, considerate, forgiving, and compassionate at all times, in all places, and under all conditions, with everyone as well as yourself." The level of Unconditional Love describes the person who loves everything and everyone truly without condition, and the love is not personal: "There is a desire to use one's state of consciousness for the benefit of life itself rather than for particular individuals." Hawkins uses the word "Ecstasy" to denote the highest level of love, at the cusp of the state of non-duality, Peace, Union, and Enlightenment. In the state of Ecstasy, the soul vibrates with intense longing to unite with the One, the Beloved. The undercurrent of dualism (Lover and Beloved) melts in the moment of union or enlightenment, at which point there is no longer an individual "seeker" or "devotee." One has become Love itself.^{*4}

The Source and Nature of Duality

When we perceive two inwardly connected things as separate and distinct in terms of the usual laws of cause and effect we are perceiving a duality—a split created by us not having the wisdom to perceive the true inner workings and cause that lies hidden behind it all. When we step further into the play and side with or identify with one thing over another, or judge that one thing is better than another, we start to deepen the split by adding emotional resistance. Quite simple at first, this emotional resistance is just preference.

For instance we might learn in early life that clever and stupid are two things that seem to be in opposition. Being clever ourselves gets us noticed and praised in early life, whereas being stupid is patronised and criticised (or the other way around). So we side with being clever and as a consequence we might try to create a clever persona, which as we become more entrenched emotionally, denies our ability to be stupid at all times. Stupid is not us, but it has to exist somewhere so we can perceive our relative cleverness and so gets projected onto others, or the environment, or indeed our own bodies when they are clumsy or misbehave. The split can appear as self-criticism; if you think about this common phrase, there needs to be a criticiser and a criticised and both exist as inner parts of us.

In general we are a mass of dualities all created in a similar way. Many have been created before we were even conceived and are connected to ancestral dualities—the habits and beliefs of the civilisation in which we live. All "civilised" peoples create a split between the animal: the instinctual nature, and the so called civilised human nature. Only some animal behaviour is permitted within civilisation, and the rest is banished, split off, "not us," or not what we usually want to identify with even if we know it is us. Far from rendering those traits inactive, they are given more creative power due to the suppression involved in the split. (This inevitable psychological law is of course completely missed by almost everyone). The intensity of the resulting feelings of guilt and shame and the tension involved in keeping the animal at bay for most people are too much to bear and naturally lead to behaviour which "lets off steam" or loosens "inhibitions" on a frequent basis. Unreal personas abound everywhere.

When we have created a duality, not only do we *project* the opposite polarity, we also help to create it. We help push others into those roles. Arnold Mindell, who started his modality of *Process Oriented Psychology* from the perspective of a Jungian Analyst, calls this phenomena *Dreaming Up*. When we suppress something we start to dream of those attributes in a personified way and the same types of dream figures are pushed onto others in the world.

Carl Jung adequately explains the nature of the opposites in many of his later works, the pinnacle being his greatest work and an interpretation of alchemy—*Mysterium Coniunctionis*—the mystery of the conjoining of opposites. Even from early in his writings Jung talks of *archetypes*, which are blueprints for specific behaviour patterns. These archetypes are formed from sets of polarities within dualities and are akin to people in our night-time dreams. The polarities an archetype contains tend to create a coherent group, for example, the hero archetype—he can only have certain traits, though they be many. He is chivalrous, kind, courageous, humble, altruistic and so on. One of his polar opposites, a constellation of the denied opposite ends of those dualities, would be the Dark Lord (or Dark Queen) of fairy tales and myths. He is treacherous, power hungry, devious, vain, selfish and so on. The Dark Lord's weasley helper is another opposite: snivelling, cowardly, whining, begging, eager to please his master. All traits which are seen as "bad" and disowned by the hero. The other opposing polarity to the masculine energy of the hero is the damsel in distress. Anyone identified strongly with the hero will find it difficult to play any other roles due to the compulsiveness of resistance. So the whole story is full of the various dualities but has the advantage over plain definitions in showing us how they typically constellate with other dualities and how they play out in life. These archetypal energies are extremely compulsive in their drive to be played out in the outer life.

The denied animal instincts create an umbrella archetype that Jung calls *The Shadow*. The Shadow as it is created from suppressed traits is pushed more and more into its basic archetypal nature, which is crude, lustful, greedy, selfish, lude, dirty, irrational, territorial, violent and more. The denial and constant suppression takes away a lot of our life energy, our connection to the world and our presence in it. At an extreme it could leave us wondering if we have the right to create anything or take anything for ourselves to survive, or manifest as a compulsive cleanliness, prudiness, non-sexual-ness, or a total disgust and embarrassment at the oozing, smelly workings of the body. It also projects and constellates those uncivilised animal traits onto others, perhaps other nations, and fears them, feels disturbed, righteous and judgemental that "they should not behave that way." Such denial of the inner nature will lead in some to so called "spiritual" philosophies based solely and exclusively on "love and light," and an unwillingness to look at anything "dark" (read: Shadow). Eventually the "other" may be hated so much that he is imprisoned, sectioned, warred against, all in an attempt to obliterate, or bring under control, the denied "evil" inner traits. In the picture from the early 17th Century work Atalanta Fugiens, the instinctual wolf has killed and is eating the King, or controlling human consciousness of the personality. This denied animal eats away at all of us inside. The picture goes further though, that in the background another wolf is subject to the inner transmuting fire and the corresponding King walks free.

When killing or running from the opposite yields no permanent result, and how could it as it is continually being created by our own one-sidedness, we drop further into despair and apathy and eventually numbness. At some point along this downward slope the encroaching numbness with its lack of self-awareness, leads us to not notice that we ourselves are becoming the despised and feared opposite polarity. And so you get the people who stand out to the more conscious as being completely incongruent, stating on the one hand perhaps that they are peace loving and on the other that they would like to kill anyone who isn't.

For most of us, it is only when we start to realise that the opposite polarities keep appearing for us, that we cannot remove them forever from our lives, that we start to turn inwards to start the trek to the real cause of what we are experiencing: Ourselves. At that point a few start the search for tools or principles to help them to uncover the truth inside, the truth of what has been denied, in all its shrouded complexity.^{*5}

God of Love

The greatest attribute of God is that He is a God of love. He loved us so much that He sent Jesus Christ, His only Son, so that we might have new everlasting life (John 3:16). By His death and resurrection, Jesus paid for our salvation. He was raised from the dead by the Father and given life and authority over the powers of darkness. God now imparts that life and authority to all who come receiving His provision for their sin. God's Word says that whoever calls on the Name of the Lord will be saved. ^{*6}

Thoughts

When you become the observer, it's the light of God that is shining on the darkness of the imagination, so that you can see them, so that they would not overtake you. You control them by simply being aware of them. Become the observer. And if you're living in a false future, thinking about tomorrow, and if you're thinking about yesterday that doesn't exist, and tomorrow that doesn't exist, then you are controlled by your thoughts. You haven't brought them into captivity. But if you're living in the present with God, you have control of the thoughts. Every thought is a lie... ^{*7}

Becoming Man

Dream notes #183: I'm in India, perhaps, at least it appears some place poor, on a triangular piece of land by a river, perhaps Ganges, walking towards the point, where I see water buffalos in the water, kids playing in the mud, etc. It's very muddy, but I don't seem to be walking in it. The location feels like the backyard garden of a spiritual retreat, or a facility, monastery, etc, I don't know, I don't actually see it, but feel it. The area feels poor materially (not a slum), but rich spiritually, typical of rural India.

Then, I'm in a room, where a bunch of people are seem to be waiting, however, they're all men dressed or in the process of becoming women, or vice versa. Seeing them, I felt strangely amongst familiar friends, even though these were strangers. I kept walking past and next see some kind of statue, which I don't see clearly until it becomes/morphs like a big head, perhaps 3-4 feet tall, elevated onto a shelf. The head itself is abstract, or rather more representative of something, than realistic, perhaps made out of wood, like a cultural artifact, one that reminds me of the head statue from the movie Zardoz, only smaller. Does it represent the gatekeepers of "higher elevated civilization" beyond primitive impulses, like it does in the movie?

Mind you, I'm not here to worship this head, I don't think, but the others might be. It feels I'm just passing through. Now outside, I see scaffolding, and I think a security guard, who I try and sneak around? But can't remember now.

[Am I protecting my past, or past lives, or this past life behind me? Becoming a man?]

Asia: To dream that you are in Asia suggests that you need to adjust to some situation.

India: To dream that you are in India depends on your own personal associations with the country. If you have never been to India, then the dream may represent your determination to rise above a situation and overcome life's difficulties. You want to defy expectations.

Mud: To see mud in your dream suggests that you are involved in a messy and sticky situation. It also suggests that some spiritual cleansing is needed. To dream that you are walking in mud suggests that you are feeling weighed down by a situation, problem, or relationship. You are feeling frustrated.

Slums: To dream that you live in the slums indicates your negative outlook, deteriorating thoughts and crumbling ideals. You are feeling sorry for yourself and letting your own negative thinking take over your frame of mind.

Buffalo: To see a buffalo in your dream symbolizes survival, strength, and power.

Gender: To dream about your gender indicates that you are evaluating your role and how you are perceived by society. Perhaps you are feeling self-conscious about specific gender roles. If you dream of the opposite gender than your own, then it means that you need to incorporate aspects of the opposite sex into your own character.

Cross-Dressing: To dream that you or someone is cross-dressing indicates that you need to express and acknowledge your masculine side if you are female or your feminine side if you are male.

Waiting Room: To dream that you are in a waiting room symbolizes your patience. You have an ability to remain calm, even during a crisis.

Temple: To see a temple in your dream represents inspiration, spiritual thinking, meditation and growth. It is also symbolic of your physical body and the attention you give it. Perhaps you need to pamper yourself. Alternatively, the dream suggests that you are looking for a place of refuge and a place to keep things that are dear to you.

Stranger: To see a stranger in your dream signifies a part of yourself that is repressed and hidden. Alternatively, it symbolizes the archetypal dream helper who is offering you insight and advice.

Worship: To dream that you are worshipping someone or something indicates that you are paying too much attention to this person or to whatever the object represents. You are being overly attentive.

Idols: To dream that you are worshipping an idol signifies little progress in attaining your goals. You are worshipping false values and ideas.

Artifact: To see or find an artifact in your dream symbolizes an aspect of your former self that you still have not completely let go. Although you may grow and evolve, you never forget where you came from. The artifact may also refer to a prior relationship that you still cherish and look back fondly on.

Scaffolding: To see or dream that you are on a scaffolding represents a temporary condition in your life. You are looking for support to help you reach your goals or elevate yourself to a new level.

Security Guard: To see or dream that you are a security guard suggests that you are seeking security in some situation or relationship. The dream is compensating for the lack of security in your waking life. Alternatively, the dream means that there is something of value that you want to protect.

Sneaking: To dream that you are sneaking around indicates that you are feeling ashamed of your actions or are lacking self-confidence in achieving your goals.

Clifton's Nostalgia

Article: The average medium-sized restaurant might serve a few hundred diners on a good night. During its opening weekend Clifton's served more than 16,000. At that volume, cooking ceases to be about quality ingredients and solid recipes—it's pure survival.

"It's hard to find people who know how to run a cafeteria like Clifton's," wrote Robert Clinton...

Reader comment: All I know is if in a place like Clifton's, you try to serve anything fufu in ramekins—you obviously do not know why people go here. The food needs to harken back to a time before the Food Network "star" chefs and Martha Stewart "lifestyle" recipes. No gratuitous drizzle of this or foamed bullsh*t. We need no nonsense heaping piles of meat, potatoes and vegetables drowning in butter. We need food that would feed the army that beat Nazi Germany in WWII. Food before all the latest diet crazes and carb taboos. Food that any hard boiled, womanizing, noir gumshoe would eat after being worked over in the alley by heavies armed with lead saps—not food for bearded hipsters looking to post culinary Instagram porn. Food that was served when it was ok to call people who did retarded things, a retard. If Clifton's offended—without even trying—the annoying hipsters patrons by harkening back pre-Politically correct era—you can filter the crowd towards hard core fans and be truly a place where men can be men and dames can be dames.^{*8}



ABOVE: A CROWD CELEBRATES V-J DAY IN FRONT OF CLIFTON'S CAFETERIA IN DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA, AUGUST 14, 1945.
COURTESY OF THE LOS ANGELES PUBLIC LIBRARY PHOTOGRAPH COLLECTION. *9

... Founder Fought Corruption While Serving Up Meatloaf

Born in 1900, Clinton was the son of a San Francisco restaurateur who owned one of the earliest West Coast cafeterias (the term "cafeteria" had originally been coined in Chicago in 1893). Clinton did missionary work in China, where he witnessed extreme poverty. Watching locals eating dirt to fill their stomachs left a deep impression on him as a young man. Decades later, at his own cafeterias in Los Angeles, his famous "pay what you can" policy helped keep the unemployed from starving during the Great Depression. His innovative Penny Cafe fed 2 million people one-cent meals before closing its doors in 1935.

An old Clifton's brochure, dug up by Los Angeles Magazine, stated: "We have been severely condemned for our operation of the Penny," which people complained "would cause more drifters to remain in our city."

"But why should the deserving go hungry because of this," the brochure continued, "and the mingling with these good folks has taught us what we did on faith, was really the right thing." *10

John

"THE Word was in the beginning, and that very Word was with God, and God was that Word." *¹¹

37 Conversation Rules for Gentlemen from 1875

1. Even if convinced that your opponent is utterly wrong, yield gracefully, decline further discussion, or dexterously turn the conversation, but do not obstinately defend your own opinion until you become angry...Many there are who, giving their opinion, not as an opinion but as a law, will defend their position by such phrases, as: "Well, if I were president, or governor, I would,"—and while by the warmth of their argument they prove that they are utterly unable to govern their own temper, they will endeavor to persuade you that they are perfectly competent to take charge of the government of the nation.
2. Retain, if you will, a fixed political opinion, yet do not parade it upon all occasions, and, above all, do not endeavor to force others to agree with you. Listen calmly to their ideas upon the same subjects, and if you cannot agree, differ politely, and while your opponent may set you down as a bad politician, let him be obliged to admit that you are a gentleman.
3. Never interrupt anyone who is speaking; it is quite rude to officially supply a name or date about which another hesitates, unless you are asked to do so. Another gross breach of etiquette is to anticipate the point of a story which another person is reciting, or to take it from his lips to finish it in your own language. Some persons plead as an excuse for this breach of etiquette, that the reciter was spoiling a good story by a bad manner, but this does not mend the matter. It is surely rude to give a man to understand that you do not consider him capable of finishing an anecdote that he has commenced.
4. It is ill-bred to put on an air of weariness during a long speech from another person, and quite as rude to look at a watch, read a letter, flirt the leaves of a book, or in any other action show that you are tired of the speaker or his subject.
5. In a general conversation, never speak when another person is speaking, and never try by raising your own voice to drown that of another. Never assume an air of haughtiness, or speak in a dictatorial manner; let your conversation be always amiable and frank, free from every affectation.
6. Never, unless you are requested to do so, speak of your own business or profession in society; to confine your conversation entirely to the subject or pursuit which is your own specialty is low-bred and vulgar. Make the subject for conversation suit the company in which you are placed. Joyous, light conversation will be at times as much out of place as a sermon would be at a dancing party. Let your conversation be grave or gay as suits the time or place.
7. In a dispute, if you cannot reconcile the parties, withdraw from them. You will surely make one enemy, perhaps two, by taking either side, in an argument when the speakers have lost their temper.
8. Never, during a general conversation, endeavor to concentrate the attention wholly upon yourself. It is quite as rude to enter into conversation with one of a group, and endeavor to draw him out of the circle of general conversation to talk with you alone.
9. A man of real intelligence and cultivated mind is generally modest. He may feel when in everyday society, that in intellectual acquirements he is above those around him; but he will not seek to make his companions feel their inferiority, nor try to display this advantage over them. He will discuss with frank simplicity the topics started by others, and endeavor to avoid starting such as they will not feel inclined to discuss. All that he says will be marked by politeness and deference to the feelings and opinions of others.

10. It is as great an accomplishment to listen with an air of interest and attention, as it is to speak well. To be a good listener is as indispensable as to be a good talker, and it is in the character of listener that you can most readily detect the man who is accustomed to good society.
11. Never listen to the conversation of two persons who have thus withdrawn from a group. If they are so near you that you cannot avoid hearing them, you may, with perfect propriety, change your seat.
12. Make your own share in conversation as modest and brief as is consistent with the subject under consideration, and avoid long speeches and tedious stories. If, however, another, particularly an old man, tells a long story, or one that is not new to you, listen respectfully until he has finished, before you speak again.
13. Speak of yourself but little. Your friends will find out your virtues without forcing you to tell them, and you may feel confident that it is equally unnecessary to expose your faults yourself.
14. If you submit to flattery, you must also submit to the imputation of folly and self-conceit.
15. In speaking of your friends, do not compare them, one with another. Speak of the merits of each one, but do not try to heighten the virtues of one by contrasting them with the vices of another.
16. Avoid, in conversation all subjects which can injure the absent. A gentleman will never calumniate or listen to calumny.
17. The wittiest man becomes tedious and ill-bred when he endeavors to engross entirely the attention of the company in which he should take a more modest part.
18. Avoid set phrases, and use quotations but rarely. They sometimes make a very piquant addition to conversation, but when they become a constant habit, they are exceedingly tedious, and in bad taste.
19. Avoid pedantry; it is a mark, not of intelligence, but stupidity.
20. Speak your own language correctly; at the same time do not be too great a stickler for formal correctness of phrases.
21. Never notice it if others make mistakes in language. To notice by word or look such errors in those around you is excessively ill-bred.
22. If you are a professional or scientific man, avoid the use of technical terms. They are in bad taste, because many will not understand them. If, however, you unconsciously use such a term or phrase, do not then commit the still greater error of explaining its meaning. No one will thank you for thus implying their ignorance.
23. In conversing with a foreigner who speaks imperfect English, listen with strict attention, yet do not supply a word, or phrase, if he hesitates. Above all, do not by a word or gesture show impatience if he makes pauses or blunders. If you understand his language, say so when you first speak to him; this is not making a display of your own knowledge, but is a kindness, as a foreigner will be pleased to hear and speak his own language when in a strange country.
24. Be careful in society never to play the part of buffoon, for you will soon become known as the "funny" man of the party, and no character is so perilous to your dignity as a gentleman. You lay yourself open to both censure and bad ridicule, and you may feel sure that, for every person who laughs with you, two are laughing at you, and for one who admires you, two will watch your antics with secret contempt.
25. Avoid boasting. To speak of your money, connections, or the luxuries at your command is in very bad taste. It is quite as ill-bred to boast of your intimacy with distinguished people. If their names occur naturally in the course of conversation, it is very well; but to be constantly quoting, "my friend, Gov. C," or, "my intimate friend, the president," is pompous and in bad taste.
26. While refusing the part of jester yourself, do not, by stiff manners, or cold, contemptuous looks, endeavor to check the innocent mirth of others. It is in excessively bad taste to drag in a grave subject of conversation when pleasant, bantering talk is going on around you. Join in pleasantly and forget your graver thoughts for the time,

and you will win more popularity than if you chill the merry circle or turn their innocent gayety to grave discussions.

27. When thrown into the society of literary people, do not question them about their works. To speak in terms of admiration of any work to the author is in bad taste; but you may give pleasure, if, by a quotation from their writings, or a happy reference to them, you prove that you have read and appreciated them.
28. It is extremely rude and pedantic, when engaged in general conversation, to make quotations in a foreign language.
29. To use phrases which admit of a double meaning is ungentlemanly.
30. If you find you are becoming angry in a conversation, either turn to another subject or keep silence. You may utter, in the heat of passion, words which you would never use in a calmer moment, and which you would bitterly repent when they were once said.
31. "Never talk of ropes to a man whose father was hanged" is a vulgar but popular proverb. Avoid carefully subjects which may be construed into personalities, and keep a strict reserve upon family matters. Avoid, if you can, seeing the skeleton in your friend's closet, but if it is paraded for your special benefit, regard it as a sacred confidence, and never betray your knowledge to a third party.
32. If you have traveled, although you will endeavor to improve your mind in such travel, do not be constantly speaking of your journeyings. Nothing is more tiresome than a man who commences every phrase with, "When I was in Paris," or, "In Italy I saw..."
33. When asking questions about persons who are not known to you, in a drawing-room, avoid using adjectives; or you may enquire of a mother, "Who is that awkward, ugly girl?" and be answered, "Sir, that is my daughter."
34. Avoid gossip; in a woman it is detestable, but in a man it is utterly despicable.
35. Do not officially offer assistance or advice in general society. Nobody will thank you for it.
36. Avoid flattery. A delicate compliment is permissible in conversation, but flattery is broad, coarse, and to sensible people, disgusting. If you flatter your superiors, they will distrust you, thinking you have some selfish end; if you flatter ladies, they will despise you, thinking you have no other conversation.
37. A lady of sense will feel more complimented if you converse with her upon instructive, high subjects, than if you address to her only the language of compliment. In the latter case she will conclude that you consider her incapable of discussing higher subjects, and you cannot expect her to be pleased at being considered merely a silly, vain person, who must be flattered into good humor.^{*12}



Islam is over 1,400 years old, dating back to the 7th Century.

The Islamic word for God is Allah.

The word "Islam" comes from an old Arabic word meaning "peace."

Why are Muslims being targeted?

Some people have blamed *all* Muslims for recent terrorist attacks carried out by extreme groups who say they follow the religion of Islam.

But, many people say those terrorist groups have extreme beliefs of hatred and violence that have little to do with what most Muslims believe.

It is important not to blame a big group of people for what a small number of

BBC Fake News challenged...



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The word "Islam" means submission to God's will and obedience to God's law.

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There are 1.8 billion Muslims in the world. In the UK, there are approximately 4 million.

ABOVE: BBC INTENTIONALLY DISTORTS THE MEANING OF WORDS IN PURSUIT OF AN IDEOLOGICAL, PROGRESSIVE POLITICAL AGENDA *13

Correlation of Levels of Consciousness and Societal Problems

Level of Consciousness	Rate of Unemployment	Rate of Poverty	Happiness Rate "Life is OK"	Rate of Criminality
600+	0%	0.0%	100%	0.0%
500-600	0%	0.0%	98%	0.5%
400-500	2%	0.5%	70%	2.0%
300-400	7%	1.0%	50%	5.0%
200-300	8%	1.5%	40%	9.0%
100-200	50%	22.0%	15%	50.0%
50-100	75%	40.0%	2%	91.0%
<50	97%	65.0%	0%	98.0%

ABOVE: DR. DAVID R. HAWKINS' RESEARCH REVEALS A CORRELATION BETWEEN LEVEL OF CONSCIOUSNESS AND SOCIAL CONDITIONS. *14

Children

(1) @truth4democracy supports sending children to federal prisons.

I don't.

(2) The parents must be charged in order to prevent MORE illegals from coming in.

See, @truth4democracy has a child's view of this situation.

Let's talk about what REALLY happens.

(3) The trek to the southern border begins with illegals scraping together \$5000 to \$12,000 for coyotes to bring them in.

Along the way, the illegals are often robbed, raped, or murdered.

(4) For childish people like @truth4democracy, having open borders is an act of kindness for brown-skinned people.

But what ACTUALLY happens is most of the brown-skinned people become slaves.

(5) The fields where they pick vegetables have no bath room facilities, so they defecate on our food.

That's why there are so many e coli outbreaks now.

(6) Illegals working on assembly lines in food-processing factories, for examples, also have no bathroom facilities.

So they wear adult diapers.

(7) The children of illegal aliens do terribly in school.

They end up dropping out and either working as slaves or joining gangs.

(8) A 17-year-old Salvadoran illegal named Edwin Ramos murdered Anthony Bologna and his sons, Michael and Matthew, in San Francisco on June 22, 2008.

(9) Ramos is a member of MS-13. He thought the Bolognas MIGHT be rival gang members, so he murdered them just to be sure.

Gavin Newsom and Kamala Harris had worked hard to keep Ramos from being deported.

The Bolognas paid with their lives.

AND.

(10) MS-13 is hunting the SURVIVING Bologna family members for testifying against Edwin Ramos.

What makes MS-13 different is that they pledge to always get revenge.

It doesn't matter that Ramos committed three unprovoked murders.

(11) So those who champion open borders and sanctuary cities are supporters of rape, robbery, slavery, and murder.

Trump—like me—is OPPOSED to rape, robbery, slavery, and murder.

So we have to charge illegals in order to prevent more of them from coming.

(12) As always, those who CLAIM the moral high ground are actually themselves stunningly immoral.

Unfettered illegal immigration creates immeasurable human misery.

Making illegal immigration finally have CONSEQUENCES will reduce that misery.

(13) The immoral, childish @truth4democracy strips the currents actions of their context.

We aren't separating children from their parents because we're being mean.

This is a crisis. How much of a crisis is it?

(14) The US has the highest rate of infant mortality in the industrialized world.

What's the primary cause of infant mortality?

Premature birth.

(15) What's the primary cause of premature birth?

Teenage pregnancy.

(16) Who has the highest rate of teenage pregnancy?

Illegal aliens.

They're skewing the statistics of the entire country.

(17) When George W. Bush tried to get amnesty passed TWICE, Michael Medved said that illegals would become a massive voting block for Republicans.

For one thing, that's not true, but for another, THIS is what nobody talks about:

(18) In order to survive here, illegals become experts at breaking laws.

They have forged documents, they drive illegally, they hide their income from the government, they buy houses under assumed names, and they steal identities.

(19) George W. Bush and Michael Medved argued for the creation of a stratum of society made entirely of professional criminals.

Why would they voluntarily give up all their criminal skills?

(20) Do you know how hard it is to cross deserts and then avoid detection here for decades?

These are nobody's victims. They're hardy, resourceful people who need to go home and fix their countries.

They can do it! I'm rooting for them.

But they need incentive.

(21) One incentive is arresting them and separating them from their children.

The Spanish-speaking toddlers on my street scream and cry day and night.

Go to a market and wait for a kid to not get a bar of chocolate.

It sounds like he's having his toes cut off.

(22) ALSO—since my mother was Mexican—let's talk about how parents relate to their kids.

Here's a word you'll hear all the time:

"¡Cállate!"

(23) "Shut up!"

So you'll excuse me if I am left unmoved by a child's temporary tears, as we try to dismantle entire illegal pillars of our society.

(24) My quality of life is rotten now.

So much so that I must leave the state and never return.

(25) I didn't do anything to deserve this.

Therefore illegal sob-stories leave me quite dry-eyed... ^{*15}

Defend Your Self

Few events generate as much national and worldwide news coverage as when several people are shot and killed in a public place. Some highly publicized examples come readily to mind. Colin Ferguson killed 6 people in a shooting rampage on the Long Island (NY) Railroad in 1993. A single gunman indiscriminately killed 22 lunchtime patrons at a Luby's Cafeteria in Texas in 1991. An out-of-work security guard killed 21 persons at a California McDonald's in 1984. More recently two students shot and killed 13 people at Columbine High School in Littleton, Colorado in 1999. In another vein, shootings by disgruntled post office employees have made the phrase "going postal" part of our language. And with the recent shootings at public schools, a great sense of urgency entered the debate.

It is widely thought that the way to prevent multiple public shootings (the term we use to denote shootings in public places where two or more individuals are killed or injured) is to enact new and tougher laws that make it more difficult for individuals to obtain guns. To take an extreme example, recent public shootings in Australia and Scotland were followed by strict gun prohibitions in those countries. In the United States, public shootings have led to demands for national licensing of guns, laws requiring that guns be kept locked, and minimum waiting or cooling-off periods before a purchaser actually takes possession of a gun. By making it more difficult or costly for individuals to gain access to guns, these laws aim to reduce the likelihood that individuals will be able to carry out shooting sprees.

The legislative response to public shootings, however, has not been uniform. In Texas and several other states, multiple shootings have been followed by the passage of concealed handgun laws that permit law-abiding citizens to carry concealed handguns (hereafter, concealed handgun or right-to-carry laws). Likewise, terrorist shootings in Israel have led to wider licensing of citizens to carry concealed handguns.

Those opposed to right-to-carry laws reason that these laws will make it easier for criminals to gain access to guns and that "if you introduce a gun into a violent encounter, it increases the chance that someone will die." Consider the school shootings that took place from 1997 to 1999. The perpetrators obtained their guns from a variety of choices: relatives, neighbors, people at work, or other acquaintances. Had guns been less accessible or not purchased in the first place, these acts may not have been committed. This argument is reinforced by the belief that shootings in public places often arise from temporary fits of rage that are later regretted. Accordingly, enacting laws that make handguns less, not more accessible (even temporarily), should prevent many deaths.

In contrast, those favoring concealed handgun laws point to the potential benefits of employing guns for defensive purposes. They argue that the prospect of a criminal encountering a victim who may be armed will deter some attacks in the first place. National polls showing that people use guns defensively against criminal attacks in the range of 1.5 to 3.5 million times per year provide some support for this argument. Data from the Department of Justice's National Crime Victimization Survey from 1979 to 1987 also indicate that the risk of serious injury from a criminal attack is 2.5 times greater for women offering no resistance than for women resisting with a gun.

The most comprehensive empirical study of concealed handgun laws finds that they reduce murder rates by about 1.5 percent for each additional year a law has been in effect, with similar declines in other violent crimes. And contrary to a popular misconception, permit holders are virtually never involved in the commission of crime, let alone murder.

Just as one can find examples of public shootings that support the desirability of more gun control, one can find other examples that support the opposite position. Consider the Luby's Cafeteria shooting in 1991. One of the surviving lunch patrons, an expert marksman, had left her handgun in her car to comply with the then existing Texas law. Had the gun remained in her possession, she might have been able to stop the attacker or, at least, limit the amount of damage he did. Law-abiding citizens have also used guns to stop gun-toting attackers at schools, restaurants, offices, and stores. Similar examples can be found internationally. On March 13, 1997, a Jordanian soldier shot seven young Israeli girls to death while they were visiting Jordan's "Island of Peace." According to newspaper reports, the Israelis had "complied with Jordanian requests to leave their weapons behind when they entered the border enclave. Otherwise, they might have been able to stop the shooting."

Referring to the 1984 massacre at a McDonald's restaurant in California, Israeli criminologist Abraham Tennenbaum wrote that:

what occurred at a [crowded venue in] Jerusalem some weeks before the California McDonald's massacre: three terrorists who attempted to machine-gun the throng managed to kill only one victim before being shot down by handgun carrying Israelis. Presented to the press the next day, the surviving terrorist complained that his group had not realized that Israeli civilians were armed. The terrorists had planned to machine-gun a succession of crowded spots, thinking that they would be able to escape before the police or army could arrive to deal with them.

Obviously allowing Israeli citizens to carry concealed handguns has not eliminated terrorist attacks. Indeed, terrorists may well have reacted to this change by substituting bombs for guns, which allow potential victims little chance to respond. ^{*16}

"If someone has a gun and is trying to kill you, it would be reasonable to shoot back with your own gun." ^{*17}

Devil's Night

Behind safe walls of the 4th floor,
the storm feels stronger,
closer,
shaking the house,
trees in sight,
but out-of-reach,
on the street,
in the storm,
at mother's mercy.

In hiding I'm being,
this Saturday night—
glad not the be fighting through,
on a bike,
my way in and out of the centre.

On the eve of New Year's eve,
fireworks and lightning,
lighting the sky,
booming and crackling,
shuttering in the distance,
and tickling fearful senses.

Devil's night is coming...

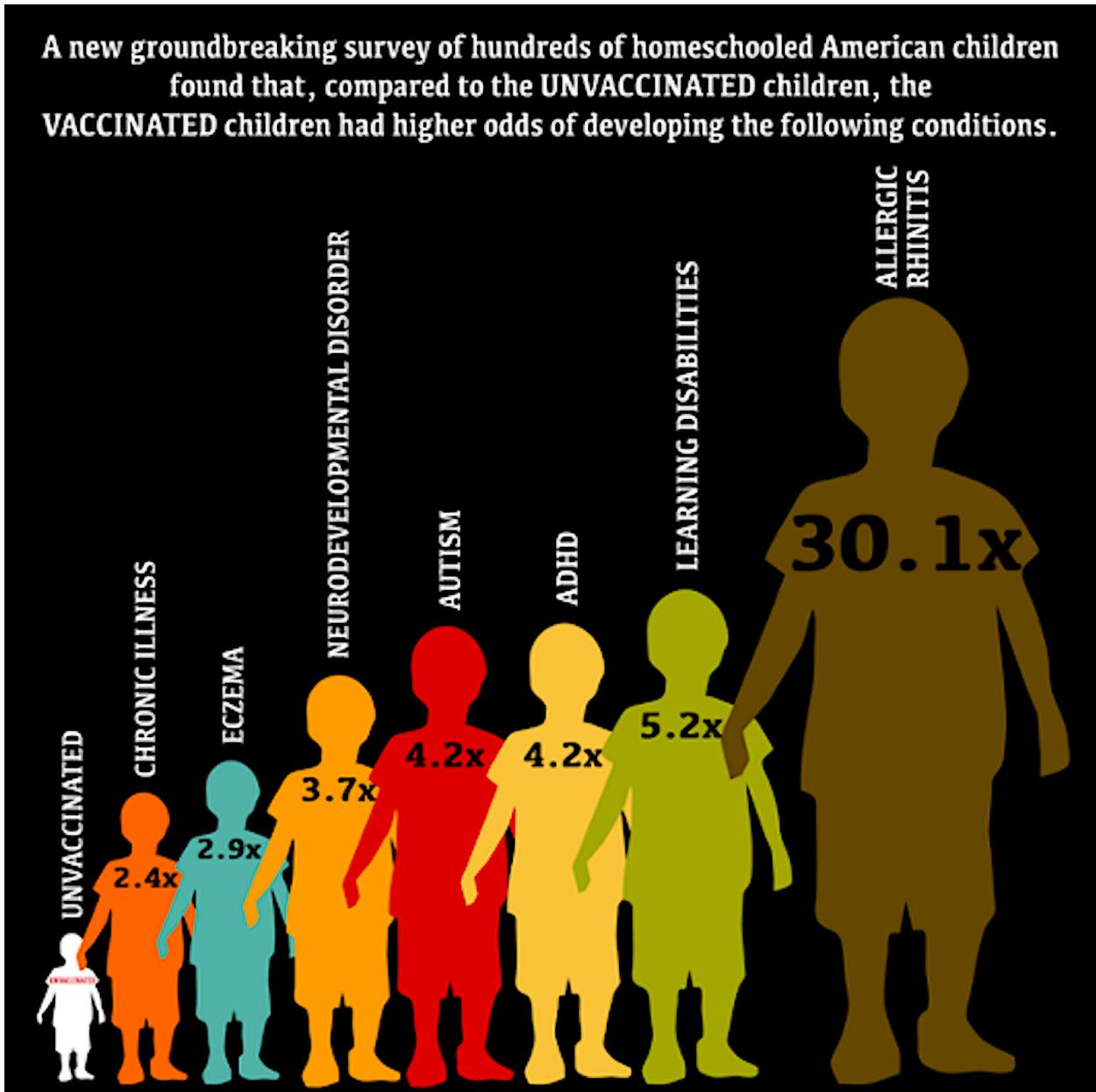
To be prepared,
I'll stay home, though,
there's a party tonight,
if so willing to brave the ferry,
and brisk,
touches and pushes of the storm.

My ego says "go,"
but I know it's not worth it,
not unless desire means,
chasing my fears.



ABOVE: (CROPPED) PHOTOGRAPH BY TYLER TODD EVANS, OF A PARTIAL SOLAR ECLIPSE HIDING BEHIND DARK CLOUDS AT SUNSET. *18

Home School



ABOVE: "SOMETHING IS WRONG WITH AMERICA'S CHILDREN. THEY ARE SICK—ALLERGIC, ASTHMATIC, ANXIOUS, AUTOIMMUNE, AUTISTIC, HYPERACTIVE, DISTRACTED AND LEARNING DISABLED. THIRTY-TWO MILLION AMERICAN CHILDREN—A FULL 43% OF THEM—SUFFER FROM AT LEAST ONE OF 20 CHRONIC ILLNESSES NOT INCLUDING OBESITY. ACROSS THE BOARD, ONCE RARE PEDIATRIC DISORDERS FROM AUTISM AND ADD TO TYPE 1 DIABETES AND TOURETTE'S SYNDROME ARE SOARING, THOUGH FEW STUDIES POOL THE DATA. COMPARED TO THEIR PARENTS, CHILDREN TODAY ARE FOUR TIMES MORE LIKELY TO HAVE A CHRONIC ILLNESS. AND WHILE THEIR GRANDPARENTS MIGHT NEVER HAVE SWALLOWED A PILL AS CHILDREN, THE CURRENT GENERATION OF KIDS IS A PHARMACEUTICAL SALES REP'S DREAM COME TRUE: MORE THAN ONE MILLION AMERICAN CHILDREN UNDER FIVE YEARS OLD TAKES A PSYCHIATRIC DRUG. MORE THAN 8.3 MILLION KIDS UNDER 17 HAVE CONSUMED PSYCHIATRIC DRUGS, AND IN ANY GIVEN MONTH ONE IN FOUR IS TAKING AT LEAST ONE PRESCRIPTION DRUG FOR SOMETHING. FAST FOOD, BAD GENES, TOO MUCH TV, VIDEO GAMES, PESTICIDES, PLASTICS—NAME THE ENVIRONMENTAL FACTOR AND IT HAS BEEN IMPLICATED IN THE SURGE OF SICKNESS, ALTHOUGH NONE ADEQUATELY EXPLAINS THE SCALE OR SCOPE OF THE EPIDEMIC. THERE IS ONE EXPOSURE, HOWEVER, THAT HAS EVADED THE SEARCH, DESPITE THAT CHILDREN HAVE RECEIVED IT BY DIRECT INJECTION IN STEADILY ACCUMULATING DOSES FAR BEYOND ANYTHING PAST GENERATIONS EVER SAW: 50 DOSES OF 14 VACCINES BY AGE SIX, 69 DOSES OF 16 PHARMACEUTICAL VACCINES CONTAINING POWERFULLY IMMUNE-ALTERING INGREDIENTS BY AGE 18. WE'RE ASSURED VACCINES ARE "SAFE AND EFFECTIVE" EVEN THOUGH PUBLIC HEALTH OFFICIALS ACKNOWLEDGE THEY SOMETIMES HAVE SERIOUS SIDE-EFFECTS INCLUDING DEATH AND DESPITE THE TROUBLING FACT THAT NO LONG-TERM STUDY OF THEIR EFFECTS ON OVERALL HEALTH HAS EVER BEEN CONDUCTED." *19

Spoiled

Dream notes #163: Dream with "Coach" from Carver High basket ball series, where I'm investigating a sports deal, and the coach wants to know what's really going on behind closed doors. We're in Mexico, or another South American country, or perhaps just a Mexican corner of LA, that's not clear. A scheme of wireless receivers is devised to listen in, but it means being close to where the meeting is taking place to record it. I follow the coach, as he sets it up, given he's part of the investigation, and he's trying to secure a player for his team, or similar plot. Being in a school hallway, however, is a little tricky to find privacy. And eventually, I get interrupted by janitor ladies, who are curious what I'm up to, which is quite uncomfortable as I don't want to get caught, or the coach would be in serious trouble for doing this.

After the meeting I catch up with him, and the coach appears disillusioned, with the appearance of a man who's just discovered just how crooked the game really is.

"It's called, hidden in plain sight" I tell him, as it appears a drug deal was involved.

The dream sort of ends, with my trying to console the coach, as I follow him walking toward his apartment, after walking towards a bar first. It's unclear what he wants to do, as the dream lingers in my mind, with the unfortunate heaviness of a slab of concrete-like sadness, pushing down against the most positive and bright aspirations and good intentions of someone with morals and highest ideals of achievement, coming face to face with the brutal truth of corruption, deception, and darkness by which this world operates once power, money, drugs, and control is involved...

Once such corruption of spirit spoils the broth, its very difficult to reclaim its original purity.

Skeletons

Dream notes #79: Dream of a message in a bottle washing up, taking it with a friend to a bathtub and leaving it with water in it, go to a cafe as a storm is sounding and weather changing, go back to cabin bath room, power goes out, and light switch starts flickering on its own very quickly as I reach for it, can feel the 'power' behind it, feels evil... The storm coming is windy and the door is swinging open and closed, like a scene from Evil Dead. Becoming aware of this, a fear is released, and I feel it's waves of goosebumps inducing a cold rush wash over me. I am safe and protected now.

There is a storm coming, and the door won't close. The scene at the beach with the bottle has changed, as if reliving it, like reliving the scene in a different universe. only the bottle has changed, and the context and props a little, the message maybe has?

As I write this, my arm still has goosebumps, and the washing current I feel awake from the dream with me. The fear of power is releasing.

I realize this stems from electrocuting myself as a young boy, being afraid of the things I was 'seeing'.

The coming storm will pass... This dream explains seeing skeletons and wetting my bed for too long. I was being protected by an act of God.

"J you were impossible... We had to do something..."

You'll Be Better

Applied Kinesiology may turn out to be the most therapeutic advance of this century! It has already revolutionized many practices including my own. I would venture to say that in the next few years it is going to cause tremendous changes in all branches of the healing professions open to change and improvement.

Applied Kinesiology's major advance is that it allows the body to "tell" us what needs to be done. The body becomes our chief diagnostic and therapeutic tool in this system where we ask the body the questions and the body gives us the answers. How obvious and natural this approach seems; yet, how far we have strayed. Let us recall that the basic premise of all healing is that the body's innate wisdom knows what is wrong and that we as nature's helpers need only ask the appropriate questions to find out the nature of the imbalance, and then by giving the appropriate treatment witness the body's response as if to say, "Yes, that's what is needed. Thank you."

Applied Kinesiology is also a revolutionary approach to healing because it is showing us that we don't have to rely solely on the use of pharmaceutical chemicals to treat patients, nor on massive invasive techniques. The methodology opens up a more natural, simple, non-destructive, painless, prohomeostatic treatment procedure. Here we have a system where the doctor works with the patient and with the patient's energies, and where the patient shares fully in the treatment and adopts a far greater attitude of responsibility towards his illness and recovery than is commonly witnessed in medical practice today.

With an Applied Kinesiology approach the day is perhaps gone where the patient submits to a doctor saying: "I, in my wisdom, know what is wrong with you and how to treat you." We are coming to appreciate that for those of us willing to ask, the patient can show us the therapeutic path to follow. Out of Applied Kinesiology flows a renewed reverence and respect for the person, for the human body and its mind and soul of the sort which is poorly sustained in the present-day orthodox medicine so geared to volume treatment using standardized drugs with but little concern for the patient's individuality. Applied Kinesiology promises to restore the "soul" and "heart" to what has become the cold and inhuman practice of much of today's orthodox medicine.

Dentistry

Applied Kinesiology offers dentistry the strongest holistic arguments for the practice of this medical specialty; for, it alone is able to show the wide-ranging effect on the total mind and body of minute changes within the oral cavity. Many dentists today use Applied Kinesiology in their practices accompanied by a complete reevaluation and reunderstanding of their role in the patient's overall health and well-being.

Psychiatry

Applied Kinesiology can do much to revolutionize the practice of psychiatry. No longer need the psychiatrist become burdened by the daily bombardment of the sorrows of his patients; for, he may now take a more active role employing the methodology of Applied Kinesiology. Having been a psychiatrist for some 15 years I speak from personal experience. No longer am I depressed or weighed down by the sufferings of my patients; for, I now treat them with hope as I work with them physically as well as psychologically in a way that has been proven much more effective, quicker and more gratifying than ever before.

Nutritional Therapeutics

Applied Kinesiology has at last made more sense of nutrition. It enables the body to communicate what nutritional supplements are required. We are no longer left guessing in the dark so much or referring to this authority or that authority in an age where so little is really known about nutritional science. When the body itself becomes the determiner of treatment the results are most gratifying!

Preventive Medicine

If one is not practicing Applied Kinesiology, then I feel one is not fully practicing preventive medicine, because only Applied Kinesiology enables us to diagnose and treat accurately and thoroughly before major biochemical and pathological changes have developed in the organism.

Other Fields

The range of divergent areas in which Applied Kinesiology has already been able to shed new light ranges from schizophrenia to acupuncture; from new light on psychosomatic medicine to a new appreciation of the effects of music, and so forth. It seems also to be an incredible research tool in addition to qualifying as a powerful therapeutic modality. This burgeoning new healing art is also opening up numerous other areas of knowledge, e.g., to do with language and the effects of speech and gesture and biological sounds on the body in ways that are begging for exploration. The field of research seems infinite to me at this time. It would seem that anything that has a mental or physical effect on the human body can now be explored through the responses of the human employing Applied Kinesiology. It has led to the evolution in my own research and practice of the new discipline known as "Behavioral Kinesiology," in which I have attempted to integrate Applied Kinesiology, psychiatry, and preventive medicine in order to achieve a higher synthesis.

Conclusion

In conclusion, there are a million discoveries still to be made on the human body, and I find that every day of Applied Kinesiology practice is full of excitement and challenge for me as new discoveries are made and as patients are helped in ways that we never thought possible even a month ago. I urge my readers to give this exciting and promising new healing art serious consideration.^{*20}

Note

I did, in fact, attend a Catholic School years ages ~5-12. I'm convinced I was "tamed" in these early years from desires to self-express myself naturally. For example, in K I showed a natural inclination towards artwork, and took naturally to doing these "from my heart." Later, however, when I drew my teacher naked (with enlarged breasts), I was punished and made to feel embarrassed and guilty for expressing myself in what I would describe as a godly manner. From that moment on, I only felt "safe" drawing trucks, cars, etc. when I really wanted to draw people the way I saw and imagined them...

Rulers whip their subjects into line by catastrophizing the imagination. To be catastrophized, you have to believe that rulers speak truth. You have to be willing to be jerked around.^{*21}

Escape

Our generation often dreams of escaping the society we live in to embrace the outdoors. To live in the wild, and to thrive off of the goodness of the Earth. Festivals like *Earthdance* appeal to this carefree, nomadic life style. It seems so unreal, so make-believe, when someone tells you that you're going to be camping for three days among some of the best strangers in Florida. You don't want to believe it, but you're willing to give it a shot. I happened to take that shot. A group of us—Mario, Jazmin, and I—took it upon ourselves to make it to this camping trip in Lakeland, Florida, for the *Earthdance: Global Peace Party festival*.

As you read, you may notice that I've laid out the story of my experience in an unconventional manner. The whole event was far from conventional. The only way I can give the story of my experience justice is through the light of philosophy and questioning of our existence. I realized a lot about the depth of life that I'd like to share. There's also a psychedelic story in here about ingesting magical mushrooms, but that's just candy for what lies within the mystery van. Look beyond the fear from being handed candy from a stranger, and you may find what you're actually looking for. Those who get it will get it. Those who don't, don't.

There are times where we find ourselves lost. Distant from ourselves and void of life's truths. There are times where we find ourselves disconnected. In a world run by technology and cyber recognition, we would have imagined that we would feel more connected than ever before. Yet, there are times where we find that to be untrue. We come upon the idea that everything we have embodied has been fabricated... and that takes us to places beyond our imaginations. We let go.

We pitched our tents, and we let go. We understood that our time here was temporary. Three days of art, music, food, and people, to be exact. What we didn't understand was that our time there would come to be limitless. Almost infinite. With no source of electricity, our phones quickly died tragic deaths and we were left without a sense of time or global (dis)connection. We had no other choice but to embrace a timeless atmosphere, and to live in that sense. I began to notice more of what went on around me. As we set up camp, sounds of blues rock echoed from under the cover of a distant arbor.

There was a distant coo of laughter and voice that made me feel a euphoric sense of nostalgia. The sun had begun setting, providing a soft light over everything in sight. My mind achieved complete presence in the moment, and the campsites looked stunning. It was an immediate connection with the world around me. It felt very familiar. Distant, but familiar.

The campsites were reminiscent of Woodstock memorabilia salvaged from the baby boomers. Hundreds of tents were pitched at nearly every step of Maddox Ranch. There were maybe over a thousand people. Most walked around barefoot. It wasn't too hard to get around and the weather was perfectly warm. People wore anything from indigenous garbs to rave outfits. Some even chose to leave the get-ups at home and embrace their natural selves. That surprised us all at first, but we learned to let go of our judgements and embrace the world around us.

It helps to meditate. In fact, this adventure began with a guided meditation that I conducted for Mario. I led him through the sounds and sights around us and we taught ourselves to embrace it all—from fire breathers to acro-yoga practitioners and poolside DJs to a guy teaching us how to be a ninja turtle. That's right, I didn't stutter. There was a guy on the main stage telling everyone that they were ninja turtles... but who are we to judge? In the words of my friend Jazmin, "everyone at the event seemed to be *aggressively* expressing themselves."

It's enlightening to come to the conclusion that time and technology are no longer deciding factors in one's life. The gates enclosing the mind's true impulses become unlocked. My mind was finally set free from the mentally oppressive real world. From the moment of that realization, it felt incredible. *Addicting*. I needed someone to stop me in my tracks and help me realize that what I was feeling was raw. It's just that we don't learn to live like that anymore—free.

If you know me, you know that I'm on track with nearly everything that goes on in my life. When it comes to my work, I'm the type that needs to know specific details for the action plan. At the heart of this crucial process is time management. I went into this event thinking, *I have to be on top of everything that goes on. I don't want to miss a beat. I have to get the shot.* I downloaded the event schedule onto my phone and marked anything interesting. I even went so far as to schedule interview times with the visual artists at the event. That all went south as soon as my cellphone died. And during the mess of packing for the trip, I forgot my watch. No schedule, no sense of time, and no backup plan. You can imagine my frustration as obsessive-compulsive tendencies nagged at my brain. *How could I fix this?* I thought. Easy solution: Ask around. Walk around. Catch events in the nick of time, catch time on the run. Stay on top of it.

"The time is now."

"Yeah, alright, but I'm looking for the actual time. Do you have it?"

"There's no need to keep track of time here. Just let go."

"I can't afford to. I need to be at the EDM stage by 9:30 for a series of shots."

"You'll get there, man. Let the universe guide you and you'll be where you need to be."

Fuck... Alright. Everyone I asked had this type of mindset. This isn't what I'm used to hearing in the real world. Normal people don't run their lives like that, and I considered myself normal. Mario coincidentally provided me with some valuable insight, however. He mentioned that "the craziest people are those who believe they are completely normal and void of any form of insanity."

Seeing truth in that, I decided to let the universe guide me. I came here on a photo assignment, so that's what I was still going to do. I just let go and freed myself of the worries of time. That way, I'd be able to live in the moment. I ended up missing the opportunity at 9:30 (go figure), but a lot came out of that. In spite of missing the opportunity, I happened to experience my first "burn."

A group of us took handfuls of sawdust and took a moment of silence to imprint our past regrets and misfortunes onto it. It was completely symbolic. I had never done anything like it, but I was willing to be receptive to the moment. We each took turns placing our handfuls of sawdust into a giant tower of fire to burn away into pre-existence. I marveled at the beauty of the flickering fire, so brilliant and succinct. As the fire flamed, the whole crowd released itself into a roar. The goosebumps I got from that roar churned at the very essence of my soul. Though we could each look down at our hands and see them coated in white sawdust, the release was freeing. One can never truly get rid of their past. The remnants still remain, but I assumed that was the beauty of the process of healing. To look at one's failures and see them as strengths brings inner peace. I came to the realization that my sense of duty towards time management was misplaced. To think that we have the power to organize and control something as infinite as time is ill-thought.

Around the second night of the event, a group of us were hanging out on a teardrop-shaped tree swing. Many people passed us on their way to either the EDM stage or the Lotus Flower stage. Among the crowd was a bohemian-styled man. I pointed him out because he seemed full of life. Thinking back, why wouldn't I have pointed him out? His body was painted in tribal design, he sported boldly colored harem pants, and he carried a weighted staff with him. Right after stepping out of the crowd, he performed a dance with a flow that seemed to encompass the movement of life itself. Best moment of the night, to be honest. Afterwards, he blessed us in his own way with "good energy". I'm not normally receptive to random events, but his movements were performed in a fashion that commanded our attention. It was pretty fascinating.

Mario sought to know him by name. Oftentimes when we seek out peoples' names, it brings us a sense of who they are. It provides us with a way to label their existence in a few syllables or less, so that we can better recall it. It also allows us to understand one of the most profound of human insights—their ego. Though, what if I were to tell you that it didn't matter? When asked for his name, this mystery man gave us that answer. He proceeded to his final statement, "I hope you enjoy your burritos spicy tomorrow." And just like that, he disappeared into the night.

We all laughed about it, but the idea of being nameless tossed my thoughts around. We all have a name. I don't know anyone who doesn't. We're all a part of a lineage whether we know of it or not, and that name defines who we are. We have a subconscious tendency to live up to the meaning in our name, but some people avoid that altogether. A name can be very powerful, like a brand for your ego. Let it go and you've let go of the label society has for you.

In a world without labels, there would be no limitations to adhere to such labels. So you come across a man with no name, and his existence is as strange as the concept itself. I found that intriguing, and I encourage anyone to explore what a life without a name would be like.

In the first few days of our trip to Earthdance, we had been hearing about some guy dubbed the "flower dude." Apparently, he had a lot of flowers for sale. By flowers, I mean drugs. "He's got everything you need to have a good time," according to one of the vendors that stopped by our campsite. Kind of brings a more modern meaning to the phrase 'flower power.' The vendor explained that we should look out for flower dude cruising around the ranch in a cart full of flowers. "Ask him for the flowers if you're looking to be shroom'd out," he told us.

The idea had crossed my mind a few times since then. Mario and his girlfriend Jazmin were down to have a psychedelic experience with mushrooms. We just couldn't find flower dude for the life of us. Eventually we left the idea to rest. That is, until we ordered Indian fusion food.

A golf cart was incoming at a brisk pace towards our sacred table of Indian cuisine (the meals there were that good). The guy fit the description: cart was covered in flowers like he was straight out of a 1968 protest against the war in 'Nam. It was a rare sighting. A snow leopard, if you will. I only had a few seconds to point him out and ask Mario, "you down?" He responded with "Yeah, I'll pay you back" and I immediately got up from the picnic table to wave him over.

"Hey man, still selling flowers?" I asked. "Yeah. Let's ride." He responded.

I hopped into the passenger's seat. At this point I half expected to dart between the outer trees and into a wild safari, where Toad from Super Mario World would have been waiting with a basket of freshly picked mushrooms. To my dismay, we only drove a few meters down. Flower dude took out some chocolate which had mushrooms baked into them. They were completely organic and came in pina colada and ginger flavors. Not even thinking twice, I forked over the cash. He told me I'd have the ride of my life. I didn't doubt it.

I gave one to Mario and we discussed getting footage of the day before tripping balls at night. It was a great plan and we executed it fairly well. As soon as the sun went down, we all downed the chocolates. About 40 minutes later, we had begun to trip. It was so overwhelming that I hadn't even noticed we all split up unintentionally. Parting ways with your group of friends while you're tripping can become problematic, but not at Earthdance. Parting ways with your friends is probably the most beneficial thing you can do for your soul, as it forces you to explore the world. It puts you in a very worthy position of discovery. I felt like a post-modern nomad.

My whole psychedelic trip was a bit fuzzy. My mind would explode with creative juices at nearly every encounter of mine. I felt fully integrated into an atmosphere that was so foreign to me a few days prior. I was in a definitive journalistic mode. At this point, I had been carrying a small journal with me in order to jot down notes of inspiration along the way. My camera lapped my shoulder, my tripod never left my hands, and my journal fit snug into my back pocket. The buzz of people that crossed my path energized me with a passionate search for inspiration.

Walking towards the famous aisle for wellness and yoga, I heard the faint thumping of bongos. Like the boom of a giant's footprint, the bongos made their presence known to the surrounding air. My intuitive searching led me to a tall bonfire at the mouth of a vast forest entrance. Surrounding the fire were a number of people grooving and playing all types of indigenous percussion instruments. Mystic gypsies moved their hips around the fire to the beat of drums.

I was in a sort of trance with my camera in my hands. I contemplated capturing the moment through my lens. The shot was framed in the back of my mind as the epitome of raw, human expression. I lifted my camera to start adjusting the settings for the perfect exposure.

Then something stopped me.

A man much older than myself made eye contact with me. He then motioned to a drum next to him and asked if I would play it. The circle was BYOD (bring your own drum), so I hadn't planned on it. It's not like I could pass up on an offer like that, though. I set down my camera and repositioned my grip onto the West African djembe he graciously let me borrow. The ensuing beat came out as natural as speech from my native tongue. I soon joined a chorus of fellow drummers by just following the rhythm of how I felt in that present moment.

I lost myself to an eternal drum beat mightier than a giant's footsteps.

The moments afterward were a rapid blur. I remember leading the drum circle with a distinct rhythm until seeing Mario appear, after which the rhythm fell apart and I decided to call it quits. We all brought it in for a group hug to signify our reunion. We then speared our way back to our campsite to get recoup and prepare ourselves for the main event: the burning of the effigy.

In the middle of a damp field located at the center of Maddox Ranch was an enormous, wooden effigy waiting to be burned to ashes. I recall stone-faced fire dancers spinning their volcanic weapons as they paced their way in a circle around the effigy. Tension built with every footprint. I could feel the crowd lean in with anticipation as each flame dancer would come inches close to the effigy and taunt the wood to burn into oblivion. Eventually a duo of modern day Charizards stamped onto the scene and took pleasure to burning down the effigy once and for all.

This next part may have been the shrooms, but I felt very conscious in the moment. As the effigy burned bright, my eyes followed the tornado of flares sprouting from the flames. I thought about each flare as a little soul being rebirthed into the universe. Almost like our surrounding energies were giving this flame its life. My gaze remained

fixed until something caught my eye. It wasn't much at first. A flare quietly floated away from the tornado of heat as a faint glimmer. It then flashed brightly into existence and paused midair right in my sights. I felt a wave of energy shoot throughout my body at that moment and as the flare gradually dimmed away into the night. The flare made me feel like I had watched the momentum of my life play out in a matter of seconds. Faint at first. A sudden flash of energy exploding into existence. Its gradual decline into irrelevance. The cycle of life. Not sure what to make of this experience, except that maybe I'll be taking a break from psychedelics.

As a whole, I find that the human race tends to live a plastic existence. We embody the spirits of those who rule over our surroundings. We let others infect our thoughts with their own intentions and that has been the mistake we have made since our genesis. We have forgotten how to be vessels for the breath of life. We have forgotten to be individual in the sense of our purpose, and collective in the sense of our collaboration with the universe. We are the vessels for the energy of all that was, all that is, and all that will ever be. Tripping at Earthdance helped remind me of that. It helped remind me that life is valuable. Its presence extends throughout all of the world and it likely won't ever cease to exist. The least we can do is learn to value life over material things.

The people of Earthdance and their stories collectively serve as an unwritten testimony for a new generation of thinkers. The people at Earthdance promote the exploration of human depth by revisiting ancient eastern philosophies and understanding the flow of our energies. Inspired by symbols of eternity and existing in present time, our generation obliterates past regrets and future worries. We solely live in the now. It leads me to reflect more on myself, and also to understand the purpose behind living through the lens of our true selves. ^{*22}

The Milky Way



ABOVE: "GUIDING LIGHT TO THE STARS" (CROPPED) PHOTOGRAPH BY MARC GEE. ^{*23}

Something Reminds Me of Her



ABOVE: SCENE FROM "THE NAKED GUN" FILM WHERE A MALE LEAD CHARACTER REMINISCES ABOUT HIS EX-WIFE—LOOKING AT THIS. *24

Youth

"Age and treachery will always defeat youth and enthusiasm."

"Once is a trick, twice is a lesson."

"Nothing comes for free."

"Love is what happens to a man and a woman who don't know each other." *25

Rain

I feel you,
closer, colder

You're breathing fresh,
before dimming the lights
You touch my arms,
with a passionate tear

Caress my cheeks,
and kiss my face
As my hair gets wet,
you make me feel defenseless

I look up to the sky,
and see you're falling,
heading my way,
I need to run, my way

Getting closer, somber
It's unclear what you want,
if you're here to shed fear
Will you rumble the clouds,
and ring my bell with a spark?
Are you angry or free,
passing through quietly?

I don't know what you want,
do you know what it means,
to feel you, and touch you?
When you're here unannounced,
and unprepared for your love
Shelter me from your love

I love it when you cry with me,
I love your tears, I love your rain

Piss Poor

They used to use urine to tan animal skins, so families used to all pee in a pot & then once a day it was taken & Sold to the tannery... if you had to do this to survive you were "Piss Poor."

But worse than that were the really poor folk who couldn't even afford to buy a pot... they "didn't have a pot to piss in" & were the lowest of the low.

The next time you are washing your hands and complain because the water temperature isn't just how you like it, think about how things used to be. Here are some facts about the 1500s:

Most people got married in June because they took their yearly bath in May, and they still smelled pretty good by June... However, since they were starting to smell... Brides carried a bouquet of flowers to hide the body odor. Hence the custom today of carrying a bouquet when getting Married.

Baths consisted of a big tub filled with hot water. The man of the house had the privilege of the nice clean water, then all the other sons and men, then the women and finally the children. Last of all the babies. By then the water was so dirty you could actually lose someone in it.. Hence the saying, "Don't throw the baby out with the Bath water!"

Houses had thatched roofs-thick straw-piled high, with no wood underneath. It was the only place for animals to get warm, so all the cats and other small animals (mice, bugs) lived in the roof. When it rained it became slippery and sometimes the animals would slip and fall off the roof... Hence the saying "It's raining cats and dogs."

There was nothing to stop things from falling into the house. This posed a real problem in the bedroom where bugs and other droppings could mess up your nice clean bed. Hence, a bed with big posts and a sheet hung over the top afforded some protection. That's how canopy beds came into existence.

The floor was dirt. Only the wealthy had something other than dirt. Hence the saying, "Dirt poor." The wealthy had slate floors that would get slippery in the winter when wet, so they spread thresh (straw) on floor to help keep their footing. As the winter wore on, they added more thresh until, when you opened the door, it would all start slipping outside. A piece of wood was placed in the entrance-way. Hence: a thresh hold.

In those old days, they cooked in the kitchen with a big kettle that always hung over the fire... Every day they lit the fire and added things to the pot. They ate mostly vegetables and did not get much meat. They would eat the stew for dinner, leaving leftovers in the pot to get cold overnight and then start over the next day. Sometimes stew had food in it that had been there for quite a while. Hence the rhyme: Peas porridge hot, peas porridge cold, peas porridge in the pot nine days old.

Sometimes they could obtain pork, which made them feel quite special. When visitors came over, they would hang up their bacon to show off. It was a sign of wealth that a man could, "bring home the bacon." They would cut off a little to share with guests and would all sit around and chew the fat.

Those with money had plates made of pewter. Food with high acid content caused some of the lead to leach onto the food, causing lead poisoning death. This happened most often with tomatoes, so for the next 400 years or so, tomatoes were considered poisonous.

Bread was divided according to status. Workers got the burnt bottom of the loaf, the family got the middle, and guests got the top, or the upper crust.

Lead cups were used to drink ale or whisky. The combination would sometimes knock the imbibers out for a couple of days. Someone walking along the road would take them for dead and prepare them for burial.. They were laid out on the kitchen table for a couple of days and the family would gather around and eat and drink and wait and see if they would wake up. Hence the custom of holding a wake.

England is old and small and the local folks started running out of places to bury people. So they would dig up coffins and would take the bones to a bone-house, and reuse the grave. When reopening these coffins, 1 out of 25 coffins were found to have scratch marks on the inside and they realized they had been burying people alive... So they would tie a string on the wrist of the corpse, lead it through the coffin and up through the ground and tie it to a bell. Someone would have to sit out in the graveyard all night (the graveyard shift.) to listen for the bell; thus, someone could be saved by the bell or was considered a dead ringer.

And that's the truth...

Now, whoever said History was boring. ^{*26}

Regeneration

It's something your body does discreetly, and you may not know much about it.

My birth certificate might claim that I'm 30 years old, but how old is my body, really?

Many would argue that it's not a day over seven years old. This notion goes back to a common bit of health lore claiming that our bodies go through cell regeneration every seven years. While a fresh set of cells and a brand-new body sound pretty great, a person has to wonder... is that even true?

Simply put, it's not. Some cells take longer than that, and some don't regenerate at all.

The cells in our bodies are constantly dividing, regenerating, and dying, but each cell's life cycle is different. The cells lining the stomach, because they're exposed to acid, replace themselves about every five days. Cells in the epidermis last about a week. Red blood cells live for approximately four months in the body, while hepatocytes (liver cells) live about five. These hardworking but disposable cells take a lot of punishment; they're easily manufactured and easily replaced.

On the other end of the spectrum, some cells take much longer than seven years to regenerate. A bone completely remodels itself and replaces all of its cells every 10 years or so. Cells in the intestinal tract (other than the lining of the stomach) last for about fifteen years, the same as certain muscles, such as the intercostals between the ribs.

Then there are the cells that rarely—if ever—turn over. For example, females do not regenerate oocytes; all the eggs they will ever have are present at birth. Teeth don't regenerate. Cardiac tissues and neurons, although once thought to be irreplaceable, have been shown to be capable of regeneration, albeit at an extremely slow rate. According to a study published in the April 2009 issue of *Science*, researchers at the Karolinska Institute in Sweden ascertained that for cardiomyocytes, the yearly rate of cellular turnover is about 1 percent starting at birth, and that the rate declines steadily with age. They also estimated that a person who lived until age seventy-five would not yet have replaced even half of his or her original heart cells. In addition, scientists have discovered that although certain areas of the brain are indeed capable of neurogenesis, other areas, such as the cerebral cortex and the visual cortex, are not, and people's neurons in those areas are with them from birth.

The human body contains about 10 trillion individual cells. Taking into account all of the specialized tissues—those that regenerate quickly and those that don't—an adult's bodily cells are likely to be, on average, between eleven and fifteen years old.

Of course, one other big determining factor is chronological age. Cellular turnover slows as part of the normal aging process; stem cells divide less quickly and less efficiently, and eventually the rate of dying cells outpaces the rate of new cells being born. An elderly person is likely to have a body whose tissues are far older than eleven to fifteen years, because the body can't regenerate those cells as efficiently as it used to.

Most of your body's cells are significantly younger than your chronological age, but the process of turnover becomes much less efficient and effective as you get older. Some of the most important cells in your body—those of your bones, your brain, and your heart—don't regenerate much at all, so treat them with care. ^{*27}

White Race

"Make no mistake about it: we intend to keep bashing the dead white males, and the live ones, and the females too, until the social construct known as 'the white race' is destroyed—not 'deconstructed' but destroyed." —Noel Ignatiev

Race Traitor

As a general rule, you can be fairly certain that any academic discipline that contains the word 'studies' within its title can be immediately dismissed on an intellectual level as involving very little studying and a great deal of leftist indoctrination. The relatively new discipline of 'Whiteness Studies,' however, is vastly more toxic than the average contemporary effusions of the bloated academic corpus. Indeed, its productions should be seen as nothing less than incitement to the genocide of our people. While many great thinkers in our ranks have explored and exposed the more subversive attempts to shape the 'ways of seeing' that continue to lead our people to extinction, I think some light should also be shed on the open, explicit, and unashamed hatred that seethes within this academic discipline. The hateful creed that motivates the new discipline's leading 'thinkers' is shocking and yet somehow predictable in equal measure. Behind its ideological foundations we find phrases, traits, patterns and strategies that are sadly all-too-familiar to us. We are forced to acknowledge once more the pitiless ethnic warfare that is being waged upon us, and the enlistment of our own people in a suicidal crusade.

My own odyssey into this hateful miasma began recently when a friend sent me a link to the online 'Whiteness Studies' journal **Race Traitor**. The journal, formerly boasting the tag-line "Treason to Whiteness is Loyalty to Humanity," was founded in print form back in 1992 by the Jewish academic Noel Ignatiev. Both Ignatiev and *Race Traitor* have been mentioned previously at *TOO* by Kevin MacDonald. As MacDonald noted back in 2008, Ignatiev only very thinly disguised the unrestrained hatred that his 'discipline' incites against Whites and their culture:

Ignatiev et al. have developed a story that goes as follows: A bunch of very bad people got together and created a category called "white" to which they belong but people with different colored skin can't belong. Then they made laws that favored people in the white category, they colluded with other whites to dominate the economic and political process, and they invented baseless scientific theories in which whiteness had its roots in real biological differences. All Ignatiev's written material that we've seen carries the same odd message with the same extreme wording... Ignatiev writes darkly and dramatically of "abolishing the white race," "genocide of whites," etc. When pressed, he emphasizes that that he doesn't really mean killing people who call themselves white. He only wants to destroy the concept of whiteness. So he's off the hook, right?

Not quite. Ignatiev is really just playing a game of bait and switch. While fully tuned-in to his own Jewish racial identity, he ostensibly follows the PC line that "races" are only "social constructs." When pressed, he claims to be little more than an extreme egalitarian, against all social hierarchies but especially those in which he imagines Whites to be at the top. The true nature of the anti-White crusade thus concealed, Ignatiev and his protégés have been able to grow their disciple, and incite hatred against Whites without being accused of doing so. Their hatred assumes a surface legitimacy because the hated "whites" are just a "social construct." So they are aiming to 'kill' a construct, not a people. The party line, therefore, is that it's all about getting White people to stop thinking that they are White – for their own good of course. So while Black studies, women's studies, Chicano studies etc. all aim to *develop* and *nurture* their relative identities and social agendas, 'Whiteness Studies' aims to utterly *extinguish* any sense of identity and awareness of group interests.

Seen in the context of ethnic competition, and education and culture as weapons in this struggle, it's clear that there's nothing remotely benign about stripping Whites of their ethnic awareness and identity. As Kevin MacDonald commented:

Notice that if Ignatiev were sincerely opposed to ethnic competition, he would have criticized all sorts of peoples and individuals around the world for thinking of themselves as belonging to a racial/ethnic category. After all, what's left when there is no more category of whiteness? There will still be people with white skin who can trace their genetic ancestry to Europe but who have lost all sense of belonging to a racial category. And there will still be people who categorize themselves as Jews and Blacks and Asians and various subdivisions of Asians. These people will continue to have a sense of racial/ethnic identity and they will continue to act on the basis of this identity. Only Whites will be left without an identity and hence without weapons in the racial/ethnic struggle... When only Whites are left without an identity and hence without weapons in the racial/ethnic struggle, it doesn't take much imagination to suppose that actual genocide of Whites is the next step.

While Ignatiev and *Race Traitor* are important and highly visible cornerstones of the contemporary efforts to destroy White identity, and with it our genetic viability, in this article I want to further contextualize these efforts as well as explore some of the broader implications and ramifications of key individuals and their works.

One of the seminal texts of the 'Whiteness Studies' clique is Ted Allen's two-volume *The Invention of the White Race* (1994 & 1997). Allen (1919–2005) strikes me as a profoundly strange character who circulated in a heavily Jewish milieu throughout his life. Allen was born into a middle-class family in Indianapolis, Indiana. In 1929 the family moved to Huntington, West Virginia, where he later claimed to have been "proletarianized by the Great Depression." He had joined the thickly-Jewish Communist Party in the 1930s and, after moving to New York in 1948, he taught classes in economics at the Party's Jefferson School at Union Square in Manhattan (1949–56). In the late 1950s the Communist Party came under government scrutiny and descended into internal struggle, prompting Allen to leave the Party in order to help establish a new organization, the Provisional Organizing Committee to Reconstitute the Communist Party (POC). After sojourns in England and Ireland following the death of his wife, Allen returned to Brooklyn in the 1960s.

Drawing on the theories of W. E. B. Du Bois in *Black Reconstruction* (1935) on America's alleged 'racial blindspot,' and heavily influenced by close Jewish friends like Noel Ignatin (later Ignatiev), Allen began work on a historical study of three crises in United States history in which he perceived there to be general confrontations between the forces of capital and those from below — the crises of The Civil War and Reconstruction, the Populist Revolt of the 1890s, and the Great Depression of the 1930s. His work focused on the role of the theory and practice of what he perceived as "white supremacy" in shaping those outcomes. Together, Ignatiev and Allen provided the copy for an influential 70s pamphlet containing both "White Blindspot," under Ignatiev's name, and Allen's article "Can White Radicals Be Radicalized."

I think it speaks volumes about Allen's own confused sense of racial identity that he published his own contribution to the pamphlet under the decidedly Jewish-sounding pseudonym J. H. Kagin. The Jewish pseudonym was fitting for an individual who throughout his life apparently strove for Jewishness, both in his annihilation and hatred for his own White identity, and in his perpetual association with Jews and their interests. When he finally published *The Invention of the White Race* in the early 90s, Allen contributed significantly to Ignatiev's cause by challenging phenotypical definitions of race, challenging arguments that racism is an innate feature of human nature, and in denying the idea that the White working class benefits from a sense of racial awareness and identity. Allen died in

poverty in Crown Heights, Brooklyn, where he lived for over forty years. His last job, it might be added, was rather fitting. He taught math at the ultra-Orthodox Crown Heights Yeshiva.

Another major figure in the development of whiteness studies was Alexander Saxton (1919–2012). Saxton, like Allen, came from a middle class family but cherished pipe-dreams of a life as a class warrior. His father was editor in chief of Harper & Brothers, the company that first published Edna St. Vincent Millay, Aldous and Julian Huxley, J.B. Priestley, and Thornton Wilder. His mother taught literature at a private girls' school in Manhattan. Also like Allen, he later claimed to have been "radicalized by the Great Depression." Saxton entered Harvard in 1936, but dropped out in his junior year to become a laborer in Chicago. The six-day-a-week job paid 25 cents an hour, leading Harvard's dean to suggest that his parents get him psychiatric help. Saxton soon joined the Communist Party, eventually getting his bachelor's degree at the University of Chicago. His membership in the Communist Party, as well as his production of a number of dubious novels beginning in the late 40s, led to an appearance before the House Un-American Activities Committee in the mid-1950s. After decades of writing articles about 'white supremacy' a decrepit Saxton published *The Rise and Fall of the White Republic* in 2003, where he made the argument that 'white racism' was central to American politics and culture. It later became a key 'Whiteness Studies' text. Saxton shot himself at his home in 2012.

A younger figure in the development of 'Whiteness Studies' was Ruth Frankenberg (1958–2007). Frankenberg was born in England to a Jewish father and an English mother, both ardent leftists. After her parents divorced, Frankenberg was raised mainly by her father before moving to California at the end of the 70s, aged 21. Throughout the 70s she had devoted herself as a 'socialist feminist' (never as Jewish!) to opposing the National Front, an anti-immigration movement that had been gaining strength in England since the mid-1960s. After arriving in California, and declaring herself a lesbian, Frankenberg began working closely with Erica 'Ricky' Sherover-Marcuse and Terry Berman. In *A Promise and a Way of Life: White Antiracist Activism*, author Becky Thompson writes that "From Ricky Marcuse and Terry Berman, both white antiracist consultants and teachers, Ruth learned that antiracist work for white people requires 'doing the work from a place of self-love.'" [1] There are a number of problems with Thompson's naive statement. Firstly, both Marcuse and Berman were not White, but were instead strongly identified Jewesses. In fact, Marcuse was the widow of Herbert Marcuse of Frankfurt School notoriety. Secondly, like the work against Whites pioneered by her husband, Ricky's work may well have been motivated by self-love to the extent that she loved, and identified with, her Jewishness, but there was no love for whites.

Marcuse was sufficiently in tune with her own Jewish identity to work on a kibbutz from 1959–1960/61, where she learned Hebrew. She worked with Herbert Marcuse at UC San Diego in the 1970s, and after Herbert's second wife, Inge Neumann, died in 1972, Ricky and Herbert married on June 21, 1976. After Herbert died, Marcuse continued producing a large number of writings which simultaneously acting against White identity while boosting Jewish interests. These writings would go on to form the seedbed for the development of 'Whiteness Studies.' For example, in her article 'Working Assumptions For White Activists On Eliminating Racism: Guidelines For Recruiting Other Whites As Allies,' Marcuse wrote that activists should:

Assume that all white people have undergone some variety of systematic conditioning or 'training' to take on the 'oppressor role' in relation to people of color. Sometimes this training has been to participate in acts of violence, or to join in racial slurs or jokes; sometimes this training has been to keep silent in the face of injustice. Sometimes this training has been to be 'extra nice' towards people of color.

While all Whites are to be seen as ‘trained’ oppressors, Jews were always represented by Marcuse as the quintessential victim. Jews were to have all the rights to identify as Jews that ‘white oppressors’ were to be denied as Whites. In ‘A Working Perspective on Jewish Liberation,’ Marcuse wrote:

Jewish oppression is real; it affects the life of every Jew. As a people and as individuals Jews have been the targets of systematic mistreatment and of anti-Jewish attitudes... Every Jew has and is entitled to have a unique (self-defined) relationship to Jewish traditions, Jewish cultures, Jewish religious practices, Jewish history, and to the state of Israel. Before dying in 1988, Marcuse devoted much of her time to pushing her ideology through her ‘Unlearning Racism’ workshops, and indoctrinating White teenagers into supporting multiculturalism through her Oakland-based ‘New Bridges’ group. She also invested a lot of time in ‘Whiteness Studies’ protégés like Ruth Frankenberg, before dying of cancer aged 50 in 1988.

Taking her cue from Ignatiev, Marcuse, Berman, and the White Communists, Frankenberg published *White Women, Race Matters: The Social Construction of Whiteness* in 1993. Frankenberg based her ‘study’ on the dogma of the discipline, which orbits around the belief that race is nothing more than a fluid social, political and historical construct. She argued that while Whites may deny that they are ‘racist,’ they cannot deny that they are White. Frankenberg proceeded to argue that Whites are implicitly racist by virtue of their ‘dominant’ position in western society, and contended that we should ‘critically reflect’ on this social position of dominance that White people occupy in our society. ‘Whiteness Studies’ to Frankenberg, like her predecessors, was therefore nothing more than an exercise in convincing Whites that they are oppressors, whether they wished to be or not, and whether they had actually personally taken part in any oppression or not.

It was this collection of cranks and activists that produced and disseminated the ‘white privilege’ cultural meme.

Frankenberg, like Allen, Saxton, and Marcuse, met a less than pleasant end when she died of lung cancer in 2007 aged 49. But by then enough momentum had been generated for the intellectual movement to survive without its chief architects. ‘Whiteness Studies’ began booming around 2002 when many Jewish and self-hating Leftist academics previously involved in vicariously attacking Whites via scurrilous histories of slavery started noticing new opportunities and drifted into the new field. One was Jewish slavery ‘expert’ Peter Kolchin, who wrote in a 2002 *Journal of American History* article that:

Suddenly whiteness studies are everywhere. The rapid proliferation of a genre that appears to have come out of nowhere is little short of astonishing: a recent keyword search on my university library’s electronic catalog yielded fifty-one books containing the word “whiteness” in their titles, almost all published in the past decade, and most published in the past five years... Although the term “whiteness studies” might at first glance suggest works that promote white identity or constitute part of a racist backlash against multiculturalism and ‘political correctness’ virtually all whiteness studies authors seek to confront white privilege—that is, racism, and virtually all identify at some level with the political Left. Most of them see a close link between their scholarly efforts and the goal of creating a more humane social order.

Of course, the new genre hadn’t “come out of nowhere,” as Kolchin suggested. Both the genre itself, and several of its major architects and authors, had verifiable organic links to both Communism and the Frankfurt School—Marcuse being the very personification of such a lineage. And like the Frankfurt School, the ideology of the group is built more or less explicitly on the idea that a more ‘humane social order’ can be achieved only through the total annihilation of Whiteness.

The open pursuance of ‘Whiteness Studies’ must be perceived as nothing less than an act of extreme, even violent, aggression against the White race. I am reminded of a particularly pertinent section from Savitri Devi’s *The Lightning and the Sun*. Devi wrote that the materialistic world’s view of violence enabled tremendous acts of aggression to slip by unchallenged. She pointed to:

Inconspicuous, slow, yet implacable persecution, both economic and cultural: the systematic suppression of all possibilities for the vanquished, without it ‘showing,’ the merciless ‘conditioning’ of children, all the more horrible that it is more impersonal, more indirect, more outwardly ‘gentle,’ the clever diffusion of soul-killing lies; violence under the cover of non-violence.

The ‘educational’ programs of the ADL, the obliteration of our national borders, the assassination of our racial identity, and the slow genocide of our people are being accomplished without the bullet, bomb or blades. But it is, and will be, tremendously violent in its implications. Whiteness studies are not part of an academic discipline in any true sense of that term. The genre is an act of inter-ethnic aggression.

Conclusion

Today, a quick search on amazon.com reveals more than six hundred hits for books with “whiteness” in the title. Jews are strongly represented both in numerical terms, and in the sense that their contributions appear even more venomous than the average. Take for example, George Lipsitz’s *The Possessive Investment in Whiteness: How White People Profit from Identity Politics* (2006), in which the author offers “an unflinching look at white supremacy...whiteness is a structured advantage that produced unfair gains and unearned rewards for whites while imposing impediments to asset accumulation, employment, housing, and health care for members of aggrieved racial groups.” Although Jews continue to be prominent, it remains a painful reality that young White academics continue to flock to a movement geared towards the destruction of their own people.

One major factor facilitating this ethnically suicidal behavior is the ongoing Jewish domination of academia and the constant mutation of what may loosely be termed ‘Frankfurt School’ ideologies into superficially novel intellectual movements. There is really nothing novel at all about ‘Whiteness studies.’ It is simply the latest guise for the radical critique of White culture and, all Talmudic logic about ‘race as a construct’ aside, the active promotion of White genocide. The hypocrisy of the Jewish architects of ‘Whiteness studies’ is self-evident—made clear in their total lack of identification with Whites, and in their very strong identification with Jewish culture and group interests. It is tragic, criminal in fact, that this corrupt cabal of ethnic activists and dysfunctional Communist wannabe-Jews has hijacked positions on faculty, has obtained access to elite publishing outlets, and with it, significant power and influence over culture.

The second factor at play in the success of ‘Whiteness studies’ is the ongoing problem of White pathology. One side of white pathology is altruism towards other races. The even more insidious side is the tendency towards self-hate. In my last article on that subject I wrote that:

This self-hatred can be relatively dormant, to the extent that it is often sub-conscious, but will spike when the media or other cultural influences discover a suitable issue and build a false narrative around it. When the false narrative goes mainstream, replete with emotive moral triggers, White self-hate translates into activism which then takes on a life and momentum of its own. The moral crusade quickly becomes fashionable, spreading on trend-facilitators like social media, gaining more and more blind followers. The true facts behind the original issue are by this point buried under layers of socially constructed debate, stunts, and protests of the ‘body-bag-on-a-beach’ variety.

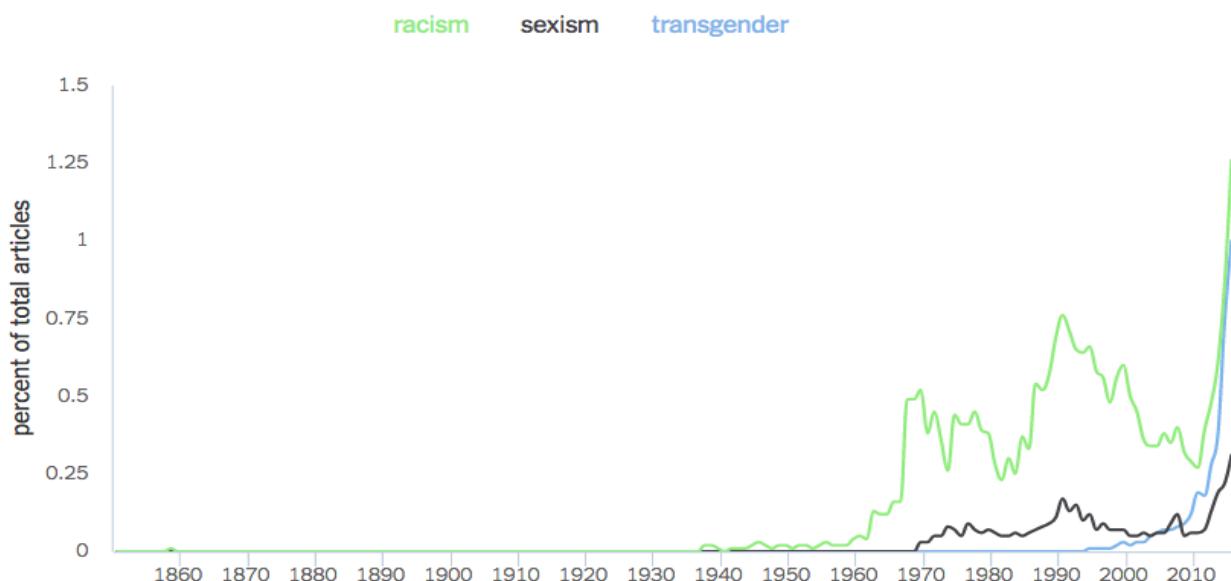
Counterarguments are at this stage designated as subversive, and as an extension of the folk devil of Europe's 'racist' past. Even 'indifference' and any mention of the costs of immigration are treated with contempt. Those individuals who are alert to the ruse and actively organize behind a counterargument, such as PEGIDA or nationalist political parties, are designated as folk devils incarnate. Confronted with these folk devils, White moralism reaches its zenith.

The White Leftists currently conspiring with their Jewish academic gurus for the *untergang* of whiteness are dangerous and morally deluded zealots, and thus race traitors of the highest order. They fully believe that "Treason to Whiteness is Loyalty to Humanity." They have wilfully opted out of the struggle for life.

Surveying the turgid productions of this rabble, I was moved towards my own reflections on whiteness. It goes without saying, as a writer for *TOO*, that I reject outright any suggestion that race is merely a construct. Race, to me, is as concrete a natural reality as the rising of the sun and the blowing of the wind. I could wax lyrical for pages on the accomplishments of the White race and its place at the pinnacle of human progress, but would I reject any reduction of Whiteness to the merely material. More important than the inventions, discoveries, voyages, and battles that distinguish our race is the energy and spirit underlying all of them. I prefer to reflect on whiteness as being distilled in the Faustian spirit, and I believe it would therefore be no more possible to capture 'Whiteness' on paper, or an academic discipline for that matter, than to capture lightning in a bottle. ^{*28}

Racism

The New York Times has a tool called Chronicle for telling you what percentage of Times article have included a particular word over the centuries. Here we see "racism" in green, "sexism" in black, and "transgender" in blue, all shooting up post 2010: the Establishment having a nervous breakdown. ^{*29}



"The problem is, mankind, humans beings love to play God, and so they feel like they have to have a decision or a judgement about everything. They think they know and they really don't. Human beings are as dumb as a doorknob. You know nothing, you're being deceived by your father the devil." ^{*30}

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God

The *All* that *IS*.

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