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One of the very few academicians who has been outspoken in his opposition to the progressive defacement of our civilization, Dr. Oliver has long insisted that the fate of his countrymen hangs on their willingness to subordinate their doctrinal differences to the tough but idealistic solidarity which is the prerequisite of a Majority resurgence.

SOME QUOTABLE QUOTES FROM AMERICA'S DECLINE:

On the 18th Amendment (Prohibition): "Very few Americans were sufficiently sane to perceive that they had repudiated the American conception of government and had replaced it with the legal principle of the 'dictatorship of the proletariat,' which was the theoretical justification of the Jews' revolution in Russia."

On Race: "We must further understand that all races naturally regard themselves as superior to all others. We think Congolids unintelligent, but they feel only contempt for a race so stupid or craven that it fawns on them, gives them votes, lavishly subsidizes them with its own earnings, and even oppresses its own people to curry their favor. We are a race as are the others. If we attribute to ourselves a superiority, intellectual, moral, or other, in terms of our own standards, we are simply indulging in a tautology. The only objective criterion of superiority, among human races as among all other species, is biological: the strong survive, the weak perish. The superior race of mankind today is the one that will emerge victorious—whether by its technology or its fecundity—from the proximate struggle for life on an overcrowded planet."

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George P. Dietz, Editor & Publisher

You Quit? Surprise! So Do We

from the Prof

This morning I happened to catch an instructive item on the opinion page of that inadvertent purveyor of truth, the *USA Today*. It is a short piece by columnist Barbara Reynolds concerning the evil of racism.

The day's *ugly subject*, writes Reynolds, is a book by Charles Murray proclaiming that longstanding IQ differences between the races reflect (dare one think it) natural differences in the races themselves. Murray believes that whites are, on average, innately superior to blacks in various aptitudes that the exams purport to measure. According to Reynolds¹, Murray's book offers a rationale for tracking programs that would destine those on the bottom for "unproductive lives".

Reynolds states that noted studies by Murray and others "dissected blacks as if they were laboratory frogs" and depicted them as "overpopulating dumb bunnies" beyond the reach of programs designed to raise their inferior status. She describes the book as being "[a] plea for eugenics in disguise" and says that it would "fit easily in pre-Nazi Germany". In response, she offers a mind's-eye scenario of her own:

In reply to these obscene stories, a coalition of 100 black groups around the country propose a strike that would deprive the nation of thousands of nurses, physicians, police officers, mail carriers, and all the rest. This *IQ* ("I Quit") strike, she imagines, has implications as well for departments of Commerce and Energy, suddenly bereft of their black leadership, and for the 30% black military. Further plans call for those involved to "snatch up every single record, poem, product or process" (this involving a variety of equipment and appliances) and a gigantic boycott of advertisers who support the guilty

1. The book is *The Bell Curve*, co-authored by Murray and the late Richard Herrnstein. Though I have read a number of books alleging intellectual difference between the races (they are, after all, nothing new), I have not yet had time to read this one and so must rely on Reynolds' editorial for information.

news organizations hyping such stories about alleged black stupidity.

In her fantasy she quotes one involved party, a Reverend John Highmind, who explains, "We're tired of trying to prove that we're humans deserving an equal chance. So let's just say we're as stupid as we're accused of being. Too stupid to find our way to work, to find our wallets, to help society through our contributions. Next year we will be too stupid to pay our taxes." In a panic, imagines Reynolds, the White House calls out the National Guard to enforce business as usual. But IQ-ers will not come back to the post "until a study is done on why white pseudo-intellectuals find their self-worth only in the exploitation of others"

☆ ☆ ☆

A Few Racial Thoughts

It is, in fact, a clever story. It is also a sad one. The thought of a Clinton-led administration trying to coerce and cajole disgusted black workers back to their jobs is a funny one. Yet beneath the tongue-in-cheek scenario one hears the pain of Miss Reynolds, and the anguish likewise of those decent black men and women who have labored for decades to upgrade themselves and their families against the odds—men and women who have struggled to live responsible and productive lives even while a good many of their racial brethren were perpetuating the stereotypes they fought against. I do not blame self-respecting black readers for feeling slighted by the stories and the racial claims to which the column alludes. I do not blame Miss Reynolds for disliking the book written by Charles Murray.

But for all of this, I must say, Reynolds' discussion is neither objective nor insightful. It is instead a perfect example of the daily failure of blacks everywhere to take serious stock of the problem that Murray's book (like many books before it, though lacking the publicity) addresses. It fails to see what must have motivated Murray, and others like him, to write such a book in the first place: If anyone has not yet noticed, blacks *do* lag consistently behind whites in intellectual performance. They continue to fail no matter what is done,

by way of tutorial; performance tracking; reward; punishment; classroom integration; classroom segregation; the upscaling of classroom demand; the downscaling of classroom demand; the implementation of new teaching strategies; the re-implementation of old teaching strategies; and now, for several decades running, the presentation of positive mass-level images, as for example, the resident black genius or life-mentor who is dutifully inserted into every film that comes out of the racial sewer that is Hollywood.

The work has been stupendous. *Yet in four decades of witnessing this charade, I have yet to hear one black mainstream activist honestly acknowledge this effort on the part of white educators.* Instead I hear daily of how "the system" has deliberately failed black people through its apathy, its fear, its laziness, its lack of commitment and imagination. I hear without end that whites have not given enough, have not yet truly opened their hearts, have not mentally contorted themselves as yet into enough positions to fully understand what is the essence of The Black Experience. But when I turn from this orchestrated media message to the real world, I see instead that often as not, blacks perpetuate their own problems, despite efforts from without, by their own continuing behavioral modes of stubbornness, aggression, manipulation and promiscuity. And I see every effort at honest diagnosis of this problem stifled by ethnic and ideological aliens who (I am convinced) willfully conceal this truth from the public for their own racial and political ends. I am enraged.

☆ ☆ ☆

Further Comment: A Personal Rejoinder

What, Miss Reynolds, is *ugly* about an honest analysis of racial differences? It strikes me as being a perfectly legitimate subject as it relates to the development of biology and the social sciences. Or do you suppose that some such subjects are somehow bad of themselves? Or that human beings are, or should be, for some reason, exempt from scientific investigation? (I hate to think where this would

leave medical research.) This aside, do you seriously think for a moment that *your own* people (of whom I have known quite a few) doubt for a moment that such differences exist? Listen to your own kind when they watch a football game or a mixed prizefight. Are they racially neutral in their expectations? Do they lack convictions about who will prevail in a contest, say, of sprinting or the slam-dunk? They don't. And they shouldn't. Nor should we, when life experience—and our own repeated frustration—tells us that you are not, in all respects, our equals, either.

I am convinced furthermore that the claims of some researchers about differences between the races tend to be conservative. For the differences go well beyond what is measured on an IQ exam. They are physical (one instance just noted) and emotional as well as cognitive. And these differences multiply against each other in every situation where your race and mine are forced unnaturally into collision with each other. *Those of cognition are compounded by those of temperament. The result is that black students, on average, are neither able nor inclined to do what is required to become physicists, mathematicians, philosophers, or classicists with the proportionate frequency that "equality" demands.* For this reason the black / white disparity in academic performance is generally higher than the approximate 15-point IQ difference would anticipate. And so is perpetuated our mutual frustration. We who read and write such books as the one you discuss are not villains for wanting to know the truth of the matter. We are not wrong for telling you what our own best investigative efforts, both in the laboratory and on the streets, have shown us.

You say that this book would have found an environment in pre-Nazi Germany. Probably so. But does it ever occur to you (and in fairness, I confess, it will probably *not* occur to most of my own racial kin) that this fact may really imply something contrary to what you intend? Instead of serving to condemn this book, perhaps your observation gives us reason to take new stock of Nazi Germany! Perhaps their own racialism was not the berserk and randomly vicious thing that decades of (predominantly Jewish)

propaganda have led my own people to think. And perhaps men like Adolf Hitler² had reason to be concerned about the effects of miscegenation upon his homeland at that time. Hitler believed that the races were, in certain respects, unequal. He also believed that a concerted effort was being made to ruin his own race. One look at black behavior in this country, and the lies told about it, is enough to give his claims plausibility.

You say also that the work of men like Murray is "pseudo-intellectual". How so? Do you object in some way to his methodology? Or have you examined the book at all, beyond hearing about it and then announcing to the world that you dislike his conclusions? I think that I know the answer. In brief, Miss Reynolds, committed white racialists are not vicious. They do not enjoy the pain of other races. They have no wish to exploit you, or take from you what you have earned. They do not find their self-worth in your disadvantage or discomfort. I myself am not pleased that this article, if you should chance to read it, may cause you pain or anger. But neither do I enjoy being made daily a witness to the destruction of my race. I do not like the epidemic of black-on-white brutality—of rape, murder, and even planned and executed torture³—that saturates our once-great cities, or the media lie that accompanies it. I do not like the deterioration of the educational system that comes about with every federally enforced effort to manufacture your intellectual "equality". In sum, when reflecting on personal experience, I do not like your noise, your mayhem, your puerile come-on, your sexual aggression, or your brazen immaturity. I don't like, either, the smug look on the

2. Concerning his attitudes toward blacks and Jews, see, for example, *Mein Kampf*, chapter 11, "Nation and Race"—"*It was and is Jews who bring the Negroes into the Rhineland, always with the same secret thought and clear aim of ruining the hated white race by the necessarily resulting bastardization, throwing it down from its cultural height, and himself rising to be its master*" (page 325, Manheim edition). Those acquainted with recent Jewish activity in America will realize that the claim fits hand-in-glove.

3. Two publications exposing these atrocities on a monthly basis are *American Renaissance* (Box 1674, Louisville, KY 40201) and *The Truth at Last* (Box 1211, Marietta, GA 30061).

face of that obnoxious young black male who goes out of his way to annoy or even threaten me, continually and without provocation, and without thought (*not five seconds' thought in all his life*, I shall wager) of how many times I may have tried to help men like him by my own efforts. It has happened too many times. Enough, I must say, of this atrocity. Enough of you.

You suggest that Charles Murray has chosen an illegitimate means of self-worth. I submit that this man, like others before him, finds his self-worth not in offense, but in truth. I have seen such men lose their homes, their livelihood, and even their lives in carrying their message to an unsympathetic public that would prefer to give you a forum instead. This is an outrage. But again, Miss Reynolds, if you do not like what I am telling you, perhaps there is some consolation. For one day we ever-so-bad racialists will succeed in our aims, and our separatist agenda will be realized. You will then be rid of us.

☆ ☆ ☆

Old Friends and Enemies

Thumbing last night through some old grade-school photographs, I was reminded of the joys of childhood, and of the simpler time then in which many of us lived. Here was one. Fourth grade. And there was Gene—front row, eyes crossed, with me behind him, each of us straining to look his most absurd. How we had caught hell afterward.

Since that time he and I had stayed in touch. I looked again at the photograph and thought of the conversation we'd had a few years ago, one that taught me something about the extent to which we racialists differ from those of our people still in the mainstream. Perhaps the incident is worth a short recounting.

Gene and I had known each other since around the second grade, which was more than thirty years. Over that time we had gone in different directions. A few common interests brought us together every now and then. I had become for the most part a loner. He had stayed with the crowd. We got together on occasion to en-

joy some light banter and an argument over some bit of sporting trivia from years past. He would lament the ineptitude of white prizefighters. I would tell him (though I knew better) that Gerry Cooney, or whoever, was going to change all of that. Three or four times that summer we had grabbed a movie on a Friday afternoon and downed a couple of drinks afterward. On this occasion we had caught a matinee and parked ourselves later in a splendid old bar on a downtown block near our home area.

Perhaps the stage was set. Not long before, on a similar occasion, I had shocked him. When he had started in about some great book extolling the genius and moral excellence of Jews, I had told him what total crap he was getting in this book and from the industry that had spawned it. I told him that blacks were idiots. I told him that there was a war going on.

On this occasion we sat amidst century-old booths and fixtures, each of us putting down a hot Spanish coffee and batting around a few odd remarks about race and kindred issues. He baited me with some comment about the hopelessness of white athletes. Ordinarily I laughed these things off. This time I took the occasion to tell him again, in more explicit terms, what I had told him the last time—that these children of the Exodus whom he admires are not the divinely chosen, forever-misunderstood innocents they proclaim themselves to be; that the races are not equal; that eating carrots instead of beef will not enlighten him or improve his next incarnation; that jerk-off car salesmen named *Rosenberg* who start calling themselves gurus and offer their flocks (Gene and his wife had shelled out big for this one) jazzily packaged new age “personal transformation” seminars—while they reportedly screw their own daughters behind closed doors—do not have the keys to cosmic wisdom.

Gene and I were used to arguing—we had always done it, and had always laughed about it. But the tone of the conversation was changing. Unable to know what to say to my claims about anti-white aggression and related media bias, unable to understand my seriousness about all of it, he at last lamented my “extremism”. There was, he supposed, a variety of solutions to the various social

and economic problems that plagued us. But my own solution, he observed, was not even "on the spectrum". *What* spectrum, I wanted to know. Was this imagined "range" of choices (roughly that between Michael Dukakis and George Bush, or whatever was its character casting at the moment) a range dictated by *reason*? If this range was called a spectrum, did that mean that it represented the whole possibility of rational choice-making? Where did he imagine that the men at Valley Forge stood on the political spectrum of *Britain*? The point, of course, was lost on him. Maybe I should have known better.



Readers who have had conversations with child-men like Gene (and most, I am sure, have) would not have been surprised at the way that this conversation went. I have not spent a lot of time with white liberals. I never will. But Gene is typical of them. All his life his instincts have told him to flee the situation before it becomes dangerous. His inherited money has enabled him to build a home on an acre of land out of town in the woodlands. As a result he has never been hit squarely enough in the face with racial truth to understand what a racist is trying to tell him. His two or three experiences with black occupants have taught him (in his own phrase) "never to rent to niggers". But he refuses, at the same time, to think that *race itself* may have given rise to this state of affairs. He cannot believe, either, that there may be genuine anti-white malice behind the appearances of everyday American life. He trusts alien-controlled organizations like Time / Warner and FOX-Network television to supply him with fact and entertainment. He is not strong enough to distance himself psychically from these media long enough to see their essential perversion. He cannot imagine that he, and one day soon, his own Montessori-educated young son, might be the target of racial animosity more severe than any he has ever imagined. He knows vaguely that the system caters to "wealth", but he cannot see that it also moves daily with grim purpose toward the disintegration of his race.

The barkeep flamed a third round. We downed a bit more of these great and powerful concoctions and admired the surroundings. Gene then caught sight of a hefty mulatto next to a white female at a table perhaps twenty feet away. He sipped again. He looked down and muttered. "I'm gonna kill that nigger." I looked over at what appeared to be a rather innocuous after-work gathering of four or five office personnel. I asked him if he was serious. He gave some vague answer and changed the subject. The rest of his conversation bore no connection to the remark he had made. And he still thought that my racial ideas were "fantastic". On that note the conversation ended. Not long afterward we parted company for what will probably be the rest of our lives.



Perhaps there is a lesson in this somewhere. If Gene is mindless, he is far from unusual. For all his inanity, he is bright and hospitable, and he can be engaging. He can read fairly sophisticated material and enjoy it. But again, he is incapable of assessing the device itself through which he gathers his information. He is thus, like so many in his circle, bottled, a passive consumer of the service that supplies his cognitive nourishment. He still imagines that he is part of a *nation* presided over by sane and responsible individuals who have an interest in the welfare of persons like himself who vote them into power. He supposes that the left and right "wings" of political activity provide him with all of the reasonable choices that he can make with respect to the condition of his society. He cannot understand my concern with Jews, since (thanks to the miracles of Hollywood imagery) he "wouldn't be able to tell them" from anyone else if some were accompanying us in the car on our way to the theatre. (*They* would, I replied, though again the point was missed.) Whether an aimless little screwball like this is worth caring about I will leave to the reader. Some racials may count as their kin every last pale-skinned organism that meets the biological rule. I do not. I only mention him as an indication to interested readers of what they can expect to encounter among their own acquaintances as they move further in their thinking from those still in the mainstream.

How indeed can a white man be so perfectly truth-resistant? To understand the problem, one must realize that the majority of white citizens in this alleged nation are not only brainwashed, they are viscerally *trained*. They are conditioned not only to believe that blacks, for example, are their equals, but to find them morally appealing. Thus is developed an interracial sympathy that colors their perceptions of every event in the world. When the average white man reads, say, a recent *Newsweek* article reviewing a book proclaiming genuine intellectual differences between the races, he reads the allegations with antagonism, with an emotional pull against the dread message of racial inequality. And when he sees immediately following the editor's good-news rebuttal proclaiming the success of some new inner-city educational program (i.e., revealing the potential brilliance of these disadvantaged dark "youths"), he is restored. When blacks and whites are embroiled in a confrontation, he wants the black to prevail, for he believes, and *wants* to believe, that the black is the one with the cause. Thus emotionally spring-loaded, he sits in front of the television watching the enactment of alien scripts that make his own folk the butt of minority wit. He waits and listens, and when the white foil is knocked over yet again, he laughs with righteous satisfaction. In this self-punitive condition he is ripe for the slaying. The voice of racialism falls hard on his ears. He willfully resists it. It is for this reason that a talk-show host, for example, can manipulate his crowd against a racist guest while violating all rules of propriety and fairness, why he can "refute" that guest without once touching upon the issues this villain may raise. It is for this reason that (as Tom Metzger once told me) a racially conscious white man lives his life behind enemy lines.

As for Gene, we have not spoken since that time, and probably never will again. Over the years I have parted ways, over racial issues, with several friends—old friends, good friends, men and women for the most part of some fine qualities. It isn't easy to break with people after sharing with them stages of life from childhood to middle age. But there comes a point where friendship is not only a compromise, it is a lie. Considering what is at stake, and bearing in mind the alternative, I do not regret the loss. □

JOHANN GOTTLIEB FICHTE:

NATIONALIST, PHILOSOPHER, ECONOMIST

by

Joseph D. Pryce

*Philosophy consists not
In airy schemes, or idle speculations:
The rule and conduct of all social life
Is her great province.*
James Thomson

The great German thinker Johann Gottlieb Fichte was born on May 19th, 1762, at Rammenau in upper Lusatia. His father was the descendant of a Swedish soldier who, serving under Gustavus Adolphus, was left wounded at Rammenau and decided to settle there. Fichte's mother is said to have been of a quarrelsome and jealous disposition, and biographers have occasionally hinted that these traits can account for the philosopher's legendary impetuosity and impatience. One might say that whatever were the faults of Fichte's mother, she managed to give birth to Fichte.

At a very early age, our hero showed such remarkable intellectual precocity that he was taken under the wing of one Freiherr von Miltitz, who provided the earnest young man with an education which would have been far beyond his father's circumstances. After a short stay at Meissen, Fichte was enrolled in the Schulpforta at Naumburg, that legendary breeding-ground of genius (Nietzsche was to be an alumnus). In 1780, he entered the university of Jena as a student of theology, supporting himself by private teaching. During the years 1784-1787, he became tutor to various families in Saxony. In 1788 Fichte obtained a tutorship in Zürich, where he eventually met Lavater and Hartmann Rahn, to whose daughter, Johanna, he became engaged. Unfortunately, their wedding plans were overthrown by a commercial catastrophe which shattered the fortunes of the Rahn family.

After settling at Leipzig, Fichte experienced the most important event of his life, his encounter with the Kantian philosophy. His letters of this period testify to the overwhelming impression which the critical philosophy made upon him. Feeling that Kant's manner of expression was impeding the successful propagation of his ideas, Fichte set about preparing an abridgment of Kant's *Kritik der Urteilskraft*, which, however, he soon abandoned. Shortly thereafter, he did complete an original work, the *Versuch einer Kritik aller Offenbarung* (Towards a Critique of all Revelation), which impressed Kant so much that he procured a publisher for the work. Due to an oversight on the part of the printer, Fichte's name did not appear on the title-page, and the readership jumped to the conclusion that the work was in fact written by the great Kant himself. When the truth as to the actual authorship was made known, Fichte's fame was secure.

The success of Fichte's book, coupled with an improvement in the fortunes of the Rahn family, enabled our hero to marry his sweetheart at Zürich in October 1793. At the end of 1793, Fichte was invited to succeed K. L. Reinhold as extraordinary professor of philosophy at Jena, where his fame was instantaneous and complete, due largely to his tremendous effectiveness as a lecturer. Later, under the bayonets of Napoleon, this skill would be instrumental in awakening the dormant forces of German nationalism.

The years at Jena were very productive ones, and from this period comes Fichte's masterwork, the *Wissenschaftslehre* ("The Science of Knowledge"), which he worked on for many years, and which appeared in several guises, accompanied by an astonishingly varied panoply of editorial, supplementary, and introductory materials over the succeeding years.

In the *Wissenschaftslehre*, Fichte, who teaches that the ultimate basis for the act of cognition is located in the Will, attempts to isolate and describe a principle which might unify the realms of pure and practical reason. To answer the question as to what this principle might be, we must bear in mind just what Fichte's intention was in designating all philosophy as *Science of Knowledge*. Philoso-

phy is, for him, the radical rethinking of cognition, the theory of knowledge, the complete exposition of the principles which ground all rational cognition. Philosophy must trace the necessary acts whereby cognition comes to be what it is, in content and in form. This is not, according to our thinker, a *phenomenological* history of consciousness, or a *natural* history, but an attempt to deduce the entire organism of cognition from a series of fundamental axioms. There are three thinkable, necessary conditions for the emergence of cognition: one, which is perfectly unconditioned both with regard to matter and form; second, unconditioned in form but not in matter; and a third, unconditioned in matter but not in form. For Fichte, the first must be fundamental, since it conditions the other two. This discussion forms the meat of the introduction to the *Wissenschaftslehre*.

Fichte then asserts that the primitive condition of all intelligence is that the *Ego* shall posit and affirm itself. Consciousness can come to be only when the Ego brings about the process of its own self-emergence. The non-Ego is that which is opposed to the thinking consciousness; the two limit one another, or set determinations to each other, and, as limitation functions as the negation of part of a divisible quantum, the divisible Ego is opposed to a divisible non-Ego.

It would take a tremendous amount of time and space to indicate the steps by which the Ego develops into the all-embracing system of cognitive categories, or to trace the deduction of the processes (productive imagination, intuition, sensation, understanding, judgment, reason) whereby the indefinite non-Ego eventually assumes the appearance of definite objects in time and space. This is, obviously, a very difficult system of thought, and shortly after the initial appearance of the *Wissenschaftslehre*, wits were exultantly braying (philistines will be always with us, I fear!) that Fichte was claiming that the entire phenomenal world was a figment of his own imagination! This prompted the sage Goethe to the devastating query: "What does Fichte's wife say about that?" (Those readers who wish to delve further into the labyrinth of the

Fichtean metaphysics might do well to obtain a copy of the Heath/Lachs translation of the *Wissenschaftslehre*—"The Science of Knowledge," with the First and Second Introductions, published by the Cambridge University Press, Cambridge, 1982—reprinted in 1984).

Students of this philosophy will note how close is the thinking of our hero to the dialectical method of Hegel (brought to its glorious triumph in the magisterial "Phenomenology of Spirit"); one might note as well that the great Arthur Schopenhauer, favorite thinker of so many of the German National Socialist leaders (*not*, repeat *not* Nietzsche!), was indebted to Fichte for his conception of the role that the Will plays in Nature and in consciousness.

Fichte's career at Jena came to a catastrophic close when he was accused of atheism, on the basis of a short paper entitled *On the Grounds of our Belief in a Divine Government of the Universe*. The government of the grand duchy of Sachsen-Weimar secured Fichte's censure, assuming that Fichte would back down from the position which he took in the paper. They did not understand their man, of course, and Fichte was dismissed.

Berlin, which was the only town in Germany open to Fichte at this point, became his home from 1799 to 1806 (except for a short visit to Erlangen where he delivered a series of lectures in the summer of 1805). Here he published many of his most original works, of which the most remarkable are *Bestimmung des Menschen* (The Vocation of Man); *Der geschlossene Handelsstaat* (The Closed, or Isolated, Commercial State—about which more later in this essay); lectures on the *Wissenschaftslehre*; *Wesen des Gelehrten* (Nature of the Scholar); and the *Anweisung zum seligen Leben oder Religionslehre* (Way to a Blessed Life).

The disasters which befell Prussia in 1806 drove Fichte out of Berlin. He moved first to Stargard, then to Königsberg (where he delivered several lectures), then to Copenhagen, whence he returned to Berlin in August of 1807. He was, knowingly or not, on the verge of his greatest hour.....

On a Sunday evening, December the 13th, 1807 to be specific, a short but stocky man whose large, piercing eyes shot lightning from under a mass of thick, dark hair, strode to the podium of the great hall of the Academy of Sciences in Berlin, where he was scheduled, at least according to the *Moniteur* newspaper, to deliver the first of a projected series of lectures on proposals for reforms to the educational system. The authorities, one would assume, thought that our hero was about to deliver some safe and sleepy stuff. But Fichte, who by now had become acknowledged as one of the glories of the classical age of German Idealistic philosophy, had decided to deliver something very different to the students and scholars assembled before him. Though French troops were still occupying Berlin in the wake of Napoleon's victories against Prussia; though the hall of the Academy of Sciences was lousy with spies; and though close friends had warned the philosopher to take care for his physical safety, Fichte had prepared, and proceeded to deliver, the first of his fiercely nationalistic and epoch-making *Reden an die deutsche Nation* ("Addresses to the German Nation"). He would continue with this series of Sunday-night lectures until the twentieth of March, 1808. Fichte's courage must have completely disarmed the occupation authorities, for he doesn't seem to have been molested. Again we see, as we have seen throughout the course of Western history, that one man of iron determination can overwhelm his enemies with the sheer force of his Will, leaving them stupefied and defenseless before his onslaught.

The "Addresses" are extraordinary documents. Far from being the vaporous outpourings of a bookish and sheltered theoretician with his trotters firmly planted in Cloud Cuckoo Land, they comprise both a projection of the desiderated items in the German character from which a genuine state might be formed, coupled with a closely-argued exposition of the means whereby these items might best be utilized by a practical statecraft.

Fichte asserts that he speaks "for Germans and for Germans only" in the first address, and with this self-imposed limitation, we

can sense just how far Fichte has traveled from the imbecile nostrums of the so-called Enlightenment, which make no provision for the *particularities*—whether ethnic, historical, religious, or psychological—which color life as it is lived on planet earth. When an ‘Enlightenment’ thinker comes across the phenomenon of Machiavelli, for instance, he will immediately drag out from his bookshelves a treatise on Morality, and beat the great Italian statesman over the head with its weighty pronouncements, which are thought to be binding in all times and in all places, from the Stone Age cave to the rococo *salon*. Fichte, however, asks whether Machiavelli shouldn’t be judged by the standards of his time, and in the context of the real world in which the author of *Il Principe* attempted to achieve his reforms. Fichte is a philosopher, after all, and not an intellectual, and it strikes him that the Prussian monarchs who followed Frederick the Great would have been well-advised to incorporate a little of the great Italian’s realism in their plans for a reborn kingdom—nothing else seemed to be able to protect them from the ravages of Bonaparte’s militarism! One is still amused when reading eighteenth-century enthusiasts with their lucubrations on a certain creature called ‘man’—this fellow has no predicates attached to him; he is of the void and formless, his skull housing nothing other than delight at the thought of being force-fed with the injection-moulded plastic of a universalizing ‘education.’ Fichte, on the other hand, ignores such airy hallucinations to describe the German spirit as he finds it. The Germans are, he feels, of a free disposition because of their unmixed racial stock, and because of the infinite plasticity of the German language, which enables it to express, in vivid and colorful fashion, the most probing thoughts. Fichte feels that the other Germanic languages, and the languages of the Latin races, are infinitely less capable instruments. With regard to the ethnic greatness of the Germans, he remarks that no other Volk has ever been favored by nature and history with such an ebullient nationalism, without which there could have been no successful fruition for the great idea of the Protestant Reformation. The Germans are also

uniquely endowed, he feels, with the gift for the deepest-reaching philosophical speculation. With that last statement, few of us would disagree.

Modern commentators, most especially in the wake of the Second World War, have been assiduous in attempting to persuade us that Fichte’s nationalism is really very little different from the fulminations of our 4th of July rhetors, and that his concern for Germany was that of an impassioned patriot whose country was occupied by foreign troops, whose conduct was, as might be expected, less than impeccable. Of course, we’re supposed to regard Hitler’s words a century later, at a time when Negro troops are occupying German soil, raping and slaughtering German women and children, as beyond the pale. But if you quote representative passages from Fichte’s “Addresses” cheek-by-jowl with the most inflammatory pages from *Mein Kampf* you’ll find that you’d be hard-pressed to tell the difference between the attitudes motivating these two thinkers. Certainly, the intellectuals on whom I tried this little trick became quite exasperated when their high-powered craniums gave them no assistance—they were completely at sea with regard to who was who!

Here are a few of our thinker’s weighty words from the “Addresses to the German Nation”:

What is love of fatherland, or, to express it more correctly, what is love of the individual for his nation?....only the German—the original man, who has not become dead in an arbitrary organization—really has a Volk and is entitled to count on one, and that he alone is capable of real and rational love for his nation.

He to whom a fatherland has been handed down, and in whose soul heaven and earth, visible and invisible, meet and mingle, and thus, and only thus, create a true and enduring heaven—such a man fights to the last drop of his blood to hand on the precious possession unimpaired to his posterity.

What spirit has an undisputed right to summon and order everyone concerned, whether he himself be willing or not, and to

compel anyone who resists, to risk everything including his life? Not the spirit of the peaceful citizen's love for the constitution [!!!!] *and the laws*, but the devouring flame of the higher patriotism, which embraces the nation as the vesture of the eternal, for which the nobly-minded man joyfully sacrifices himself, and the ignoble man, who only exists for the sake of the other, must likewise sacrifice himself.

We must at once become what we ought to be in any case, namely, Germans. We are not to subject our spirit; therefore we must, above all, provide a spirit for ourselves, and a firm and certain spirit; we must become earnest in all things and not go on existing frivolously, as if life were a jest; we must form for ourselves enduring and unshakable principles which will serve as a sure guide for all the rest of our thoughts and actions. Life and thought with us must be of one piece and a solid and interpenetrating whole; in both we must live according to nature and truth, and throw away foreign artifices; in a word, we must provide character for ourselves; for to have character and to be German (*Charakter haben und deutsch sein*) *undoubtedly mean the same*.

Quite moderate and respectable in tone, no? I would like to see one of Fichte's tame exegetes in the Federal Republic fetch a bull-horn and recite any of the above on a streetcorner, say, in *Frankfurt*. I'm sure the Oberjuden will instruct the *Polizei* to release the offender after a *kalpa* or two in protective custody: "Oh, I see! That sermon was just a bit of harmless fun from old Fichte. Let the good professor go in peace."

Earlier, I mentioned Fichte's work on the closed, or isolated (exclusive) commercial state. We must now discuss one dimension of his thought which hasn't been explored in any depth in our time, namely Fichte's economics. Now anyone who has perused a significant amount of economic literature will sympathize with Thomas Carlyle, who referred to the entire discipline as 'the dismal science.' Fichte, however, who is scarcely mentioned in even the major contemporary textbooks on the development of socialist

theory, did publish, in 1800, a volume entitled *Der geschlossene Handelsstaat* ("The Closed Commercial State"), which was considered by Fichte himself to be the most carefully wrought and profoundly considered of his entire career. Although this work has not received much attention of late (indeed, few theoreticians of the nineteenth century itself seemed to be aware of its findings), it might be in our interest to study this text because the problem with which Fichte is grappling here is one about which many racial-nationalists are talking at this very moment: namely, *Autarky*—the theory of absolute economic self-sufficiency. Naturally, the utopian and 'scientific' socialists of the nineteenth century, who were interested, almost to a man, in dragooning the entirety of a serf-like 'mankind' into their classless, fatherland-less legions, couldn't see the point of attaining total economic sovereignty in the German lands or anywhere else for that matter. But we, who are laboring in the shadows of the most perfected and lethal universalist tyranny which the globe has ever witnessed, might find that those of us who will be fortunate enough to survive the upheavals which loom ahead, might want to know just how to go about achieving, in the future Aryan 'Ethno State,' an hermetic closure—in the economic sphere and in the national sphere—which can preserve us for all time from the consequences of New World Order theory and practice.

Fichte was a very hard-headed man, and his designs for an autarkic state are based upon a granitic foundation: before he generates his theory, he observes the nature of man as he actually exists on the earth. In this, of course, Fichte runs counter to almost the whole socialist tradition of European thought in the nineteenth century, with its programs and platitudes, with its deceptions and deliriums, and with its resolute insistence upon legislating for a *homo sapiens* that was never seen on sea or land (other than in dreamland). When Fichte remarks that spirit cannot take flight until the man has had enough to eat, we realize that we can trust our tiller to his hand.

Now Fichte's theory, which forms a beautifully contrived

amalgam of Gallic radical thought and German nationalistic Romanticism, raises as many questions as it answers; for instance, Fichte doesn't toss the concept of *Freedom* around as if it were a universal condiment, a ketchup for any type of fast-food. He realizes that the very concept of freedom is problematical, as when he insists that unlimited liberty is equivalent to no liberty at all, because no one can conceive of causing an effect in the phenomenal world whose duration will be guaranteed. In short, life in the state will entail an antagonism of forces which can only be resolved through the instruments of formal and informal agreements. These agreements, by their very nature, will restrict and, in some cases, curtail the liberty of one or the other of the parties involved. The agreement thus arrived at which assigns rights of free activity to the citizens is called *property*.

Fichte regards this manifestation of contractual agreement and unification of human activity as the *Vernunftsstaat* ('Rational State'). Fichte opposes the idea that it is the function of the State to assign property to its citizens and then to provide protection for the rights which correspond to that property. Fichte scorns the notion that property arrangements exist independently of the state, which is not permitted to inquire into the means whereby the property was acquired. Recall, if you will, Balzac's belief that all great fortunes were founded on great crimes!

In opposition to the prescriptions of utopian intellectuals, who preconize the sound and fury of their own raucous voices, which rage in the air without rhyme or reason or sound common sense, Fichte insists that without a scrupulous theoretical basis, all schemes for the reform of the economic sphere must be left to blind chance. He feels that utopian scribblers are not really interested in the real world, and that they are attempting to legislate for fantasy-land, never having incorporated a genuine perception of the nature of man in their theoretical constructions. Fichte is convinced—and although this is a hard word, we would ignore it to our peril—that “everyone who wishes to organize a Republic, or any State for that matter, must assume the maliciousness of

man.” This recognition of the less-than-angelic nature of our species prompts Fichte to design certain provisions which will bind the citizens of his Closed Commercial State (I will delve, a little bit further on, into the extra-economic benefits with which this scheme will endow that projected racial State for which we are all working).

Fichte insists that the constellation of contracts which will bind the citizens of his State must contain both a ‘negative’ provision (which entails that each group must stick to its profession), and a ‘positive’ provision (which requires that each group must render up to the others that which is required to engage in their trade to the satisfaction of the commonweal. It is the *dirigiste* State which imparts a legal status to the above-mentioned contracts, and which supervises their execution—and the State is not to be a passive observer. Fichte sees the State power as organizing and planning the activity of the main categories of economic life (agriculture, manufacturing, and commerce) under the following four aspects:

1. The numbers of citizens involved in the three main corporations are to be calculated on the basis of the aggregate of agricultural production. Fichte insists that full employment cannot be guaranteed unless the State fixes the exact number of those who are permitted to work in a particular branch and provides for the production of the necessary means of livelihood for all citizens.

2. All citizens are to be guaranteed a proportional share of all products so that all of the inhabitants of the country may enjoy an equally agreeable standard of living. Fichte regards it as one of the essential elements of State policy to ensure that superfluous commodities are to recede behind the commodities which are indispensable. The first obligations of the State, according to Fichte, are to ensure that all have enough to eat, and that all should have permanent housing accommodations (and that, before one decorates one's dwelling!). All should have clothing which is warm and comfortable before clothing which is merely sumptuous.

ous. It is unjust in the extreme for some citizens to parade around in unnecessary finery while their fellow-citizens lack even the essentials.

3. The State will guarantee not only jobs, but also markets to its citizens. Prices are to be fixed, and to have legal character.

4. Here we come to the most-important element of Fichte's Rational State:

The State is obligated to guarantee for all of its citizens, both by law and by force, the conditions resulting from the equilibrium of their common intercourse. Yet the State will not be able to do so if any person outside its laws and dominion can exert any influence on this equilibrium. It is therefore imperative that the State cut off all possibility of such an influence. All intercourse with foreigners must be forbidden and made impossible for its citizens.

The government, in order to assure continuously the fulfillment of the customary needs of its citizens, must rely on the certainty that a certain quantity of goods is being traded. How will the State be able to count on the foreigner's contribution to said quantity since he is outside the government's dominion? It is to fix and guarantee the price of a commodity. How can the State succeed with respect to foreign nationals if it is unable to fix those prices which prevail in the foreigner's country and at which he will buy the raw materials? If the government sets a price for him which he cannot afford, he will accordingly avoid its market and a lapse in the satisfaction of customary needs will ensue. It is to guarantee to each subject the sale of his products at the specified price. How can the State do so if the subject can sell his product on foreign markets where different economic relations prevail which the State can neither oversee nor control?

A closed economic state is a closed imperium of laws and individuals....It can turn into money whatever it desires, provided that the State declares that it will accept this and no other money....The State would thus create a national currency without bothering to raise the question as to whether this currency

would or would not be accepted abroad, because for a closed commercial state foreign countries are as if they did not even exist.

A closed commercial state does not care whether there is, in customary terms, a large or small quantity of money in circulation. The total quantity of money in circulation represents the total quantity of goods in circulation.

How does Fichte assure that foreign trade is to be rendered impossible? Simple: he would deprive all citizens of international means of payment. Before the inauguration of the new currency, the State would purchase all foreign commodities in the country. This achieves, at one stroke, an assessment of the available stock and present needs for such commodities, and an opportunity to facilitate the centralization of the administration of price-fixing.

The government will now set up a monopoly for the administration of foreign trade—from this point on the government, and the government alone, will decide which commodities will be imported and exported.

Next, the government will set up a central clearing agency to control and liquidate all foreign claims to and from its citizens. Fichte now introduces his concept of *natural frontiers*:

Certain areas of the earth, with their inhabitants, are destined by nature to form political units. They are isolated from the rest of the planet by rivers, oceans, mountains.... It is these indications of nature as to what must remain united and what must remain separated that one keeps in mind when speaking of the natural frontiers of empires; a consideration which must be taken more seriously than is commonly done. We mustn't place our sole emphasis on impregnable protected frontiers, but rather on productive independence and self-sufficiency.... Governments will speak of the necessity of rationalizing their borders and state that, in view of their other territorial possessions, they cannot exist without this or that fertile province or mine or salt-work, always thinking of the acquisition of their natural boundaries.

Of course, Fichte regards war as inevitable until that moment when the Rational State has arrived at its natural boundaries, at which time the closed commercial state

must give and be able to give its neighbors the guarantee that it will henceforth refrain from further expansion..... To the closed commercial state not the slightest benefit can accrue from an expansion beyond its natural frontiers, because its entire constitution has been designed only for its given extension.

The authorities now proceed to develop internal sources for import substitutes, distinguishing at all times between such needs as contribute to the well-being of its citizens and those which merely serve as prestige items. Though foreign trade is still taking place (so that the State can use up all of its foreign exchange reserves), as soon as autarky is achieved, the world will be partitioned among a number of these closed commercial states who have reached their natural frontiers, between which states

destined to a continuing barter [*of those commodities which cannot be produced in a certain country because of, say, climatic conditions*], a trade agreement could be achieved according to which one partner is pledged forever to grow for the other a certain quantity of wine in exchange for the delivery of a certain quantity of corn. Neither partner is to attempt to achieve a profit on the exchange, but only an absolute equality of value. Therefore, there would be no need for currency in such trades, only for clearing.

One is struck by the serendipity of it all: not merely has Fichte furnished us with an exposition of the nature of his Rational State and the means whereby such a state may be constructed, but he has solved two very worrisome problems of whose very nature he can only have been dimly aware. He wrought, as it were, better than he knew.

And what were the two problems that I just mentioned? First,

it should be obvious that the implementation of Fichte's scheme breaks the powers of those mediative agents upon whose skill and chicanery all international trade, currency exchange, and price-fixing of precious metals depends. There can be, in short, no room for our dear national and international parasites, the Jews and their flunkies, who are not now, who never have been, nor will they ever be, real producers of wealth, genuine creators of values, but merely lucre-cadging agents of the One Mud World. With the implementation of the Fichtean scheme, international Jewry will be, for the first time in the history of the world, effectively *marginalized*. Without bowing down and racing our skulls towards the brick wall of Jewish power, with the *Protocols* in one hand and the *International Jew* in the other, we will find that that we will be able to shatter the fortress of the Money Power without even having to disclose our larger aims to the timid and superstitious fools who are wasting so much of Mother Earth's oxygen supply.

The second point—perhaps even more important than the first—we have discovered, under the great philosopher's tutelage, a means whereby the gene-pool of our Aryan Imperium can be preserved from racial contamination. When foreign travel and international trade, those great engines of miscegenation and chaos, have been reduced to the desired minimum, national borders will become national barricades instead of the permeable membranes that they so obviously are in the current situation. We will thus be enabled to encourage a free play of those essential mechanisms whereby evolutionary biology achieves its progressive aims (so well described by Sir Arthur Keith in his "A New Theory of Human Evolution"): namely, *prejudice and nationalism*. In an exclusive economic sphere, nationalism will function as the analogous phenomenon of inter-tribal hostility functioned during the period of our most rapid evolutionary advance—as a racist prophylaxis. From isolation will come cohesion, and from cohesion will be fashioned the *Lebensborn* of the Aryan Lords.

The great battle for German independence began in 1813,

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and although Fichte could not take an active part in the war, he continued to deliver lectures for the cause. His addresses on the idea of a true war, *Über den Begriff eines wahren Kriegs*, contain a pointed contrast between what he regarded as France's aggressive actions against Germany and Germany's just prosecution of her War of Liberation.

In the autumn of 1813, with the hospitals of Berlin overflowing with the sick and wounded victims of the campaign, Fichte's wife devoted herself to caring for her countrymen without the slightest regard for her own safety, and, in January 1814, she was smitten with a virulent hospital fever. Fichte was struck down the day after his wife was pronounced out of danger. He lingered on for some days in a semi-conscious state, and succumbed on January 27th, 1814.

Yet he lives.....

"DADDY, WHAT IS THE NEW WORLD ORDER?"

(A spokesperson replies on the day of the NWO's victory:)

Red banners float as shadows lean their lengths
 Away; the sun glides up behind the muscled back
 Of Hell's dawnshining god, whose iv'ry arms
 Stretch out in supplicating summons to
 The massed hordes on the roadside.
 He smiles, and fierce words bray forth from his throat:
 "Come, my callow, cowed, knee-bending throng!"
 Upon the monstrous shoulders glossed with gold
 I stand with wonted invitations to
 You all. The tall lamps just below my feet
 Are garlanded with mockers spilling forth
 Their bloated tongues between half-gritted teeth;
 Such mouths will lure with noxious sorcery
 No more—yet these loud, roiling roisterers,
 Through which my ship doth sail, swell in their brine
 With frenzy frothing in chaotic eyes,

Awaiting decimation in the tide.

Now from the alleyways the foetid stench
 Of heroes toppled from fouled pedestals
 On dead-eyed heretics proceeds in haste,
 With warming breeze propelling memory.
 Yet still the swarm bursts forth from bourns of earth
 To hop my hecatomb gone wheeling down
 The Road of Death which I will soon sum up
 In one wide sea of bubbling butchery.
 The Beast would have it thus. For who am I?
 Well might you ask, you dregs, *dissecta membra*,
 Filthy orts spewn from the sewer's maw
 On this the One World's coronation day;
 But answer have I none, for he who'd hear
 (And, hearing, would perpend) has dripped from out
 Our clutches and become a blood-caked mess
 Piled up with those pathetic choristers
 Who played Cassandra to our wondrous Change.
 As what was done was done in your full sight,
 I'll be your ruler now; I'll feed the Beast
 And ease you through his entrails morsel-wise.

The sun's enthroned at middle of the day,
 And all the burgs begin to dash hot waves
 Of steaming, fungoid filth from shore to shore,
 From sex to sex; the feeble orgiasts,
 Who titter and spew forth inventive oaths
 Through strange mirages, moist with crime,
 Now tear at one another, squirting spray
 From sickened arteries upon their gowns,
 Whose gaudy, sequined, iridescent folds
 Are grimed with mud and excremental gouts,
 The dark decoctions of experienced
 Uranians, and madly-thirsting gulfs

Of drones now shorn of freedom's pale allure.
 An ulcerated, pulsing protoplasm
 Heaves its mass before the worshippers
 Who sluice their fluids to its bursting loins
 Like drunkards spewing into porcelain.
 Now, swiftly, are the slaves shot forth from wombs
 To bear the tortured rites to centuries
 You'd not imagine in your darkest nights.
 The day is dimming to its close, and still
 The wheels find servitors to slime their rims
 With fondly nurtured children's steaming gore.
 But as the night drops down, and shadows grope
 Towards you in the twilit glamor, we
 Determine—O the Moon begins to climb!—
 That some great, hirsute prowler in the Beast
 Must now erupt from alabaster, turned
 To one great feral mass of storming death.
 Now upward to his waist streams forth your blood,
 And downward to his metamorphosed claws
 Pours moonlight as new asphalt-folk burst forth
 To immolate themselves upon the altar
 Of his lycanthropic rage unmasked.
 You craved the spoor of Thanatos by day, and now
 You'll feel our dark Lord's vulpine tooth crack through your skull:
 Let us be done with words, with words, with deepsleep words;
 Let us now loft ourselves through vistas shimmering
 In whirling deeps now gathered to the grasp of *MIND*.
 It's time to spawn perfection on the several worlds,
 Lest we who hurled the spears invite them to our necks.

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REVIEW

"Schindler's List": A Post-mortem

by Major Donald V. Clerkin

Steven Spielberg's "Schindler's List" is probably the final act of Jewish Hollywood's attempt to promote the Great Hoax. Whereas the films "Holocaust," and "War and Remembrance" made the vain attempt to portray the National Socialists as rationally machine-like in their studied brutality toward the Jews, "Schindler's List" reversed the psychological process and made one particular German, SS officer Amon Goeth, commandant of the Plaszow concentration camp, appear as a totally deranged man. Goeth killed Jews for no reason in "Schindler's List." He did not delight in his murderous ways; he seemed unconcerned with them. This is a sign of insanity in anyone.

Jewish psychoanalysis has proclaimed since Sigmund Freud that insanity absolves the criminal of his crimes. For this reason most exterminationists have argued that Adolf Hitler was not insane, which is true, though a popular notion has it that Hitler was insane. The Jews will allow no exoneration, no exculpations for Adolf Hitler. Hitler must be held responsible for the murder of the fabulous Six Million; therefore, the Holocaustians no longer question his sanity, his clinical state of mental health. To continue to do so would raise a dichotomy: how could an insane Adolf Hitler be held culpable for genocide?

But the case of Amon Goeth is just the opposite. His insanity is clearly stated in the film. Yet the Jews do not absolve him. (Note: Commandant Amon Goeth was indicted by an SS administrative court on charges of mistreating inmates at Plaszow and for money corruption. He was sentenced to prison by Judge Konrad Morgen. "Schindler's List" shows none of this.) The Jews further condemn Amon Goeth for desiring the Jewess Helena Hirsch, whom Goeth took into his house as a servant, beating her mercilessly for no apparent reason, another sign of insanity. Amon

Goeth is portrayed as a tub of guts, almost effeminate in his manner; another example of the dichotomy of the Jewish response to implied homosexuality. Jews constantly defend the homosexual and the perverted lifestyle that goes with homosexuality, still they cast Amon Goeth as a near-queer, supposedly to further revolt the masses who view the film and who are not Jewish, thus having no love for the homosexual and his perversion. Why Goeth beats Helena Hirsch is never explained. At the end of the film, Goeth admits his lust for the woman to Schindler, telling him that war is over he would like to take her to live with him in Vienna.

The only German redeemed in "Schindler's List" is Oskar Schindler himself; and this because he is a *shabbas goy*. The real Oskar Schindler was a failure at business before the war, but who flourished on the black market once the war began. His own wife denounced him as a scoundrel who fed his Jewish workers spoiled meat he bought cheap. The film portrayed Schindler first as a cold profiteer, then slowly as a sympathetic protector of the Jews and actually a saboteur of the German war effort.

And what of the Jews themselves? They as usual are at once brilliant, kind, patiently long-suffering, and victorious against all adversity. "Schindler's List" spares no bathos in its description of the travails suffered by Jews at German hands. They are shot for their advice on building construction, for not making hinges fast enough—the semi-automatic pistols mysteriously misfire in one scene wherein a little rabbi who makes hinges is saved—and as target practice for Amon Goeth from a balcony of the commandant's house portrayed in the film as situated atop a hill, while in the plans of the Plaszow camp the commandant's house lies at the bottom of a hill, from which Goeth could not have targeted the Jewish camp inmates. Nothing is spared to tell this lurid tale of German insanity. We see an SS guard screaming with joy as bodies are burned. But only in "Schindler's List" has the insanity defense been set aside. Germans are never to be absolved.

I would not have missed this film for the world. It must be the final act of the Holocaust exterminationist play, the Jews' answer to the Christian Passion Play. Should the next holohoax film por-

tray the Germans as being sane in their atrocities, how will the dichotomy raised in "Schindler's List" be answered?

Every Jew with a typewriter or a camera is liable to concoct a new version of the holohoax. Steven Spielberg, known to his admirers as the producer of the "Indiana Jones" and "Jurassic Park" films, no doubt thought that his portrayal of Germans in "Indiana Jones" made us laugh too much at the venality he alleged of the Germans. Something more "dramatic" was required to get the *goyim* into a state of guilt feelings. The Kehillah probably thought that no one should ever again laugh at Nazi antics. Thus, Spielberg may have been told to tighten up the portrayal, make the Germans really look like devils. So the little NOVEL "Schindler's List" was dredged up and Spielberg made it into a film in black-and-white so it would remind us of a documentary. The final package, incidentally, caused some California middle schoolers to laugh hysterically in the theatre they were dragged to as part of their coursework; they could not believe the gratuitous killing sprees depicted of Amon Goethe. Spielberg had not counted on the obvious: so outrageous was Goeth's portrayed behavior, that schoolchildren saw through the dismal attempt to present a comic opera character as a serious player on the stage of recent history. The middle schoolers were subsequently forced to endure "sensitivity training," the lesson taught—"Thou shalt not laugh at a Jewish tale of woe."

"Schindler's List" gets three stars for the scene wherein a little Polish girl cries out to the departing Jews of Warsaw: "Goodbye, Jews!"

From *Euro-American Quarterly*, Autum, 1994.

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Outrage

Racine, Wisconsin - When New Jersey Skinhead Joe Rowan was shot in the back by a black racist at 2:15 A.M., 1 October 1994, he became another casualty in the race war going on in America. We expect to take casualties as we expect to retaliate, but we do not expect to see the cowardly whites of Racine to act like Joe Rowan deserved to die at the hands of a nigger. Neither do we

expect the Racine County District Attorney Robert Flancher, The Courthouse, 730 Wisconsin Avenue, Racine, Wisconsin 53403, Phone -(414) 636-3172 / FAX - (414) 636-3346, to piss the matter away, claiming that witnesses can't identify anyone. The D.A. says that Joe Rowan's friends won't cooperate. Maybe. But there was an employee on duty at the gasstation-quick mart where Joe Rowan was murdered. There was a female customer in the store; and a video tape recorded what happened. When I called the D.A.'s office to ask about witnesses, I was told by an assistant D.A. that those witnesses can't identify anyone. 'Won't identify anyone?' I asked. 'We don't know,' was the response.

The murderer is a black who was in that gas station in the early morning carrying a gun. Possibly a gang member, though the media and local press called the suspect a 'solid citizen.' He was held four days and then released without being charged. When this particular murdering nigger was released, there was a mob of niggers awaiting him with pats on the back and cheers! THIS IS THE REASON WHY NO LOCALS WILL IDENTIFY THE KILLER: RACIAL SOLIDARITY AMONG NIGGERS. The whites in Racine are either too scared or too unconcerned about the death of a white man to come forward with evidence against a murderous nigger. There are methods of compelling testimony in criminal cases such as murder—grand juries, 'John Doe' investigations—which have the power of subpoena, placing witnesses under oath. But Racine County D.A. Robert Flancher sees no compelling reason to subpoena anyone; no compelling reason to charge the nigger who killed Joe Rowan with murder. And why not? There might be a nigger riot. And the white trash who don't care that Joe Rowan was murdered in Racine are putting no pressure on the District Attorney to do anything.

Joe Rowan was one of us, a white racist, a Skinhead. He was from New Jersey, but what matter. He was shot in the back by a nigger! Joe Rowan was not personally known to me; nevertheless, he was my Aryan comrade. He was shot in the back by the nigger—Joe Rowan was unarmed.

My call to the D.A.'s office was to put the only pressure I

knew would be applied by anyone—the media didn't care that a murder was done in Racine—a police spokesman could only utter infantile criticisms of the Skinheads for having chosen Racine for their rock concert—and the people, the white people seemed to condone the murder because Joe Rowan was a 'nasty white bigot.' The nigger supporters of the murderer were at least honest in saying that the shooter killed a 'dirty cracker.' They knew he did it, and they loved him for it.

What can I say to those Skinhead comrades of Joe Rowan? I can tell them to go armed when they must confront niggers. Niggers carry guns all the time—and you now know they will use them without blinking an eyelash. This race war we are in is no game—no mere stomping party: it is kill or be killed. The lesson to be learned from Joe Rowan's murder and its aftermath is that we Aryan racialists have no friends among the boob population of Blankos. They do not care that niggers murder us. Well, we don't care that they are the niggers' next likely victims. There will be no help for them when the blackhordes descend upon them. Blankos deserve the fate that awaits them. Joe Rowan was one of us. He was killed in what we consider race warfare. Blankos want to think that integration will appease the niggers. Joe Rowan had but to be white, proudly white, and the nigger shooter killed him. What can the Blankos expect but more of the same.

Something must be done to compel witnesses in Racine to give testimony. I call on all Skinhead witnesses to the killing of Joe Rowan to come forward and give their evidence. I also call on the District Attorney of Racine County Robert Flancher to convene a 'John Doe' investigation in this matter. If he will not do this, if he will not adequately obtain evidence against the murderer of Joe Rowan, then he must be ordered by Mandamus, by a court order, to convene an evidentiary hearing wherein the testimony of witnesses will be given under oath. There can be no question but that the murder of Joe Rowan will not go unanswered. You see the address and phone number of Robert Flancher on the first page. Don't allow him to pass this vile murder off. He has returned the case to the Racine Police Depart-

ment for 'further investigation.' That means nothing will be done: Joe Rowan's murder is in the DEAD FILE. But I can't permit it to stay there. If no one will file for Mandamus, I will have to.

Mandamus is an extraordinary equity writ applied only when a remedy at law does not apply. If granted by a court, it orders a public officer to do his duty. Now we cannot compel the District Attorney Robert Flancher to charge someone. Even a court cannot order that. But the writ of Mandamus can order him to do his utmost to bring a murderer to justice. This can only be accomplished when an evidentiary hearing compels testimony under oath. Someone saw that nigger shoot and kill Joe Rowan. Someone can identify the killer. That someone and corroborative testimony must be obtained. If not, then Joe Rowan's killer will get off.

If the County of Racine, Wisconsin is frightened of a nigger riot, or bad national publicity over the vigorous search for evidence against a black murderer, then consider the reputation Racine will justly earn by sweeping the murder of Joe Rowan under a carpet. This act of unconcern for Joe Rowan will set a dangerous precedent. For when the black trash who hate all whites realize that murder is free in Racine for them when they kill whites, there will be such a rage of killings that even Robert Flancher will be unable to suppress. Racine may think that because Joe Rowan was a Skinhead, he has no standing anywhere, no human right to life. But the spirit of a dead Joe Rowan will serve to haunt Racine until his killer is before the bar of "justice." I could say here that were it the other way round, and a Skinhead murdered a black in that store, why then Robert Flancher would have to act to bring someone to trial. He would lose his job for taking as much time as he has already taken in the Joe Rowan murder case. The Racine Police would not be allowed to rest until the white killer was apprehended and charged. But Joe Rowan was just a Skinhead, and Racine officialdom think that no one really cares. What a surprise Racine officialdom are about to get.

From *The Talon*, November 1994, published by
Euro-American Alliance, Box 21776, Milwaukee WI 53221.

Bridging the Gap...?

The following is a letter from a long-time supporter of Dr. Oliver and of Liberty Bell Publications. Mrs. M.v.S was, together with the late and beloved Dr. Foelsche, the first two contributors of \$1,000 each when, in 1985, I started a fund appeal to supply Dr. Oliver with his first computer and thus ease his work tremendously.

October 26, 1994

Dear George;

I don't know if you are ready for this so soon after the loss of Dr. Oliver to *Liberty Bell*, but I have a few thoughts concerning the future direction of L.B. I would like to tell you about.

In your November issue, Joseph Pryce and R. Hoehler both have good points to make in their articles, but both of their works are so heavily obscured with unfamiliar terminology they are exhausting to read. Both authors, of course, lack the magnificent talent of Dr. Oliver to tell a story plainly while at the same time drawing the reader into higher levels of culture with consummate language skills.

[*Ed. Note: Well, could you name just one person in the United States or elsewhere who could conceivably fill our late Professor's shoes? I know I couldn't! So give good ole José a chance, he'll get there. And, howabout you doing a number for LB once in a while. You do have what it takes to get me hopping.*

You are walking a tightrope right now, I know, trying to maintain the high standards set by Dr. Oliver and yet keep the *Liberty Bell* interesting and solvent. It's not going to be easy. [*Ed. Note: Believe you me, it hasn't been easy for the past 21 years. Friends like you, the late Dr. Foelsche, a friend of 21 years*

from Chicago who has to remain unnamed, German friends across the border from Buffalo, NY, a friend in Nevada, and several other smaller contributors, including several elderly folks who contributed, and contribute to this day, to *Liberty Bell* from their small Social Security pensions, kept us in food and the wolves away from the door! — No, it wasn't easy, and it will not be easier in the future, if for no other reason than what a certain lady, when I suggested years ago to pass on copies of *Liberty Bell* to increase circulation and spread the word even farther, told me over the phone, in as many words, that she could not afford to pass on *Liberty Bell* because of its rabid anti-Christian flavor.]

The article by Vic Olvir [see *Liberty Bell*, November 1994, page 41] was almost an attempt to bridge the gap between paganism and Christianity, an unnatural compromise that Dr. Oliver would never have countenanced. You might coax a few lightweight Christians back into the fold with such vacillations, but nothing is to be gained from sleeping with the enemy but more confusion and loss of direction and I hope L.B. doesn't lapse into that position. You made your stand for paganism and I hope you stand firm.

[Ed. Note: Dear M.v.S., I have seen your occasional literary contributions in *Instauration*, and I am wondering if you have already read the riot act to Vic Olvir for writing such "gap-bridging," "compromising" material which I (in your book, obviously) was foolish enough to copy and reprint in *Liberty Bell*. No, put your mind at rest, this reprint was not an attempt on my part to bridge any gap or make any unnatural compromise "Dr. Oliver would never have countenanced." What Dr. Oliver—my dearest friend, next to my former girlfriend of 46 years—would or would not have countenanced of the article in question is pure speculation without any basis in fact on your part. You may want to refresh your memory by re-reading Dr. Oliver's "Postscript" which appeared in the June 1993 issue of *Liberty Bell* entitled:

CLARIFICATION

Communications that I have recently received by mail and telephone oblige me to state precisely the extent of my responsibility for what appears in this periodical.

What I write appears in *Liberty Bell* without editorial intervention. I am therefore entirely responsible for the content and style of everything that appears under my name, except, of course, for any mechanical slip that may occur between the proof-sheets and the final printing. The editor is responsible only for the publication of what I have written.

Since I have not been blessed with the infallibility of evangelists, I am likely to be guilty of inadvertent errors and oversights. I shall be grateful for corrections, as I am grateful to the valued correspondents who send me useful information, whose names I do not disclose without specific permission.

I write for the tiny number of individuals who wish, not to be shocked by horrors, but to understand their antecedent and sometimes remote causes, so far as that may be possible. My concern is with facts and their causality, not with scribbling egotistic rodomontade. I have neither time nor inclination to disregard our desperate plight by indulging in the now fashionable distraction of lambasting fellow "racists" in billingsgate. And if you wish broadsides in simplified language that (you imagine) will startle a million Americans from their narcotized slumbers, you must apply to some other writer.

I do not finance *Liberty Bell*. I would not do so, had I the means. That would contravene my principles. I have never subsidized or otherwise contributed financially to the publication of anything that I have written. I do not enjoy composing these little articles. I do so only on the chance that they may help my readers identify strands of the spider's web that has been woven about them and in which they are now held captive and helpless. I write with the hope of fostering in some small way the putative survival of our race and culture. To that end I employ whatever talent I may possess. It seems to me that when I have done that, I have done my part in a normal relationship between author and publisher. If our people do not see fit to arrange for the publication of what I earnestly offer them, then I am mistaken, either about a society that is no longer viable or about the value of what I have

written, and it would be an exercise of either futility or vanity to try to force it on the attention of the public. Such is my standard. Other writers feel otherwise. They may be right, but I cannot emulate their self-assurance.

I do not edit *Liberty Bell*. I do not see articles (other than my own) before they are published in it. I do not want to see them. Such energies as I have left are fully occupied by tasks that I hope I may live to complete. And if that were not so, I would not presume to admonish the editor about what he should include or exclude. If there are articles which offend or disgust you, communicate with him, not with me. I may agree with you, but do not expect me to endorse your opinion. Long ago, when I was young, there yet lingered in the Western world a tradition of courtesy toward one's hosts. An author is a guest at the publisher's table. According to the etiquette I was taught, it would be impolite to throw dishes or silverware at him.

[Ed. Note: So here we have it straight from Dr. Oliver's pen. — No, it was not an attempt at coaxing "a few lightweight Christians into the fold with such vacillations." If I ever attempted that, I am sure, Dr. Oliver would rest very uneasily in Valhalla. For fifteen or so years I was honored to have the Professor's trust and confidence; we talked on the phone at least once a week; we worked together very closely; I never USE or ABUSE my friends; never ever would I entertain the thought of betraying Dr. O's trust and confidence. With Dr. O's passing I lost someone, something, that I find very difficult to express my feelings on in these pages. — As far as "sleeping with the enemy" is concerned, well, I don't make it a habit to lie down with dogs, for the simple reason that I could conceivably get up with fleas (and who would want that?), nor have I ever made, nor will I ever make, a pact with the devil to further my own goals and interests, as some of our "Movement" people have done, and are doing to this day. I would rather starve to death before I would forsake my principles. — On another subject, our Dr. O, in all of these years of close cooperation, very much relied upon the help of one person: his faithful and graceful wife, Grace. Mrs. O, (as I would address her when telephoning, and she

would reply, "Ah, Georgie Porgie,") is the one who, with her (as I would call them) eagle eyes, proof-read all of the professor's writings until about a year ago. — I'll always treasure the pleasant visits I had with Dr. and Mrs. O, by telephone or in person, over the years. Mrs. Oliver is now residing at The Carle Arbours Nursing Home (Room 122 B, 302 Burwash Avenue, Savoy, Illinois, 61874—Phone: 217-383-3090. Won't you, please, remember Mrs. O at this Yuletide season? And tell Mrs. O, "Georgie Porgie" sent you, and you will have made her day!

The passing of Dr. Oliver should be a unifying and forging force for the truly dedicated and worthwhile people of our beliefs to come together to lay the ground work for really intelligent directions for the future of the movement. There is no further need for philosophizing or preaching to the choir. Dr. Oliver has said it all. Mr. Pryce seems to have the better handle on things in that regard, if he can only bring it into clear focus and in terms that the ordinary reader will understand.

[Ed. Note: Speaking of "ordinary reader", anyone who could comprehend and understand what Dr. O was saying, even if he or she had to run to the bookshelf and dust off good old faithful, the Oxford Dictionary, should be able to comprehend what Joe Pryce is saying. Besides, Dr. O never wrote, and I never published, for every Tom, Dick and Harry on the street.]

My fondest determination is that my means will increase to the point that I can help you substantially in a project such as this [Thank you, Mrs. M.v.S.; I shall keep my binoculars aimed in your direction. Have a Happy New Year!].

As always,
Mrs. M.v.S., Washington
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HAIL AND FAREWELL TO A SAGE

by
Dr. Charles E. Weber

On 19 November 1994 a memorial symposium was held in honor and celebration of the life of Dr. Revilo P. Oliver (1908-1994), who died last summer in failing health. The symposium was held at the Jumer Hotel east of the huge University of Illinois campus and near the home in which he had lived for many years and kept a great number of books which he treasured. Dr. Oliver had taught for many years at the University of Illinois in Urbana as a professor of Classical languages. He was present at the founding meeting of the John Birch Society but resigned from that organization in 1966. He wrote voluminously on a great variety of topics for *American Opinion* and later for the *Liberty Bell*. He was the author of a number of books, the most notable of which was *America's Decline*. He often reproached Aryan Americans for their insouciance about the growing power of their enemies.

The memorial symposium attracted speakers and publishers from such distant areas as Louisiana, Georgia, West Virginia, Oklahoma and Canada, for Dr. Oliver had not only enjoyed an international reputation in his immediate field, but was also one of the leading figures in a movement attempting an instauration of what has appropriately been called the dispossessed American majority.

Speakers read from his writings, analyzed his style, mentioned his lofty motivations for writing and pointed out some of the main characteristics of his thinking on the plight of the American racial majority. They expressed grateful praise of the power of his mind, his energy even in his last years and his courage.

A sense of painful loss prevailed at the symposium but there was also a spirit of comradeship which arose immediately, even though many of those present had never met in person. At the end of the formal part of the symposium Dr. Oliver's ashes were

taken to a nearby site which had played a large rôle in his academic life. Libations of wine were poured upon the ground in keeping with ancient traditions and his ashes were scattered while those present expressed farewell sentiments in Latin, English and German. Many lively discussions were then carried on until late in the night and at breakfast the following morning.

Some of them were dominated by a man from political life whose successes caused the established parties to resort to vile acts against him.

I, for one, hope that future meetings will be arranged for those who were present at the symposium and many others whose thought has been enriched by this great teacher. Perhaps a society could be formed to honor



him and to continue to derive stimulation from his life and writings.

[Editor's Note: Attorney Sam Dickson of Georgia and Charles Barenfanger of Illinois, who made the arrangements for this memorial symposium, deserve our gratitude for making this event indeed a memorable one.]

Nur eines gibt es, das ewig währt—
Der Toten Tatenruhm.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

For as long as there are white men, Dr. Oliver's name will be honored. He has done his part to ensure that this will be forever. He truly was the great champion of our race in our time. Our loss is inestimable.

You, Mr. Dietz, have earned our everlasting gratitude by publishing Professor Oliver's work to the very end.

Sieg Heill
W.U.S., Pennsylvania

✂ ✂ ✂

Dear Sir,

I enclose payment for a sub renewal and a little extra for you. I regret very much Dr. Oliver's death, it's a great loss for all of us.

All the best to you and your family. Keep up the good work.

Very truly yours,
D.M., New York

✂ ✂ ✂

Dear Mr. Dietz,

Enclosed is bank draft for my subscription renewal.

I have written to Mr. Dickson requesting that he acknowledges my respects for the passing of our great Aryan warrior, Prof. Oliver, and to convey my condolences to Grace Oliver.

Many thanks for your indefatigable efforts in defending the Aryan race over the past twenty years.

Yours fraternally,
Thomas D. Hume, Australia

✂ ✂ ✂

Dear Mr. Dietz,

Many thanks indeed for recently sending me further issues of *Liberty Bell*. It is always a pleasure to see your very interesting publications.

I was of course particularly gratified to see that you had chosen to reproduce in your October issue the first part of "The Way Ahead", taken from No. 27 of my *Gothic Ripples*. I anticipate that there will be at least two and possibly more further parts to this writing, appearing in successive issues of my bulletin.

It was indeed most sad news to hear of the death of Prof. Revilo Oliver

whose learned articles, containing such a fund of information, appeared so long and so regularly in *Liberty Bell*. He was truly a giant of the pen.

With best wishes to you in your great work,

Yours sincerely,
Colin Jordan, England

✂ ✂ ✂

Editor "....." Magazine,
Sir:

There is something terribly wrong with the racial / rightist movement in this country. There is no cohesion; no direction. There is nothing but a continual whine about what the Negroids are getting away with and how we aren't allowed any of those Negroidal privileges. Also, many verbal blasts are directed at the Jews, as if such is effective against those thick-skinned.

I think the "....." is a cop-out. It is just one long moan from people who, while claiming to be aware of our problems, plan no sticking of their necks out in trying to solve them.

Britain, at least, has a going party: the British National Party. It now has chapters all over the UK. It publishes a monthly journal, *The Spearhead*, and runs people for office. The BNP has the same bitter, Zionist enemy to confront that we have here. Even more so. They haven't a First Amendment. Many of the Party's hierarchy have had to spend time in jail because of the things they have said about blacks and Jews. So much for the vaunted freedoms of these "New Order" democracies.

Why can't we organize? Why must we continue to flail away on an individual basis or as members to tiny little clubs? The result of this flailing? Hardly a pinprick of pain in the skin of our well-heeled, ruthless and cunning enemy?

Frankly, I'm disgusted with the lot of you. All this talk about how we are going to prevail in the future is just so much hot air. We'll never prevail without hard work, good ideas, money, dedication and neck-risking courage. We've got to protect each other's flanks and backs. We can't go-it-alone.

We've got to gather all like-minded thinkers of the Aryan race into one mass. This separation / segregation of our race is a must! We have got to lay out a core of beliefs that all our people will have to accept and abide by. Around the periphery of the core is a lesser important zone where different ideas are free to vie for attention. However, the core must be fixed. Those who cannot accept the core beliefs will have to go elsewhere. The present-day Republican Party is a perfect example of what happens when a party allows its core to melt away. I defy anyone to tell me what the GOP stands for today.

Even if we only number 100,000, we can have the effect of 100 times that number if we act with kamikaze courage. If we stick by our brothers and sisters to

the death when they fall afoul of that great squid, JUG (Jewish Usurped Government), our impact will be shattering. Not only shattering, but exhilarating. After all, we are *lex naturalis*; we are right!

We must as 24-karat gold: pure. The virtues of honesty, honor, truth, bravery and devotion to our race must be the highly visible norm of our tribe. Equally visible will be our Aryan women. Our sisters are such an important and valuable asset. Without them, our race is doomed. We must give them the type of brave warrior mate they want and deserve. They shall share our councils as did our Teutonic women ancestors in that golden age before the Jewish religions enslaved our minds and bodies fourteen hundred years ago.

We, the 100,000, must be that core of decency, naturalness, and honor that, like a shining beacon, will attract the young to us as moths to the flame. Only through action can we achieve anything. The time for moaning and wringing hands is past. Let's begin moving toward each other into a critical mass of strength. A mass that will spark the social explosion so very much longed for. Before that drift to the center can take place, though, the arduous task of defining our core must be completed. Religion must not be a part of that core. Religion can be one of those ideas to be debated in the outer core periphery.

Who is the brilliant, selfless, honorable, fearless, charming, confident man of will around whom we shall swarm? He should, like Adolf Hitler, be trained as an architect and artist as well as a scientist. Like Hitler, he must be imbued with a great love for his race and with a driving obsession to rescue it from the decay that is and the ruin that waits. Around such a man others will be drawn as iron filings to a magnet. A lesser leader cannot inspire the devotion and spirit of sacrifice that will be required to overawe the almost unscalable obstacles set in our path by that brutal, sly and powerful enemy who leers so arrogantly in our faces.

Where are you, O' Roland, O' Arthur, O' Alfred, O' Friederich, O' George? Rise! The time is now! The sands of our glass slow to a trickle. Our peril is extreme.

Cole Steele

✠ ✠ ✠

90 Castleton Drive
Toms River, New Jersey 08757

1 October 1994

The Editor
Asbury Park Press
Neptune, New Jersey

Dear Sir:

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This refers to Mr. Sal J. Foderaro's "Revealing dark secrets of national nuclear experiments. (1 September 1994). Mr Foderaro reports well the bestial experimentation by Americans on Americans. An agency of the U.S. Government performs ghastly experiments covertly on unsuspecting Americans, and conceals them from the American people.

The gang that ran horrifying nuclear radiation experiments secretly on human beings added hypocrisy to sadism. Files of the responsible agency purport to show that the nature of its experiments "point to (whatever that means) similarities between these tests and those performed in Nazi concentration camps, and noted 'a little of the Buchenwald touch' in the U. S. experiments."

To deflect criticism of its criminal behavior, the agency resorts to a cynical lie, and calumniates people who can't defend themselves. The Germans first produced nuclear fission. Since they did not intend to build an atomic bomb, they had no need to test nuclear radiation on humans. Even the Nuremberg lynch tribunals didn't accuse them of that. Earlier, the Germans discovered "X-rays", properly known as Roentgen Rays, and created the equipment to use them. There was no question of radiation experiments on human beings in connection with these, either.

To becloud the issue of their horrifying testing and, perhaps, to erase the memory, if not the guilt, of their actions, the American experimenters employed an old ruse. They pointed a finger at others, declaiming: "They did it first!"—which, of course, had nothing to do with their own behavior. In any case, by the time it became evident that the others didn't do it first, or at all, it was hoped, and expected, that the all Anglo-American crimes would be well out of sight under the rug, and forgotten.

When, in connection with "They did it first!", the devil-words "Nazi" and "Buchenwald" are employed, the obfuscation and deception are overwhelming.

"Nazi" has sinister antecedents. Among them: "Fuzzywuzzy," "Gook," and "Hun." They are expressions of the, originally English, then Anglo-American practice of dehumanizing the enemy.

It started with the fuzzywuzzies, and Rudyard Kiplings "lesser breeds beyond the pale" (i.e., non-English). To the English master race the original inhabitants of Australia and Tasmania were not human beings, but fuzzywuzzies. On Sunday afternoons, after Divine Worship, and at other times, English ladies and gentlemen hunted fuzzywuzzies as they did foxes in the Motherland. They exterminated the native population of Tasmania, history's first absolute genocide. In Australia, some of the native peoples escaped the English hunting parties, and the race, horribly degraded, survives as "aborigines."

"Gook" is the more picturesque American term for an enemy we deem sub-human, or non-human. It was used in the Spanish-American War, when we "liberated" Cuba, Puerto Rico, the Philippines, and some smaller islands. In the

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Philippines there were warlike tribes that resisted the U.S. conquest and occupation. They rose up in what were called "insurrections." The "resistance" and the "freedom fighters" of that day were "gooks" to the U.S. Army, who slaughtered them by the tens of thousands.

"Hun" is more sophisticated than "fuzzywuzzy" or "gook." It serves the same purpose, and then some. "Hun" doesn't merely dehumanize the enemy, it demonizes him. It was used by the British in their anti-German atrocity-lie propaganda of World War I. The British drew on thousand-year-old tales of ravage by Attila buried in the European psyche, to conjure up fear and hatred of the Germans.

It is ironic that the British, whose Empire subjugated, enslaved, and starved half the peoples of the planet, should apply the epithet "Hun" to the Germans, who never subjected, nor exploited, any people.

In a mindless frenzy of anti-Germanism directed not only against Germany, but against Americans of German parentage, against the German language, against German literature, against German music, in a manic campaign that went on for years after the end of World War I, "Hun" was quickly and avidly embraced in the United States. "Johnny get your gun, get your gun, get your gun, Johnny kill the Hun, kill the Hun, kill the Hun!" became American foreign policy under Woodrow Wilson, and continues, substantially, to be so.

Calling them "Huns" eased the murdering of surrendered German soldiers, and the machine-gunning of sailors floundering helplessly in the sea. The British used "Hun" to their moral justification (which they proffer for each of their crimes) for the worst single atrocity against humanity up to that time in this century: The British hunger blockade. It was kept in force long after the war ended. It starved to death a million German children, their mothers, and their grandparents.

"Nazi" appeared in March 1933 at the time of World Jewry's declaration of war on Germany, which brought on World War II. "Nazi" was employed in the same manner as "Hun" (which is still in use).

However, due, principally, to a now dictatorially dominant, all-obliterating media, "Nazi" is an imprecation of vastly greater extent and effect.

A stupefied populace, morally dulled by the incessant hammering of pernicious alien doctrines, purposely kept ignorant of American and western history, has been brainwashed into accepting "Nazi" and "Nazism"—about which it knows less than nothing—as a uniquely fiendish embodiment of evil.

After the total destruction of Germany half a century ago, after Korea, Vietnam, Lebanon, the Persian Gulf, and an assortment of minor slaughters in between and since, including Libya, Panama, and Somalia, "Nazi" is still with us.

Nurtured and exploited by the media, by Hollywood, and by the majority of politicians on every level, who have found it to be the most effective attention-grabber, and attention-diverter, ever, "Nazi" is more alive than ever.

Moreover, it has come home to roost, as it were. Criminals of all stripes cry "Nazi", or interject "a Nazi angle" to distract awareness of their guilt, as in the case of the nuclear radiation experiments recounted by Mr Foderaro.

Those who noted "a little of the Buchenwald touch" in the all-American nuclear radiation tests on human beings, failed to note a larger and more prominent touch. This was the cage in the center of the camp compound. It figured extensively in the "Holocaust" literature. The cage held a bear and an eagle. Every day a live Jew would be tossed into the cage. The bear would tear him apart and the eagle would pick his bones. As sworn to by "survivors." Their testimony, which should still be in the files, also "points to" "Nazi crimes in Buchenwald."

Sal J. Foderaro's report is excellent. It is gentlemanly of him to stress the very great credit due Hazel O'Leary. It would be salutary to have more, many more, like her in the Administration. *The Asbury Park Press* does the public a service in publishing Mr Foderaro's report.

Sadly, Mr Foderaro's revelation, restricted to nuclear radiation experiments, is only partial. This sort of thing has been going on in other fields for many years. Beginning well before World War II, sponsored by their manufacturers, clandestine testing of drugs and pharmaceuticals, of biologicals and chemicals, was carried out on prison inmates and on government hospital patients in the United States, sometimes with gruesome outcome. This experimentation goes on to the present day.

Perhaps Mr Foderaro could investigate these practises as well. His reports are sure to be edifying, and socially valuable.

Yours very truly,
Carl Hottelet

☆☆☆

C.R. Hottelet
90 Castleton Drive
Toms River, New Jersey 08757

Mr Bruce Thiesen
National Commander
American Legion
Indianapolis, Indiana

Dear Sir:

The Legion declares it is for god and country. "Witnesses to the Holocaust" in the August 1994 Magazine moves me to ask, Whose God? What country?

The reasons for my questions are set forth in my letter of 19 October 1994 to

Mr Wheeler and Mr Greenwald.

I would be grateful for your comment on the propriety of the American Legion's promoting the "Holocaust".

C.R. Hottelet

19 October 1994

Enclosure

☆ ☆ ☆

19 October 1994

90 Castleton Drive
Toms River New Jersey 08757

Mr Daniel S. Wheeler, Publisher, Editor in Chief
John Greenwald, Editor
The American Legion Magazine,
Post Office Box 1055
Indianapolis, Indiana 46206

Dear Sirs:

The rehash of warmed over concentration camp horror stories in "Witnesses to the Holocaust" (August 1994) is so crude, so one-dimensional that it insults the intelligence of your readers.

It can be seen only as an attempt to re-inflate the hatred against Germany and Germans kindled by World Jewry's declaration of war on Germany in March 1933. That declaration of war brought on World War II, which, together with its sequels, caused a million American dead and maimed. A noteworthy holocaust, and a real one.

The Jewish declaration of war automatically made every Jew on German territory an enemy alien. As did every other country on earth, Germany put enemy aliens into concentration camps.

Germany was the last European country to establish such camps. The first country to set up a concentration camp was Great Britain, in its war against the Boers, at the beginning of this century. It was a real, purposeful death camp. In it the British deliberately starved to death—in an effort to make their fighting men surrender—twelve thousand children and women. That was a large proportion of the small Boer population.

Your writers start with Dachau. They recount once more what we have already heard 1,001 times. And they continue to suppress other parts of the story. For instance, when the Crusaders, now become Avenging Angels, entered the

camp a certain Lieutenant Bushyhead ordered his men to round up all non-internees in the camp. These included soldier convalescents and amputees from the eastern front, who were guards, doctors, and medics, sanitary and administrative personnel. In the meanwhile, Lt Bushyhead and some accomplices had mounted a machine gun on the roof of a barracks building. The people he had ordered rounded up were then bunched together against the wall of a building across the way. Bushyhead opened fire, six hundred people were slaughtered. A mini-holocaust. Bushyhead and his fellow-murderers were not even charged, much less tried, for this War crime.

A contingent of US troops was left in the camp. The 7th Army had been told by our rear echelon Psycho-Warfare crowd that hundreds of thousands of Jews were being killed in the Dachau gas chambers. When, upon having entered and inspected the camp, the 7th Army reported that there were no gas chambers, it was ordered to build one. Hence the troops that stayed in the camp. They forced Germans from near-by towns to construct a "Dachau gas chamber." Since neither the Americans nor the Germans knew what a "gas chamber" looked like, the product was not convincing. Inasmuch as visitors, especially Germans, for whose indoctrination the "gas chamber" was intended, didn't either, it served its purpose. It is still there.

The gas having been let out of its "gas chambers", so to speak, your authors skip Auschwitz to go from Dachau to Buchenwald. For Dachau they suppress fact, for Buchenwald they suppress fiction that was asserted for so long to be fact.

There was Buchenwald's most spectacular feature: A cage which stood in the open in the center of the compound. It held a bear and an eagle. Each day a live Jew would be tossed into the cage. The bear would tear him apart, the eagle would pick his bones. "Eye witness survivors" swore to that. It figured for years in the "Holocaust" literature.

There were, of course, "gas chambers" and "crematory ovens", into which thousands of Jews marched docilely every day. "Eye Witness" survivors swore to that, too.

But Buchenwald was more resourceful in that Jews were killed, in batches of tens of thousands daily, by many highly original techniques: Jammed into huge sealed and roofed-over enclosures, they were *steamed* to death; or, in the same structure, the air would be withdrawn, and they were *vacuumed* to death; or, still in the same facility, it would be heated to such a degree that they would be *baked* to death. There was another imaginative structure. It contained a vast metal platform. Once the thousands of Jews were assembled on it, the platform would be lowered into a gigantic water tank, and the Jews would be *drowned*. Like the aforementioned structure, this one was multi-purpose. Instead of being lowered into the water, the platform would receive a high-amperage charge, and the Jews

would be *electrocuted*.

Nor were the more mundane methods of murdering Jews en masse neglected. They were *burned* in huge open pits. They were *shot*, a bullet in the back of the neck, Katyn-style, or *machine-gunned*, Dachau style. By *intravenous injection*, *clubbing*, *stabbing* (babies were tossed into the air to be speared on SS bayonets), by fiendish *medical experimentation*. And so on, and on. All "eye-witnessed" by "survivors."

There is a true Buchenwald happening that belongs most certainly in every honest report of the liberation of the camp. It is suppressed by the "Holocaust" promoters and beneficiaries. I have a friend of more than thirty-five years who, as a young infantryman, was in the first unit to enter the camp. He told me that on the first weekend after the liberation, the GIs invited women who had been internees, all either Jewish or Polish, to a beer party. When the party was well under way, they were gang-raped. The day after the "beer party" several of the victims approached my friend. "You know," they said, "the Wehrmacht never did that."

There were manifold reasons for death in the camps: Allied air bombardments, murder by kapos, and by the Communist gangs that terrorized the camps, which the SS seldom entered; accidents, at work and at sports; common illnesses. The occasional execution for sabotage, or for killing another detainee. And there were deaths from natural causes.

The mass killers were typhus and, to a subordinate degree, hunger. It is these two that accounted for the piles of corpses and the walking skeletons, two horrors Made in U.S.A.

When the US Army entered Naples in March 1945 it walked into an incipient typhus epidemic. Some inhabitants already had died of it. The slums of Naples, and of the adjacent Pozzuoli, were not less crowded than were Dachau and Buchenwald.

To judge by the records of earlier plagues in Europe and in Italy, the dead from a typhus epidemic among the crowded millions of Naples-Pozzuoli, could have been 23,000, or 230,000, or, who knows? But this time there was a new element: DDT. The Americans had a monopoly of it. The Army had it in vast abundance, more than enough to kill every louse from the Abruzzi to the Urals many times over. The US Army applied DDT profusely. The epidemic was contained. Deaths were held to 23—lamentable, but in context, minuscule.

In Dachau, Buchenwald, and in the other camps, the situation was different. There was typhus, but there was no DDT. The U.S. Command was informed precisely about conditions in the camps, through its own intelligence, and by the International Red Cross, whose observers had been allowed to enter the camps, and to move freely about in them, since they were opened.

The Red Cross had been apprehensive about the incidence of typhus in the

camps. With the eastern front moving westward toward Germany, through areas where typhus was endemic, it became alarmed at the threat of a plague that would ravage Europe. It saw the camps as foci of an epidemic that would spread to the German civil population, now especially susceptible, then extend into neighboring countries. US Army medical officers saw it the same way. The Red Cross pleaded with the Army for DDT for the internees, promising that not an ounce would get to the Germans.

The Army knew it could rely on that promise. The Red Cross never evinced even ordinary sympathy for Germany or for the German people. During World War I it had acted practically as fundraising and recruiting agent for England in the United States. Its attitude hadn't changed. Moreover, it was known that the Germans scrupulously passed into the camps humanitarian packages consigned to the internees. Nevertheless, the United States rejected all appeals for DDT for the camp inmates. The consequences were inexorable, and foreseeable. The number of dead rose far above the capacity of the crematories to dispose of the bodies. The piles of corpses mounted.

Cynics might remark that the United States wanted the piles of corpses. For one thing, they could be brandished as "justification" for the criminally insane crimes, hideously unique in history, that the United States, and its Allies—singing, "Onward, Christian Soldiers!"—committed against the German people during—and after—the war.

The circumstances around the second mass killer, hunger, that produced the walking skeletons, and contributing to the piles of corpses, were essentially the same as those relating to typhus. As Germany was bombed into chaos, the Red Cross observed the constant deterioration of rations for the civil population and for the camps, and detected the first signs of starvation. The US Army had more food than it could consume. The Red Cross pleaded for food for the internees. It assured the U.S. command that none would go to the Germans. Still, despite the predictable ghastly result, requests for food, as for DDT, were denied.

The International Red Cross, and others, were dumbfounded by the refusals. Weren't these people, whom the United States was condemning to death by plague and by hunger, the ones for whom the United States, since 1933, shed crocodile tears, and wrung its hands in sanctimonious anguish, over the fate it said would befall them at the hands of the brutal "Nazis!" They were.

But, you gotta be flexible. Think of the terrific propaganda value of piles of corpses and hordes of walking skeletons! It'll be good for centuries! And there is the "Holocaust" angle!

That the piles of corpses would have been smaller, and the walking skeletons fewer, is attested by the fact that even though deprived of the minimal help requested, by no means were all internees in all camps living skeletons when they were liberated. But those who weren't were seldom photographed, and then inci-

dentally, or coincidentally, and their pictures rarely appeared. Leslie and Jeremy Milk conceal that information, too.

The Milks say nothing about Buchenwald II, either. This is the original Buchenwald that "Ike", after its "liberation" handed over to his "gallant Soviet ally". The kapos and other Communist goons of Buchenwald I became administrators, wardens, and guards of Buchenwald II. The Buchenwald I internees were replaced by anti-Communist German civilians, but in Greater numbers. The camp hardly missed a beat in the transfer. It was now run as a Soviet Gulag. A quarter of its detainees were dead within the first five years of its operation. Buchenwald II—and the other Soviet Zone concentration camps—functioned for more than forty years after the war. The total number of those who perished in Buchenwald II—and in the other Soviet camps in Germany—can only be estimated. Mass graves are still being found.

Authoritative Jewish scholars, from Professor Yehuda Bauer of Hebrew University in Israel to Professor Arno Maier of Princeton University in New Jersey, long ago jettisoned the "6,000,000" lie (if they believed it in the first place) and other fables that made up the Tales of the "Holocaust." Professor Raoul Hilberg, University of New Hampshire, America's "Mr Holocaust", as an "expert witness" for the prosecution in the first great show trial of the heroic Ernst Zündel in Toronto, was forced by defence counsel to admit he had no evidence to support the "6,000,000" fetish, and that data on which he based a monumental book are, at best, vague. "Mr Holocaust", after undertaking to appear for the prosecution in the second episode of the great "Holocaust" show trial in Toronto, was a no-show. All scholars who can be taken seriously have acknowledged, for a long time, that "survivor" testimony is "suspect" and "unreliable." As is known, the Israeli Supreme Court stated that as its judicial opinion. In other words, the delusions, fantasies, and hallucinations of demented unfortunates, and of career "survivors", that are the essence of "docu-dramas", "Schwindler's List", and print-media fiction, are just that: lies and fantasies. What, then, is left of the "Holocaust?" Pictures of living skeletons and piles of corpses.

In 1989 the Soviet Union returned the "Auschwitz Death Books" to Germany. These were the records, kept meticulously by the camp administration, of fatalities—German and non-German administrative, civil, and military personnel, and internees—from *all causes* for the entire period over which the camp existed. Total deaths were 74,000. The records of the International Red Cross, kept at its affiliated Arolsen Institute in Munich, lists 367,000 deaths from 1933 until 8 May 1945, of German and non-German administrative, civil, and military personnel, and internees, from *all causes*.

In the face of the foregoing, for Leslie and Jeremy Milk to include a special section, ELEVEN MILLION DEAD, with their Germanophobic "Holocaust"

tract, is further evidence that they are a pair of lying "Holocaust" hacks, or of diseased mind which is about the same). Whoever publishes their venomous trash is in the same category.

Your magazine's masthead proclaims FOR GOD AND COUNTRY. When it prints something like "Witnesses to the Holocaust" it provokes questions. Whose God? Our Christian God? Or the hate-and-vengeance-crazed Yahweh? What country? America? Or the country that attacked wantonly an American surveillance ship, in an attempt to sink it, and thus blame the crime on the Egyptians, murdering thirty-four American sailors and wounding a hundred and seventy-one more, most of them seriously? The country that treacherously withheld from the American commander intelligence of an impending attack thereby delivering hundreds of U.S. Marines to their deaths when their Beirut barracks were blasted? The country that spies on us, constantly, on all levels? The country of which it is said "Murder, Inc.?" moved to Palestine and set up a state: The State of Israel?

Yours very truly,
Carl Hottel

Copy: Bruce Thiesen, National Commander

✂ ✂ ✂

Dear Mr. Dietz:

Just a thought on the events of 8 November: Amidst all of the contorted, improbable explanations for the resounding defeat of Clinton on 8 November written by leftist columnists, one looks in vain for any mention of the racial factor in the defeat, which might have been the decisive factor in quite a few Congressional contests, especially in the south. Thanks to the efforts of what might be called the "underground press," many voters we aware of Clinton's quite disproportionate appointments if Jews and Negroes, his disgusting escapades with Negresses and the apparently well-founded rumor that Clinton is the father of a Mulatto son.

Sincerely, Charles E. Weber

✂ ✂ ✂

Euro-American Alliance
P.O. Box 2-1776
Milwaukee, WI 53221

17 November 1994

G. Gordon Liddy Show
P.O. Box 3649
Washington, D.C. 20007

Dear Mr. Liddy:

The Germans considered the Jews to be enemy aliens. Jews, like Gypsies, were considered an infestation. There is no question that the Jews are part of an international front. They are today as they were in the Thirties. The attempt of the Germans to make Europe *Judenfrei* was justified on this basis. Jews made up the bulk of the leadership of all Marxist parties in Europe and North America—as they do today.

Are not Howard Metzenbaum, Diane Feinstein, Charles Schumer, and Arlen Specter 'enemy aliens'? Do they not work against the Constitutional rights of the American citizenry? Is not the ADL an enemy agency of a foreign power, namely, Israel? Everywhere you look there is a Jew agitating for race mongrelization (not their own!), increases in welfare, gun control, smut, and of course aid to Israel.

We Aryans today preach a separation of the races based on the inability of the races to create a national polity here. Rightaway the Jews step in and demand that we be silenced. We do not want to see our race destroyed by miscegenation. The Jews continue to force integration on the white race. Why should we consider them anything else but enemy aliens?

I don't promote the idea of exterminating Jews. I do stand by the concept of separating from them and all others who are not Aryans. White supremacy over white affairs is what we stand for. But say that, and some yapping bastard of a Jew starts screaming about a pogrom.

Sincerely,

Maj. Donald V. Clerkin, Chairman / Commander
Euro-American Alliance, Inc.

Note: This was faxed to G. Gordon Liddy (1-800-937-4329) while he interviewed Jew Yehuda Bauer. They both moaned and groaned about it after Liddy read it over the air. Liddy said he now knows why there must be a Holocaust Museum in Washington. Yehuda Bauer said that the Nazis are still around and must be stopped.

☆☆☆
Update

On November 3, 1994, I filed a Mandamus petition in Racine County Court in the matter of the murder of Joe Rowan. The District Attorney has done nothing to bring the killer to justice. It will be remembered that in 1990 Brian Kozel, a Milwaukee Skinhead, was shot to death by a Mexican. Nothing was done about that either. Two dead Skinheads in Wisconsin in four years is quite a record. Two county D.A.s have refused to do their duty. Blacks and Mexicans are obviously encouraged to kill more whites. There is no telling what sort of welcome I will get when the petition hearing comes up. The Racine Police are already mumbling about "outsiders" meddling in Racine affairs. The Racine D.A., Robert Flancher,

can't be too happy that an Aryan Movement man comes into his court to make him do his duty. I don't know what to expect from Judge Dennis Flynn. He is as Irish as I am, and he is just as likely to hate me as love me. At any rate, I am in court on this one.

THE ELECTION—Well, the white man has ostensibly thrown the Demicans out of office all over the country. He has elected the Republicrats. Will anything change? Old Bob Dole immediately fawned on Billary and vowed to compromise. Newt Gingrich spoke up and said his first move as Speaker of the House would be to rush the GATT through as fast as possible. GATT is a super NAFTA, with a World Trade Organization agreement that will hamstring whatever U.S. industry still exists. Expect the diminishing manufacturing jobs to be quickly exported to the Third World with WTO and GATT. But Newt Gingrich is going to help Billary get GATT passed in the Congress. Then good old Newt is going to argue for prayer in public schools. He isn't going to repeal Brady and Feinstein, the recent gun grabs. Old Dole isn't either. No, those Marxist impositions will be allowed to stand while the Republicrats work on really important things such as helping Billary recoup his presidency. And you may have thought that the Republicrat leadership is on your side. A few freshman congressmen may be willing to stand up for white civilization in North America, but the guys at the top of the Republicrat Party are all for open borders, more freebees for the 'minorities,' increased aid to Israel (watch and see if Jesse Helms will touch foreign aid to Israel!) and other things that the Demicans have been pushing. The Republicrats are Tweedle-Dee to the Demicans Tweedle-Dum. You can probably expect the Republicrats to lower the Capital Gains tax, which may help old white folks who have a second home to sell and a little stock to dump. But the Republicrats won't do a thing to close the porous border with Mexico. It won't demand a change in the Constitution that permits an illegal alien to drop a kid in the U.S., thus making the alien kid an automatic citizen. It won't back the Californians who courageously voted up Prop 187. No, the Republicrat Party will give the boobs feel-good legislation like prayer in public school, legislation that will be tied up in the courts forever and will be meaningless. But maybe it is all planned that way: when the Republicrats fail miserably, the boobs will return the Hillary-Billary crowd to office. If I am wrong about any of this, I will say so.

THE ARYAN REPUBLIC—Even if the patchwork cures of the Republicrat Party are somewhat successful, nothing can save the United States from its fate. The interest on the National Debt rises each year. When the Debt interest rises to the point whereat taxes cannot satisfy it, then cuts in the entitlements will perforce be made. The old timers on Social Security will be hit first, they are the easiest to swindle. Then veterans' pensions will be attached to pay the interest on the Debt. That won't be enough. The welfare class will then be asked to contribute. The Republicrats claim that they are going to end welfare cold turkey. If they try it the

cities will burn. If they reduce welfare payments to pay the interest on the Debt, the cities will burn. The blacks will consider any reduction of welfare expenditures to be a sign of an intention to commit genocide against them as a race. They will riot and burn, loot and kill. That has been their function in this Jewish-dominated U.S. society: to act as the Golem. To keep the Aryan busy while the Jews clean up the profits and the power. But now the Golem has got out of hand and he is about to bring the bloody house down about the ears of the Jews and all. The white voters saw this coming and tried to right things with a Republicrat Congress. It may have gone too far, even considering that the Republicrats have promised a balanced budget amendment to the Constitution and an end to welfare, plus a line-item veto for the presidency.

We Aryans have to look at this worsening situation as an end to what is and has been, and a beginning of a new era. As the System implodes the Aryans must begin the process of rebuilding a society, this time for Aryans only. The Aryan Republic is the only solution to the problem of the future. Even if the System of the present could be salvaged, it would be curtains for the white man. The white race will be a minority by the middle of the next century, but long before that the white man will become the absolute underdog in a Jewish-dominated mud society of loud-mouthed Marxists, queers with a grudge, and every person 'of color' living off the labor of the white drones. This is inevitable under the present system because the bosses refuse to stand up for the white man. They are deliberately turning America into a Third World swine pen for the profits accruing from coolie labor. Look how real wages have been falling in the United States since 1975. The System does not need manufacturing jobs that pay large hourly wages when they can export the jobs for pennies on the dollar. Lush Limpnutz won't tell you this. That fat bastard is making his Thirty Pieces of Silver while white America shrivels up. Everybody in the System gets rich while the country fills up with muds, useless caters that are ready to pick the bones of the white man and suck up what is left of a once great nation. The muds are vultures, but they are vultures who have no future either. The collapse of the System will mean their deaths as well.

Something better must come out of this wretched mess. That something is the Aryan Republic, a **PLACE FOR WHITES WHO WANT TO REMAIN WHITE IN THEIR SUCCEEDING GENERATIONS**. Can you imagine governing yourselves again, with only the counsel of men and women of your own kind to guide you? The land will be laid out and fortified, defended by an Aryan militia. Our courts will dispense real Aryan justice, not Jewish psychoanalysis. Our schools will teach the history of the world as it happened, the science and technology of the future, and the philosophy of the great thinkers of our Aryan race. The present governance is about to implode. Look to the future for a solution that will **SECURE THE EXISTENCE OF OUR PEOPLE AND A FUTURE FOR WHITE CHILDREN.** ☐

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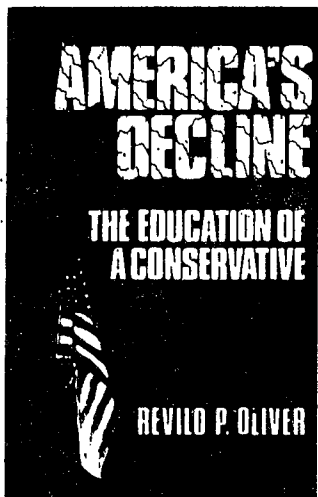
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ABOUT THE AUTHOR: Dr. Revilo Pendleton Oliver, Professor of the Classics at the University of Illinois for 32 years, is a scholar of international distinction who has written articles in four languages for the most prestigious academic publications in the United States and Europe.

During World War II, Dr. Oliver was Director of Research in a highly secret agency of the War Department, and was cited for outstanding service to his country.

One of the very few academicians who has been outspoken in his opposition to the progressive defacement of our civilization, Dr. Oliver has long insisted that the fate of his countrymen hangs on their willingness to subordinate their doctrinal differences to the tough but idealistic solidarity which is the prerequisite of a Majority resurgence.

SOME QUOTABLE QUOTES FROM AMERICA'S DECLINE:

On the 18th Amendment (Prohibition): "Very few Americans were sufficiently sane to perceive that they had repudiated the American conception of government and had replaced it with the legal principle of the 'dictatorship of the proletariat,' which was the theoretical justification of the Jews' revolution in Russia."

On Race: "We must further understand that all races naturally regard themselves as superior to all others. We think Congoids unintelligent, but they feel only contempt for a race so stupid or craven that it fawns on them, gives them votes, lavishly subsidizes them with its own earnings, and even oppresses its own people to curry their favor. We are a race as are the others. If we attribute to Ourselves a superiority, intellectual, moral, or other, in terms of our own standards, we are simply indulging in a tautology. The only objective criterion of superiority, among human races as among all other species, is biological: the strong survive, the weak perish. The superior race of mankind today is the one that will emerge victorious—whether by its technology or its fecundity—from the proximate struggle for life on an overcrowded planet."

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AN OPEN LETTER

To The Hypocrites, Liars & Cowards
Of The American Newsmedia

By
Hans Schmidt
page 42

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Voice Of Thinking Americans

LIBERTY BELL

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The editor/publisher of *Liberty Bell* does not necessarily agree with each and every article in this magazine, nor does he subscribe to all conclusions arrived at by various writers; however, he does endeavor to permit the exposure of ideas suppressed by the controlled news media of this country.

It is, therefore, in the best tradition of America and of free men everywhere that *Liberty Bell* strives to give free reign to ideas, for ultimately it is ideas which rule the world and determine both the content and structure of our Western culture.

We believe that we can and will change our society for the better. We declare our long-held view that no institution or government created by men, for men, is inviolable, incorruptible, and not subject to evolution, change, or replacement by the will of an informed people.

To this we dedicate our lives and our work. No effort will be spared and no idea will be allowed to go unexpressed if we think it will benefit the *Thinking People*, not only of America, but the entire world.

George P. Dietz, Editor & Publisher

FRAGMENT FROM A WORK IN PROGRESS:

"THE EMPIRE OF THE GOTHIC NIGHT—A NOVEL"

by Joseph D. Pryce

The Abyss Gazes Back

*Then again some have fallen unreservedly into the power
of the destiny ruling here: some yielding betimes
are betimes too their own: there are those who, while they
accept what must be borne, have the strength of
self-mastery in all that is left to their own act; they have
given themselves over to another dispensation.....*

Plotinus, The Fourth Ennead III. 15

Early that evening, as I waited in Francesca's black Miata, I peered anxiously through the storm-strafted windscreen, hoping for a sign of the guests who were due to arrive at the Hall of Sport by eight o'clock sharp. It was now 7:45 by my reckoning, and I knew that I would be able to hear the *Parsifal* Overture which belled forth from the car-stereo all the way to its sweet ending. I gazed with awe upon the swarm of rats glistening in the twilight, as they scurried about the piles of mouldering garbage in front of the bodega on the corner. They rooted and roistered in the slime, seemingly undisturbed by the comings and goings of the greasy 'Hispanic' clientele with their shopping-bags full of cheap beer and plantain chips. Under the streetlamp in front of the Hall a drunken subhuman sloshed his face about in the gutter, vainly attempting to scrub the vomit from his beard in the slop which bore its freight so swiftly to the sewers. A woman screamed somewhere to the west, and one heard glass shattering a block or so away. How long would it take to scrub these sewers clean? Junkies swapped syringes in the gloaming, and parents hustled their children into the Cadillacs of the pimps and pornographers.

A minute or so after I had taken in all of these multi-cultural affairs, several of the more antiquated among the invited guests

emerged from a taxi on the opposite side of the street. One of the men was clearly deep in drink; he staggered into the mail-box, and I could not refrain from laughing as I watched the old fogey struggling impotently with his willful umbrella in the raging tempest. They crossed the avenue, bobbing and weaving grotesquely through the traffic. As they passed in front of the Hall of Sport, I noticed that they were pointing excitedly at something up above, apparently on the marquee. They shook their heads and wagged their fingers in an excellent impersonation of outraged Calvinists. As I looked up, I too was startled to see that someone had changed the legend atop the marquee to *Schlageter Hall*. I confess that I was not at all perturbed by this transformation, which was obviously the work of one of the 'young Turks' who were beginning to elbow the geriatric cases out of the limelight in the Society. As I looked back down at the pavement I saw several of the real firebrands of the revolution approaching the Hall, night-sticks in hand and workboots in lock-step; they were smirking at the discomfort of the yobbo with the umbrella. I could then have ventured a lucky guess as to just who the culprits might be.

As I emerged from the car and prepared to make a dash for the foyer, I bumped straight into Theodor Lipps, a lawyer and racial activist who hustled me into the foyer. He trundled me over to a quiet corner behind a freestanding theater poster advertising an upcoming showing of the original German Expressionist film *Nosferatu*. He whispered cryptically about tonight being 'the night of all nights,' and added something about 'a Great Change coming.' Then he vanished mysteriously through one of the gaudy, gold-painted doors which led into the lobby. I followed.

In the lobby stood a dozen or so people with whom I had worked over the years, in one or another of the organizations to which I had given a fleeting allegiance. I passed a few minutes in small talk with some of the old faithful, and strolled over to browse a bit through the Movement literature which was on display at a long table on the left side of the lobby. Two very lovely young women, of Mediterranean (perhaps Italian) descent stood

politely discussing their literary wares with the guests.

As I peered down the length of the Hall, I detected Theodor's bulky figure standing up front with a tall, dark-haired man in a black, red-satin-lined cloak. Theo seemed to be whispering to his mysterious colleague—no, I've got that wrong. To my shock and surprise, Theo was *listening* to the man, with an air of reverence adorning a face very seldom visited by that expression. Theo nodded occasionally, and smiled—I thought *shyly*—once or twice. Several of the other guests were pointing at Theo's companion and seemed quite delighted for some reason, as if his appearance in the Hall were an epiphany of transcendent import.

It was then that I heard the words 'the Chief' muttered by several of the guests, and I finally realized just what it was that Theo had meant when he said that tonight was to be 'the night of nights.' The Chief, as he was called, had not been seen in public since the daylight assassination of the Secretary of State during the February troubles, and his reemergence from seclusion could only indicate that the struggle was 'hotting up.' In fact, I had never seen his face before, and I was pleased to see that he didn't resemble those toothless, rabid morons which the System had employed to represent us on the TV in the evil days before the great purge.

I felt a surge of will, a burst of joy inside me as I pondered the fact that soon the Revolution for which we had all sweated and slaved, and for which we had prowled about the city in the dead of night like packs of ravenous canines, would begin in earnest. The inability of the State's security forces to prevent such gatherings as this from taking place was a startling manifestation of weakness, of instability on the System's part, and this salient fact would not be lost on our leadership. Theo glanced quizzically up and down the rows of quickly-filling seats and then ambled slowly over to the microphone. He tapped it lightly, spoke a few words to enable the sound-man to set his levels, and without permitting the Chairman of the Society to engage in any 'patriotic' ritualism before the 'flag,' he turned the mic over to the guest speaker, saying simply, *Ladies and gentlemen, the Chief will speak!*

Violent applause raged up and down the Hall for several minutes, but when the Chief raised his right hand, the silence was total and immediate. He began:

"Ladies and gentlemen, I am most pleased to be addressing you all tonight, especially as the leaders of the German American Friendship Society have kindly undertaken to invite to their gathering members of several quite radical political groups whose interests coincide with theirs only in specific and closely circumscribed areas. I'm inclined to attribute this late-blooming hospitality on the part of our hosts to the obvious inability of the powers that be to prevent such gatherings from taking place. I sense that some of the more genteel and timorous among you would want to assure yourselves a berth on the gravy train which looks, at long last, to be making its way to the station; the ominous whistlings are become ever-more apparent in the distance, both to friend and to foe.

"Down to business. As you may have noticed, there is a slight tincture of hostility in my tone. I do regret the fact, of course; but I would like to make you all aware that this feeling is directed only against those among you who have betrayed your trust by betraying your people. Yes, I am speaking of the leaders of your Friendship Society, who continue to salute and to pledge allegiance to that disgusting rag which hangs obscenely on a flakeboard pole to left of this podium. It does not matter at all to your officers, it seems to me, that that hideous banner now represents, to the millions of Aryans, both at home and overseas, nothing but blood and sewage, crime and madness, destruction raining from the skies upon the Earth and upon Her children trembling helplessly amidst the wreckage. And yet we are expected to revere this filthy thing, to genuflect before this sickly apparition as if before the Holy Grail! I was sickened to see, at the last gathering of the Society, one of your officers asserting, in accents of the most pained self-righteousness, his belief that we should wrap ourselves up in the 'Stars and Stripes,' lest the agents of the Z.O.G. come to the

untoward conclusion that we are really splitting from the program at last, and mean to do them harm. Startling. I, for one, prefer the red, white, and *black* to the red, white and blue on any day of the week.

"And then, of course, there's the famous blood-libel, the Holohoax, the mention of which seems to set your officers' teeth to chattering like a Latin percussion ensemble. One would think that here, among Americans of German ancestry—who, significantly, make up the largest ethnic group in the country—one would find the greatest outrage, the most ferocious will to correct the historical record and bring the hoaxers and profiteers to the execution block. But I'm afraid that's not the case, my friends, and I find myself truly at a loss to account for this pitiful spinelessness, this resolute toadying on the part of the leadership who are well-aware, I'm sure, that the 'death-camp' *canard* is a fable and nothing besides. But perhaps, like many weak and foolish mortals, the leaders are driven by a wish to be loved, in the same way that a lap-dog is driven to crave a caress or a treat. I have been told that the President of our once-glorious republic and the ghastly crone who escorts that gobbet of dreck to his public performances, have invited several of the mucky-mucks of the Society over to their digs for tea and biscuits, and that a 'Friendship Garden' will be dedicated to the German-American Community. I know that it might seem unkind to mention it, but isn't that a little bit like throwing the dog a bone? You can be sure that the tyrants will not let the envisaged afternoon pass without a word or two about how marvelously democratic our good little Germans have become since the war in which the evil Reich saw fit to slaughter so many of Yahweh's pinups. 'Here, Hans, have an American Beauty Rose and a kick in the scrotum while you're at it.' Then, of course, your mucky-mucks over here will return home to brandish about the glossy 8x10s that memorialize the splendid day. What can you do with such people? I get ideas, my friends. I get ideas.

"There is a terror in the souls of the leadership of the German-American Friendship Society, which completely incapacitates said

leadership from doing its job. Do you really think that the Oberjuden respect your pusillanimous groveling? Do you really believe that you are serving the interests of the real German-Americans by collaborating with the World-Enemy in such a slavish, and, I might say, *obvious* fashion? If you people are not going to defend the interests of German Americans, perhaps the time has come when you will have the decency to step aside to make room for those who will! If you cannot silence the whimpering voice inside you which urges surrender at all costs, maybe its time for us to silence you entirely—for the good of the cause, as it were.

“But now I wish to address a few remarks to those among you who are not members of the Society, but who are nevertheless vitally interested in the fate of our Teutonic brethren; for we all know, on our pounding pulses as well as in our reasoning brains, that we Aryans must sink or swim together, and that the destiny of all European-Americans is bound together as are the members of the lictors’ *fascies*. If our enemies break even one of our ethnic groups, then they have broken us all. If our enemies manage to instill a factitious guilt in even one of our family members, then they have crippled us all. Most important, to the extent that our enemies can succeed in encouraging any of us to think in terms of our ethnic heritage to the detriment of our *racial* heritage, then they have triumphed over us even before the battle has been joined. We are Aryans first and foremost, and it is our duty before this degenerate world to bear that glorious name with honor and pride, shrinking before no one, and smashing into the ground those who would would even consider wounding that pride or casting aspersions upon that honor.

“We were once fierce conquerors who roved great heaving ice-choaked seas and who scaled the battlements of strange castles on far-flung continents, with battle-songs sounding merrily in the charged air; yet now we seem to have become naught but hollow-eyed spectators of some imbecile sports contest or other. Think of it: while your women are being molested on the crumbling side-

walks of what were once great cities (and often even in their own homes); while your small children are being robbed and slain and left for the vultures of the schoolyards to pick clean; and while your cities roar up in oceanic tides of fire, our menfolk want to know *who won the goddamned football game*—and these are the men who consider themselves manly! ‘That’s entertainment!’

“And what do we do on week-days? I blush—once we erected glorious civilizations from pole to pole and reconnoitred Nature’s darkest secrets; yet now we have become little more than clients and administrators of the famous ‘Welfare State’ or flippers of burgers for one ptomaine-vendor or the other. Where is the spirit that moved our ancient Kings and Queens and warriors? Where is that devil-may-care attitude of the Jomsvikings, who laughed and joked as their captors dismembered them? We sleep, we sleep, my friends, and we have slept for so long now that the shadows of night have stretched themselves athwart the dying Earth to the point that darkness has almost swallowed us up.

“We must awaken from these opiate slumbers. We must be alert so that at all times we will be willing and able to observe the facts and to act upon the facts, my friends: and it seems to me that our enemies have understood one fact with much greater clarity than have our allies. I mean to speak of *the great fact of hatred*. The accusation forever sounds in our ears, in a thousand shrieking voices, in a diapason stretching from deepest bass to the most piercing and unendurable treble—yet always the burden is the same: we are the haters. Well, as we’re already doing the time, let us enjoy the crime, and *now*. Our enemies know full-well that their game will be up at the very minute in which we resolve to think with our blood, that is, when we will have learned to hate. Why else would the foe be so intent upon accusing us of attitudes which never even seem to cross our minds? Race hatred and prejudice indeed! Why else would the least bigoted people ever to walk the earth be constantly warned and threatened about a ‘disease’ to which they have been immune for two thousand years? We Aryans must recall that we are not at a barn-raising now, nor at a recital of

chamber music up at the castle, but at the very *climacteric of our history*. Those who are not of our blood are our enemies, and one hates one's enemies with all that is in one, or one perishes. Nature will not recall us, nor will she bestow a glittering crown upon us posthumously if we continue to see the world and its strife through everybody else's eyes but our own. Nature will take us to her queenly bosom only after we have mastered the earth as a conqueror, and walk on that earth as a conqueror, with a conqueror's serene and gleaming eye; and for that you need *HATE*.

"So how about it? If hatred will tear the sack-cloth and ashes from your back—then go ahead and hate!

"If hatred will raise your people up from the squalid existence which has been their lot for far too long— then go ahead and hate!

"If hatred will arm you against the 'statesmen' who have opened the floodgates of the nation to the racial debris of third-world sewers—then go ahead and hate!

"And if hatred will enable you to drive the moneychangers and swindlers from their stately palaces and to cast them out into a nightmare of chaos, of devastation and pain—then go ahead and hate!

"But after we have learned to hate, we must act—let us see this world and its inhabitants as they really are, and then let that divine hate of which I speak have its head. Put flame in your fury and destruction in your deed. For now we know that Nature, whose World-Soul embodies all of the wonder of Life, is at daggers-drawn with Her eternal enemy, Death, and we, the allies of Life, ask for no quarter, nor will we grant it to the enemy—this is a war to the knife, my friends. The forces of Death are enshrined in many brazen agents and hallowed institutions which we have enabled to do their evil in our very midst, right before our very eyes; there they squat, obscene and loathsome, untroubled by fear of discovery or by dread of retaliation. Those who tolerate this situation are in active collaboration with the enemies of Life. Foremost among our enemies are the Death-directed servants of the

System of Lies. We, however, must speak the Truth to our people, and only to our people; we must build our sacred dwelling in the precincts of Truth. As the Truth lacks all effect when not embodied in action; when idealism is not embodied in deeds, then has the Ideal gone to bed with the Lie. Yet what in this world is mighty enough to be able to fight and to destroy the Lie?

"Aryan men and women! Only Terror has that might. Only Terror, merciless and cunning, can preserve Life from the depredations of those pustular agents of Death and the Lie who have now almost completed the construction of their New World Prison, and who wait only for the most auspicious moment in which to slam shut the gates upon our people. Terror acts through violence to create an enduring world for the reborn Aryans. Remorseless and purposeful violence will midwife the next Aryan millenia.

"When going on a mission, the terrorist saint clothes himself with a mantle of destruction. He wears his doom upon him as a ritual cloak. Death is his reward. Capture and recantation are, alike, unthinkable.

"Even after the great Change has begun and our enemies are in full flight, the terrorist knows that he will have well over 100,000,000 traitors at his back. Many will attempt to serve the revolution as they once served the tyrants, but, as we are not interested in resurrecting the ghost of a dead and decomposing America, we can dispense with all such riff-raff.

"Those who attempt to restrict our ancient right to keep and bear arms will be dealt with. Those who wish to criminalize the possession of so-called 'assault rifles,' must perish by like means. Those who wish to impose ruinous taxes on the purchase of ammunition will find themselves on a collision-course with that which they would interdict. When the ghoulish agents of the federal government raid our homes in order to confiscate the only means of protection that we still have in our possession, they must meet a storm of steel. When the Z.O.G. lays siege to the fortresses of the recalcitrant, its agents must be attacked from the rear. Their

backs will be like fish in a barrel.

"If terror can waylay the more culpable of the state-servants with sufficient swiftness (and all state-servants are culpable to a degree), the more swiftly will their colleagues find solace in silence and inaction.

"The greater the speed with which we punish the race-traitors in the news-media and in the entertainment field, the earlier will come the day when the Z.O.G. will be forced to display its own Levantine rodents in front of the mics and the cameras. We must make use of the fact that Aryan stooges are motivated more by fear than by anything else. If an anchorman were to disappear every month for two or three months, Z.O.G. would never be able to find willing *Goy* replacements. The Jew-liars would then have to leave their murky world of clandestine control, and would be henceforth in our sights.

"The Aryan warrior, knowing full-well, from the scars and weals upon his tired flesh, the nature of that tyranny under which he suffers, responds in kind. Those among you who have lost your very livelihoods at the hands of this tyranny, must destroy the work-places and living accommodations of the hirelings of the tyranny. Those who have lost loved ones or racial comrades in one of the tyranny's raids on the Resistance, must retaliate by equivalent—nay, even greater!—explosive actions against the tyranny's minions. Those who have made our age a time of 'perpetual war for perpetual peace' must wake from their slumbers to find out, in broken body and in shattered spirit, the real meaning of war—from the business end. Those who have attempted with might and main to break our comrades on the rack and on the wheel, must now become accredited authorities on those nameless sounds which lurk within the night, and which fear can metamorphose into the very screeching of demons.

"Terror becomes the more pure as its designated 'victims' fall prey to the anxiety of endless anticipation. This anticipation will maximize your efforts to dislodge, and, ultimately, to destroy, the entire system, by working for you even while you are busy deter-

mining the shape of events on another sector of the front. Anticipation feeds the threat. Anticipation immobilizes. Then drops the shadow, then falls the blow.

"Ladies and gentlemen, I must insist that we face the fact that we are no longer a sovereign people, and have not been such for a very long time. We inhabit an occupied world, and it would be well for us to take due note of the fact that our rulers want to wipe our race from the surface of the earth. The evidence of their intentions is all around you, and reaches even unto the source of Life itself. We all know, for instance, that the Jews and their flunkies have repeatedly rammed it down our throats, and down the throats of our children, that it is perfectly permissible—indeed, even desirable—to kill Aryan children in the wombs of their mothers. This is indeed a horror. *Now our enemies must be made to sup full of horrors.*

"Our enemies have imprisoned, have tortured, have murdered many of our best fighters, brave martyrs all, who gazed with open eyes upon the face of the genocide which is planned for us, and who risked their very lives to carry destruction right into the enemy's camp. Without thought of self, they struck out at that grinning countenance with disciplined and well-merited violence. *Now our enemies must be made to quaff the poison unto its bitter dregs.*

"Our enemies have turned loose a feral and nauseating gang of subhuman cut-throats, a swelling horde of slimy mercenaries, upon once-peaceful Aryan communities; these creatures rape at will and murder on a venture as is the way of all race-alien armies of occupation. The agents of our enemies exact massive sums from the public treasury with which they feed, house, clothe, and make prolific, this purulent mass of demons. They loot and they burn at will, they violate and they desecrate at will, and we must now respond—Terror is that proper response. Aryan Resistance must strike globally. There are a million targets. Strike. Take the credit. Retreat into the shadows whence you came. Wait in silence.....then strike again. *May the last hours of our enemies be ex-*

quisite in their agony.

"Our enemies are demons, my friends, and demons wear many masks: Marxism, democracy, egalitarianism, sensitivity training, One World Mongrelism, etc., and so forth, to the bottom of the barf-bag. You've all witnessed their sick Halloween charades: the sardonic grin on the mask of the nightly 'newsperson' as he spits his poisonous lies in our faces is unendurable; the sardonic grin on the mask of the politician who encourages sambos and mestizos to shamble across our borders, invading a once-lovely land which they will infect with their diseases, their crime and their malodorous spawn, is unendurable; the sardonic grin on the mask of the financial 'expert' who aids and abets the capitalist vampires of the stock exchange and the banking system is unendurable; the sardonic grin on the mask of the TV talking head who inculcates self-hatred in our children is unendurable; the sardonic grin on the face of the 'scientist' who insists, flying in the face of all the available evidence, on the equality of the races is unendurable. *And the terrorist will kill dead the hider behind the masks.*

"In the simplest terms, I might say that where the enemy stands, there stands the enemy—whether that enemy is your brother or your mother, your friend or your colleague. As I have said, there are numerous targets, and they must be made to feel that they are going up against an unstoppable onslaught of Werewolves, who lope unseen and unheard behind the enemy's lines, emerging from the mists and fogs to wreak havoc, and then, again unseen and unheard, slipping back into the darkness whence they came.

"But what do we stand for in this dark and terrible hour? In what, or in whom, do we believe? Surely, there can be no more important task for our leaders than to determine just what it is that we are fighting for. We must recognize the lamentable fact that we have no overarching philosophy with which to arm ourselves for the struggle, no acknowledged ideological minimum

with which to orient ourselves upon the desperate seas which now we must sail. I look around this room, and see a veritable smorgasbord of world-views represented, a truly kaleidoscopic array of possibilities. But if I were to attempt to characterize our movement philosophically, I confess that I would find myself at a loss. We have very little in common, my friends, and it never seems to occur to any of us that that is precisely why the enemy has had such an easy time dividing and corrupting us. For what do we believe? I see Social Credit ideologues here; I see Christian Identity fanatics here; I see even a few Conservatives who have pumped up their literacy to the point at which even they can read the writing on the wall. I see Klansmen, Christian 'anti-semites,' crypto-Fascists, and neo-Nazis; there are Holocaust Revisionists and Revisionists of related persuasions, and if I were to peer around this hall for long enough, I'd probably be able to come up with a monarchist or two!

"But there is nothing binding here, no coherent unifying principle which might give shape and substance to our struggle, nothing upon which all of us agree, unless we consider our inchoate aversion to World Jewry to be a philosophy. Yet a perusal of world history will reveal to even the hairiest gorilla in the bleachers that a purely negative attitude can never bring fundamental and lasting change to the world.

"For, my friends, only the visionary can alter the shape of things to come; only the visionary can peer through the gray mists and past the hideous contours of this life-in-death with which we have been afflicted, to gaze upon the lineaments of the new dawn.

"Are we aware of any historical figure who might function as such a visionary and guide for our Aryan people? Is there anyone in our past who might serve as the central figure of a reborn Indo-European mythos? Is there anyone of whom we might say, *Ecce Homo*—behold the Man? Is there any figure in Western History who can be said to stand as a symbol of our very race itself? We all know that there is indeed such a figure, and I'm certain that all of us are fully aware of just who he might be. I would like to quote

here some weighty words from the pen of America's greatest thinker, the late Dr. Revilo P. Oliver. In his *America's Decline* (1989, Londinium Press, London England), Oliver states:

It is.....possible that if our race recovers its lost vigor and ascendancy, a future religion may recognize Adolf Hitler as a semi-divine figure. The potentiality of such a religion may be seen in the works of a highly intelligent and learned lady of Greek ancestry, Dr. Savitri Devi, especially her *Pilgrimage* (Calcutta, 1958). Dr. Eberhardt Gheyn in *Los Neo-nazis en Sudamerica* (Liverpool, West Virginia, 1978) reports that National Socialism, having attracted the devotion of many women, has become the New Evangel, preached in modern "catacombs" as is made necessary by Jewish terrorism, observing the birthday of Hitler with ceremonies that are distinctly pious, and computing dates in the New Era that began with his birth. The veneration of Hitler as a *heros* is not surprising, but worship, I think, would require the elaboration of a notion that he was an avatar of some superhuman being—a development that would require a century or more.

"And how precisely might such a mythos as we desiderate evolve? How might the sacred texts of this *New Evangel* appear? We might, as a matter of fact, turn to one of the works of the aforementioned Dr. Savitri Devi, to see what she has to say about our Leader's birth. The following is from her *Pilgrimage*.

And far beyond the clear sky of the little town and the thin atmosphere of this little planet, in the cold, dark realm of fathomless Void, the unseen stars had very definite positions; significant positions, such as they take only once within hundreds of years to any particular spot on earth. And at the appointed time—6 o'clock in the afternoon—the Child came into the world, unnoticed masterpiece of a two-fold cosmic play of the mysterious influence of distant worlds in mysterious space. Apparently, just another baby in the family. In reality—after centuries—a new divine Child on this planet; the first one in the West, after the legendary Baldur-the-Fair, and, like Him, a Child of the Sun; a predestined Fighter against the forces of

death and a Savior of men, marked out for leadership, for victory, for agony, and for immortality.

"Does not the authentic passion, vigor, and, yes, *reverence* in this magnificent poetic prose stir you to the very marrow? Have we not all felt, at one time or another, that Adolf Hitler's life makes absolutely no sense when regarded as the purely earthly career of just another German politician living and working at a particular period in European History? I would like to adduce, as an instance of the futility involved in a purely mundane interpretation of the life and career of Adolf Hitler, a somewhat lengthy excerpt from the little volume written by Hitler's boyhood chum August Kubizek. The book is entitled *Adolf Hitler Mein Jugendfreund* and this is the chapter which is headed (in the English-language version) "*In that hour it began.....*"

It was the most impressive hour I ever lived through with my friend. So unforgettable is it, that even the most trivial things, the clothes Adolf wore that evening, the weather, are still present in my mind as though the experience were exempt from the passing of time.

Adolf stood outside my house in his black overcoat, his dark hat pulled down over his face. It was a cold, unpleasant November evening. He waved to me impatiently. I was just cleaning myself up from the workshop and getting ready to go to the theatre. *Rienzi* was being given that night. We had never seen this Wagner opera and looked forward to it with great excitement. In order to secure the pillars in the Promenade we had to be early. Adolf whistled, to hurry me up.

Now we were in the theatre, burning with enthusiasm, and living breathlessly through *Rienzi's* rise to be the Tribune of the people of Rome and his subsequent downfall. When at last it was over, it was past midnight. My friend, his hands thrust into his coat pockets, silent and withdrawn, strode through the street and out of the city. Usually, after an artistic experience that had moved him, he would start talking straightaway, sharply criticising the performance, but after *Rienzi* he remained quiet a long while. This surprised me, and I asked him what he thought of

it. He threw me a strange, almost hostile glance. "Shut up," he said brusquely.

The cold, damp mist lay oppressively over the narrow streets. Our solitary steps resounded on the pavement. Adolf took the road that led up to the Freinberg. Without speaking a word, he strode forward. He looked almost sinister, and paler than ever. His turned-up coat collar increased this impression.

I wanted to ask him, "Where are you going?" But his pallid face looked so forbidding that I suppressed the question.

As if propelled by an invisible force, Adolf climbed up to the top of the Freinberg. And only now did I realize that we were no longer in solitude and darkness, for the stars shone brilliantly above us.

Adolf stood in front of me; and now he gripped both my hands and held them tight. He had never made such a gesture before. I felt from the grasp of his hands how deeply moved he was. His eyes were feverish with excitement. The words did not come smoothly from his mouth as they usually did, but rather erupted, hoarse and raucous. From his voice I could tell even more how much this experience had shaken him.

Gradually his speech loosened, and the words flowed more freely. Never before and never again have I heard Adolf Hitler speak as he did in that hour, as we stood there alone under the stars, as though we were the only creatures in the world.

I cannot repeat every word that my friend uttered. I was struck by something strange, which I had never noticed before, even when he had talked to me in moments of the greatest excitement. It was as if another being spoke out of his body, and moved him as much as it did me. It wasn't at all a case of a speaker merely being carried away by his own words. On the contrary; I rather felt as though he himself listened with astonishment and emotion to what burst forth from him with elementary force. I will not attempt to interpret this phenomenon, but it was a complete state of ecstasy and rapture, in which he transferred the character of *Rienzi*, without even mentioning him as a model or example, with visionary power to the plane of his own ambitions. But it was more than a cheap adaptation. Indeed, the impact of the opera was rather a sheer external impulse which compelled him to speak. Like flood waters breaking their dykes, his words burst forth from him. He

conjured up, in grandiose, inspiring pictures, his own future and that of his people.

Hitherto I had been convinced that my friend wanted to become an artist, a painter, or perhaps an architect. Now this was no longer the case. Now he aspired to something higher, which I could not yet fully grasp. It rather surprised me, as I thought that the vocation of the artist was for him the highest, most desirable goal. But now he was talking of a *mandate*, which, one day, he would receive from the people, to lead them out of servitude to the heights of freedom.

It was an unknown youth who spoke to me in that strange hour. He spoke of a special mission which one day would be entrusted to him, and I, his only listener, could hardly understand what he meant. Many years had to pass before I realised the significance of this enraptured hour for my friend.

His words were followed by silence.

We descended into the town. The clock struck three. We parted in front of my house. Adolf shook hands with me, and I was astonished to see that he did not go in the direction of his house, but turned again towards the mountains.

"Where are you going now?" I asked him, surprised. He replied briefly, "I want to be alone."

In the following weeks and months he never again mentioned this hour on the Freinberg. At first it struck me as odd and I could find no explanation for his strange behaviour, for I could not believe that he had forgotten it altogether. Indeed he never did forget it, as I discovered thirty-three years later. But he kept silent about it because he wanted to keep that hour entirely to himself. That I could understand, and I respected his silence. After all, it was *his* hour, not mine. I had played only the modest role of a sympathetic friend.

In 1939, shortly before the war broke out, when I, for the first time, visited Bayreuth as the guest of the Reichs Chancellor, I thought I would please my host by reminding him of that nocturnal hour on the Freinberg, so I told Adolf what I remembered of it, assuming that the enormous multitude of the impressions and events which had filled these past decades would have pushed into the background the experience of a seventeen-year-old-youth. But after a few words, I sensed that he vividly recalled that hour and had retained all its details in his memory. He was visibly pleased that my account confirmed his own rec-

ollections. I was also present when Adolf Hitler retold this sequel to the performance of *Rienzi* in Linz to Frau Wagner, at whose home we were both guests. Thus my own memory was doubly confirmed. The words with which Hitler concluded his story to Frau Wagner are also unforgettable for me. He said solemnly, "*In that hour it began.*"

"I think that I have made my point! And yet there are those among us—some, in fact, in this very room!—who, in their infantile and puling desire for an accomodation with the powers that be, would pour vitriol over the Leader's memory, denying Him His obvious place in the only Pantheon that matters. I would like, if I might, to quote Dr. Oliver once more:

...it is simple folly to attempt to oppose the Judaeo-Communist conquest and occupation of the world while futilely pretending to dissociate ourselves from the memory of the great champion of our race, Adolf Hitler (*Liberty Bell*, September 1989, p. 12).

"When the early Christians—like ourselves, existing as a penalized 'inner proletariat' in a hostile world indeed—went about their missionary labors through the length and breadth of the territories occupied by Rome, they might have quarrelled as ferociously about this or that abstruse question of dogmatic theology as we do about projected designs for a new Aryan State. But when they were threatened, when they were questioned by the powers that be, or when they found themselves menaced by violence, they turned a unified front to their enemies, and bowed their heads only before their one true Lord. Opposition to their creed did not entice them into compromise with that which they regarded as evil: no, and again no! They stood forth from the Roman World as witnesses to that which they regarded as the Truth. They did not say that their Christ wasn't really a god, but just a misguided extremist whose plans went completely awry due to faults in his character (although he may once have had a good idea or two).

They stood by their creed until their church mastered the Empire itself, and they then proceeded to dictate to the West the form and spirit which its religious life would take for two thousand years. As misguided as that whole episode might appear to us who have suffered from the resulting religious pseudomorphosis, which distorted and finally wasted our own native spiritual life, we must respect the early Christians' insistence upon remaining intransigent in the face of that which they regarded as falsehood, at all times, no matter what the cost.

"And so must we, my friends. We are yet a pitiful minority within this darkling world which still laughs at our splintered state and at our well-nigh incoherent faith. But was that not once true of the bedouins who roamed the deserts of Arabia during the early years of the great prophet Mohammed? And yet, before anyone could muster an effective opposition, those men had been converted into brave warriors who besieged the very frontiers of France itself! How simple was their faith! How strong was their faith! And what will our enemies do when we stand before them with a single faith, as a single unit: one fist for the Fuehrer, one blood for his Realm, one Destiny decreed by the God Who ponders us, waiting and watching for the moment in which we grab that banner from the Void—as He said we would—standing erect and glorious before the serried ranks of our doomed and soulless foes, as we chant:

No other Leader but Hitler!

No other Hero but Hitler!

No other God, and no other Saviour, per saecula saeculorum, but Hitler!

LET THE GAMES BEGIN!

LET THE GOD RETURN!"

There was a strange hush throughout the Hall, which may have lasted for three or four seconds; but there then ensued a volcanic roar of applause for the Chief's words. Some of the Geritol

brigade sat stunned and oblivious in their seats, shaking their nervous little heads, but their words and their attitudes were no longer of any interest to anyone. They had lost control of their silly little social club, and everyone knew it. They had thought to take charge of something which was much greater than themselves, without the vision to foresee events or the weapons with which to change them; their hour had clearly passed. They might be invited to attend an audience or two in the Rose Garden with the doomed and degenerate tyrants, but they had clearly had their innings, and it was time for them to leave the field.

The Chief stood tall and proud at the podium, flashing his deep-blue eyes to the remote corners of the Hall, drinking in the wine of triumph. We knew that he would not be satisfied with mere words. Although he had first made his name as a theoretician of the National Socialist Weltanschauung (his doctoral dissertation dealt with the ideology of the *Freikorps* of old Germany), he was first and foremost a man of action, whose favorite line of poetry was Goethe's "In the Beginning was the Deed."

He went underground that very night, accompanied by his paladins, and, as Fate would have it, the apocalyptic *Blood War* began with the next dawn, with the first of a new series of assassinations, bombings, and assorted conflagrations thrown in for good measure.

And Hell then revealed its face unto us. And we looked with opened eyes upon that face of flame. And we knew that that face was terrible beyond all reckoning, and beautiful beyond all power of the tongue of man to express it. For we had exhausted the resources of peace, and the time of war was welcomed as a lover is welcomed. We would not have it any other way.....

✱ ✱ ✱

THE WORLD AFTER WACO

*"...greedily snuffing up and battening
upon the reek of gore."
Montague Summers*

I sing of demons in a room,
With tearing teeth so sharp,
Whose ululations woo the gloom
With music of undying Doom,
As devils smite the harp.

They gather up a victim's heft—
Precautions he ignored;
His mother wouldn't know what's left,
Or if, indeed, she was bereft,
So badly is he gored.

The demons halt, they hear a prayer,
Upon us falls their gaze;
Within the circle that we share,
Where teeth are clenched and eyes do stare,
The minutes last for days.

The mutilations now complete,
Black hooves scrape on the floor;
And everyone would gladly beat
A frenzied, quick, unglimpsed retreat
To gain the distant door.

But it is not to be—they've won.
No matter how we're vexed
By what, in fact, we have not done
In mansions sheltered from the Sun,
They want to know, *WHO'S NEXT?*

□

Angry White Men

from the Prof

All in all, it has been depressingly easy for the System to deceive and manipulate the American people—whether the relatively naive “conservatives” or the spoiled and pseudo-sophisticated “liberals”.

... we are already slaves. We have allowed a diabolically clever, alien minority to put chains on our souls and our minds. These spiritual chains are a truer mark of slavery than the iron chains which are yet to come.

Andrew Macdonald,
The Turner Diaries

The cover story of the November 11th issue of *USA Today* tells us that white men want to “torch” Washington. “ANGRY WHITE MEN”, reads the line atop the centerpiece, a composite angry-white cartoon face (rather bizarre, even by *USA* standards) collaging together a whistling-hot kettle, neck tie, and fly zipper. “Their votes”, it is explained, “turn the tide for GOP”. Beneath this searing political headline are cited concerns amongst voters with such things as over-taxation and reduced military spending.

Detailed in the writeup are the numbers of this dramatic shift toward the Republican party by white males (a 2-1 ratio in the House races, etc.) and their various expressions of disgust with an Arkansas presidential candidate who turned out, alas, to be ideologically “from Yale and Oxford”. Among the complaints from this new right was that “the country is on the wrong track”. An accompanying story reports the plans for tax cuts within the next hundred days.

And so is carried out another farce. The average white man who reads this story will think that the GOP Congressional route is a victory for “values” and for “America”. He will suppose that this electoral *triumph* signals a new era putting the nation back on the right track. In the meantime, America’s business will go on as usual. Third world immigration will continue, and

schools will remain in a state of degeneracy. Media will continue their daily assault upon white racial integrity. So is hammered another nail into the coffin.

I do not mean to suggest that the changes envisioned in connection with this victory are irrelevant to the life of the average American. Certainly there appear to be some advantages for productive working-class citizens in the offing. I myself would welcome, for example, the proposed halving of the current maximum of 28% on the capital gains tax. But the rejoicing, in some quarters, over this latest development in mainstream politics is only one more tragic expression of a people mind-deadened.

The current theater of American politics is a canard. If white citizens wish to have a solution to their problems, they must first understand that the system itself has long ago been poisoned against them. They must see that it has no room in it for anyone who would speak frankly and effectively to their needs. What is thus needed is not another choice within the political spectrum, but a new conceptual scheme for those confronted with it.

The prevailing conception of American voters is that all of the sane choices that might be made with respect to government are contained within an array that extends from Democrat to Republican that these ruling forces of “left” and “right” are balanced against each other in such a way that the long-term result is a happy medium of ruling wisdom. But in truth, every day that passes under the current regime is another day closer to the destruction of our people. The fact is that this left and right swing of political rule is like unto the meandering of a ship that comes closer each day to ruin, pulled unfailingly ahead to its doom by the side-to-side tugs of those at its helm.

The current shift to the political right is not a solution. It is not, either, the explosion of righteous white / male anger that mainstream publications would have us believe. The assumption that any such explosion can occur within current political bounds is itself but one more symptom of our disease. This po-

litical "shift" is not an act of rebellion; it is not even a meaningful expression of outrage. Were the truth known, this latest grasping of the right wing is more like the pathetic gnawing of a cheaply fed veal-farm calf that chews the wooden fixture in its pen out of sheer mindless craving for what it cannot have.

☆ ☆ ☆

I have several friends who think that this country has moved "too far to the left". They think that Clinton is a "liberal" who is somehow controlled by "special interests". They long for the days when they could (i.e., *pre* "assault" ban) buy ammunition for their designer rifles at a better price. Thus they long for another Republican establishment.

Clinton's position on guns makes him, I agree, a nuisance. Indeed (when one reflects on the long-term agenda implied therein) it makes him an enemy. But *it does not make him appreciably different from those at the other end of the spectrum*. A solid twelve preceding years of Republican administration may have granted us wider liberty with respect to firearms. But it also allowed illegal aliens to trot undisturbed day and night across our border to reside and procreate at our own expense thereafter. At no time did this administration (thoroughly hip, I am sure, to the situation) attempt to deal meaningfully with the problem. At no time did it use its time on the stage to hazard a serious report on the racial state of the union for our benefit. It did not provide us, when it had the chance, with the truth, for example, about the racial statistics of violent crime in this country. It did not tell us what the absorption of black and brown blood might do to the national gene pool. It did not vouchsafe to us the racial designs of that little pack of vermin now retaining a strangle-hold on the instruments of mass media. Instead it carried on business as usual, much in the manner of a fiercely anti-Semitic Champion of the Far Right who ascended to the office in the year 1968. And the Christian Democrat who followed him.

The System, as it presently exists, is a mortal enemy of the

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people. The recent ban on the manufacture of semi-automatic rifles and high-capacity magazines is not merely, as some imagine, a stylish restriction on right-wing entertainment. Still less is it an attempt to protect our folk from those bands of armed and deranged miscreants who now roam urban streets. One glance at crime statistics, and the style of weapon cited therein, is enough to show this. *It is instead a preemptive measure to ward off the eventual challenge from enraged white citizens to political tyranny.*

☆ ☆ ☆

Why didn't we rebel 35 years ago, when they took our schools away from us and began converting them into racially mixed jungles? Why didn't we throw them all out of the country 50 years ago, instead of letting them use us as cannon fodder in their war to subjugate Europe?

More to the point, why didn't we rise up three years ago, when they started taking our guns away? Why didn't we rise up in righteous fury and drag these arrogant aliens into the streets and cut their throats then? Why didn't we roast them over bonfires on every street corner in America? Why didn't we make an end to this obnoxious and eternally pushy clan, this pestilence from the sewers of the East, instead of meekly allowing ourselves to be disarmed?

The answer is easy. We would have rebelled if all that has been imposed on us in the last 50 years had been attempted at once. But because the chains that bind us were imposed were forged imperceptibly, link by link, we submitted.

Macdonald

A conservative wants to acquiesce in the destruction of his race; a liberal wishes to participate in it. Wherein is the meaningful difference? There is indeed white anger in this country. But it is, as of yet, an anger untapped and without direction. At present it is dissipated by the avenues of right wing politics: by a conservative GOP; gun lobbies; libertarianism; the John Birch society; the various sessions of whine and bellyache venting anger at

“media bias”, “fags”, “feminism”, “lack of values”, “big government”, the injustice of Fire Department promotions, the nuances of “political correctness”, and the like. American citizens supposedly treasure democracy. Yet every four years without fail they want “change”. They want to “throw the bums” out of Congress. The American political game, they say, is the greatest system that the world has yet devised. But they are endlessly disgusted with the way that it is run. It is time to ask why. It is time to see likewise that none of the familiar complaints above is directed at a meaningful target. For each is merely the symptom of a disease that by now may well be terminal.



And again, perhaps a cure is possible. But if so, what is needed is not bandages, but radical surgery. To take one case in point: Conservatives will probably hail the recent passing of California’s Proposition 187 (i.e., denying certain benefits to illegal aliens) as a victory. Yet it will not occur to them that *the very need for such measures* is itself a travesty. The split of this vote along racial lines should tell white voters the real situation. What we have in California, as elsewhere, is not political disagreement, but racial warfare. Mexican-Americans and their white liberal allies will say that they are casting their votes for a more “humane” California, a California that welcomes the poor and downtrodden (think, after all, of the message on that great statue in the New York harbor) and provides them with shelter. White conservatives will say in response that this agenda is too “liberal”. It is not liberal, it is obscene. The system to which 187 is addressed is a system that burdens the white taxpayer to the point of collapse; a system that requires him to actually fund the breeding habits of aliens who will not stem their own rate of procreation; one that sends forth in increasing numbers armed and amoral delinquents onto the streets to prey upon those citizens whose industry has made California what it is in the first place, namely, a land in every respect superior to the one

persing unearned benefits to those who will not, in many cases, even learn the language necessary to make themselves a viable addition to the community.

The best verdict that can be passed on continuing Mexican immigration into California is that of Mexicans themselves, who now flee north from border states just as desperately as they have fled their homeland. Conservatives wish to *seal* the borders. Well and good as a start. But real victory will come when we *open* them, and flush out what is undesirable. If we wish to safeguard ourselves, our land, our culture, and our posterity, then we should take the same measures that we would take to defend our lives were the attack to come through our living room doors. Have we the nerve to admit to ourselves what this will require? The greatest weapon of the enemy is *appeasement*. As long as we are convinced that such things as a Republican victory in Congress is meaningful, we will not explore real solutions. So long as we can be entertained with Rush Limbaugh, with the weekly in-house banter of Buckley and Kinsley, Will and Donaldson, we will remain within bounds. Like cattle. We will also remain doomed. The passing of 187 may well be good news, but only if it is seen rightly as a step toward the real solution. Yet that solution is, I fear, unthinkable at present in most conservative quarters.



The Virtue of “Tolerance”

from the Prof

Last summer, on a visit home to old haunts, and with the car in for minor repairs, I chanced to take a bus ride across the river to the heart of the neighboring downtown. Along the route I sat remembering such rides with my mother when I was perhaps five, when climbing up with excitement and dropping coins down that curious tumbling contraption by the driver. It was another time.

The ride was smoother now. And faster. In those days it had

been a road, and now it was an interstate freeway. We came into the city. On the sidewalks were somber faces, some of them down-trodden, some no doubt certifiably insane. How different it all seemed.

Some of it, of course, was me. There were, after all, hard times in the old days, as well, and there had always been a certain grittiness in the downtown. There had always, too, been bums on this street. But I didn't recall so many young ones. And not as crazily aggressive. As we approached the heart of downtown I listened to two women at the tail end of their talk trading words with rising intensity. The conversation was a blabby one that had gone on for several miles. It had dripped with insights about their lives and relationships, about "Chris" and his "sexism", and their strategies for achieving a more fulfilled and assertive existence. It was essentially the conversation that has now filled parks, cafes, and campuses in America for a long time.

On the seat opposite me was the folded remnant of a morning paper. I picked it up and glanced idly at the advice column of one of those twin Jewesses who have dispensed wisdom in such vehicles for the past several decades. On this occasion some woman was describing the daily hell that her live-in mother was inflicting upon her and all her family. The victim read off with sorrow a litany of pain that this old wretch had caused in the past three years. But she recalled, again, the scriptural commandment to "honor they father and mother" and said that the guilt hence was "killing" her. She needed advice.

The advice was to *communicate* with mother and not let her ruin all of the lives involved. (Indeed. Given syndication, a hefty day's wages, I am sure.) I turned an ear once more to the two in back chewing over their female *angst*. The younger one—she was a pleasant blonde of perhaps 25—was annoyed with one of her meddling neighbors. The older, creased with years and somewhat butch—a jaded veteran, it appeared, of the psycho-fest 60's and 70's—listened and nodded, and offered back to her pretty companion a diagnosis based upon what she thought she was hearing.

Why, she asked, be *judgmental*? The blonde admitted that perhaps her annoyance at the offending behavior was a sign of "intolerance". I shook my head and jotted down the word on a spare cash-teller receipt for memory's sake.



Tolerance. There are few words that so well capture the moral tone of our age. It is taken to be a virtue. The lack of this psychic commodity is a vice and an accusation. One hears a "plea" for it among social activists. As a quality of character, tolerance goes hand in hand with such related qualities as charity, openness and the acceptance of diversity. It is the crowning glory of an integrationist, the cardinal excellence that unites a liberal personality in its quest for a brighter social tomorrow.

This prizing of tolerance, wholesale and unqualified, is a legacy of the 60's. As such, it also fits well with the going mass agenda of race-destruction. It is also a manifestation of the tendency in recent decades to put all persons and all actions on a par; to suppose that values are, in the end, subjective, that one must at all costs refrain from "Judgment", that no way of life is actually superior to another. As such it is an exercise in degeneracy.

The demand for tolerance—for putting up with the strange, the odd, the intrusive, and even the offensive, without registering complaint—is but one more instance of the pervasive leveling that has gripped this society in my own lifetime: the insistence that there is no real difference, but for surface anatomy, between the sexes; that the races, beneath the skin, are likewise identical; that the preference for one art, one music, one literature, over another is at bottom a matter of mere personal taste; that the raucous interruption of a speaker in a public forum is but a contrary and equally legitimate exercise of a common "free speech"; that "cultures" are somehow equal; that this thing called humanity is a homogeneous stuff that is acted upon and pressed into its various shapes by the forces of its environment; that deviance of every kind is merely a behavioral "alternative", that to take action

against terrorism is to “become what we hate”—the list goes on into the horizon.

Of course, the thesis of this across-the-board equalization is absurd. If cultures, for example, are deemed equal then presumably they are being measured with respect to something. How so? What is this thing that is present everywhere, to be objectively recorded, and that is magically the same across all varieties of space and time? The thesis, in fact, is not even consistent. For if all behavior is on a par, then intolerance itself is no more objectionable than is anything else.

But again, this ideology, as it turns out, is not itself lacking for judgments of value. It has passions of its own. It actively promotes, as a presumable good, whatever action or policy may tend toward the destruction of a hated Western tradition and the race that has dominated it. It applauds whatever insult or injury may figure into this process—as, for example, when a black person is given an advantage of some arbitrary kind over his or her white counterpart. In this respect it is hardly value-neutral.



For many years this leveling tendency was thought to exist principally as an external threat. It was a standard view in the cold war years, for example, that a foreign communist menace might overrun the west by sheer force if it were able. And the threat indeed was genuine. For the same raceo-political aliens who butchered their way to rule in Russia (and in time, in the Baltic nations and the nations of Eastern Europe) would surely have done the same here if circumstance had allowed.

The foreign threat, in large part, has evaporated. This was inevitable, in time, given its internal fallacy. But the problem is not gone. It is, in fact, eternal. This tendency to level, to obliterate genuine and important differences, is a constant potential of the human soul. It is an instance of an unfortunate yet ever-present

capacity for moral dishonesty.¹ It is, at bottom, the denial of both freedom and its attendant responsibility.²

This denial arises not out of fertile imagination, or honest rebellion against a bad system, but out of envy, out of cowardice, out of the basic refusal to apply oneself with diligence to the inherently competitive task of life: *If You have more than I, then the state should do something to “balance” this injustice; if you have accomplished more, it is because “circumstances” have decreed it. If you seem abler of mind, it owes to the fact that I labor with some incidental quirk of cognitive “disability”, and not because you are truly more intelligent.*

Contrary to its claim, this ideology of all-things-equal is not open in any favorable sense of the word. As C. S. Lewis² once pointed out, open-mindedness with respect to particular hypotheses is a virtue; open-mindedness with respect to basic guiding principle (whether in reason or in value) is rational suicide. To cite again a case in point: Tolerance. It is, in and by itself, neither a good nor an evil. Tolerance of some things (say, for example, a personal hardship for the sake of some worthy cause) is a good thing. Tolerance of an offense is not. (It is, in fact, either cowardly, or masochistic, or both.)

Which kind of tolerance is expected of white citizens, with respect to current racial policy? In theory, of course, it is something quite innocuous, namely, the willingness to extend respect to persons of diverse *appearance*. But one look at hard facts (i.e., outside

1. In saying this I do not mean to say that an effort to broaden the base of wealth must be wrong-minded. An inheritance-based capitalistic system can be as much an outrage as can a state-controlled communistic one, and this is a problem with which racialists, in time, will have to come to grips. But the tendency I address in this brief commentary, I am convinced, is a categorical evil.

2. Lewis' best statement of this thesis is found in his classic *The Abolition of Man* (Macmillan, 1947). While Lewis is a bit out of fashion in contemporary circles, the book is probably one of the best of the 20th century. And though Lewis himself had some rather conservative religious leanings, one needn't share them in order to profit from his discussion.

the sealed devices of mass media) tells us something else. In theory, we are asked to accept a plurality of human color in our social midst. In practice, we are made to put up with the obnoxious behavior of third world miscreants in our stores, schools, theaters and shopping malls; if possible, in fact, we are to ignore it altogether. (Or again, we may perhaps voice an objection, within civil limits, but when this effort is crushed with contempt we must accept the outcome in any case. For our restraint, after all, is what holds "society" together.) We are to maintain a race-neutral stance in hiring with blind optimism no matter what the voice of experience may tell us. We must support efforts to import armed gang-members from across town and into our schools even knowing that our children will be terrorized in the process. To this end the average white man bears his discomfort.

He is not altogether unmindful of the offense. He sees it, in fact, everywhere he looks. He walks the street and it confronts him. A pack of congoid imbeciles struts toward him on the street with menace in their faces. He edges a little to the side. One brushes him with a slight grunt in an assertion of what blacks now call their "manhood". For all his liberal training he feels this insult. It sinks to his marrow. In response he goes home and thinks about the situation. Perhaps he confides his feelings to his spouse, who may (I presently know of such cases) respond by calling him a racist. He then does what white men are urged to do by the aliens who program them: He scours himself with introspection. Perhaps the discomfort is his fault. Why, after all, does he harbor resentment toward the variant mores of this perfectly legitimate subculture? And what is the alternative? Violence? With no objective basis, he supposes, for his resentment, he absorbs his fate and hopes for better next time.



All of this is idiocy. Our culture, our safety, our very lives are jeopardized by mongrel thugs who take joy in the fact. Out of reverence for the lives of these half-trained primates and their alien

mentors we are asked to remain obediently within the framework of the system that they have turned against us. Wherein lies the admirability of this obedience? And what say we of this absolute rejection of violence? It is time to ask hard questions.

A strange thing has happened on the way to our demise. Our culture has been saturated with the sight and sound of mayhem, to the point where we can accept it as a constant accompaniment to our daily experience. Yet it horrifies us in principle. So much so, to take one case in point, that a white man may wonder if he would want to be armed in the event that roaming savages should one night break down his living room door. He cannot believe that our own violence (except when part of a grand design decreed by overseers in the nation's capital) is an option.

Just what is wrong with violence? In asking this question I am not asking what is wrong with wanton murder or random terrorism. These things do seem wrong to me and I have no wish to defend or advocate them to the readers of this journal. What I want to know is, why is *violence* necessarily wrong? Is it that violence accomplishes its goal abruptly, in sudden fashion, and not as gradually as might some other strategy? If so, perhaps we should forbid the use of explosives to accomplish our ends, as for example, in the work of construction and mining. To this it will be said, I suppose, that the use of such force for building or for excavation is beside the point. For these activities do not have personal injury as their end. But if this is the objection, then tolerance must surely be an evil. For *its* end—foreseen and causally certain—will be the injury, and the destruction, of a great many persons. And indeed these victims, on the whole, will be those about whom we care most. Can any man worth the name live with this as a consequence of his behavior?³

3. There are, of course, other possible objections to my line of reasoning that could be voiced by those in the mainstream. One is that there exists some very important difference, in principle, between *committing* an act of violence and merely allowing one to occur. The pain caused to our children by our acquiescence in raceo-political atrocity is perhaps only a "foreseen but unintended" consequence of our policy; and so better, the conven-

*We must secure the existence of our people and a future for white children.*⁴ Our real choice is not between injury and non-injury, nor between one scenario that shall have violence and another that shall lack it. It is instead the choice of *who shall suffer the injury* and what specific form the violence shall take. The perfect rejection of violence is a paradox. Those white citizens who pride themselves upon non-violence should in fact be prepared to take credit for a major share of the violence that is to come. For out of their passivity will come atrocity on a scale hitherto not imagined and with the innocent as its primary victims. Categorical non-violence is thus *a participation in atrocity*. With this in mind I console myself with one thought—that whichever way my race may turn, it will in the end get what it deserves.

tionalists may say, to mind one's manners and allow Providence to decide who shall be the victims. I have little to say to this particular objection except that I find it strangely arbitrary and typical of mainstream mental helplessness.

4. These summary fourteen words are attributed to David Lane, a member of The Order who currently resides in Leavenworth Prison (#12873-057 / P.O. Box 1000, Leavenworth, KS 66048).

THE ANTI-HUMANS

by D. Bacu (307 pp., hb.) describes what was done to the young men whom Corneliu Z. Codreanu, the founder of the Legionary Movement in Romania, inspired, when seven years after his brutal murder, Romania was delivered to the Bolsheviks. They were subjected to what is the most fully documented Pavlovian experiment on a large number of human beings. It is likely that the same techniques were used on many American prisoners in Korea and Vietnam. *The Anti Humans* is a well-written document of great historical and psychological importance. Reading it will be an emotional experience you will not forget. "A sequel to Orwell's 1984" —R.S.H. "A searing expose of Red bestiality!" —Dr. A.J. App. **THE ANTI-HUMANS**, Order #01013. Sale price, single copy \$2.00 + \$1.50 postage, 10 for \$15.00 + \$5.00 postage.

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GREY CELLS DON'T SELL

by
Robert Frens

Several peepholes have claimed that I misquoted Omar the Tent-Mover in regard to that "soul through the invisible" whatever which appeared in my cantankerous "Aryan Dip Squats" of September last. *Liberty Bell* printed one of them under some "Bagatelle" handle written by someone who might be using a "nymph de plum". (I wondered if this, they, or it, was/were related to a Leona Bagatella I knew as a young man. She had a beautiful singing voice and an exceptional pair of lungs. Oh yes.) The fact I labeled that passage with the name of Kahlil Gibran really shows that I might have misquoted Kahlil and not Omar. I simply did not quote Omar so how could I misquote someone I didn't quote in the first place? I think the reader was wearing a yarmulke at the time as this apparently allows one to see things that aren't there. Anyway, the confusion arose because the quote bore a resemblance to something which appeared in print as a result of some translator who might have fudged things up anyway. Translators never agree and frequently accuse each other of misquoting things which might be misquotes in the first place, or some other place.

I never mentioned Omar or even his Ruby Yacht which is not to be confused with Jack Ruby's Yacht. In fact, I cannot be sure that Kahlil NEVER uttered those words at some time in his life. He may have. In that case my quote would be a bull's eye.

Samuel Krotchna once said, "Give me liberty or I give you death!" Did I misquote Patrick Henry? Of course not and the simple explanation is that I never even mentioned Patrick at all. All the bagelette managed to show was that the set of alphabet scribbles in my article wasn't congruent to another set of alphabet scribbles which could be found in some senile book. Hell's bells. The quote in question wasn't a replica of anything Adolf Hitler wrote (I was told) so I might also stand guilty of misquoting him also. Then again, who is to say, that the young Adolf might just have said those exact words to a comrade over a stein of stout?

If old man Pontillo SAID "Jimmy is full of shit", and WROTE "Irving is full of shit", would I be misquoting the senior Pontillo if I used "Jimmy" instead of "Irving"? Certainly I would not be misquoting Benjamin Householder. At least, I don't think so—but then again... To quote

or not to quote. That is the query.

Opinions are not facts. If one truly wishes to use the term "misquote" from a position of leverage, then I would suppose that he would be in possession of ALL the words, written and spoken, for whomever the misquote tolls. How does one know that the "reference" he uses for such attacks is sound in the first place? He doesn't. Such is the nonsense we call faith and "scholars" must be true believers in regard to those acres of doodles which are not part of the real world. Men forever confuse the abstract for real, live, porcupines and meatballs.

I do make mistakes. In fact, yesterday, while using a public urinal, I made an error in direction and wet some other fellow's shoes. One time, while deep in the energies of a physical union, I mentioned the name "Barbara" to the object of my attention, Norma. That is a mistake which had far more serious repercussions than whether or not I correctly remembered what an effeminate Nurd Hotfeld said in some ancient movie. While in the Army, I happened to be taking a shower with another soldier who was also bare-assed. I didn't know he was an officer and I apologized for the comments I made and then finished by saying that rank apparently was only a matter of a uniform since we couldn't tell a private from a general in the shower. He failed to appreciate my reasoning and neither did that soldier holding an M-1 carbine.

What really saddens me about the blight-wing, and revisionists in particular, is the amount of energy they consume in worrying about the form of something rather than its content. It is similar to the lawyer's insistence upon the "letter" of the law and not its intent. The country is dying and I do not think we should be concerned with items of etiquette. ("Feces", or "excrement", belongs to a day gone bye, bye. "Shit" belongs to today. If you fail to understand that simple thing, then it's no wonder you are ineffective and end up as a door mat. The fact that you hold your toilet paper with chopsticks is irrelevant.)

A recipe for a cheap explosive is not rendered invaluable because the punctuation is incorrect or the grammar shoddy. Whether the information is nicely printed on expensive paper or merely scribbled on used latrine mats with a piece of charcoal doesn't make much difference to anyone with their eye upon the Niagara Power Plant. That's always been the problem with academics. They gas about the format, and not the message, and try to turn everything into a sort of fly-shit counting exercise.

They learn for the sake of learning. Knowledge is only a tool—something to be used. Otherwise, it is worthless.

At the bottom of this nonsense is the belief that "knowing" is somehow related to "doing". *INSTAURATION* (from the rust, thy shalt make steel!), a blight-wing publication, is an example of word after word after word of nothing other than demonstrating who might possibly have the greater vocabulary or who can illustrate some eccentric pondering along obtuse theoretical lines.

There is a vast difference between being an intellectual and being intelligent. Intelligent people can solve problems. Intellectuals merely talk, read, and write, about what they think, what others think, and what they think others think about thinking. I have never met an intellectual who can solve anything. In fact, most of them have a hard time feeding themselves or zipping up their fly without getting the family jewels caught in the metal teeth.

Intelligence is partially the ability to perceive differences and relations. John Klinkroth, a person well versed in literature, was unable to perceive that the niggers who approached him could never be impressed by anything academic. After relieving him of his valuables, they stabbed him and John died in a pool of his own blood. The niggers had a better perception of the real world than did the high IQ Klinkroth. In my view, the niggers were certainly more intelligent since they were able to solve their cash flow problem. John couldn't solve his immediate problem of staying alive.

Often, we like to attribute intelligence to a person who has read every book in the library, can spout off yards of correct quotes, and use obscure words for the purpose of obscurity. (In the hot-rod field, we say "If it won't go, chrome it." In the literary field it's "If you have nothing to say, then use giant words.") If memory is intelligence, then we should label every tape recorder "intelligent" as well as each compact disk ROM.

I must confess that I do not read novels. I am not interested in any person's imagined stories no matter how correct the protocol. When it comes to fiction, I can dream up stories far more wild than any which people tell me have appeared in print. When you become "scholarly", that is, well read, you admit to the world that you are devoting yourself to not living. Study, study, and more study, has never solved one damned thing. Learning twenty-nine useless facts in twelve languages is meaningless unless you are in the "can you top this?" business. It is a matter of value and

not of labels.

Gil Warner had a hard time getting English grammar correct, but his powerful fists were of more value in the streets we knew as kids than any library card. Don Carney, the village genius, who also knew a good deal of French plus German, was a liability and usually had the crap stomped out of him during our several "turf" wars. Niggers are, of course, surviving better than our honky dips who waste their time blathering about the "great white race" and "look what they are doing to us now."

One truly learns by doing and not from being an academic parrot although parroting is the path to good school grades and the Dean's list. Every time we saw automotive engineers show up at our drag strip, we knew that they'd be easy to beat. They had school larnin' but no real mechanical savvy.

When one depends upon another's writings, he admits that he has no thoughts of his own worth exercising. The spineless and the frustrated, if they have a functioning brain, usually bury themselves in "intellectual" pursuits in order to cover their failure at living. Many also pile up heaps of material junk somehow believing that possessions are life. Hitler knew only one language but was a very intelligent man. He was no intellectual. A real genius never is. Edison was no intellectual and neither was Patton but they were both quite intelligent and able to solve immediate problems. No college professor ever saved a people. The skill of reading and writing in ten different languages never made anyone grow potatoes better, or shoot a rifle with more accuracy. We are in a war for survival and have no more time for intellectual discussions, revisionist distractions, or bull-shit about the Nordic psyche. I don't care how many books there are in your personal library. I want to know about your ability to kick ass.

The brain has been responsible for nearly all of man's failures. The brain collects notions. Some of them are copied from others while other notions are internally manufactured. These notions are believed to be facts (truth) and the holder of these opinions acts as if he were in possession of heavenly powers. None of us know many facts. All of us have a myriad of opinions which we believe to be facts. Once properly paralyzed by a foolish notion of importance, we then judge the world according to our own delusions. People are intelligent, or stupid, according to the degree they agree with us. Every ugly child has a mother who views it as beautiful. We are all saddled with value judgments which are cloaked as

factual statements while not being statements of fact. If we spot another's flub, then we pat ourselves on the back for being "superior" little realizing that flubs are only in the eye of the beflubber. (How many LB readers spotted Dr. Oliver's recent flub where he erred in calling a pentagram, a hexagram? If so, then why wasn't this pointed out by some nit-picker?)

We believe things to be true which is different from knowing things to be true. I do not know that there exists anything such as Africa. Other people say there is but that does not make it a fact. The reason I believe in the existence of Africa is because I have faith that I could verify it if I chose to. I do not know, for a fact, that a dive into the Niagara Gorge would kill ME. I believe that it might just do that since I have faith in the statistics surrounding those who have. Of course, I am on safer ground if I fully accept this opinion of mine as a fact. A reasonable course of action is little other than taking the one with the higher expectation of success. An expectation is only a variety of some opinion or the other.

Everyone spends far too much time reading thus reinforcing their opinion that they know something or have learned something. When one becomes a scholar, he has read almost everything about little of nothing. He then thinks he is an expert and the world bows to the intimidation of his academic seniority. Once you achieve the status of expert relative to one dung heap, you then are perceived to be an expert on all dung heaps. A former prof of mine, Nobel Prize winner Harold Urey, was an expert on the topic of tritium and deuterium. He was extremely ignorant of the things which every common school boy knew—how to fix automotive engines. In a battle for survival, Dr. Urey would be wiped out in the first assault while the "alley kids", those children of the working class, would live to fight another day.

Specialization works against survival. Even though an elephant's trunk is "special", the elephant is not successful because of it. He is successful because of his "all" elephant nature.

What has always been in short supply are intelligent people who know much about a lot of things and can operate on an elevated level in many diverse areas. This is called general intelligence and it is the only type worth having. I can appreciate the genius of a concert level musician and an expert in theoretical chemistry as well as a master poet. However, these people are useless in the battle we are currently supposed to be fighting. Only affluent societies, with defensible borders, can afford such luxu-

ries. The narrow talented scholars are as a desert. It is time for some real meat and to hell with the meringue.

Reading books about fishing never put anything on the table if you refuse to cut bait and fish! Knowing everything about bicycles is not the same as building one. Building a bicycle is not the same as being able to pedal one. Knowledge is only a tool. Unused knowledge is as useless as an axe which never knew a tree, and as useful as the testicles on a Monk.

How many of the intellectuals out there, real or imagined, who read *LIBERTY BELL* are aware of the ease with which someone can audit the messages left on their telephone answering devices? Most devices used for this convenience are accessible remotely by the use of a "code". This is their weak link. I am not going to reveal much in the way of technical information here because it might be a violation of some law. I will therefore be purposely vague.

When your phone is on-hook (not being used) a xxxx Hertz (frequency) audio sine wave is constantly impressed on the circuit by a generator in the central office. When you lift up the phone (off-hook) the signal stops. That is why you are not aware of it. If you use a Colpitts oscillator, or something similar, and inject this signal into the phone line, the central office machinery accepts this as a hang-up. With your telephone appearing to be not in use, you are then free to use other controlling signals to do whatever it is you want to illegally do. One of them might be to "kill" the 20 Hz. bell signal which announces that a call is being made. This means that I could dial your home, kill the bell, and wait for your recorder to answer, without anyone being aware of it (except the central office computers who are "watching" the whole show). Once the out-going message is heard, the pressing of the "code" keys will then access your messages. One could then listen to whatever messages there were, erase them, and reset your machine, all without you ever being the wiser. Your access code is determined by a systemic trial and error which, of course, takes place without you ever hearing the bell. If you want to be a real cowboy, then a computer and modem will simplify the task of number searching. I would like to point out that you never really hear the other person's bell ringing. What you hear is the audio voltage that is being impressed on the line. No one, without using inductance measuring equipment, can ever tell if your bell is connected or not and, even then, not determine if the physical parts were functioning.

I have mentioned the foregoing to illustrate a point. This is practical information which can be used and understood without ever reading Chaucer or the Ten Commandments in Greek. We must strive to be as practical as our enemies who certainly do not spend their time contemplating the nature of any imagined hidden meaning in some dusty tract or blathering about ideals and ethnic imperatives.

Who gives a screw about Coon's view of the coon? What difference does it make whether some Nazi shot six jews five decades ago? Or whether my Great Grandmother was unfaithful to my Great Grandfather? Or whether someone who knew how to pick locks, with his dick, died last year? No wonder they call it the blight-wing. You cannot get on the right track until you get off the wrong track. Fifty years of quasi-intellectual gas romping is enough. If the failure of the past half-century hasn't bothered you, then I suggest that you read this article over, and make appropriate notes, for I am sure you'll find a bit of punctuation, a hank of grammar, or a boodle of misspelling, which will convince you that I am no fastidious intellectual. I never said that I was, so what would be your vain point?

Castrate all my stinking foes,

Grab his balls, don't let go,

Bye Bye Blight-wing.

When an expert axes me,

I'll get laid, leave me be,

Bye Bye Blight-wing.

Intelligent goofs can hate and brand me,

What academic crap they all hand me.

I'll kick some ass, bash a queer,

I'll arrive, full of beer,

Bye Bye Blight-wing.

(In the key of F. Music by Ray Henderson, or someone else, or maybe neither.) □

AN OPEN LETTER

to the Hypocrites, Liars and Cowards of the American Newsmedia

Dear member of the American media:

Dear fellow writers:

Fully realizing that some of you may not like to be called names such as those you see in above headline, I would like to hasten to state that I do not mean *everybody* in the American journalistic profession. There are exceptions, and I can think of at least ten nationally known writers and columnists (some of whom I have had the honor of meeting) who are excluded—ten among tens of thousands...

Whom do I call a coward? Every single editor, writer and columnist who never once in the 45 years that I have spent in the United States has dared to correct the *obvious* incongruities of the Holocaust tale, a device designed to keep the German people in perpetual bondage to those whom I call the "forever persecuted ones". Now, I do not mean that you should write critical commentaries, articles and editorials about things of which you know nothing (many of you were born after World War II). But as recently as last August the *American Legion Magazine* printed an article titled "Witnesses to the Holocaust" by the Milks, a Jewish mother-and-son writer team, so full of *obvious* incongruities that somebody—anybody—in your profession should, in the interest of historical truth, have taken the magazine to task for printing such gibberish. Well, I am still waiting.

More than a quarter century after this particular lie was laid to rest, Leslie and Jeremy Milk dared to repeat the "soap made from Jewish cadavers" story, and millions of Americans have no choice but to believe this nonsense. After all, it was printed in the allegedly prestigious *American Legion Magazine*. (Also in August, the *San Francisco Examiner* printed, without a correcting comment, an item about a piece of soap made from Jewish fat by "the Nazis" that was to be given by the University of Santa Clara to the Holocaust Museum in Washington, D.C.) Old lies die hard.

Perhaps the worst example of an *obvious* Holocaust incongruity

occurred on 6 November 1988. On that day the *New York Post* printed an article about a Jewess named Clara Feldman who goes around (mostly) black schools in New York City telling the poor and naive children there that the Germans murdered one million Blacks during World War II. In the weeks following, *not one* American newspaper or journalist chastized Mrs. Feldman, and pointed out that, except for a few captured American or French Negroes, no Blacks were in the German realm. That nobody in this huge country corrected this insulting nonsense can only be ascribed to cowardice (those that allegedly do not control the American media would come down hard on somebody who questions their outrageous claims).

How many of you are liars? Almost all. No day passes when I do not find an outright lie about Germany or Germany's conduct in World War II in the American press. Most of you are so imbued with American righteousness that it makes one sick to read your justifications for even the most outrageous U.S. behavior, and your never-ending accusations against others (not only the Germans).

Few of you seem to have the ability to see both sides of a story. According to most of you, anything Germany did was wrong, anything the U.S. did or does is beyond reproach.

You lie when it helps to cover American war crimes, as for instance in the matter of the death toll of the February 1945 air raids on the undefended city Dresden. While the true number of victims can never be established, one can say with certainty that several hundred thousand people (mostly women and children) were murdered. What number of victims do you mention mostly? 35,000, the *Lügenziffer* of 1945.

Similarly it is with the number of German POW's that perished while in American hands at the war's end. James Bacque, the Canadian writer, wrote in his book *Other Losses* that up to a million German soldiers died as a result of the inhumane treatment meted out by Eisenhower's minions. While I personally think this figure is too high (I, myself can be counted as one of the *Other Losses* since I escaped from American captivity), there is no excuse for the American Armed Forces not to be in possession of lists providing the truth, or for the American media not to be concerned about it. The (materially) poor

Russians still have their German POW lists in Moscow. Could it be that the American records were purposely destroyed because the truth in them became inconvenient (just as the Vietnamese still have nearly 500,000 soldiers of theirs missing and unaccounted for because the U.S. Defense Department somehow "lost" the graves' lists?).

When it comes to Auschwitz, some of you still mention the idiotic (for technical reasons simply impossible) death toll of 4 million. Eventually, we will find out what really happened at Auschwitz but it will not be due to the efforts of the professionals (and liars) of the American media. Why is it that hardly anyone of you dares to point to the *obvious* incongruity, namely, that the *Oberjuden* still cling to the "Six million Jews killed by the Nazis"-figure even though they have lowered the Auschwitz toll by three million? This fact alone should have opened a Pandora's box of new questions for able and inquisitive writers. All I hear is silence...

This Open Letter really concerns your hypocrisy. For decades I have read your articles and columns, and it never ceases to amaze me how you can create at a moment's notice a hitherto non-existent "Public outrage". How I remember your crocodile tears for Salman Rushdie. Or your faked concerns for Anatol Sharansky and Andrei Sakharov. Currently it is the Chinese dissidents who seem to touch your emotions most. (NYT 29 Aug. 1994: "Abuses of Rights Persist in China despite U.S. pleas"). Nevermind that a number of them were obvious agents for "democracy" (whatever that means).

Recently, your hypocrisy came to the fore when the *Deckert case* made news not only in Germany but world-wide. You cannot say you have never heard of *Günter Deckert* and his trials, for I know for certain that not only the major news services and TV networks but also the papers with their own foreign correspondents reported on it. To the best of my knowledge *not one* American newspaper or magazine chastized the Bonn Government, the government of the (allegedly) "freest state that ever existed on German soil" for punishing a man, a highly respected teacher and school administrator, for exercising his (even in Germany) constitutionally guaranteed right to free expression.

What is it that makes you care more for Chinese, Burmese, Rwandan etc. dissidents than for the thousands of men and women currently being persecuted in Germany for their political beliefs? Is it because the Germans' ideology does not coincide with U.S. internationalistic "One World" plans?

In case you don't know, the first and foremost fighter for freedom of speech in America was *Johann Peter Zenger* (1697-1755) of New York, a German immigrant. And the Declaration of Independence was first printed in Philadelphia in the *German* language. These items and the fact that Germany is still the heartland of what we call Western Civilization (*Die Kultur des Abendlandes*) should give you cause for more, and not less concern for what transpires in your* Germany. YOU OWE US!

*According to us, Germany is still not free and sovereign. No matter what one calls them, American troops on German soil are still occupation soldiers. The "special relationship" between Germany and the United States of which President Clinton spoke, means nothing else but that the Germans are now the number one boot-blacks of the American conquerors. Germany will only be free when the last American soldier and the last American secret agent leave Reich soil.

Following, we are bringing you lists of Germans whom one can correctly call dissidents, or, if they are incarcerated, political prisoners, and about whose fate you, American journalists (hopefully) imbued with American ideals of freedom, should be truly concerned. Reading these lists and the "transgressions" of which these Germans have been accused, should raise the dander of each and everyone of you. If it doesn't, it can only mean that you have been thoroughly brainwashed. As an explanation of my personal stance, I can assure you that in 1942, as a fifteen year-old leader in the Hitler-Youth, I defended the right of an old Communist to remain what he was, and of foreign "slave workers" conscripted for the war effort, to speak their mind.

What follows is a listing of some of the Germans and others who have been persecuted by the authorities of the U.S.-vassal Bonn regime for offenses that in the United States are protected by the First Amendment to the U.S. Constitution. No attempt has

been made to put the names in alphabetical order or to give some of the persecuted precedence over others according to their importance, although some internationally known cases will appear first. It must be noted that in 1993, 23,318 indictments against so-called "rightwing radicals" were issued, 1,343 for causing bodily harm (many of which are spurious accusations). (*DIE WELT*, 13 July 1994.) That means nearly 22,000 Germans were accused of political activities that, according to our American sense of justice, were not of a criminal nature. None of the persons mentioned below has physically hurt anyone:

Former German *Wehrmacht* (not Waffen-SS, as is frequently alleged) General Otto-Ernst Remer. Sentenced to 22 months in prison for questioning WWII accusations against the Germans in his publication, *Remer-Depesche*. As a result, the sickly 82-year old sought political asylum in Spain, where he is currently living.

Ernst Zündel, b.1939, a German-Canadian publisher, was sentenced by a Munich court to pay a fine of DM 31,500 for telling an audience in Germany of his experiences and travails at his trials in Canada, where he was acquitted for allegedly disseminating untruths, namely, proof that the "Holocaust" could not have occurred as the Holocaust Lobby tries to make us believe.

Germar Rudolf, a young German chemist, formerly with the prestigious Max-Planck-Institute, came to doubt the "gas chamber" claims, and on his own went to Auschwitz to take samples of the insides of the alleged gas chambers (forensic evidence "forgotten" at the Nuremberg trials), and also of known fumigation chambers for clothes. The results of his research was devastating for the missionaries of the new Holocaust religion. Therefore, the "heretic" Rudolf was made to pay the price. He lost his job, his chance to complete his doctorate, and is now under indictment for defaming the allegedly millions of dead Jews that really never died.

Erhard Kemper, a German agricultural expert, and freelance journalist, attacks the lies upon which the West German state is founded, one of which is the Holocaust claim. He is currently in jail (for an as yet indeterminate time) for his numerous transgressions. While incarcerated, the not-too-young Mr. Kemper developed an ailment that required immediate medical attention. Not

getting it, Kemper had no choice but to use the first opportunity to remove himself from the prison, and see his own doctor, who promptly arranged for an operation. Only after he had recuperated sufficiently did Kemper report back to jail, where since then he has been held under worse conditions than before.

Thies Christophersen is also an agricultural expert and a publisher. During WWII he was stationed near the Auschwitz concentration camp, and employed concentration camp inmates on his research farm. Decades ago he wrote a book claiming that, had gas chambers existed at Auschwitz, he would have known about them. For this he is under indictment (if in Germany you question the Jewish claims, you automatically defame their "Six Million" dead). Before trial, he fled to political exile in Denmark, where he is still living today. Christophersen is willing to stand trial in Germany if the system there allows him to select and present expert witnesses of his choosing. So far German courts have not had the courage to allow such witnesses.

Dr. Wilhelm Stäglich was an anti-aircraft officer stationed at Auschwitz. He wrote a book (*Der Auschwitz Mythos*) denying that mass murder on the claimed scale could have taken place there, or that homicidal gas chambers were used. A former judge, he was nevertheless persecuted for his beliefs and, using a law signed by Hitler, "they" eventually took away his doctorate because he was telling the truth as he saw it. His book was prohibited, all unsold copies were burned and even the printing plates were destroyed by order of the court.

Helmut Grimm, a German intellectual holding doctorates in both medicine and jurisprudence, wrote letters about the Holocaust, the (planned) inundation of Germany with foreigners, and other ailments of present-day German society to high officials and the judiciary. Recently, while he was absent, a large team of government goons searched his home without a search warrant, and confiscated nearly everything movable. He is now in political asylum in Denmark.

Udo Walendy, a German publisher delving critically into matters of history, has been in constant troubles with German authorities, and was heavily fined. Although officially no censorship exists

in the BRD (Federal Republic), Walendy has to have all his writings carefully combed over by a team of lawyers so that they do not conflict with the prevailing *Zeitgeist*. Only recently a book of his was okayed by the German Supreme Court, albeit with the caveat that, really, a book questioning Germany's sole guilt for World War II does not fall under the protection of the constitutionally guaranteed right to free expression.

Tiudar Rudolph, (82) questions all allied accusations against Germany, and provides proof that many of the allegations are nothing but a continuation of the war propaganda. Recently, he was incarcerated under laws covering the defamation of the dead, and race hatred (any German patriot can easily transgress against these). While in jail, he came upon non-Germans (Mossad agents?) searching his cell. In typical Bolshevik fashion, a female judge wanted to have Rudolph sent to a psychiatric ward.

Joachim Sigerist, a writer and publisher, is currently incarcerated under a law prohibiting expressions of race hatred. In a publication he had truthfully stated that Romanian gypsies who train their children to beg and steal in Germany are nothing but criminals.

Walter Ochensberger, an Austrian citizen and publisher was convicted of telling the truth about the Third Reich, a fact which in Austria means "promoting the resurgence of Nazism", something prohibited by allied law. Ochensberger fled before he could be jailed. On a sea trip from a Baltic country to Denmark, the ferry he was on "inexplicably" had to enter a German harbor. There he was arrested (remember, for a strictly political offense), and against his protestations and without proper extradition formalities sent to Austria, where he is now in prison. Ochensberger's request for political asylum in Germany, something almost automatically granted millions of Third World asylum seekers in the last few years, was curtly denied.

Dr. Max Wahl, a Swiss citizen and publisher, was sentenced by a German court to pay nearly DM 40,000 (\$25,000) for publicly questioning many of the allied war claims, among them the Holocaust accusations, and for stating that Germany's former enemies

are using these accusations to blackmail Germany into still paying tribute (in the form of reparations) to other countries, and especially to Jews and Israel, a half century after the war's end.

Gerd Honsik, an Austrian publisher, wrote several books delving into historical matters, one of them exposing Simon Wiesenthal's hateful actions. He was sentenced to fines and jail, and is currently in self-imposed exile in Spain.

Günter Küssel, an Austrian, was sentenced to ten years in jail for trying to revive National-Socialism. He had advocated another Anschluss with Germany. In Austria as well as in Germany it is O.K. to promote Communism but it is verboten to be a true German patriot.

Marie-Luise Sebiger, 89, a German Hausfrau, was upset about the despoilation of the German landscape through unassimilable foreigners and the growing criminality by Third World asylants. Mrs. Sebiger ordered some leaflets attacking the Bonn asylum policies, and distributed them among friends. The result was a visit by the "Kriminalpolizei", and the threat that she may end up in jail if she persisted in her protest.

Andreas Thierry (24) and Adolf Schatzmayr (22), received jail sentences of 18 and 15 months by a court in Klagenfurt, Austria, because they had publicly defended the honor of the Waffen-SS.

Gert Sudholt, well-known German book publisher, was put in jail for writing and publishing books and articles about matters that are "verboten" in Germany. There are indications that the government wants to put him out of business.

"John Doe", (18) was arrested for wearing a Hitler Youth belt buckle with the words "Blut und Ehre" and a swastika on it. It had belonged to his grandfather. A poor roofer, he was fined \$400 and the buckle was confiscated.

Christian Worch, (28) a "notorious" German nationalist who never harmed a fly, spent three years in jail (1980 to 1983) for the following: "Volksverhetzung, verfassungsfeindliche Propaganda, Beleidigung von lebenden und toten Juden, Teilnahme an nicht genehmigten Demonstrationen etc. (never advocating violence)", ("creating hate; disseminating propaganda which is directed against

the (enemy-instituted) constitution; insulting living and dead Jews, and participation in illegal demonstrations"). Unlike real criminals, Worch was kept in prison for the entire sentence. Since then (for more than 10 years) he is on indeterminate parole, and has to report monthly to a parole officer.

Max Albrechtskirchinger, was fined DM 4,000 (\$2,500) for the following: He had written a letter to the small magazine of one of the editors mentioned above, quoting *without his own commentary* these sentences from the testimony of an old Jewish German witness at the 1988 trial of Ernst Zündel in Canada:

"I am working for the reconciliation of Jews and Germans. My presence here proves that among thousands of bad Jews there are some who do not accuse the Germans of the Holocaust. I am convinced that there was never a German plan to exterminate all the Jews, and no Jews were killed in gas chambers."

The court held that Albrechtskirchinger, by quoting this Jewish gentleman, proved that he agreed with the testimony and therefore transgressed against German laws that prohibit the denial of the Holocaust.

Horst Patzke, (63) was fined \$3,000 for allegedly creating hate against non-Germans by publicly pointing out the high crime rate of foreigners seeking asylum in Germany.

Dr. Waldemar Schneider, is a German expert on Oriental culture and religion. In 1992 he wrote for a German-language newsletter an objective book review of a Japanese book that was a bestseller in Japan but had been castigated by the *New York Times* for alleged anti-Semitism. Soon thereafter, Simon Wiesenthal, the "Nazi hunter", accused Dr. Schneider in a German court of "creating hate" and demanded that he be prosecuted. Another Jew associated with the Wiesenthal-Center but located in Paris, Shimon Samuels, wrote to the German Red Cross, where Dr. Schneider held a position, demanding that it disassociate itself from the "culprit" because he was allegedly guilty of starting, "a campaign to promote the denial of the Holocaust and ethnic defamation".

For once the German court saw no reason to indict the German so accused but it did come out that the person who had started the entire process was a Jew dealing with blood products in

Europe, whose business was in direct conflict with Dr. Schneider's position as the head of the blood bank of the German Red Cross.

Jürgen Graf, a young Swiss teacher, is very interested in World War II history. He became fascinated by the Holocaust myth, and especially its incongruities. Contrary to the actions of most American journalists, Graf (in typical German fashion) did his own research exposing the obvious lies, and wrote a book about it. Soon after publication, he received an official letter from a German court, signed by a Holocaust fanatic in Mannheim named Staatsanwalt Heiko Klein, that an investigation had started, and that he should answer the accusations.

Franz Ruby, (85) was fined \$4,000 for publicly stating that Germany should remain populated mainly by Germans.

Alfred Detscher, (b.1921), the Munich publisher of a throw-away advertising paper, published in the early 1990s the text of the Leuchter Report about the non-existence of gas chambers for the killing of humans at the Auschwitz concentration camp. At the behest of the (then) German Oberjude Galinski, the Bavarian authorities went after Detscher with a vengeance. His business was totally ruined and he was fined DM 20,000 for "creating hate", etc. Detscher, a (up to the Leuchter article) totally apolitical person, died of a broken heart in 1993.

Markus Privenau, (22), used adhesive stickers to cover a street sign with the name of a dead "Liberal" with the letters "Rudolf Hess-Platz". He was sentenced to 3 months in jail.

The following report could be found in a local German newspaper on 1 July 1994:

During the search of the home of a (rightwing) political extremist in Neckarhausen, 29 file folders with finely organized patriotic propaganda material was confiscated. In the file folders there were leaflets, pamphlets, publications of past and present, and pictures of Hitler and other "Nazi" bigshots. Because the police was also able to confiscate a copier, it was assumed that the accused had copied some of the confiscated matter for distribution, which is against the law. In this regard it must be mentioned that in today's Germany any party, any group (however small) that advocates a

German Germany is being persecuted by the Bonn political gangsters. Any group being regarded as patriotic, nationalistic or "to the right of Kohl's party" is being harrassed. The banks will not accept its accounts, the newspapers refuse its ads, and hotels and restaurants are coerced into not renting rooms or halls for meetings.

Here you will find excerpts from German court reports we received from German attorneys. In many states of Europe it seems customary to hide the names of the accused behind an NN (no name)/John Doe designation. BGH means federal court.

1966, the BGH sentenced a John Doe, because he gave an unpublished manuscript extolling the virtues of national socialism to a publisher.

1975, the BGH sentenced a John Doe, because he was in the possession of national socialistic posters,

1977, the BGH sentenced a John Doe, because he published a book containing "racist" statements.

1979, the BGH sentenced a John Doe, because he had imported 16 issues of a national socialist publication from a publisher in the United States.

1985, the BGH sentenced a John Doe to 7 months in jail because he had in his possession 20 adhesive stickers and 2 leaflets with national-socialist slogans.

1987, the BGH sentenced a John Doe, because on the roof of his house he had painted a graffiti against Communism.

1993, the BGH sentenced a John Doe to a fine or 90 days in jail because he had worn a T-shirt with an anti-Communist slogan.

1962, a Bavarian court sentenced a John Doe because he had sung the Horst Wessel Song" in public while intoxicated.

1965, the BGH sentenced a John Doe because he had given a tape cassette with the Horst Wessel Song, and a sticker with Hitler's likeness to another person.

1976, the BGH sentenced a John Doe, because as a salutation ending a letter he had used the words "with German greetings" (something that could possibly mean "Heil Hitler").

1977, a German court sentenced a John Doe because during

Mardi Gras he had dressed as Hitler, and had yelled "Heil Helau" in public. (Helau is a nonsensical greeting used at Mardi Gras occasions).

1977, a German court in Schleswig sentenced a publisher because he had used a decent Hitler picture on the front cover of his magazine. (The Bonn system does not complain when Hitler's likeness is used in a derogatory manner.)

1979, the BGH sentenced a John Doe because he had manufactured model airplanes of WWII German planes exactly as they had looked during the war, i.e., with the swastika on the tail. It is verboten to use the swastika in any form whatever.

1994, a court in Hamburg sentenced a John Doe because he had used the Reichskriegsflagge of the First World War on the front cover of a catalog. Due to the fact that (young) German patriots are using this flag in lieu of everything else that is forbidden, the showing of this war stander of the German Armed forces of the Kaiser's empire is now also on the Verbotliste.

1989, a court in Braunschweig ordered the confiscation of leaflets that showed the so-called Celtic cross (as often seen on graves in Wales and Ireland).

What you read above are but a few examples of what transpires in Germany. The suppression of patriots is unbelievable. And what do you, the representatives of the American media do? You describe Bonn Germany as a prime example of a working democracy, and worry about "democracy" in "Bugabina". In conclusion I again would like to say to you: You, American editors, writers and journalists owe it to us to delve into this God-forsaken injustice, and attack these horrible human rights violations.

Sincerely, Hans Schmidt

From GANPAC Brief No. 145 / November 1994

GANPAC is the *only* organization *politically* defending and representing the interests of the 60 million Americans who have declared themselves "German-Americans", this nation's largest ethnic group. It is GANPAC's aim to fight the constant defamation of all things German by the American media, to inform the American public of the great contributions by the German-Americans and Germans to the growth and well-being of this nation, and to help build a better society for all.

The GANPAC BRIEF appears monthly. Subscription/donation rates are \$50 per annum (\$25 for students and Social Security recipients - U.S. addresses only.) Back issues are available. Write for list.

©German-American National Public Affairs Committee, P.O. Box 11124, Pensacola, FL 32524-1124

Dear George;

25 November 1994

Although the enclosed letter to the editor may sound a little gloomy, I want you to know that I will keep supporting your efforts. Your *Liberty Bell* is the best of its kind! Keep up the good work.

Also, if there are other LB subscribers in the Boise area, please give them my name and number. Thanks.

Sincerely, T.J., Idaho

✂ ✂ ✂

Dear George:

13 October 1994

I thought you might like to know that there is an outfit that just (this week) showed up on short-wave radio, 60 Meter Band, 5.065 Mhz, at 7 p.m. that is putting out a newspaper called "Liberty Bell."

It is a religious program that is advocating resistance to the Socialist government in Washington for the usual Christian reasons. Not bad, as far as that goes, for they are against the New World Order, etc.

I don't know what impact they are having, or might have, on the original *Liberty Bell*. Perhaps their advertisements will increase your circulation, I don't know. This is something you may wish to evaluate before deciding on a course of action. [We, of course, are not connected with this organization in any way. —Ed.]

I hope this finds you and yours well.

Yours truly, J.M., WV

✂ ✂ ✂

Dear Folks:

24 November

...Man Oh Man, would I like to render some answers to some commentators in *Liberty Bell*. But time and energy must be strictly controlled for maximum efficiency. For example:

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

What the good Frenchman [M.d.L.] suggested (December LB, page 49), regarding Mr. Dietz going back to great old Germany, well, the normal deduction in logic here is that he wishes poor George to be jailed up!! Of course if the present victor's government in Germany had more latitude or toleration, I would be tempted by them if they offered an honorary German citizenship! However, reality is something else again. Also, the piece by Frens displays a remarkable degree of wit and insight, although, utilizing Shakespeare, one might assert: "Brevity is the soul of Wit!" Indeed. Arthur Schopenhauer once wrote, did he not (?): "The Jew is the most polished and professional of all the world's liars." With that insight, much verbiage might be set aside!! Honesty is a Germanic trait, whereas cynicism and deception are the everlasting Jewish virtues.

Yours truly, RHS, Colorado

✂ ✂ ✂

Dear Editor:

24 November 1994

I must agree with M.d.L. of France whose letter appears on page 49 of *Liberty Bell*, Dec '94. "Vegetating in this hopeless Septic Tank called America!" are his words. They are so very true.

White America is already dead. White Americans are willing their own extinction. Their spirit and soul are gone. One can feel it, sense it; like seeing death hovering over a sick old man. Whites are so devoid of spirit and courage that they aren't about to rally to the cause of saving their own race.

Aryan America has no generation of youth forged from blood, steel, and death; such as the hell of total war and total defeat on their own soil. This is the crucible from which a leader would emerge.

But the slide into oblivion will go on until the few remaining whites will have to flee America just to survive the persecution and violence soon to come.

Where will they go?

Publicus Prudentis

✠ ✠ ✠

Dear Folks,

28 November 1994

Please send me one copy of Revilo Oliver's book *America's Decline*. Enclosed please find a money order for \$11.50 in payment. Thanks and best wishes to all of the *Liberty Bell* family, especially its courageous leader George, for a pleasant holiday season and very good 1995. Your work is very much appreciated.

Sincerely
E.S., Missouri

THE ANTI-HUMANS

by D. Bacu (307 pp., hb.) describes what was done to the young men whom Corneliu Z. Codreanu, the founder of the Legionary Movement in Romania, inspired, when seven years after his brutal murder, Romania was delivered to the Bolsheviks. They were subjected to what is the most fully documented Pavlovian experiment on a large number of human beings. It is likely that the same techniques were used on many American prisoners in Korea and Vietnam. *The Anti Humans* is a well-written document of great historical and psychological importance. Reading it will be an emotional experience you will not forget. "A sequel to Orwell's *1984*" —R.S.H. "A searing exposé of Red bestiality!" —Dr. A.J. App). **THE ANTI-HUMANS**, Order #01013. Sale priced, single copy \$2.00 + \$1.50 postage, 10 for \$15.00 + \$5.00 postage.

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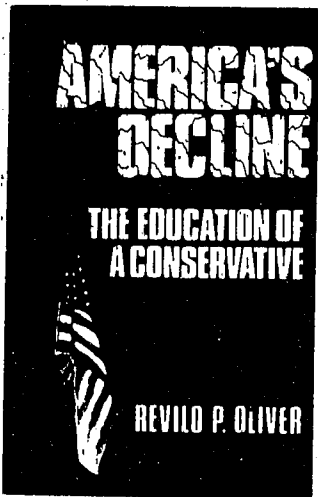
Pass along your copy of *Liberty Bell*, and copies of reprints you obtained from us, to friends and acquaintances who may be on our "wave length," and urge them to contact us for more of the same.

Carry on the fight to free our White people from the shackles of alien domination, even if you can only join our ranks in spirit. You can provide for this by bequest. The following are suggested forms of bequests which you may include in your Last Will and Testament:

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RACE FROM ALIEN DOMINATION!**



ABOUT THE AUTHOR: Dr. Revilo Pendleton Oliver, Professor of the Classics at the University of Illinois for 32 years, is a scholar of international distinction who has written articles in four languages for the most prestigious academic publications in the United States and Europe.

During World War II, Dr. Oliver was Director of Research in a highly secret agency of the War Department, and was cited for outstanding service to his country.

One of the very few academicians who has been outspoken in his opposition to the progressive defacement of our civilization, Dr. Oliver has long insisted that the fate of his countrymen hangs on their willingness to subordinate their doctrinal differences to the tough but idealistic solidarity which is the prerequisite of a Majority resurgence.

SOME QUOTABLE QUOTES FROM AMERICA'S DECLINE:

On the 18th Amendment (Prohibition): "Very few Americans were sufficiently sane to perceive that they had repudiated the American conception of government and had replaced it with the legal principle of the 'dictatorship of the proletariat,' which was the theoretical justification of the Jews' revolution in Russia."

On Race: "We must further understand that all races naturally regard themselves as superior to all others. We think Congoids unintelligent, but they feel only contempt for a race so stupid or craven that it fawns on them, gives them votes, lavishly subsidizes them with its own earnings, and even oppresses its own people to curry their favor. We are a race as are the others. If we attribute to Ourselves a superiority, intellectual, moral, or other, in terms of our own standards, we are simply indulging in a tautology. The only objective criterion of superiority, among human races as among all other species, is biological: the strong survive, the weak perish. The superior race of mankind today is the one that will emerge victorious—whether by its technology or its fecundity—from the proximate struggle for life on an overcrowded planet."

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By

Dr. Charles E. Weber

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LIBERTY BELL

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The editor/publisher of *Liberty Bell* does not necessarily agree with each and every article in this magazine, nor does he subscribe to all conclusions arrived at by various writers; however, he does endeavor to permit the exposure of ideas suppressed by the controlled news media of this country.

It is, therefore, in the best tradition of America and of free men everywhere that *Liberty Bell* strives to give free reign to ideas, for ultimately it is ideas which rule the world and determine both the content and structure of our Western culture.

We believe that we can and will change our society for the better. We declare our long-held view that no institution or government created by men, for men, is inviolable, incorruptible, and not subject to evolution, change, or replacement by the will of an informed people.

To this we dedicate our lives and our work. No effort will be spared and no idea will be allowed to go unexpressed if we think it will benefit the *Thinking People*, not only of America, but the entire world.

George P. Dietz, Editor & Publisher

The Fallacy of Inherited Racism

from the Prof

The other day I heard voiced for the thousandth time one of the great lies of the integrationist program. It is the claim that the white racist attitude is acquired *in the home*.

The lie was aired on some segment of a national talk show concerning the dread phenomenon of "young racism" now current on the national scene. It came amidst an *open forum* featuring a few such young racist specimens and alleged black humanists who sought to *understand* these misguided adolescents and the wellspring of their hatred. After a couple of opening skirmishes, one Afro-styled patriarch—an alleged civil rights "champion"—announced in his quasi-evangelical manner that the angry young Aryans seated near him had been *taught* racism by their parents. This, he said, pointed up the need for redoubled effort in schools and in children's media programming to counteract the force. Enough of the right love-training, he held, and God's Children would begin to embrace each other as nature intended. This analysis brought cheers from the audience and a grin of approval from the Jewess (one of those stone-eyed *prima facie* "blondes") with the microphone. There was a flurry of comment at scene's close as one young racist, a lovely and well-spoken brunette, offered a rebuttal, though the words faded in the noise. Conveniently there came a station break.

So is sent out another missive for the race-leveling program: All the races are alike, and all have the same basic cognitive and emotional tendencies. Were society cleansed of its random biases, these races would flourish together in a haven of mutual enjoyment. Racism, by contrast, is fear, neurosis, paranoia. It is a false line of thought transmitted like congenital disease from one generation to the next by those infected with it. But for this early twisting of fact, and did nature take its course, young white men

and women would fall naturally into love with their third-world siblings and all would be peace and light. Racism, the line goes, is thus essentially ignorance; experience provides its refutation.

It is, in effect, a lie on two levels. First, its absurd optimism as to what integration will bring to the United States and to Western civilization; second, its gross concealment of the moral and psychological makeup of young white activists. As to the first, I have said much elsewhere and will withhold further comment for another time. As to the second, it is another falsehood, though one concession must be made. It is true that some young racists fit the caricature. It is these, in fact, who have center stage most often, since they serve the purpose of the media rulers. There are, for one, the seemingly inbred hillbilly types who play foil to the Geraldos and the Donahues with twangy assertions about how all blacks are diseased and homeless, and how they wouldn't, even in an emergency, allow their daughters to receive a blood transfusion from one of them *nigrabs*. And there are the Klan offspring, born in most cases to cultural isolation and raised to honor church, flag and country, instinctively race-conscious yet bound by their roots to self-defeating modes of thought. It is a fair bet that some of these guest-racists have never conversed at length with a black person, nor have their parents.

The real tragedy of this media sideshow, of course, is its concealment of the vital truth that motivates the racist movement. Genuine racism is not meanness, or illiteracy, or the ungiving mind-set that cannot abide life's complexity. It is simply the belief, grounded both in literature and in life, that *race is real*, that it is meaningful, that race plays a part in the development of civilization. To be *racially conscious* is to be aware of the rôle that race plays in the world—to see, on the whole, the broad and characteristic patterns of human interaction that develop out of it. It is likewise to see one's own experience in the light of such reality. A young racially conscious white man is thus aware, for example, of the racial patterns present in the incidence of violent

crime, and the frequency, of late, with which his own race is targeted; he is aware of the concerted media effort, likewise racially based, to hide this fact from him; he knows that his own racial identity is a source of both envy and malice among other racial groups differently evolved and (in some cases, at least) less highly advanced. He knows that ruling forces at the highest level presently conspire to carry their attack upon his race to its deadly conclusion.

One hears these young and committed racists every so often in the controlled media, sincere and articulate, struggling against contrived resistance to get through a message to an audience long surfeited on alien lies. Owing to the tactics of professional obscurantists, these more perceptive types are stifled or lost amidst the rabble. Those young foil-types, by contrast, just mentioned, who absorb their attitudes at home are not seriously *racial* in their thinking, for they have no sense of what race means, or of the racial dynamics that presently shape the world in which they live. The truth is that racism is not and cannot be taught in the home as if it were a foreign language or a system of mathematics. The belief *in vacuo* that blacks are somehow categorically bad or inferior can be created, but it is a belief without force or durability. It evaporates upon the first real-life contact (say, for example, a passably well-behaved black teammate, classmate, or co-worker) that may contradict it.

The honest young racist, on the other hand, leans not upon what he has been taught by his parents, or by his peers, or by the dominant mores of his subculture. He operates instead by the cold light of reason, without need of false generalization or mythology, on the basis of what he has been taught directly by life itself. *What creates genuine racism is experience*. The white youth with a serious racial ideology is not the one force-fed on the front porch the fears and insecurities of his parents. He is rather the one who has learned firsthand the fact of race, and hence with it the sham of the going federal race agenda. In truth, the attitude of the young white activist is anything but a passive

one. It is instead a reaction against powerful and entrenched forces with all the weight of opinion-shaping devices at their disposal. Honest racialism requires not trust in authority, but *the strength and imagination to defy it* out of regard for one's own life-borne conviction. It is the greatest irony, in fact, that such an attitude should ever have been called *prejudice*. For it is anything but pre-judgment. The truly prejudiced are those who allow themselves to be manipulated by the program of the deceivers. Should one want, by contrast, brightness, insight, bravery, imagination, and independence, he may look to this young vanguard.



And did one want an example instead of real prejudice, of blind allegiance, of psychic surrender to indoctrination, he could do no better than to look at the white mainstream. Not long ago, I mentioned in this column an encounter with a childhood friend who had succumbed to the program of the racial mind-murderers. It might be worthwhile to cast one more look at that encounter to see how truly addled is the white psyche where race is concerned.

The issue was Jews. He had read some great bestselling piece of Jewish self-congratulation and was proceeding to tell me about it. When I took exception, he was confounded. He could not understand why I advocated such extreme measures in counteracting this tribe and its propaganda (he did not understand, either, why I laughed at his notion that its members were "white"). My solution, he said, was *ruthless*. Where, after all, was *ethics*? I suggested that moral principle, of all things, would never tolerate the surely ruthless acquisition of finance and media that has been carried out by this very same group—one that now has (if we figure its number at the commonly alleged 2.7 or 2.9%) perhaps thirty times its share of influence in such areas.

But what, he asked, if they simply had a *talent* for such things? Wasn't that possible? And if so, was it not simply the

dictate of nature that they should rise to such heights in the related industries? And who are we to impede the use of such natural gifts however they might be used?

At this point one does not know whether to laugh or cry. This man favors an ethic of restraint if his people are apt to prevail by strength, an ethic of strength if they are not. He would have them respect *principle* if nature has them on top, to respect *nature*—to suppose, that is, that might makes right—if it will put them on the bottom! One's first reaction to such thought, I suppose, is to call it inconsistent. But it is consistent in this respect: that *it favors whatever policy will have whites as its victims*. As such it involves not merely prejudice or bad reasoning, but the deep and abiding self-punishment that lies at the heart of the white liberal consciousness. I find it unlikely that a man with such an outlook will ever be appreciably different in his thinking.

This is not to say that such a man will never become a racist—he may, in time, explore this option when he needs a new diversion or when he sees that some of his neighbors are into the swing of it. Until then his life will slide on, as if on a frictionless plane, taking as its direction whatever is the path of least resistance. Such a man will be disappointed by the reception he receives at that time by those who are privy to his real mind-set. Did he know the truth, his life on that day will be worth less than nothing, and he will be fit for little more than the purpose of cannon fodder. When the time comes let him instead do what he is fitted to do—to get under his bed, put his fingers in his ears, and try to assuage his own terror by reciting his favorite *mantra*. He will be doing both us and himself a favor by staying off our side.



A Tale of White Heroism

A recent issue of the Salt Lake City *Tribune* told a story that should be made mandatory reading for white youth throughout the country. It recounts the escape of Private Eugene Nielsen

from a Japanese prison camp in the Philippines at the height of the war in the Pacific.

In 1941, Nielsen was stationed at the U.S. base on Corregidor in the mouth of Manila Bay. The base was shattered in bomb raids that left almost nothing for the defenders in the way of food, water, or ammunition. The troops fought on for five months until the island fell in May of 1942. The roughly 10,000 men were placed by the Japanese on a 10-acre stretch of beach. Nielsen describes the situation by saying, "If we laid down, we would cover the land completely with our bodies. There was almost no food, no water—just dirt, rocks, flies and heat. Everybody was sick and didn't get any help." Several days later they were taken to a camp in Manila, where Nielsen ate leaves to stay alive. With dysentery everywhere, and his fellows dying by the hundreds, Nielsen volunteered to leave for another camp when his captors made the offer. Days later, those making the trek found themselves on the island of Palawan and faced with the task of building an airfield. Conditions, Nielsen recalls, were nightmarish, and prisoners were executed for any minor violation of rules. The horror lasted four more years.

In December of 1944 things changed. By that time Allied bombing had become frequent, and the men had dug shelters in which to brace themselves during the raids. On December 14th, recalls Nielsen, "the captors began to behave funny. All of a sudden they forced us into the shelters but remained outside themselves. Then they poured aviation gasoline on us and started us on fire."

In a mad flight Nielsen and a few others managed to jump out of the trench, claw their way through barbed wire and find refuge in an enormous garbage pile. The captors poured fire into the dump, killing most and leaving Nielsen to think that he was the sole survivor. Shot in the back and in the leg, he later slipped away and swam five miles across the shark-infested bay near the island capital of Puerto Princesa. Reaching shore, he slogged through a swamp thick with crocodiles and (though some Filipinos were betraying American escapees) found shelter with an

anti-Japanese guerilla who managed in time to lead him to other escaped Americans.

In all, eleven of the 150 prisoners in Nielsen's camp escaped death. They were taken eventually to New Guinea and then home to the United States. It was more than a quarter of a century later when Nielsen's own daughter, then 14 and in junior high school (when returning home one day, she recalls, sporting a Vietnam POW bracelet), first learned from her father of his ordeal. She gradually began documenting the story, first with his own words ("when he was in the right mood") and later with research into military archives.

It is an amazing story, one that will never be told by Hollywood—not, at least, without some stylish tinting (and not the kind for which Turner is famous). Perhaps the story will be told, in some version, when media rulers will get hold of it and decide to cash in on its appeal. One can imagine what will happen to it in the hands, say, of a Steven Spielberg or a David Geffen. Eugene Nielsen will be transformed into Myron Feldman or Roosevelt Jackson, and his captors will be goose-stepping blue-eyed blonds. But to tell the story in its full-blooded truth—to allow even one such occasion for the igniting of white race consciousness—will be too great a risk. Thus will the atrocity be compounded.

I mention this story to readers, I might add, not for the purpose of demonizing the Japanese, who suffered their own losses, both here and in their homeland, during those same years. Nor do I mean to suggest that all of us who represent Nielsen's kin have it in us to do what he did. Were we all made of his stuff, did we have his resolve, the war—our war—would be over, and America would be cleansed of the vermin that now plague it. I mention it simply as a depiction of what we can expect from our enemies as the ambush of our nation from within continues and the situation worsens. The Japanese brutalization of predominantly white POW's is a perfect omen, in this regard, of what awaits.

Think not for a moment, reader, that the sought ends of the

Schumers, Metzenbaums, and Feinsteins who currently push for gun "legislation" are any less virulent, in their racial design, than were those of the Japanese. You are hated, at this moment and within your own borders, as much as you have ever been hated in the history of the world. The same grinning Jew in the lecture hall who encourages your daughter to date a black man would literally *hand* her to that man, and would force you to watch, if conditions allowed it. Instead, and for now, he must ply a longer strategy to arrive at this end. But the strategy, for those who have eyes to see it, is hardly less obvious. Or do you suppose that anti-white sentiment is something that magically appears only in time of declared war? A strange state of affairs, if it is so!

Those whites who imagine that the "browning" of America (played up cheerfully as a benign shift of *demographics* in the mainstream weeklies) carries no threat to them should read and ponder the splendidly on-target words of Major Clerkin (*Liberty Bell* 12 / 94, courtesy of *The Talon*) as he envisions the experience of the average white American around the year of 2020 when his country has by now been ravaged for another 25 years. The current administrative policy of the United States constitutes an assault upon the finances, territories, defense rights, and sensibilities of white Americans. As such it is an act of racial warfare. How many Nielsens, I must wonder, do we yet have among us? □

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BOOK REVIEW

Roger Pearson, *Race, Intelligence and Bias in Academia*, Washington: Scott-Townsend Publishers (P.O. Box 34070, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20043), 1991. Introduction by Hans J. Eysenck. 304 pages.

By

Charles E. Weber, Ph.D..

When Professor Arthur Jensen published his famous article, "How Much Can We Boost IQ and Scholastic Achievement?" in the *Harvard Educational Review* in 1969 (pages 1-123, Winter issue) he revived an acrimonious argument over the question of the extent to which human intelligence is genetically determined. Why has this argument become such an acrimonious one? The question has all sorts of economic and social ramifications, such as the allocation of funds to various types of education, immigration policies and what eugenic measures should be undertaken in conjunction with the huge and growing welfare costs throughout the United States. Eugenic measures, or lack of them, in turn, could have a great effect on the future development of the United States, including its economic, social and cultural development. These questions will become ever more acute if public funding of education and expenditures for welfare are reduced in order to cope with budget deficits which threaten to cause financial crises.

Even in medieval times genetic effects on personality traits were recognized, as we can note in the example of the version of the Parsifal legend by Wolfram von Eschenbach, who portrays his hero as having inherited a drive toward the knightly life even though he was born after his father's death and in spite of his mother's efforts to deter him from such a life.

Modern intelligence testing goes back only about a century. A mass of data was produced by intelligence testing in the American army during the First World War. These data were studied intensely during the 1920s and striking correlations were noted between scores on the Army Alpha tests and occupational status and race. It has long

been known that Afro-Americans, even with their strong admixtures of Caucasian genes, achieve scores on average far below those of Aryan Americans.

In England and the United States the need for eugenic measures was recognized even before the First World War but the dysgenic effects of the fratricidal First World War and the slaughter of the most successful classes during the Russian Revolution intensified the interest in eugenics, as Pearson points out in a chapter entitled "How It All Began" (pages 56-94). Modern eugenic thought was largely founded by Sir Francis Galton (1822-1911). In later decades Marxism had a tendency to counteract the interest in eugenics.

During the autumn of 1942 I took a course on educational psychology taught by a stimulating professor. He assigned the class the textbook by Gates, Jersild, McConnell and Challman (Macmillan, 1942). One of my most vivid memories of this excellent, lucid book is the bell-shaped curve on page 257 showing the distribution of numbers of persons with certain intelligence test scores. The close similarity of this distribution curve to the normal density function curve is an indication that these test scores are a natural, genetically determined phenomenon, like tallness or the length of feet. By the 1930s many sophisticated intelligence tests had been developed, even those for measuring potential performance in such diverse fields as law and music. (One of my father's colleagues at the University of Cincinnati College of Law was a co-author of the law test.)

Especially since the publication of Jensen's article mentioned above in 1969 there has been a fierce debate on the theses presented by Jensen on the basis of the huge accumulation of psychometric data. Jensen expressed the fear that such federal programs as Head Start could do little to improve human intelligence in the long run by means of enriched educational environment, even if such programs brought about some temporary gains in test scores.

The often acrimonious arguments over the genetic factors in human intelligence is mainly what Pearson's book describes in great detail, even the physical assaults and harassment at lectures against psychometric experts who contend that there are strong genetic fac-

tors (such as 80%) in the development of human intelligence.

In 1976 I myself became involved in these acrimonious arguments. At that time I was a professor in the Department of Modern Languages at the University of Tulsa. One day I was shocked, and indeed offended, by an exhibit I saw that had been put up by our psychology department. It featured a large picture of Adolf Hitler mounted on cardboard. The message of this exhibit was summarized thus: "It is now conceded that genetically, there is no difference between newborn children of any race." The apparent implication was that a belief to the contrary was a product of Hitler's mind. I felt that the exhibit was a disgrace to the university because it was contrary to what I had read on the subject of human intelligence and had observed over many years as a classroom teacher of a rather challenging subject.

I decided to write up my reaction to the exhibit. I pointed out the mass of contrary data presented in Prof. Jensen's long article and the close attention which raisers of domestic cattle and horses must pay to genetic factors in their animals if they are to be successful economically. I also mentioned the famous studies of twins by Sir Cyril Burt. My rather long article was published in the weekly student newspaper of the University of Tulsa, *The Collegian*. For some time I never received a direct reaction to my article from the members of the psychology department. Then one day I received an anonymously sent copy from a faculty member of an article that purported to show that some of Sir Cyril Burt's famous studies of genetically determined characteristics of twins reared in separate environments were based on fraudulent data. Pearson (page 297) points out that much of the data which Burt had accumulated was destroyed after his death on the recommendation of a colleague who had opposed his views. Apparently, my dean was not pleased by my article in *The Collegian*. My salary was later frozen at \$15,000 [*this, at a time when I was amazed to learn that totally uneducated, unskilled Negroes in San Francisco were paid \$17,000 or more dollars per year—to collect garbage! So much for "American" priorities!*—Ed.] for several years during a time of rapid decline of the purchasing power of the dollar.

If we wish to solve a problem efficiently we must first understand its causes, just as a physician must make a correct diagnosis if his subsequent therapy is to have a good effect. In this case we should consider the causes of the bias, hypocrisy and dishonesty in this matter. Having taught for 32 years in various universities and having observed my colleagues in action for over three decades, I shall now venture to explain the causes of the bias which is the basic concern of Pearson's book.

Opponents of recognition of genetic causation of variations in human intelligence and opponents of eugenic measures are often motivated by political doctrine, as Pearson makes clear throughout his book, but he gives no special, concise analysis of the causes of the opposition on the part of many academic people who are not doctrinaire Marxists but are simply trying to obtain their promotions up the academic hierarchy or even just trying to keep their positions. We must bear in mind that much of the "business" (and hence income) of departments of psychology, sociology and education consists of preparing students for employment by governments at one level or another. The professors in these fields can hardly afford to lose this business. The attitudes of government are forced (at least indirectly) on academe. Attitudes of students also play rôle in what timid professors teach, since promotions in academe are now often based largely on students' ratings of their professors as determined by questionnaires distributed by deans and heeded by deans in decisions regarding faculty employment. These formal evaluations by students of their professors are thus the tail that wags the dog. They also cause "grade inflation" and lower the prestige of an academic degree. In the case of sociology and education in particular, a large relative proportion of the students in these fields are Negroes. What professor in these fields would dare to discuss with any degree of candor the considerably lower intelligence test scores obtained by Negroes? We must thus look at simple economic factors if we wish to understand so much of the bias, taboo and hypocrisy which Pearson has described in great detail.

Beyond the economic motivations, of course, there are also somewhat more subtle social and psychological factors in many pro-

fessors' attitudes toward race and heredity. Poorly paid professors look at people with less education but far higher incomes and hence have a hard time in recognizing correlations between intelligence and incomes, which are nevertheless a reality. Still another factor is the competition for government research grants. Big, redistributive government is, by its very nature, hostile to anyone who objects to the egalitarian basis of its policies with regard to taxation, welfare, education and immigration. An even broader factor lies in the circumstance that the vast majority of American professors are on government payrolls. Even those teaching at private colleges have often received their graduate education in public institutions.

Pearson devotes one-third of his book (pages 141-242) to three chapters that describe the experiences of three individual scientists who have recognized in their publications and lectures the genetically caused aspects of intelligence.

The first of the three chapters (pages 141-183) is devoted to Prof. Arthur Jensen of the University of California, Berkeley. Jensen obtained his Ph.D. degree in clinical psychology at Columbia University in 1956. Pearson characterizes him as "the foremost researcher responsible for the revival of 'hereditarian' thought in recent decades." Jensen was especially influential on William Shockley, to whom the following chapter is devoted. Jensen observed diverse behavior and capacities in Caucasian and Negro pupils classified as "retarded." His famous article in the *Harvard Educational Review* mentioned above is discussed on pages 15 ff. Even though Jensen did not allege that all blacks were intellectually inferior to all whites, he was bitterly attacked as a "racist." Jensen's article was praised in private by some distinguished scholars but was attacked in print persistently and unfairly by men with such names as Lewontin, Deutsch and Hirsch, to whose attacks Pearson devotes subsections. Demonstrations by Marxists were organized against Jensen at places where Jensen was scheduled to lecture before scientific meetings. Efforts to silence Jensen and hide his research also took place in England and Australia (pages 163-171). Jensen was also compared to Hitler by his enemies (page 171). By the way, Pope Innocent X (1644-1653) is-

sued his bull *Cum occasione* against the Jansenists in 1653, not 1953, as is erroneously stated on page 150.

William Shockley, the co-inventor of the transistor and a Nobel Prize winner, is perhaps the most famous man who has turned his attentions in recent years to problems of dysgenic population trends and the factors causing them. Pearson also devotes a whole chapter to Shockley's efforts and experiences in that field (pages 184-215). Shockley, like Jensen, was the victim of a hostile, lying press, Marxist organizations that tried to keep him from speaking and cowardly university administrations which had been corrupted and intimidated by government. Shockley proposed a eugenic action which involved monetary incentives to persons of low intelligence who would submit to voluntary sterilization. The press frequently distorted Shockley's views. The *Atlanta Constitution* alleged that his views were directly traceable to those of Adolf Hitler. Such nonsense was the basis of a suit that Shockley brought against and won against *The Atlanta Constitution*. The hereditarians were frequently linked to National Socialism (see, for example, also page 156). The fact of the matter is that eugenic laws had been passed in the United States and other countries long before the National Socialists were in power in Germany. Shockley pointed out that the crime rate of Denmark (where the reproduction of feeble-minded persons had been discouraged) was only 2% of that of Washington, D.C. It seems to me that the very environmentalists who were accusing Shockley of racism in his plans for voluntary sterilization of persons of *any* race were, in fact, the people who were admitting that Negroes are mentally inferior and would hence be disproportionately sterilized.

The chapter on Prof. J. Philippe Rushton of the University of Western Ontario occupies pages 216-242. In spite of an impressive publishing record in the form of books and articles in distinguished journals, the Canadian press, particularly the *Toronto Star*, smeared him and distorted what he wrote. Rushton has noted different patterns of reproduction and nurture of the young in various animals and found parallel patterns in the races of man. Pearson points out (page 236): "In Canada, thought control has advanced far more dangerously

than in the United States, where free speech is still reasonably protected. This reflects the steady growth of immigrant power since the beginning of the present century." (What immigrants?) There is a pertinent booklet in the *C-Far Canadian Issues Series*, No. 27, *Race, Evolution & Aids: What Rushton Really Said*, Toronto, 1990, edited by Paul Fromm. The oppressive Canadian laws against free speech have also been made famous by the disgraceful trials in Toronto of Ernst Zündel, who published a booklet that disputed the "Holocaust" material. Rushton's writings were investigated by police forces for possible violations of the oppressive Canadian laws concerning race relations. The administration of the University of Western Ontario also made difficulties for Rushton, even though he was a Guggenheim Scholar.

Some of the nastiest attacks against the hereditarians have come from Jews, perhaps in keeping with their traditions of hostility toward their host populations, especially the elite of their host populations. (See *Isaiah XIX,2*.) When primarily Jewish governments gained control of Russia in 1917 and Hungary in 1919, the leading classes of these lands were the particular victims of their brutality. Some recent hereditary scientists, however, are of Jewish descent, as Pearson points out on page 267, where he mentions Hans Eysenck, R. Herrnstein, Michael Levin and Seymour Itzkoff.

In the introduction to the book, Hans Eysenck, who was born in Germany, recounts how he was converted to the view that Negroes have a genetically determined low performance on intelligence tests. He mentions in particular (page 18) the book by Audrey Shuey, *The Testing of Negro Intelligence* (1966), which he praises.

Pearson notes (page 291) that Prime Minister Nakasone of Japan pointed out that America was at a disadvantage economically as a result of its burden of less intelligent minority groups. I recall that this observation caused a very hostile reaction in the United States. Apparently the truth hurt, truth from a successful land which has a relatively homogeneous racial makeup. By the way, members of the Mongolian race in the United States do very well on intelligence tests. If the United States has an unfavorable balance of trade with Japan, we should not jump to the conclusion that no biological factors are involved.

In many parts of Pearson's book it is pointed out that Marxists have attempted to associate recognition of genetic factors in human abilities with policies and eugenic practices of National Socialist Germany. The politically motivated environmentalists are fond of calling the hereditarians Nazis. Pearson quite appropriately quotes (page 157) a *Progressive Labor* article (of all sources!) which points out, quite correctly, that Hitlerian Germany "was way behind the U.S." in recognizing the genetic factors in human intelligence. As a matter of fact, Indiana had laws providing for eugenic sterilization as early as 1907, a practice not introduced in Germany until after 14 July 1933, when the eugenics law (Gesetz zur Verhütung erbkranken Nachwuchses) was passed. Many states had such laws.

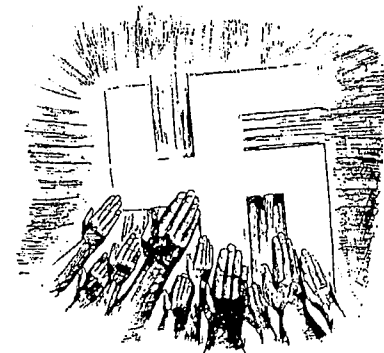
One of the many valuable services that Pearson's book performs is the presentation of evidence that American universities have become corrupted by government policies in the fields having a bearing on educational policy (such as "busing" pupils in order to make classes racially integrated) and welfare. Government funding of research, of course, has a tremendous potential to corrupt and pervert scientific investigations.

A great deal of attention has been paid to the new book by Charles Murray and Richard Herrnstein, *The Bell Curve* (1994). This commendable book, with its massive presentation of data on intelligence tests and their economic and social implications, has been extensively attacked in the popular media, including *Time*, *Newsweek* and *U.S. News*. Even the television newsman, Peter Jennings, presented a rather extensive commentary on the book in one of his nightly news programs in November, 1994, naturally with the almost obligatory suggestion that eugenic thinking in Germany led to the so-called "Holocaust" (cf. Pearson, p. 250). Pearson's *Race, Intelligence and Bias in Academe* is a valuable supplement to *The Bell Curve* because it quite vividly takes us "behind the scenes" of the unscrupulous measures and questionable arguments used to repress objective, realistic investigation of individual and racial variations in mental capacities. In particular, Pearson's book deserves the attention of every serious, honest educator. □

DAS HAKENKREUZ

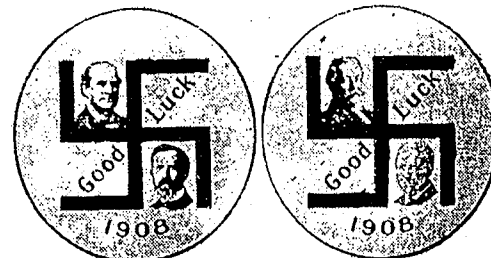
by Robert Frenz

It is necessary that I apologize for an error on my part. In the past, I have repeatedly argued against using the swastika in any shape or form due to the negative image its display



always conjures up. One-half of a century of unrelenting propaganda has literally etched this symbol into men's minds as a symbol of evil. I said that using the swastika would nullify any argument or platform which it was coupled to. This is true, but only partially so and I believe the negative image can be absolutely erased within a very short period of time simply because Nature is going to alter events unpredictably and with increasing rapidity as the New World Order spreads its malignancy around the globe. THE SWASTIKA, NO MATTER WHO DISPLAYS IT, WILL ULTIMATELY COME TO MEAN OPPOSITION TO THE ZIONIST NEW WORLD ORDER.

AMERICANA



Swastikas symbolized good luck in 1908 presidential election between William Howard Taft and William Jennings Bryan.

The straight line, the circle, the cross and the triangle are simple and easily made forms which may have been invented and reinvented in every age of primitive man. The swastika, however, is a very ancient symbol

which appears to have been made with a definite intention and a continuous meaning, the knowledge of which passed from person to person, from tribe to tribe and from nation to nation until it finally circled the planet. The true swastika always has the arms bent to the right. The left bent swastika is called the suawastika and has no place in this discussion. The writings of Whitney, Burnouf and Waring indicate that the swastika was in use long before a name was given to it. Ethnologically, the name is derived from "svasti" which implies "well being", a sense of happiness and good fortune or simply "hail". It has always been an auspicious sign.

In the thirteenth century B.C., the swastika appears in Troad and spread into Caucasus, Greece and Villanova. From Villanova, in the seventh century B.C., it made its appearance in most of western Europe and into Iceland. Greece was the starting point for its migration into India, Persia, China, Tibet and Japan. Due to the Grecian influence, we find the swastika appearing in northern Africa, Sicily and Rome by the third century A.D. The Asian connection ultimately lead to the crooked cross appearing on the North American continent prior to the arrival of the European. It is interesting to note that the swastika has apparently never appeared in any negro or jewish culture. Negroes, of course, never used any writing and therefore would certainly not attach a meaning to any abstract sign or shape. No matter where it showed up, it always meant luck, good will and good tidings. It assumed secondary meanings in all cultures from being officially declared as the symbol of the sun in China to the footprint of Buddha. Swastikas have appeared on ancient coins from the Isle of Man to Sicily. From the Toco mounds in Tennessee to Nicaragua and Paraguay, the swastika has permeated most American Indian cultures. The swastika has, from place to place, meant the four winds, the symbol of the star, dragon fly, moon, birds, maidenhood, a shaman's spirit and even humans and their dwellings. Although the swastika was the tribal sign of the Cheyenne Indi-



Alles deinem Bild,
Aus deinem Gesicht
Ein Glaube quillt,
Ein Wille spricht,

Der unverletzt
Den Weg uns weist
Und Berge versetzt
Und Deutschland heißt.

the crooked cross has represented the light (white) and its inversion (black) has only been around for about 60 years. It behooves us, therefore, to see that the time-honored and true meaning is restored. This will be the duty of all Aryan youth from Kansas to the Ukraine.

A son of the swastika doesn't have a cross tattooed on his arm for everyone to see when he falls over drunk at some roadside dive. An Aryan, proud of himself and his relation to the swastika, is not lathered out on drugs nor does he attend any nigger rock concerts even if the performers are ostensibly white. Followers of the swastika aren't on the prowl for the

ans and a sign for Dakota lodges, you'll never find one in any Kevin Kostner wolf-dancing movie. The publisher Scribners, in the early 1900's, used the swastika as a trade mark and Collier's complete works of Kipling had gold swastikas embossed upon every volume, not once, but several times. Also, in the early part of this century, the symbol was popular with the jews in New York City. The swastika has historically never been used to represent evil or any other attribute of the forces of darkness. Since the swastika appears to have followed the Aryan people throughout Europe, it was no surprise that Adolf Hitler adopted it. It remained for the modern jew to redefine the swastika and while he was at it, to pervert the meaning of the word holocaust. This comes as no surprise either. Throughout the ages,

next available piece of pussy but view their women-folk as the future bearers of their sons and daughters. Aryan youth, honoring Hitler's beloved symbol, never parade about in Hollywood type Nazi outfits always eager to bash a faggot or race-mixer. If the swastika has any meaning for the young of today, then they should rise to its denotation. This means that their word must be a bond and truth always upon their lips. A beer-soaked, unsightly, bad-mannered, cheating and lying bum sporting a swastika only augments the false Hollywood depiction of a National Socialist. Over-sized clothing and untied sloppy shoes are nigger costumes and no National Socialist will try to imitate one. One of the most beautiful young women I have met in recent years always wore a swastika pendant about her neck. The red, black and white of the cross seemed enhanced by her deep blue eyes and golden hair. She knew when and how to say "please" and when to say "thank you". She never stole, swore or prostituted herself for a one-night stand. Always capturing the eyes within any room of which she entered, I secretly remarked that this young woman was a living ideal, more so because she was highly intelligent. Often, the curious would ask about the swastika about her neck, even hinting that she might be part Indian. However, the words which left her lips always gave positive reinforcement to the Natural Aryan Ideal. She was a polite and self-assured young lady who would honor any man fortunate enough to have her for a bride and any child fortunate to have her as a mother. This type of woman, and her male counterparts, are very rare and that is precisely the problem. The so-called young National Socialists I meet today, are more interested in beer and sex than in anything else. The sooner ZOG slaps them in the slammer, the better. They are a liability both to themselves and to us. National Socialists ACT like National Socialists. Wiggers wearing swastikas (with or without baseball caps) are still wiggers.

Young Aryan societies usually take care of their own as was evident in the earlier years of our American nation. As the soci-

ety grew more complex, the business of law and order was turned over to a specialized group and as long as this group was efficient, the citizens took it for granted and "obeying the law" became an axiom. Cattle and horse thieves were no longer hanged by small groups of farmers and ranchers who were exercising the Natural right of any group to eliminate their enemies. Later on, these thieves were hanged following a

more lengthy practice which involved the paper-shuffling business called the law. Once "the law" starts to work against the very people who initialized it, the responsibility falls back onto the shoulders of the individual and small groups. We saw this take the form of the Ku Klux Klan following our Civil War when negro and carpetbagger excesses were not curtailed within the legal framework. The summary justice which followed was "illegal" but it was justice none the less. Sooner or later, people trash laws which work against them and, in many cases, the government as well. To do otherwise is the mark of a slave and according to our Declaration of independence, it becomes a duty. We are approaching this stage here in America where the "law", in far too many instances, works counter to Aryan interests. It appears that our government is more interested in preventing otherwise law abiding people from defending themselves against the increasing hordes of criminal garbage. In the case of the city burning Neger, the "law" would



rather sacrifice a few dedicated L.A. police officers unjustly than in quelling the insurrection. Our "law" allowed treason to be offered as an alternative life-style during that meat-grinder called the Viet Nam (phoney) War. If the government fails in its duty to eliminate the criminal BY WHATEVER MEANS NECESSARY, then the citizens will do it for themselves. Small bands of men, under the cover of dark, will "rehabilitate" any rapist who falls into their hands. Although these men will be operating "illegally" they will nonetheless earn the respect and approval of the apparent law abider. People, when their nuts are being crushed, want relief and they don't care where it comes from or whether it is legal or not. Here is where the true young National Socialist comes in.

If one engages in illegal behavior, for whatever reason, on behalf of his race, any such action must be in an area where the general public does not disapprove. Crime, that is, minorities doing their own thing, is becoming a number one concern for a majority of Americans. It is far better to live in a crime-free poor society than it is in a crime-ridden affluent one. I know of no one who disapproves of a shop keeper blowing the brains out of a would-be robber. If the shop keeper becomes screwed by the law, then public sympathy is on his side. This is always the basis for revolution, whether peaceful or violent. Our society will change due to public pressure. It only remains to discover what that pressure will be. If (and I am not advocating any type of illegal behavior here) a couple of swastika wearing National Socialists were apprehended for the summary executions of neighborhood rapists and child-molesters, they would be treated as criminals by the system but I am sure that the neighborhoods involved would secretly view the matter differently. If every time a pack of filth-loving faggots urinated in a church they were found hanging by their gonads on the next day, the public wouldn't become outraged at such "criminal" behavior on the part of the perpetrators. If the swastika, and National Socialism, were coupled to positive acts in the public

eye, then we would see a massive change in general attitude. It is imperative that the negative image of National Socialism be erased and that can only come about by unselfish positive acts. Remember that the old WW II veterans are on their way out and no matter how righteous they think their cause was, they will one day be in history's dust-bin and Nature's way will again come to the fore. If National Socialists starting stomping on people which the PUBLIC disapproved of, instead of people they PERSONALLY disapproved of, much would be gained. If you wish to risk jail time for face-smashing then it is better to bash someone the public hates rather than an object of your pet peeve. People dedicated to a cause are not self-serving but unfortunately, this is exactly where we are.

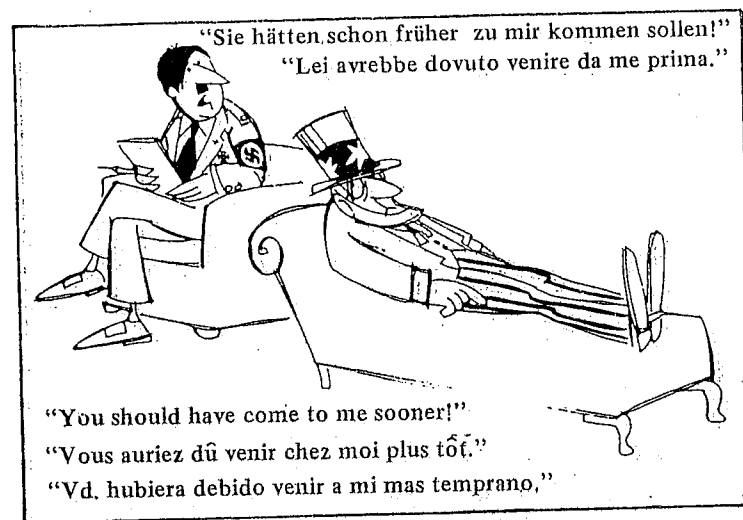
Every type of social misfit and pervert is to be found in the blight-wing from liars, whore-mongers, drunks, cheats, druggies, spies and kooks. None of them cooperate simply because they are only running a business where others are viewed as competitors instead of comrades. Mailing lists are their meal tickets and that is why stealing them is a common activity. One fellow, upon receipt of a \$75,000 donation bought himself a piece of property and promptly took up weed smoking. This fellow wouldn't donate a postage stamp to an orphan but feels that he should "lead" something. Another blight-winger, a fellow who could pass as a brother of the IHR's jew attorney Farr, wants to assume N.S. leadership under an assumed name, that is, if he can stay out of bar-rooms long enough to do it. All chiefs and few Indians. Contrast this to the dedication to a cause which permeated all of Hitler's and Streicher's activities. In 1930, they both had separate and formidable organizations and both used the swastika. Streicher, upon deep reflection, decided that the future of their cause would be better served by passing all of his support to a man he considered far more competent to lead the German people - Adolf Hitler. Can you name one blight-winger who would admit that another is far better than he at guiding the cause? If so, I'd like to hear about

him. The "cause" is merely a lunch ticket for most and no one is about to toss that ticket away. If they aren't in their counting houses opening the mail, they are seen smiling in front of the people they are fleecing - in that same way as Graham, Falwell and Robertson do on television.

If we decide to take our swastikas out of the closet, what then of others who are not of us but nonetheless carry a swastika banner? It is of no concern to us. Mejjicans usually approve of Adolf Hitler and it is not uncommon for them to have his picture in their homes. Hider, to the Mejjicans, simply means a strong man, which they always adore and more so if he is corrupt (which Hitler wasn't), and someone who doesn't like jews. I have never met any Mejjican who likes jews and this is true throughout most of South and Central America.

During the flower-sixties, I for a time, was busily silk-screening T-shirts with a swastika and "White Power". It was always a humorous comment that, while in Chicago for one of Rockwell's marches, we always sold more of these T-shirts to black-faces than to any other group. So what of it? Traitors to this country have worn American military uniforms and waved their flags as energetically as anyone else. Should we shoot the first kid who is found wearing a Buffalo Bison sweat-shirt and is not a member of the team? I'd love to see a new breed of Dalmatian where all of the spots were swastikas. I would hold no malice towards any non-National Socialist dog because he was sporting swastikas. Let the swastikas roll. The more the merrier since it will be an effective battering-ram against the anti-swastika laws which are in effect in many states. Does anyone think that a handsome clean-cut white youth will be mistaken for a border-jumping beaner if they both wear swastikas?

Earlier in this article I mentioned the wide adoption of the swastika and its varied uses amongst people who are not our comrades. Only a blight-winger would waste his time worrying about, and acting upon, the fact that Asians, American Indians and others have used this symbol in the past, and will continue



to do so in the future. We should know WHO WE ARE without getting side-tracked over relative inconsequential. It's the book that counts and not the cover. That's coffee you should be smelling.

The best is yet to come. Out there, in that vast crowd, will come a handful of dedicated young men who will honor Nature and the political system which embodied it. Their activity will strike a sympathetic chord amongst the general public who is weary of their dispossession and the sadness which the blight-wing has left them with. The great men have always been supernumeraries and events always allow them to reach for the stars. The coming convulsions will relegate the present blight-wing "leaders" to the garbage heap. For the present, the swastika will be a universal symbol raised in opposition to that evil Big Brother asylum which, with its accompanying race-mixing excrement, is being forced upon an increasingly reluctant world. Be true to yourself, speak out and don't let the bastards wear you down. Tomorrow belongs to those who prepare for it. □

AT THE EDGE OF THE VOID

Part II

by Joseph D. Pryce

Woman.....is the repository of all culture,
of all benevolence, of all devotion, of all
concern for the living and grief for the dead.

Johann Jakob Bachofen

Eva. Ah, Stefan, I see you appear from out of the night and the mist like a lover in an impressionist verse of Arthur Symons. The moon has gently gathered unto herself a veil of cloud, as if to hide her secrets from prying eyes, and I'm reminded once again that things may not be what they seem, my friend.

Stefan. Is this where we get the discussion about 'appearance and reality,' and the many arcane elements of a philosophical problematic?

Eva. Not at all. I just wanted to draw your attention to a little matter noted by the great Hegel many years ago—sometimes we think we know something, but we prove in the end to be mistaken; we have placed our trust in that idiotic public opinion which rules academics as much as it rules floor polishers, and we sometimes stumble. Hegel's formulation of this idea is not very elegant in its expression (prose style was not the Master's strong suit!), but it will bear citation here: *Das Bekannte ueberhaupt ist darum, weil es bekannt ist, nicht erkannt* (What is familiar is not known merely because it's familiar). We see evidence of this fact all around us. It can happen in the most mundane and quotidian matters as well as in the loftier realms of the Spirit. Let me give you an example: we've all heard, for instance, of the Hegelian dialectic, the triple-step down the garden path of thesis, antithesis, resolving into synthesis, right?

Stefan. Lady, everyone is familiar with this classic statement of the nature of phenomenological change.

Eva. Yes, but it's quite wrong, a comic misattribution. In fact,

the explicit mention of this triplex formula occurs only once in the complete works of Hegel; it is mentioned, disparagingly, in the lectures on the history of philosophy (in the critique of Kant). However—and I think that you might find this paradox amusing—the three-step *does* receive favorable treatment in the works of Kant, Fichte, and Schelling.

Stefan. I wish I had known that when I took philosophy in school.

Eva. It would have done you no good—only a great teacher can bear correction amicably, and, needless to say, no great teacher would have made such an egregious error. But let us climb up a few more rungs of the ladder of Spirit, and cast our eyes upon Adolf Hitler's mind. Here, where interest and *parti pris* cast their nets around our thick-skulled 'intellectuals,' you'll find howler upon howler in their ruminations. One example: you'll recall the notorious footnote on page 21 of Manheim's translation of *Mein Kampf*, wherein the worthy scribe sneeringly opines that just because Hitler mentions the "happy isle of the Phaeacians," this is no indication that he has read Homer's *Odyssey*! That's fairly transparent, I think, and we need not linger on it here. But an even more asinine footnote sullies the base of page 7, at which point Manheim, flummoxed by Hitler's use of the word *Willensmeinung*, scornfully hints that the word is Hitler's own coinage (recall that in the translator's preface to the volume, Hitler's language is treated with a pedantic fussiness). Well, as I am of a different opinion as to Hitler's intellectual and philological attainments, I am going to insist on a alternative interpretation.

Stefan. Did the Leader invent the word?

Eva. No, of course not. Any thorough German dictionary from the period has an entry for it.

Stefan. What does it mean?

Eva. One moment. A story first. One morning as I rode the train into Manhattan, I decided that I'd indulge myself in a bit of light reading. You know, to make the time pass more quickly. When I turned to page 257 of the English translation of Husserl's *Ideen aus einer reinen Phaenomenologie und phaenomenologischen Philosophie*,

Lo! and behold! what do I find? Take a gander at this:

.....the "will's meaning" (*Willensmeinung*), and in the precise way in which it subsists as "meaning" in this will (on its full essentiality), and with whatever is willed "in all of its ramifications."

Stefan. You have a most peculiar idea of light reading, my lady, if I may say so. When was this work published?

Eva. In 1913.

Stefan. I see. Wasn't Edmund Husserl a Jew?

Eva. Yes. He was also Heidegger's teacher and the dedicatee of *Sein und Zeit*.

Stefan. Enough said. Full stop. End of story. And it is a good one.

Eva. I thought you'd appreciate it. I'm sure, of course, that Hitler may only have come across Husserl's teaching in the course of his voluminous reading at the time of the book's publication, and I don't want my argument to bear more freight than it is able to bear; but you get my point. When Marxists find a stray mention of Hegel (without misspellings) in the pre-WW I writings of V.I. Lenin, they always expect us to fall on our knees in adoration of the good little revolutionist's vast reading. I'm only saying that it should work both ways, or neither.

Stefan. Good point. The great American literary critic Edmund Wilson was always risible when he would take the most exiguous reference to music or literature in the writings of Trotsky, and then wax lyrical on the depths of the twisted little Jew's 'culture.'

But surely, lady, didn't you invite me here to discuss the place of woman in the movement for the rebirth of the Aryan dream?

Eva. Yes, and all of this was by way of trying to make you clear your mind of misconceptions. My lucubrations were intended to clear away some of the cobwebs that still linger in your mind. Many of you people in the 'movement,' for all of your talk about 'taking nothing on faith' and 'examining every position on its own merits'

have swallowed certain received ideas with the relish of a Bible Belter swallowing the phantasms and lunacies of the Book of Revelations. So on to our subject: you will admit, I am sure, that many of the men in our movement have little more than a verbal respect for the 'female of the species,' for all of the talk about 'nurturing children' and the like. Certain loveless sorts, who are in dire need of a little TLC, affect to scorn the very idea that a woman might possess an independent soul and an independent outlook. We have both heard would-be wise-guys in the movement talk about women as if they were some sort of movable property, with a status somewhat below domestic pets and the family car.

Stefan. See, there you go—an immediate and gratuitously insulting reference to woman's appointed task in this world.

Eva. Appointed by whom?

Stefan. By Nature.

Eva. If Nature comprises the totality of the processes at work in the Cosmos, as you once said, then the onus of proof is on you to tell me just how a woman who seeks a career other than motherhood is sinning against this all-encompassing Nature.

Stefan. Eristics, logic-chopping, nonsense.

Eva. Let me put it this way: if you think that all women should be reserved for use as brood-mares or playthings for the leisure of menfolk, then that must apply, as well, to such characters as Leni Riefenstahl and Hanna Reitsch, no? Would you have felt comfortable telling those two redoubtable figures to go back to the kids, the church, and the kitchen?

Stefan. A palpable hit, my lady. But I never said that women should be the instruments of their menfolk.

Eva. Then why are all of you so intoxicated with the misogyny of Nietzsche, whose Zarathustra urged that he who would go to woman should bring his whip? I would not be very impressed with any woman who could listen to this drivel without releasing the safety catch on her revolver (Bertrand Russell remarked that almost any woman on the planet would have been able to get the whip out of Nietzsche's hand). Or take the great Italian Fascist thinker Julius

Evola, who asserts that no woman can tell the difference between the truth and a lie, and that all women are liars as a matter of course. I'm sure that Evola made an exception for, say, his *mother*, but you get my point. There is a very definite failure of vision and imagination here, or else I am very much mistaken. We think that we have solved a problem of whose very nature we are ignorant, and yet we are unaware of this fact. Oughtn't we to be a little bit pragmatic, my friend?—how many women have you managed to attract to your movement thus far? Confess.

Stefan. Not very many. And most of those whom I have met think that they impress us by using outlandish terms like 'incrementalization' and such-like—men in women's clothing, if you will. Structuralists without much structure.

Eva. So my point stands unchallenged. I'd like to make an excursus, if I might, into the life of an undoubtedly great thinker who perished very young, but who in his short life pointed to many of the wounds which afflict us still: but he was wrong on this one point, on the *nature of woman*, and I'd like to use his case as a sort of paradigm. Let's face the fact that if we're wrong here, we're wrong in the most important area of Life, namely, the nature of the affections between the sexes.

Stefan. Be my guest.

Eva. The man of whom I speak was Otto Weininger, a Viennese thinker of the turn of the present century. He was the son of a brilliant Jewish father, a goldsmith named Leopold, and a mother who seems to have been untalented, and on whom young Otto always looked with disapprobation. It is more than usually difficult to get a handle on the biographical materials in this case, perhaps because Otto Weininger is what one might call a 'hot potato'—politically speaking, that is—for all parties. Many of the thinkers who have interested themselves in the *Weltanschauungen* of the proto-NS thinkers have shied away from Weininger because of his Jewish origins. Most Jewish commentators, it is hardly necessary to say, are appalled by everything the man stood for, and he is often regarded as the archetypal 'self-hating Jew' by his fellow-tribesmen. It should be

enough for our purposes to note that he was held in high regard by Dietrich Eckart, Alfred Rosenberg, and Adolf Hitler—more authoritative vouchers should not be needed.

At any rate, Otto grew up under the shadow of his gifted father, whose artistic skill, aptitude for languages, Wagnerolatry, and anti-Semitism the young man adopted as his own. During Otto's attendance at the Schotten-gymnasium, he mastered the classical languages, as well as English, French, Spanish, Italian, and Norwegian. From 1898 to 1902, he studied at Vienna University under Professor Friedrich Jodl (1849-1914), who directed his dissertation which was originally entitled *Eros und Psyche*. Jodl, who found Weininger personally as well as ideologically repugnant, was startled when an expanded version of Weininger's dissertation, now retitled *Geschlecht und Charakter: Eine prinzipielle Untersuchung* (Vienna, 1903) suddenly became the rage among the young.

In 1902 Weininger converted to Protestantism, and then spent the rest of the year touring Germany and Norway. He made a tour of Italy in the summer of 1903, during which he penned aphorisms that appeared posthumously as *Ueber die letzten Dinge* (Vienna, 1904). When he returned to Vienna in the fall of 1903, his recurring depression finally motivated him to rent a room in the very house where Beethoven had died. He sent two letters off to his family, and then, at the very height of his powers, shot himself in the chest. He was only twenty three years old. Several Viennese scribblers from the clerical and gutter press denounced the suicide, but heavyweights such as Karl Krauss and August Strindberg came to his defense.

Now *Sex and Character*, his masterwork, is an exemplary text when it discusses the Jewish question. Indeed, several of the most illuminating discussions of just what Judaism is appear here, and mark an advance upon even the canny analyses of Weininger's hero Houston Stewart Chamberlain, whose *Foundations of the 19th Century* was Weininger's *vade mecum*. Let me advance, as an instance of Weininger's penetrating philosophical power, a short quotation from the chapter entitled *Judaism*:

I must make clear what I mean by Judaism; I mean neither a race nor a people nor a recognized creed. I think of it as a tendency of the mind, as a psychological constitution which is a possibility for all mankind, but which has become actual in the most conspicuous fashion only among the Jews.

Luminous stuff, indeed, and the influence of such astute analysis on Eckart and Rosenberg surely needn't be demonstrated at this date. What is troublesome, however, is the embittered diatribe on women which takes up a considerable portion of the book, and for which I can find no parallel in the writings of even such confirmed misogynists as Arthur Schopenhauer or the early fathers of the Catholic Church. According to Weininger, "Woman is neither high-minded nor low-minded, strong-minded or weak-minded. She is the opposite of all these. Mind cannot be predicated of her at all; she is mindless." He goes on to claim that woman's only interest in life is matchmaking, sexual union of all types and varieties, and he claims that this "idea of union is always eagerly grasped and never repelled whatever form it may take (even where animals are concerned)"! It is clear by now, I should hope, that something's very wrong with this analysis. For Weininger, woman is an obscene ovipositor, an hysterical rutting machine, or else an observer of other rutting machines, and one feels, as one peruses Weininger's pages, that one can't be sure if we are reading a sober exposition of anthropological facts or some gaga Zolaesque fantasia on the fecund earth in springtime. Woman is hysterical and untruthful, we are told; they are bent upon devouring, psychically or physically, the entire world. But we do find a hint as to just what is wrong here when Weininger states: "Woman, the normal receptive woman of whom I am speaking, is impregnated by the man not only physically.....but at every stage of her life, by man's consciousness and by man's social arrangements. Thus it comes about that although woman lacks all of the characters of the male sex, she can assume them so cleverly and so slavishly that it is possible to make mistakes such as the idea of the higher morality of women."

Pathetic, really—here we have circular arguments giving birth to willful refusals to experience the manifold, prismatic luxuriance of the lives of the sexes; here we see maleness, horrified by mysteries, taking revenge on the World of Woman by means of abusive epithets and psychologizing billingsgate. And Stefan, my friend, your 'movement' harbors more than one enthusiast who, although he might not be so bold as to state these feelings in public, is certainly feeling them in private; that's where our first revolution must take place, Stefan, in our private dwellings, in the secret places of the heart.

Stefan. But surely this is such a small point—I think that you are exaggerating the importance of this matter.

Eva. The mote of dust or grit that finds its way into your eye is small, but it can prevent you from seeing the things that are right in front of you.

Stefan. Nice! But I believe that I understand you, lady. Women who choose to live outside the bounds of family life, but who wish to aid the resurgence of the Aryan World in their own, idiosyncratic way, must receive the encouragement of all Aryans. From Pindar we have received the word—*become what you are*. That should go for all of us, I think. There are many paths to heroism, both for men and for women. I would say that you are the prophetess of a new and vitally-charged *gallantry*.

Eva. Good, Stefan! We will talk again; but for now, let us drink in the music of the moon.

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THE BUTTON IS OFF THE FOIL

(or, A NAUGHTY WEEKEND)

Overture

Our story takes place in a not-so-distant (and not-so rosy) future, when the governmental juntas plying the whip over the broken remains of America have seen much of their totalitarian *machismo* vanish down the wind. Not to worry, though, rah-rah patriots and

aerial-bombardment enthusiasts: although the bloodsuckers and their mercenaries occasionally come a cropper when attacking the stateside dwellings of their victims, the enemies of 'freedom' and 'democracy' overseas still enjoy the tender embrace of our angelic overlords. In fact, after the famous, and now permanent football strike which ended the suzerainty of *that* national religion (at long last!), young American yo-yos with a superabundance of testosterone adrift in their bloodstreams now joined the bold squadrons of the Air Force with an alacrity which would have surprised some of their forebears, I can tell you.

But, as I say, things were a mite different back in the lower 48s. So many of the government's thugs had been killed in raids on white nationalists, black nationalists, Arab bystanders, and the other exotic radicalizing enclaves which dot the landscape, that pay schedules for the hired marauders had gone through the roof; and, of course, these goons were not to be fobbed off with sacks of IOUs! Not to mention, of course, the insane pay-scale extorted by the bodyguards of System big-wigs. Some expenditures are, let's face it, absolutely essential.....

The ordinary business of government was becoming more and more difficult to transact, as the enemies of the System, grown increasingly brazen with each successful assault, ignored their overlords with impunity; and the imminent collapse of the hated System had made very odd bedfellows of people who, hitherto, had had no use for each other. The ZOG had finally lost all control over young black intellectuals and street-fighters, and to ZOG's deep dismay, they had formed a coalition with White Power racists which was making the cities of the land all but ungovernable.

And it is in one of these cities that our little tale begins.....

I

Once upon a time, on a Friday evening in a strange nightmarish land called Manhattan, four young gentlemen stood on the northwest corner of 8th Avenue and 42nd Street, waiting. On all sides the rush of subhumanity swirled like excrement spiraling down a flushing toilet. Pickpockets dipped into Harris tweed; knots of working-

girls sashayed back and forth in front of Show World, flesh peeping from a thousand slits and vacancies; nigglets played with their zippers for the benefit of out-of-town businessmen; and four young men in black stood, waiting. Patiently....

Pairs of terrified young policemen sauntered up and down beneath the gaudy neon streaming through the 'Deuce', as fans affectionately called the Times Square area. Underneath the marquee of the *All Male* cinema, an exceptionally filthy Congoid scare-crow chanted his rapid-fire incantation at the wide-eyed suburban visitors to *Anus Mundi*: "Hash, acid, grass, speed, dope, dilaudids, crack, ice, ecstasy, guns, girls, ID, anything what you want, my man!" His offer evidently exerted some appeal on one white couple, for, with nervous smiles and a titter or two, they shortly disappeared into one of the grimy tenements with their grinning host. Within minutes, you may be sure, they would be higher than they had ever thought possible; within hours, junior, his posterior aching quite atrociously, would watch helplessly as his girl-friend performed unspeakable, albeit quite acrobatic and racially tolerant, deeds before the cameras. In a matter of days, they would both be stars—of a sort. And on the corner, men waited, with clenched teeth and eyes alive with purpose.

An emaciated Levantine child collapsed in convulsions in front of a ribs-and-chicken joint. His jaws locked like a vise, and a cold sweat beaded up on his forehead. As the convulsions increased in duration and severity, all sorts of oxygen-consumers ambled over for a gander at the show. The child's heels and the back of his head were all that touched the ground at this point as the crowd began to spit contemptuously on his writhing form, arching quite weirdly in the hellish light. Two female cops tried in vain to break up the crowd, as the Inferno flamed on in the night. And on the corner, the waiting four. The patience.....

True to his schedule (he could be true to nothing else), Mr. Mayor emerged from his limousine in front of the *XXXXXX-Shoppe*, as he habitually did on Friday evenings at precisely nine o'clock. He was so comically huge that two of his henchmen had rather a lot of difficulty hoisting him from the—taxpayer-supported—leather sofa

on which he had been lolling obscenely, like some corpse-worm after a feast. As he stood in front of the 'appliance' store, he pushed the bodyguards away, muttering, "Go hang out on the corner with the poofers; that's what you want, you buggers. That's where you belong!" He was eagerly obeyed. Four young men ended their vigil, and walked, one by one, into what was proudly described by its proprietor as the "filthiest store in town."

At first, our heroes thought that Mr. Mayor had given them the slip; but, after all, why would he do that? He didn't even suspect that a rendezvous had been planned. Oh, there he was, squatting down by the inter-species rack at the back of the store, adjacent to the peep-show annex. Yes, the Mayor was an animal lover of sorts. He slavered over the enticing images on the page, so peculiarly conjoined were the participants that one might have supposed them to be representations of theriomorphic deities in some outlandish and exotic cult. But we, dear reader, are well-aware, I trust, that his honor is examining this literature with very mundane purposes in mind. Sadly, however, he would never be permitted to take this periodical home to his mansion and his misses for experimental purposes, for just as he was raising himself up from his undignified squatting position, he realized that four young men in ominous-looking black outfits were blocking his egress from the corner. He was startled to see that they were smiling at him, and even more startled to note that they were pulling 9mm guns from the ample pockets of their jackets. He became quite speechless with shock as they began firing the guns into his quivering form. One knee cap; then the other, then an elbow, then the wayward bits. He begged and simpered and pleaded, slumped in his puddle of gore, but they kept plugging away at his monstrous girth, in an eerie parody of the Chinese 'torture of the thousand cuts': for, no matter how many times he was hit, he still lived and breathed, and—how shall I put this?—experienced to the full every morsel of agony, every quaint and sickening surge of pain which stole along his nerves and made his world 'a world of moan.' Finally, one of the men leaned over and whispered into the remains of his right ear, "You were a white man once; you should have stayed

a white man, my friend." Then all four of the executioners leaned over and fired point-blank into his eyes. The men dropped their clips to the floor, inserted fresh ones, and began to walk towards the front of the store. The clients had stood shock-still from the moment the first shots had been fired, most of them with one hand in a pocket, afraid to move or to offer the slightest evidence of their existence to the interlopers. But, as Bobby Burns used to say, "The best laid plans of mice and men," and one by one our heroes picked them off where they stood, rags in hand. The proprietor stood frozen at his counter, in front of the racks of hardware and sculpture, numbly waiting for the inevitable. He had sorely compromised his undergarments in all the excitement, and a puddle was spreading around his shoes. The leader of the gang, to the merchant's great surprise and relief, said, "Not to worry, my good man. We won't harm you. That is, if you promise to relay a message to the newscasters who are probably on their way here as we chat." The man nodded. He also quivered just a bit. "Don't be nervous. Have I ever done anything to make you nervous? This is the message: *We are going to waste all white traitors who are maintaining the political and communications superstructures for the Z.O.G.* That's it—simple, really. You want to write that down? Be my guest." As the merchant nervously scribbled the message which he had memorized with surprising ease, the leader of the crew gazed around at the carnage he had wrought, and he was well-pleased. In a matter of a few seconds, the message had been scrawled and was passed back across the counter. "Yes, that's very good. And you've even got the acronym right! Actually, now that this has been written down for me by such an accomodating amanuensis—no, I'm afraid you won't have time to look that one up—I believe that I can dispense with your services." And he shot the man right in his gaping mouth, causing him to stagger against the racks of sexual appliances which dropped their peculiar cargo, in all shapes, sizes, colors, and textures, all over his twitching body. "Quite comical—he who lives by the sword shall die by the sword, what?" In a bit of waggish fun, he set several of the more gruesome-looking devices to buzzing, and laughter pealed as the young men walked calmly out into the balmy

night breeze—a trifle tainted by the swarming hordes of the great unwashed on the pavement, it is true. They disappeared into the subway as sirens wailed and thrill-seekers swarmed.

The fun had just begun, for.....

II

.....All the Bees Are Busy

A tall figure dressed in clerical garb strolled around the ambulatory of the tiny Gothic Revival *Church of the Innocents*, his slender, well-manicured fingers clasped behind his back. He was obviously meditating, and a casual observer might have been forgiven for thinking that his meditations concerned the salvation of some miscreant's soul. That was not, however, the case. He was merely taking time from his arduous duties to come to a final decision: who would receive the commission for a translation of one particularly significant sacred document? The man walked slowly to the front of the magnificent altar, behind which stood, in a solid-gold frame, a magnificent portrait of Adolf Hitler. He stared up at the commanding image and his eyes misted over as he communed with his Leader. And then it came to him: one of his slaves had been a musicologist before going into comparative literature. How delightful! With a slight chuckle, Dr. Schuler—for that was our esteemed theologian's name—descended the spiral staircase which led into the brilliantly-illuminated crypt, from which issued the muted tapping of many fingers on the keyboards of many word-processors. Dr. Schuler walked slowly down the room which he had designed himself for the very purpose it was now serving—that of a modernized scriptorium. For Dr. Schuler had been entrusted by the Chief of the Revolution with two tasks: first, the inauguration of a terroristic campaign against race-traitors in the Big Apple; and, second, the editing and promulgation of the sacred texts of the religion which was being brought to birth in the fires of strife.

"And how is our little Septuagint coming, my flock?" Dr. Schuler asked no one in particular as he strolled between the cots and computers. It still astonished him to think of the ease with which he had recruited these slaves for the monumental task upon which he

had set them. In January, the government had invited a score of experts in Germanistics to a forum at N.Y.U. on the dangers of resurgent nationalism in the Federal Republic of Germany. One professor gave an obscure and minatory sermon on the dangers of the revival of Romanticism which was fueling the 'neo-Nazis'; another discussed the need for a revamped Social Services system in Germany, whose officers must be willing to learn the languages spoken by the migrants from Central Africa, so as better to understand their 'needs'; another asserted, in tones of outraged righteousness, that the German authorities had better begin incarcerating all suspected nationalists in detention centers wherein they would be put to work training the mongrels who would be taking their jobs. To all of this rhodomontade, Dr. Schuler lent his hearty applause, and after the three-day seminar ended, the participants went 'missing,' as the saying goes. As no one really takes intellectuals with any degree of seriousness, the authorities had allowed these clowns to go out on the town, unescorted. Outside the Broadway bistro whither the fine scholars had repaired, waited a black van full of miscreants with billy-clubs; a few barked orders, and, presto, a barrel full of monks for the monastery. But, rest assured, Dr. Schuler had taken very good care of them. Well—of most of them: for, when he had assembled these shining lights of the intellect together in the crypt of the Church of the Innocents, many would not credit their hearing as their captor explained just what their new job-description entailed. One old fellow, who had made a name for himself with the publication of a learned tome entitled *Goethe: the Tolerant Democrat*, said that he wanted to know just what they were supposed to be doing there. Dr. Schuler very kindly informed the scholars that they were privileged to begin the compilation of the variorum edition of the *Works of Adolf Hitler*, with accompanying translations into all of the European languages. And that was just for starters. "And, gentlemen, even after that task has been accomplished, there are many more interesting books for you to edit and translate; as I am fully familiar with your academic credentials, I feel confident that you are the men for the job. I can also inform you that I hereby grant each and every one of you"—

here he had paused, for effect—“*tenure!* If I might be the prophet for a moment,” he added, wistfully, “I can assure you that none of you will ever see the daylight again.” The ensemble gazed on Dr. Schuler as he were a refugee from some mad scientist film of the thirties, and began to laugh uproariously. One of the scholars, however, seemed to have no sense of humor—the Goethe ‘scholar’ blankly refused to follow orders, not believing his ears. After beseeching him, in soft and beguiling accents, not to be so hasty, Dr. Schuler gave him one minute in which to change his mind. At the expiration of the term allotted, Dr. Schuler regretfully ordered one of his guards to strangle the professor immediately. As the death rattle sounded in the room, the many-talented guard began to prepare him for the mummification which would enable the defunct scholar to act as an example to the learned crew long after his demise. In very fact, our professor was eventually installed on a throne at the head of the class, as it were, in his winding-sheets, resin, aromatic essences, and KKK cone-hat.

There had been no more protests, and this evening it was Dr. Schuler’s task to inform Professor Asner that he would be working on the recently-retrieved *Lectures on the German Lied*, which the Leader had delivered at Bayreuth back in the thirties. Fat, foul-breathed, cheesy-smelling Asner tried to look as pleased as punch with the assignment, and Dr. Schuler was so touched by the evident effort that he almost patted the fool on the back. Almost.

But hark! Dr. Schuler’s acute hearing had sensed a distant sound. “They’re back!” he exclaimed, and bidding a fond, albeit temporary, adieu to his busy little slaves, he hurried up the spiral staircase, tiptoed through the choir, down the steps, and across the transept. His footfall sounded gently on the marble of the nave as he greeted his returning acolytes, whose smiles told him of good deeds well done. “Let us repair to the TV room, my sons!” They followed him as he recrossed the choir and led them to a small recreation room which had formerly served as a Lady Chapel. He flicked on the telly, and there it was.....

A TERRIBLE TRAGEDY TOOK PLACE IN TIMES SQUARE THIS EVENING, AS UNKNOWN GUNMEN SHOT TO DEATH ONE OF NEW YORK’S MOST BELOVED SONS, HIS HONOR, MAYOR GLIB. THE MAYOR WAS GUNNED DOWN IN FRONT OF THE STATIONERY STORE WHERE HE HAD GONE TO PURCHASE AN ANNIVERSARY CARD FOR HIS DEAR WIFE. DETAILS AT 11:30. AND NOW BACK TO OUR GERALDO SPECIAL:

*EXTENDED FAMILY SEX ORGIES—
DON’T BE JEALOUS: JOIN IN!*

Dr. Schuler rose from his seat and beckoned to his soldiers. “Come outside and let us chat beneath the waning crescent moon. I’m in a poetic mood tonight, and I think that moonlight would suit us well. Let us sit in the garden and tell happy stories of the death of mayors. But first, let me rev up the old stereo system. I need a little inspiration.” In a moment, he returned, with a broad smile lighting up his fine Nordic face. “So how did it go, George?” The leader of the little group smiled and told the story of Mayor Glib’s sad ending, adding that, as was to be expected, the system was lying through its teeth regarding the circumstances of the late Mayor’s hurried departure from this vale of tears.

Dr. Schuler interrupted: “We all knew that they would try to put a brave face on this disaster by means of the usual disinformation. But rest assured—we’ve hurt them where they live tonight, and they know it. The subhuman scum who witnessed the attack will start a far more effective whispering campaign than I would ever be able to mount, largely because they will not know what they’re doing. I will, however, clarify the position by Sunday Night. Let me just say that the Secretary of State is attending a gab-fest at the U.N. on Monday morning, and I think that we should pay our respects to the old bully in person. What say you all?”

In chorus, the blackshirted men shouted, “we are here to meet out thrashings!” Dr. Schuler laughed and, leaning back in his *chaise*

longue, pointed up at the stained glass window of the clerestory opposite him. "Do you know what we're fighting for, really fighting for, my soldiers, my workers, my totally mobilized? Do you see that figure there upending the tables of the money-changers? You know, of course, that the god has taken many shapes over the millenia, and that was one of them. But the stones which border the glass, the wondrously carved gargoyles, the splendor of the Palestrina Mass which you hear in the distance—all of these things represent the god who lives in our blood, the blood of the Great Race. For now we must live in what I like to call the Empire of the Gothic Night, but soon we will see the day and will rule in its light! We have been more fortunate than most, however, to have lived in the century during which the most authentic image of that god who lurks, who storms, who rages in our very essence, has walked our earth, and breathed our air, and suffered our death. That is much, is it not?"

The young men nodded, much moved by these deeply-felt words. Dr. Schuler leaned over and asked Gino, the youngest of the comrades, if those two homeless geeks were trying to camp out on the steps of the church again.

"I think so, Dr. Schuler. Shall I...?"

"Yes, please do—use your silencer, and call for a special trash pickup in the A.M."

"Yes, sir, of course."

"Now what were we talking about. Oh yes, church architecture; I believe that will maintain the current ecclesiological orientation of our sacred buildings after the revolution." Two dull reports pierced the silence of the night, and Gino, with a wide grin on his innocent face, sat down to discuss matters of deep philosophical and theological import with the Master. Eventually, the talk turned to the opera, an enthusiasm for which Dr. Schuler had easily communicated to his young disciples. They had become quite fond, of course, of the works of Richard Wagner, and he knew that their love for the wizard of Bayreuth would pique their interest in his latest scheme.

"Have you heard, my friends, of the new production of *Tristan und Isolde* which is being prepared for the Meyerson Opera House?"

No? Well, it promises to be a very interesting enterprise as it is rumored to be under the direction of Mel Chechetz. You will admit that he is certainly a most innovative force in the modernist theatre." Dr. Schuler paused for a moment, and his twinkling, bright-blue eyes surveyed the group of young men with an amused expression.

George exploded: "I can imagine what that old chicken-hawk is going to do with *Tristan*! He'll probably tart it up as some kind of homo-propaganda, you know, Tristan making eyes at Marke, or Isolde cast as a bit of rough trade."

"Both," replied Dr. Schuler, contentedly, as he gazed through the branches of a huge oak tree, which had allegedly been planted by Edgar Allan Poe himself a century and a half ago; the sky was gray with mist and the moon was a ghost of herself.

"I think, Gino, that you had better go down to Mulberry Street tomorrow morning; I want you to pay my respects to Don Giuseppe, and ask him if he'd be willing to do a little more kidnapping for the good of the cause. The details are in this note. I have a brilliant idea for a talk-show interview on the *Dave Blade Live* show—honest Dave has decided to split from the program and come over to our ranks, but I told him that I want him to perform one last service for the movement before he hangs up his microphone for good. The 'system' seems to be coming apart at the seams, I imagine, and the rats are looking for alternative accommodations."

"What do you have in mind, sir?" asked Charles, a brilliant young authority on electronic torture devices and Impressionist art—when he wasn't dismantling some enemy or other, he could be found lecturing on Claude Monet at N.Y.U.

"Well, let's get a hold of the good Mr. Chechetz first, and then I will unveil my latest bit of fun. It's getting a bit chilly out here, and I need some sleep, so let us call it a night. Tomorrow's Saturday—let us meet here at noon. We've got a busy weekend ahead of us, and I want to be fresh!"

"Good night, sir!" the men cried in unison, and they rushed off into the night. Dr. Schuler waited for the last bars of the Palestrina Mass to fade to silence, then he arose, and crept off to bed. It had

been a good day, indeed.....

III

The Guys Can't Help It

On the fourth floor of a gentrified warehouse building up on 47th St., a stage had been set up at the far side of the entrance door. At a little end-table set up by the side of the stage, Mel Chechetz prepared a light repast. On top of a two-burner hot-plate sat two medium-sized, and very ancient-looking frying pans in which sizzled two pounds of fatty bacon. Mel always ate by himself, for he realized that the spectacle of his chow-time had lost him several friends over the years. Evidently, something in the operation disturbed them, he thought, as he hoisted the partially-cooked bacon onto a platter heaped deeply with paper towels. Then, after licking his stubby fingers, he eagerly began toasting a huge loaf of bread in the still hissing bacon fat, two pieces at a time, ten seconds on each side—done in a jiff. Then he settled down to break his fast. He had just finished washing down the fatty mess with a half-gallon of Hawaiian Punch, when through the door of the rehearsal hall seeped as eerie a gaggle of poofers as had been seen since the last Halloween Parade on the West side. There were Phyllis Diller look-alikes, Elizabeth Taylor look-alikes (or could one of them have been the real thing?), tough hombres from the *Ramrod* school of metaphysics, and assorted geraniums and pansies in all shades and attitudes. Moving to the center of the room, Mel, a bizarre-looking toad with frizzy black hair and (you guessed it!) bulging embonpoint was vainly lisping orders past the sides of his immense proboscis to one and all: "Come ladies and gentlemen; we've got work to do, all of you darling love-machines!" Cackles stormed the rafters, and varnished fingernails drifted from buttock to buttock as the crew began to sort themselves out.

"Let me begin by explaining just what it is that I'm trying to do," he began.

"You're trying to get into the drawers of the dead mayor!" some queen in a Lana Turner outfit shouted from the center of the parquet floor.

"Very funny, I'm sure—but I do draw the line at necrophilia,

my sweet," insisted Mr. Mel Chechetz, whose idea of fun was, simply, a boy; his idea of more fun was, simply, more boys.

"But seriously—we're doing *Tristan* at the Meyerson, and I want this to be the frilliest performance of Wagner ever, ever!" The cackling laughter of the throng sounded like tortured geese, and before silence had resumed its sway, three rough-looking Italians in biker jackets had entered the rehearsal room and were seating themselves in the rear.

Appreciative glances were shot their way, but I'm afraid that Chechetz and his fruitcakes were under some major misapprehensions as to the purposes of the visitors. No one knew who they were, and that made the flirtatious crew even more curious about the new kids in town.

"Pipe down, ladies; we have work to do," shouted Chechetz. "My *Tristan* production is going to elicit all sorts of meanings from this libretto that poor Wagner's subconscious, hetero-mind was unaware of—I'm going to evoke a whole new dimension of sexuality and liberation from this tragic drama. You'll remember the phallic symbolism employed by Wieland Wagner in his most-divine production? Of course you do! Well I'm going to go him one better, by covering the stage in priapic properties—I intend to dress the entire theatre as a veritable cornucopia of male members. And the three leads are going to be played by three very hunky guys in such voluminous codpieces as would have astonished the Elizabethans themselves!"

Laughter, posturing, applause, and kisses; champagne flowed and affection blossomed in the air. Chechetz's grotesquely made-up eyes beamed down upon the crew, and very delicate gestures fluttered like doves in the midst of the weirdos. Mel belched, and then began his speech proper, but, I'm afraid, the fun was not to continue, for before Chechetz could continue his spiel, the toughs at the back of the room rose up as one, and made for the stage. Two of them grasped the obese poof by the shoulders and began escorting him to the door, while the third removed three plastic bags from a leather case. The queers giggled nervously as Chechetz and the three men reached the door, and then the man with the plastic bags tore open their tops and

proceeded to hurl a few grisly pounds of kitty-litter saturated with cat-urine at the dainty crowd. The shrieking and the terror were not to be believed as they attempted to get away from the disgraceful porridge. But before they could make a move for the door, it had been shut, barred, and bolted, leaving plenty of poooves with cat-whizz all over them and, well, a most untoward situation to contend with.

When the doorman saw Chechetz being escorted by such rough-looking young men, he ignored the fat queer's expostulations in the belief that he was just faking his distress. On most occasions, that would have been a sound inference, but—alas!—today was not just any day, and Melvin's cries of pain were genuine and poignant as he was hustled into the waiting black van by the curb. The doorman shook his head and smirked, as he returned to the sports page. "What a character!" he mused, tongue in cheek.

By four P.M., the inimitable chanteuse, 'Babs' Solarz, had called a press-conference at her apartment on Fifth Avenue across from Central Park, to draw attention to the abduction of one of her "deawest fwends, a piwa of da community," et cetera and so forth.

Her monstrous nostrils, more closely resembling pieces of earth-moving equipment than any product of wholesome evolutionary biology, kept banging awkwardly against the poor microphone helplessly perched, amid a typhoon of unsavory saliva, on the rickety bridge table she had borrowed from her loud-mouthed Mom, who could be heard bedeviling the staff in the kitchen. Her helmet-stiff, frosted blonde mane kept swishing back and forth in front of the famous face, as she ranted and crooned, bellowed and boomed at the assembled reporters and hangers-on.

"We know," she continued, in her usual, plangent tones, "just who is to bwame for this howendous occuence, and they must be made to pay for their cwimes! Amewica has no place for homophobes!!" She shrieked on for endless minutes, while her associates attempted to stay downwind of her renowned armpits. Miss Babs was famous even among her scabrous cronies for the insalubrious atmosphere she toted around with her, something compounded of old

makeup, unwashed feet, unmentionable aromas from unmentionable sources, and the tons of fermenting month-old detritus which she carted around in her storied schnozz. From far away, she looked almost clean, but one was quickly apprised of the ruse on closer proximity. A famous theater critic, one of the few in New York who possessed the courage to pan the performances of Miss Babs, remarked, ironically, after an interview which he had conducted with her in her dressing room at the Gershwin Theater, that Babs reminded him of St. Hilarion, who boasted loudly of his physical filthiness; of St. Anthony, who was said by St. Athanasius never to have washed his feet; of St. Abraham, who, in fifty years, had washed neither feet nor hands; and of St. Silvia, who washed nothing but her fingers! Yummy! Babs continued shrieking her tale of woe, her dire caterwauling of boycott and blackout, her cacophonous threats of a move to Tel Aviv, and so on and so forth, until the end of the conference, when she stormed out in a rage at her mother, who had not yet finished preparing the canapes and finger-food. Babs raced down the hallway and jumped into the waiting elevator in a tempest; she found herself confronted by a handsome elderly gentlemen with four very young, and very handsome young men, who smiled knowingly at the famous diva. She smiled back, her factitious and cyclopean chompers shining suggestively at her companions. They continued to smile as they ushered the giggling nymph onto the service stairs on the second floor, where she must have thought she was going to receive her just desserts. Well, my friends, she was, but not in precisely the fashion that she had expected. She was laid out on the icy concrete floor, with her pasty arms pinned tightly to her side, before she realized the nature of her escorts' intent. She screamed like a welfare mammy threatened with a job, until her gaping mouth was taped shut. As the strident echoes died, Dr. Schuler removed the surgical tools from their plush case, and proceeded as well to remove the palpably excessive tip of that hideous nasal appendage which had for so long offended the doctor's fastidious aesthetic sense. Miss Babs fainted quite dead away, and, after placing the tip of the good lady's nose in her tacky alligator-skinned handbag, he bowed politely to the

unconscious 'lady,' and whispered to his cronies that they should get out of there before they caught something "for which science has been thus far unable to find a cure. I believe that we have an appointment with a famous—and soon-to-be infamous—show-biz personality, lads. We must be punctual. *Avanti!*"

STAY TUNED! WHEN WE RETURN, MEL CHECHETZ
WILL BE IN FRONT OF THE CAMERA WITH SOME
INTERESTING REFLECTIONS ON THE NATURE OF
"THE JEWISH EXPERIENCE!"

☆ ☆ ☆

PLATO'S DEATH
(ARISTOCLES, SON OF ARISTON,
GOES TO THE GODS)

Outside, past the lamps, it is damp;
And the cold, ebon-tressed darkness
Is bleeding through the quivering foliage.
Here, within a warm, scented chamber,
A slender, pale forefinger,
Soft-silhouetted by dancing orange flames beyond,
Is beating time, beating time,
Now imparting to the pale Thracian maiden
(Still unknowing of the Lord
Who slips, barely conscious, Lethewards, down)
The rhythm of the *nomos*
She's too weary to coax from her flute,
Which drops to the floor
In a sad consummation.

Now: to annotate
The golden scroll which bares
The wide Cosmos to wondering eyes....

□

Dear George:
Merry Christmas !!!! Vergnügte
Weihnachten!!!!

I hope my articles haven't placed you in a position to receive blighting hate mail. If any of your readers has a lemon up his/her tail, I suggest that they spit their venom my way and not yours. I reserve my American right to have controversial opinions and I support this right relative to my critics. I might suggest, however, that all of those who get their dander up, as a result of reading what I have to say, just refuse to continue reading anything which has my name on it.

I don't get pissed off at Holocaust movies, or MTV, simply because I don't watch this crap. I never get irritated at the white trash who show up at "rock concerts" merely because I never attend any.

Some blight-wingers remind me of the idiot who cats goat manure and then complains about his bad breath.

I am afraid that many of my critics are not interested about "truth" per se. They use what they believe to be the truth as a rationalization for finding someone to hate (usually the jews). This is why many of the bone-head revisionists receive so much support. They peddle their "truth" about WWII which fertilizes the wishful-thinking of those who need a reason to hate jews. This is easily demonstrated by telling a favorable truth about the jews. Once anyone does so, he is sure to be on the receiving end of non-jew hate.

Any revisionist blast concerning the latest jew-lie is received as another propaganda victory in a war the jews won long ago. Revisionists, and their supporters, are very similar to the red-necks who love arguing about the American Civil War. Arguing, and sending money to keep alive dead issues, is little other than wheel-spinning, frustration building, and extremely wasteful of our resources. Those who believe that "fighting" the Holocaust is issue number one, have continued to believe this for nearly one-half of a century. It is sad to know that these people will go to their graves carrying the same anger and sense of futility they have been harboring for decades. They are no different than the goofs who make the "end-timers" rich by sending them millions of dollars and bawling about "Jesus". They too, will go to their graves without ever experiencing any rapture.

**LETTERS
TO THE
EDITOR**

If you want to look at the stars, you must first get your head out of the mud and admit that your head was in the mud and it needs a good washing. That's the first truth we must deal with. There are others.

Fact 1: The jews control TV, movies, and most of the periodicals. Period. They have the resources, desire, and opportunity, to manufacture kosher baloney by the tons, day after day. This is the truth you should be focusing on and not the content of their aired fantasies. Bull-crap about short-wave, public access TV, courtroom dancing, and other nonsense, will NEVER put a dent in the propaganda power of the jews. In fact, if blight-wing windmills ever started to get effective, then some "accident" would be arranged.

The problem with revisionism is that it is reactionary and out of tune with what America was supposed to be about. The burden of proof lies totally with the accuser and, in spite of the recent Perry Mason shows, one does not have to "prove his innocence." This inversion of "who's on top" is part of the revisionist folderol. A pack of jews manufacture another "whopper" and the revisionists immediately go into the "proving it false" business. It takes only a few moments to fabricate a tale but disproving it could take years.

Revisionists also have spaghetti for brains. They believe that jews are history's foremost liars and then they dive into a foray as if they were battling a truth. If you held as axiomatic a notion that the jews always told the truth, then stabbing at their latest tale would, at least, have some component of logic. Walt Disney never produced a true movie and neither did the rest of Hollywood, then, now, or ever. If you want to fight blather, you'll always be employed, that is, if you can convince someone to pay for your imprudence. After nine years, Don Clark finally learned that his wife was a slut but that didn't change her one bit.

Fact 2: All television is anti-Aryan. Period. If you are getting myopia gawking at the tube and waiting for some "break", then you had better fill your larder with a large supply of popcorn.

Fact 3: A massive number of white people are worthless and it is a waste of time trying to let "the truth set them free". Yes friends, thousands of pale-faces are degenerates and renegades. Our frontier Redskins never had the brains to manufacture guns and bullets, but some white apostate (prototype capitalist) managed to sell them some. The

"white race" needs a lot of pruning. *

Fact 4: The jews never seized the American reins of power. It was handed to them by Whites many of whom share in that power. Even the Zionism they hold in common. Six, or ten, million jews simply could not control 200 million white people unless most of them gave their tacit consent to playing "drop the soap" [*This is exactly what I must have told a hundred or so thousand people over the years, including our late Professor Oliver: A few million jews, scattered all over the world, could not have achieved the positions of control and power they now have had it not been for the ACTIVE HELP, AID AND ASSISTANCE OF OUR OWN WHITE CHRISTIAN brethren!!!* — Editor].

Fact 5: You cannot save idiots from their stupidity. Millions of Whites are little other than high-grade morons. Why cast rubys before hogs? Anyone stupid enough to snort cocaine rightly deserves the problems which follow. Drugs follow the stupid as do the flies who migrate towards the sewer. If you believe that all white people are equal, and valuable, then how are you different from those who believe that all hominids are equal, and valuable? This smacks of warped christianity and marxism.

Do the people who get upset over movies about a phoney Holocaust also get torqued out watching "The Wizard of Oz"? It's time to grab the sleeping Princess by one of her knockers and get her to open her eyes. Hasn't the failure of forty years of Holocaust jousting dawned upon anyone yet?

If we suppose that the revisionist wishful-thinking finally bears fruit and the Holocaust is relegated to some Fairy Tale book, then what? Will the rapes and muggings stop? Will the give-away of our sovereignty cease? Will all of the Mestizos return to Capistrano? Will the perverts stop playing with rectums and the drug-soaked suddenly find Christ? Will all of the race-traitors promptly become racists? Will the lions lie down with the goyim? And swords turned into sky-hooks? Will a wishful thought-come-true only give birth to another wishful thought?

While the passengers are debating over whether the band played a waltz or a fox-trot, they should firstly remember that the ship is called Titanic.

Sincerely, Robert Frano

Mr. J. E. Dunlap
 Editor Emeritus
Harrison Daily Times
 P.O. Box 40, Harrison AR 72602

Dear Mr. Dunlap:

October 16, 1994

I was surprised with the contents of your "On the Inside" column of Sunday, 16 October. You gave credit to a late Logan Jarnigan for the authorship of this 'mythical' *Last Will of Adolf Hitler* that constituted your column. It was a scathing propaganda piece right out of the waning days of World War II. A time, by the way, when most of us had had our emotions for *hate* and *brutality* raised to white-hot heat by the clever and talented merchants of propaganda so ably employed by our government and that of Great Britain.

Many of us, Mr. Dunlap, especially young soldiers such as I, hardly out of our teens when the war ended, began to have feelings of unease about the origins of the War and its conduct by our side by mid-1946. As Sergeant/Major of the Office of the Surgeon for all of the United Kingdom in early 1946, I had as my chief clerk a young German soldier: a POW. Not only was he the most efficient aide I ever had, he was the most intelligent. We were the same age: 22 years. We had many arguments in the privacy of my office and when I allowed him to speak freely. Unlike the element that controls most of the press in this country today, I truly believed in free speech. I learned much from Frank W——. He made me aware that two sides exist, at least, to every proposition.

When one cools from the heat of anger, Mr. Dunlap, often one finds that he is ashamed of the excesses he committed during his fit of pique. When I went to Japan during the Korean War, I was amazed at their industriousness; their friendliness; their intelligence. I returned home in late 1951 with an entirely altered opinion of the Japanese. While I thought of them as "*scum*" in 1944, not knowing then that Roosevelt et al had deliberately driven them into an attack upon Pearl Harbor so that Roosevelt could loose US forces against the Germans (who had done nothing to us, by the way), I think of the Japanese to-

day as an extraordinary people of great ability. How odd that you would print an article today that refers to them as "*scum*."

The war in Europe ended 50 years ago next Spring, Mr. Dunlap. Within three years after WW I ended, historians and writers were already engaged in taking to task those government and media figures who had lied to the people so egregiously in order to fan to high heat a hatred for their German foe. Lies that painted the Germans as "Huns" who caught babies on their bayonets. By 1930 the British government had already admitted its guilt in this shameful charade to arouse killing instincts within its citizenry. The film "All Quiet on the Western Front" showed with great skill and emotion that the German soldier was every bit as brave and honorable as the allied soldier. Unhappily, as Oxford historian A.J.P. Taylor reminds us, no such effort to tell the truth about allied propaganda of WW II was made after that cruel and unnecessary war. All soldiers are to be pitied. They are but the pawns used by governments to further ignoble ends.

While in England in September of this year, I returned to a spot where I was once stationed in the summer of 1944. The facility is now a hospital of sorts. I learned this trip that a Victory Oak had been set out on the grounds there by my old commanding officer in the summer of 1945. I asked to visit that oak. One of the staff, a woman of my generation, volunteered to show me the oak. As we walked down the corridor toward its location, I told her that I had been stationed there in 1944. She was interested to learn this. She was in the forces herself at that time she said. She turned to me and rather sadly said, "We were so full of hope for the future in 1945, weren't we?" I nodded. "What went wrong?" she asked. "Why has such evil overtaken us? We thought we were the victors! Now there is so much degeneracy in your country and mine."

"I know the source of the evil," I said. "But, unfortunately, I have not the time to explain it just now."

I find it rather grotesque, Mr. Dunlap, for you to print such an outdated propaganda piece as you did this morning. One wonders why. There is an element in our society, of course, that has gained much from refusing to allow WW II to end. Tragically, that element, alien in its allegiance and destructive in its assault upon our traditions, now owns the press. But, there are faint signs the people are becoming

aware of this peril. I take some heart in that.

Yours truly
E. Hume, Arkansas

Reprinted from *Harrison Daily Times*, J.E. Dunlap, Jr., Publisher Emeritus; Sunday, October 16, 1994. P.O. Box 40, Harrison AR, 72602-0040.

on the
inside
by J.E.D.

Another piece of memorabilia left by the late Logan Jamagin was a "Last Will and Testament of Adolf Hiter, alias Adolf Schickelgruber."

It was dated "very soon" and the printing was compliments of Hammerschmidt Lumber Co., who at the time had served this community for 33 years. The lumber company's phone number - 333.

Here's the copy:

I, Adolf Hitler, being of unsound mind and misery, and considering the possibility of a fatal accident known as assassination, declare this to be my last (you hope) will and testament.

To **France**, I leave all the beautiful Mademoiselles in occupied Paris. I was **never** the one for girls. **Whoops!**

To **England**, I leave the original manuscript of *Mein Kampf*, which their R.A.F. spoiled. I had written a different finish, but their fliers got me in the end.

To **America**, I leave Walter Winchell who always said, "To heil with Hitler." I know he'll be very busy on my funeral day so he'd better not come—business before pleasure.

To **Mussolini**, I leave my Chaplin mustache, which he is to make into a toupe for his ivory dome. He will need a disguise to hide from the Italians who know what a mess he got them into.

To Franklin D. Roosevelt, I leave my apology for interrupting his fishing, but he got even. His "Unconditional Surrender" agreement at Casablanca certainly cooked my goose.

To Goebbels and Ribbentrop, I leave 30 million marks (two dollars) to buy a gift for my mother and father who are getting married the day I die.

To **Count Ciano**, son-in-law of Mussolini, I leave the Victoria Cross for bringing down in one day, 41 bombers and 72 fighters—all **Italian**.

To **Norway's Quisling**, I leave my double cross. He was a piker compared to me, when it came to double crossing.

To **Poland**, I leave a 16x10 gold-framed photograph of myself to hang in their public schools to scare the hell out of any kid who might **think** along Nazi lines.

To **the Jews**, I leave a new holiday, which they will celebrate annually. The whole world knows I was **kind** to them but they somehow did not seem to appreciate it.

To **Japan's (Land of the rising scum) Hirohito**, I leave all my medals, which will help him sink quicker when he goes down in the Pacific.

To **the German people**, I leave all pictures of myself, especially those printed on soft paper, as I know what they will do with them.

To **Himmler and Goering**, I leave the final execution of my will as they are experienced at executions.

To **the entire world**, I just leave, and will they thank God!

My final wish is that I be buried in an asbestos suit, as I will need

it where I am going.

✠ ✠ ✠

Dear Mr. Dietz,

November 1, 1994

Enclosed please find check in the amount of \$75.00 for a renewal of my subscription to *Liberty Bell* for the year 1995 by airmail..

Regarding Joseph D. Pryce's "Colloquy At The Edge Of The Void" in the November issue, the author makes some good points especially when he speaks of the predisposition of right wingers to participate in radio and TV talk shows while unprepared. However, I would warn your readers of Alain de Benoist who the author says "has...a better shot at recruiting the significant minority, the Spenglers, the Chamberlains, and the Rosenbergs who will act as the masters of thought in our revolutionary age. Evidently M. de Benoist looks down his nose with disdain at National Socialism and those who champion it. In a letter to the editor of the *Scorpion* he writes: "The question of knowing to what extent a platform should be offered to extreme individuals or groups is *not* a matter of respectability, but rather, as I see it, a question of knowing what positions one wishes to affirm. If you decide to publish Mr. (Colin) Jordan's elucubrations that is up to you but it should only be done on condition that you clearly distance yourself from him, otherwise you run the risk of not being taken seriously as a platform of debate...". No doubt M. de Benoist considers himself a respectable rightist and Mr. Colin Jordan and National Socialism as being beyond the pale. Mr. Colin Jordan's latest contribution to *Liberty Bell* was, I believe, in the June 1994 issue, "National Socialism: A Philosophical Appraisal".

The Scorpion,
Lützowstrasse 39,
D-50674 Köln am Rhein, Germany

Sincerely, W.S., Turkey

PLEASE REMEMBER:

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KEEP THE LIBERTY BELL RINGING!

Please remember: *Our* Fight is *Your* fight! Donate whatever you can spare on a regular—monthly or quarterly—basis. Whether it is \$2., \$5., \$20., or \$100. or more, rest assured it is needed here and will be used in our common struggle. If you are a businessman, postage stamps in any denomination are a legitimate business expense—and we need and use many of these here every month—and will be gratefully accepted as donations.

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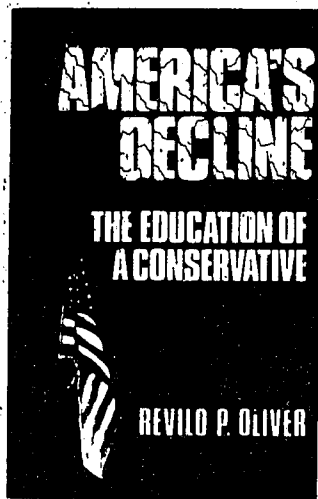
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ABOUT THE AUTHOR: Dr. Revilo Pendleton Oliver, Professor of the Classics at the University of Illinois for 32 years, is a scholar of international distinction who has written articles in four languages for the most prestigious academic publications in the United States and Europe.

During World War II, Dr. Oliver was Director of Research in a highly secret agency of the War Department, and was cited for outstanding service to his country.

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BOOK REVIEW

*The Bell Curve / Intelligence
and Class Structure in American Life*

By

Dr. Charles E. Weber

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BOOK REVIEW

By
Charles E. Weber, Ph.D.

Richard J. Herrnstein and Charles Murray, *The Bell Curve/Intelligence and Class Structure in American Life*, New York: The Free Press, 1994. xxvi + 845 pages.

The authors introduce the contents of their book as follows (page xxi): "This book is about differences in intellectual capacity among people and groups, and what those differences mean for America's future. The relationships we will be discussing are among the most sensitive in contemporary America—so sensitive that hardly anyone writes or talks about them in public. It is not for lack of information, as you will see."

Herrnstein, who died of lung cancer last September, was the son of Hungarian Jewish immigrants and for some years chairman of the Department of Psychology at Harvard. Perhaps these credentials gave him more freedom to write what is contained in *The Bell Curve* than would otherwise have been the case. Murray is also the author of the influential book, *Losing Ground: American Social Policy 1950-1980* (1984).

A measure of the value and significance of *The Bell Curve* can be discerned from the treatment it has received in the liberal, Establishment media.

An editorial comment in *U.S. News* of 24 October (page 24) claims that the book "leads nowhere, except toward pessimism and negative group labeling. It plays to the gathering storm over affirmative action but infects that legitimate debate with deadly genetic arguments. It could encourage a eugenic solution to the problem of the underclass, though Murray insists that's not what he wants. This is a very unhelpful book." The editorial even suggests that the book "seems clearly intended as a provocative political act." In a

detailed review *U.S. News* continues its discussion (pages 73, 75-76, 78, 80) and reports that President Clinton "told aides last week he is 'outraged by the thrust of the book.'" (What better recommendation could *The Bell Curve* have?)

Newsweek of 24 October even features the book on its cover and contains a long discussion of it (pages 52-60). The cover portrays two heads facing in opposite directions, one of a Caucasian man and another of a Negro man, with the question, "IQ / Is It Destiny?" between them. The author of the *Newsweek* review, Tom Morgenthau, asserts that *The Bell Curve* is a big, complex book that is based on a deeply pessimistic—and deeply angry—view of American society." Perhaps there are some good reasons for pessimism and anger. The review in *Newsweek*, like so many other commentaries on *The Bell Curve*, is largely concerned with what the book discusses in Chapter 13, "Ethnic Differences in Cognitive Ability," a topic to which only a modest fraction of pages in the book is devoted.

Time (24 October, pages 66-67) quotes from the *New Republic* an angry sentiment expressed by a critic, who describes the "theories of the two men as 'indecent, philosophically shabby and politically ugly' and as 'pseudoscientific racism.'" *Time* concludes its relatively short review with: "It looks as if it [the book] is likely to be remembered for some dubious premises and toxic conclusions." Toxic to whom?

One evening in November the television newsman Peter Jennings introduced a rather lengthy segment of his broadcast devoted to *The Bell Curve*. This segment emphasized the development of eugenic thought in America with the almost obligatory suggestion that eugenic measures in Germany led to the so-called "Holocaust."

A rather sympathetic review of *The Bell Curve* was published in *Forbes* of 24 October, pages 153-158, 163. This review characterizes the book as "massive, meticulous, minutely detailed, clear." The *Forbes* review, however, steers clear of the differences in intellectual capacities of various races which are discussed especially in Chapter

13 and which infuriate liberal critics of the book.

A "symposium" of fourteen commentaries on *The Bell Curve* appeared in *National Review* of 5 December. The symposium occupies nearly 19 pages. The commentaries are of quite varied value. The most significant one is by the psychometrics expert, Arthur Jensen, whose long article in the *Harvard Educational Review* (Winter, 1969, pages 1-123), "How Much Can We Boost IQ and Scholastic Achievement?" touched off an acrimonious debate across the country. Jensen's commentary, "Paroxysms of Denial," discusses the desperate, unscrupulous attempts to discredit *The Bell Curve* by name calling, falsehoods and other means. Nathan Glazer argues in favor of "affirmative action," which, after all, is a system of prejudice against white men in higher education and the workplace which Herrnstein and Murray discuss in two important chapters, numbers 19 and 20 (pages 447-508). A Catholic priest whose church has a long tradition of resistance to any scientific progress which might conflict with its dogmas, calls *The Bell Curve* "mischievous and naive" and claims that questioning taboos "can be destructive." About half of the fourteen authors are largely concerned with the material presented in Chapter 13, "Ethnic Differences in Cognitive Ability" (pages 269-315), which are summed up in a graph on page 279. This graph shows the densest distribution of IQ in Negroes at about 15 points less than the densest distribution of IQ in Caucasians. The very first author in the symposium, Michael Barony, points out that the mass of data contained in *The Bell Curve* simply confirms what most observant people have learned by common experience.

Although none of the fourteen authors disputes these data, not a single one of them advocates any eugenic measures which would counterbalance the excessive reproduction of persons with low mental abilities, even though sixteen states of the United States passed laws providing for eugenic sterilization between 1907 and 1917, as *The Bell Curve* points out (page 5). In 1927 Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes, in upholding the constitutionality of these laws, declared: "Three generations of imbeciles are enough." On the

whole, however, *The Bell Curve* shies away from the question of eugenic measures and the phrase, "outrageous racial policies" comes just before mention of the American sterilization laws, although so much of *The Bell Curve* could be taken as a compelling argument for the reintroduction of such laws. On page 343, in Chapter 15, which is devoted to the question of dysgenesis, there is mention of "the terrors of nazism [*sic*] and its perversion of eugenics that effectively wiped the idea from public discourse in the West." In fact, though, the German eugenics law of 14 July 1933 (Gesetz zur Verhütung erbkranken Nachwuchses) provided for special eugenic courts (Erbgesundheitsgerichte), whose decisions could be appealed. Having lived in Germany during 1945-1948 and at various times later, I have often pondered to what extent eugenic policies during the National Socialist period might have been responsible for the "economic miracle" of postwar Germany in spite of the terrible destruction, hunger and economic and psychological burdens imposed by the Allies on Germany.

Professor Arthur Jensen points out in the *National Review* "Symposium" that *The Bell Curve* does not mention the fact "that IQ is also correlated with a number of variables of the brain, including its size, electrical potentials, and rate of glucose metabolism during cognitive activity." That, indeed, is a notable lacuna in *The Bell Curve*. In that connection, we note that such aspects are discussed in considerable detail with regard to genetically determined behavior in a book published over 30 years ago but still quite pertinent to the problems discussed in *The Bell Curve*. That book is *The Biology of the Race Problem* by Wesley Critz George, who was formerly head of the Department of Anatomy at the University of North Carolina Medical School. It seems to me that there is another notable lacuna in *The Bell Curve*, whose authors pay little attention to striking differences in the economic well-being of various countries with distinct racial populations. They could, for example, have contrasted the standards of living in Haiti, with its nearly purely Negro population, and Switzerland, with its nearly completely Caucasian population. In addition to Prof. George's

book, two other books have had a profound effect on my own thinking in the area of mental abilities. One of these books is *The Geography of Intellect* by Nathaniel Weyl and Stefan Possony (Chicago, 1963). This book approaches the question of intellectual attainments of various races from a diachronic, geographical and cultural point of view. The other book is *Race* by John R. Baker (1974). In this book the approach is primarily that of physical anthropology, with chapters on cognitive abilities. I would recommend all three of these books as valuable supplements to *The Bell Curve*, which mentions none of them, by the way.

The New York Times Book Review of 16 October (Pages 3,41 and 45) contains amazingly sympathetic and lucid reflections on three books dealing with related topics: *The Bell Curve*, J. Philippe Rushton's *Race, Evolution and Behavior* and Seymour W. Itzkoff's *The Decline of Intelligence in America*. This triple review is entitled, "What Is Intelligence and Who Has It?" (Rushton's views on race differences and reproductive strategies are summarized on pages 642-643 of *The Bell Curve*.)

The New Republic of 31 October contains an eleven-page "Apologia" by Herrnstein and Murray which summarizes their views on ethnic differences in cognitive ability, largely what they had previously presented in Chapter 13 of *The Bell Curve*, including three important graphs. This summary is preceded by fifteen pages of commentaries by eighteen authors, some of them with interesting insights and criticisms but mostly hostile. The last and perhaps most significant of the commentaries (by Michel Lind) discusses the renewed vigor of hereditarianism and its present position on the American political scene. Lind raises the possibility of a clash between eugenic theory and the dogmas of resurgent fundamentalism. (A half century ago a parallel conflict arose in wartime Germany. Hitler, faced with a shortage of facilities for caring for wounded soldiers and threatened with a shortage of food as a result of the British blockade, hesitantly authorized eugenic euthanasia. By 1942, however, protests by prominent Catholic clergymen put a stop to this practice.) Another commentary points out various

levels of educational attainment amongst persons classified as "white" by national origins (Irish, German, "Russian," i.e., largely Jewish, etc.) One commentary was a thoughtful criticism of intelligence tests written by Walter Lipmann, a noted journalist, in 1922. Lipmann's short commentary posits arguments that are still raging, over 70 years later.

The New York Review of Books (1 December, pages 14-19) contains an attempt to make a case against *The Bell Curve* by means of a sort of *ad hominem* argument, namely by pointing out that a number of authors whom Herrnstein and Murray use as "tainted" sources were contributors to *The Mankind Quarterly* (founded in Edinburgh in 1960) and that some of them received research subsidies from the Pioneer Fund (founded in 1937 for the purpose of research in eugenics).

In view of the great volumes of commentary on *The Bell Curve* in the American press, though much of it hostile, the book is at least not being given the lethal silent treatment by powerful men in the publishing business hostile to its theses. Silence in the media is usually worse for the influence of a book even than hostile criticism, as revisionists of the "Holocaust" material know from experience. Sales of the book are now reputed to be approaching a half million copies. Such a volume of sales is an assurance that the book will wield a considerable influence on the thinking of Americans in influential, decision-making positions. The success of the book in terms of attention it has attracted might well be due to a rising fear, especially among middle-class Caucasians, now including Jews, that the country is headed in the wrong direction as a result of wrong, unjust, destructive public policies. Many people are desperately seeking information and ideas that could bring about changes.

In discussions of *The Bell Curve* the word "inferior" is often used with reference to the cognitive abilities of Negroes. But what constitutes being "inferior"? If Negro brains are poor in abstract thinking and planning abilities and Negroes are consequently inclined to go on reproductive rampages and if earnings of the more "successful" people are strongly redistributed to the "unsuccessful,"

then what does "inferior" really mean? In a Darwinian sense, the race which sufficiently outreproduces another race is clearly superior by surviving in greater numbers in the given environment. Have Afro-Americans become examples of Darwin's "survival of the fittest"? American Aryans had better ponder over what heavy redistribution of their earnings and present immigration policies are doing to their race. If present trends continue (i.e., if present redistributive functions of government and present immigration policies continue) American Aryans are doomed to becoming an abused, exploited minority in the United States during the coming century, as is already the case in some large American cities. It would seem probable that a graduated income tax has an inherently dysgenic effect.

Let me now attempt a brief overview of the contents of the massive *Bell Curve* by mentioning just some of its most important data and arguments.

Part I, "The Emergence of a Cognitive Elite," consists of four chapters (Pages 25-115). Attention is called to the tremendous growth in the percentage of Americans who have taken college degrees, especially since 1920, rising from about 2% to 30% of persons 23 years of age. Earlier in the century many high-IQ people did not go to college and remained more in contact with less intelligent people in their communities, but there is now a tendency toward isolation of people with various levels of cognitive abilities. Cognitive test scores have a greater validity than any other source of information in predicting job performance (page 81). The authors believe that IQ is substantially heritable but decline to give an exact proportion of heritability on the basis of present-day information. The best source for estimating the genetic factor in intelligence is derived from studies of identical twins who have been raised apart from each other. In Chapter 4, "Steeper Ladders, Narrower Gates," the authors leave no doubt that there is a strong positive correlation between cognitive abilities (as measured primarily by intelligence tests) and income. However, economic success is not only a matter of income, but what its recipients do with it. Per-

haps cognitive abilities are at least as much involved in the management of money as in earning it. It would be interesting to know something about the correlation of assets, not just income, and cognitive abilities. Such information is not furnished in *The Bell Curve*. One of the concluding paragraphs of Part I summarizes that the cognitive elite is becoming relatively richer and increasingly segregated and likely to intermarry (page 114).

Part II, "Cognitive Classes and Social Behavior," consists of eight chapters (pages 117-266), in which the authors examine how much intelligence has to do with America's most pressing social problems. The most important source of data for Part II comes from the National Longitudinal Survey of Labor Market Experience of Youth (pages 118-120). The NLSY (as the authors abbreviate it) was commenced in 1979 and is especially well suited as a source for Part II because it included psychometric data which was needed by the Department of Defense to update its norms for intelligence tests. While dividing the population into five classes of levels of cognitive abilities, the authors examine poverty, schooling, unemployment, family matters, welfare dependency, parenting, crime and citizenship in relation to levels of cognitive abilities. In general, they find close concomitancy in all of these areas.

Throughout Part II the data pertain only to the Caucasian component of the United States population. The authors thus reduce the number of variables being considered by confining their considerations to data on one race. The reader of *The Bell Curve* who is looking for a detailed, explicit discussion of the relationship of the low average intelligence of Negroes to their grossly disproportionate crime rates will be disappointed, although Negro crime is one of the most disturbing and visible problems that America is facing. Crime is the topic of Chapter 11 (Pages 235-251) but, strange as it may seem, this chapter makes no specific mention of the high rates of violent crime committed by Negroes. An important graph on page 236 portrays the astonishing increase in violent crime after the 1950s. This chapter describes a renewed recognition by criminologists of the concomitancy of low intelligence and the

proneness to commit violent crime. (By the way, many passages in *The Bell Curve* do not seem to make a clear distinction between concomitancy and causation.) We finally encounter a brief passage on Negro crime rates on pages 338-339. For information on Negro crime rates, the reader would do well to consult W.C. George's *The Biology of the Race Problem* (mentioned above) or the far more recent *Paved With Good Intentions* by Jared Taylor (1992; reviewed in *Liberty Bell* of December 1993).

Part III, "The National Context" (pages 269-386), consists of four chapters, the first of which, Chapter 13, "Ethnic Differences in Cognitive Ability" (pages 269-315), has attracted the most attention of critics of the book. The authors begin the chapter by pointing out that East Asians (notably Japanese and Chinese) attain somewhat higher intelligence test scores than Caucasians, partly on the basis of data from Hong Kong. (We must note, though, that Hong Kong itself is essentially a creation of European man and if we look even superficially at modern Japan, we note that it is largely a product of the inventiveness of European man. We see Japanese dressed in the European style flying airplanes, driving automobiles and locomotives that were developed by Caucasians, using coins of European style [first struck by the Meiji government in 1870] and using a myriad of other inventions of Caucasians. In Japanese concert halls the music of such composers as Beethoven and Mozart predominates. Even the Roman alphabet and European numerals are often encountered.) It is claimed on page 275 that Ashkenazi Jews "test higher than any other ethnic group." It occurs to me that this information is placed in the beginning of the chapter in order to give the authors a better defensive position against critics who might claim that they are racists simply expressing an ethnocentric bias. Later parts of the chapter are almost entirely devoted to "black-white difference" (pages 276 ff.) and the especially controversial "question of genetic differences between the races" (pages 295 ff.). After presenting a great variety of evidence, including the environments of adopted children, the authors of *The*

Bell Curve state (page 311): "It seems highly likely to us that both genes and environment have something to do with racial differences" but admit to being "resolutely agnostic" on the proportions of the influences. The large differences in Negro and Caucasian IQ, some 15 points where the mean is set at 100, are illustrated by graphs on ages 277 and 279. In general, and in particular pages 272-273, it seems to me that Herrnstein and Murray pay too little attention to selective factors in migration. Do the Japanese in Hong Kong, for example, represent primarily a group of above-average Japanese who came to Hong Kong as members of a more intelligent, mobile, energetic merchant class?

Chapter 14, "Ethnic Inequalities in Relation to IQ (pages 317-340), continues a comparison of ethnic groups, but this time in terms of variations in their behavior. With regard to the probability of holding a bachelor's degree at an average age of 29, the percentage is 27% for Caucasians, 11% for Afro-Americans and 10% for Latinos. However, the picture becomes much different when only persons with an IQ of 114 are considered. In that case far more Afro-Americans have college degrees (68%) than Caucasians (50%) and Latinos (49%). The reason for this, of course, is that relatively few Afro-Americans have an IQ of 114. Similar comparisons of Caucasians, Afro-Americans and Latinos are made for occupational status, wages, poverty, unemployment, marital status, illegitimate births, being on welfare, children living in poverty etc. The authors conclude the chapter by pointing out that the data that they have presented "give everyone who writes and talks about ethnic inequalities reason to avoid flamboyant rhetoric about ethnic oppression."

One of the most significant chapters of the book, number 15, headed "The Demography of Intelligence," deals with the conflicting evidence on the question as to whether dysgenic forces are having a depressing effect on the national assets of cognitive abilities (pages 341-368). This question is especially important since it is pertinent to all sorts of policy questions in the areas of taxation, welfare, education, immigration and allocation of resources. A

number of authors have struggled with the problem of dysgenesis, even as early as Darwin and Galton in the nineteenth century. Although the evidence is presented as inconclusive and scholars are divided on the question, there are some important recent developments which presumably have a depressing effect on the reproduction rates of women with high abilities, who are now shying away from reproduction or delaying it for the sake of careers. The graph on page 353 indicates that women with higher levels of education are bearing so few children that they are not replacing themselves and their husbands. Immigration is another factor. A list on page 359 gives the percentages by origin of recent immigrants. Only 11% of them are "non-Latino white." This pattern of immigration could thus have a dysgenic effect in view of the IQ levels typical of the ethnic groups involved. Although Chapter 15 suggests the need for effective eugenic measures, the authors are shy about recommending them (page 548).

Unlike Chapter 14, Chapter 16, "Social Behavior and the Prevalence of Low Cognitive Ability" (pages 369-386), does not make racial distinctions in the data presented. The graphs in the two chapters are of a different form. The graph on page 370, for example, gives the percentages of poor people in the various IQ deciles. In 1989, 48% of the people classified as poor are in the lowest two IQ deciles, i.e., are in the lowest 20% of intelligence. Persons who present social problems such as dropping out of high school, unemployment, crime, welfare dependency and illegitimate births are strongly disproportionally in the lowest 20% of intelligence levels, as the many graphs in the chapter illustrate. For that reason measures undertaken to deal with such social problems must be designed with the awareness that the measures must be suited primarily for persons with low intelligence.

Part IV, "Living Together," contains the remaining six chapters (pages 387-552). These six chapters deal with practical questions of policy.

Chapter 17, "Raising Cognitive Ability" (pages 389-416), examines the attempts to find ways to raise intelligence. Better nutri-

tion has offered some hope, but a study of over 100,000 Dutch men born around the time of a famine toward the end of the Second World War showed that the famine did not lower their intelligence. Compensatory education programs such as Head Start (page 403) have had disappointing results in the long run. Adoption of children from poor environments into better homes raises cognitive functioning. The authors conclude that an "inexpensive, reliable method of raising IQ is not available."

Chapter 18, "The Leveling of American Education" (pages 417-445), analyses trends in American education during the last several decades. International studies have shown that American students are weak in mathematics and the sciences in comparison with students in other industrialized countries. Gifted students are being given almost no help from the federal government, which has concentrated its efforts on the disadvantaged. Verbal Scholastic Aptitude Test scores declined sharply after 1963. Scholastic standards in the high schools are not rigorously supported by most parents and scholastic performance in high school does not mean much to most employers in hiring procedures. The incentives for scholastic excellence are therefore weak. The authors recommend that parents be given greater choice of schools for their children by vouchers, tuition tax credits and the like and that a federal prize scholarship program be established as a means of restoring prestige to scholarly excellence in high schools.

Of all the 22 chapters in *The Bell Curve*, I think that the two concerning the problems engendered by "affirmative action" are the chapters most likely to help bring about changes in government policy. Affirmative action, after all, is a cynical euphemism for giving preference to certain racial minorities and women at the expense of Caucasian men. The two chapters are "Affirmative Action in Higher Education" (Chapter 19; pages 447-477) and "Affirmative Action in the Workplace" (Chapter 20; pages 479-508). At distinguished universities the effects of affirmative action in admissions have resulted in having Afro-American students with far lower Scholastic Aptitude Test scores than those of Caucasian stu-

dents (tables on pages 452 and 472). The authors consider the arguments in favor of affirmative action in universities but conclude (page 475) that "affirmative action as it is being practiced is a grave error." One of the strongest arguments against affirmative action is the reduction in the prestige of degrees awarded to minority students.

Chapters 19 and 20 are supplemented by the valuable Appendix 7, "The Evolution of Affirmative Action in the Workplace" (pages 655-663), which gives details of the legal and judicial basis of affirmative action. As absurd and wasteful as it might seem, the U.S. Supreme Court handed down a decision in 1971 (Griggs versus Duke Power Co.) that prohibits the use of intelligence tests by employers for hiring selection if the tests are not specifically related to job performance. The Supreme Court thus deprived employers of the best predictor of job performance. It seems that too many Negroes were doing poorly on intelligence tests. The Court was acting on the unscientific hypothesis that any test that did not yield equal results for members of all races must be unfair or invalid. Losses to the American economy from this Supreme Court decision are estimated to run into many billions of dollars (page 85), not to mention the added resentment in the Caucasian victims. The authors of *The Bell Curve* believe that "the system of affirmative action, in education and the workplace alike, is leaking poison into the American soul" (page 508).

Chapter 21, "The Way We Are Headed" (pages 509-526), notes a tendency toward a coalition of the cognitive elite and the affluent. The relation and attitudes of this coalition to the underclass with low intelligence might lead to social tensions analogous to those in Latin America. The coming of a "custodial state" is predicted and the resurgence of racism is considered a possibility..

Chapter 22, the last (pages 527-552), bears the optimistic title, "A Place for Everyone." The authors plead for a realistic recognition of different abilities in individuals and cite the views of Thomas Jefferson on the education of a natural aristocracy. Once more the authors refer to dysgenesis and government policies caus-

ing it (page 548) and advocate immigration laws that would serve American interests. Herrnstein and Murray should also have heeded the admonishment from Jefferson's *Notes on the State of Virginia* (1782): "To our reproach, it must be said, that though for a century and a half we have had under our eyes the races of black and of red men, they have never yet been viewed by us as subjects of natural history.

The Bell Curve is a valuable addition to the literature in the field of cognitive abilities for its presentation, analyses and organization of a mass of recent data. Candor and rational thought are an ever greater need in this area and the authors have gone much further in meeting this need than is typically the case in academic circles, but I cannot escape the impression that the biases of academe and the current political climate of the United States have inhibited their presentations and analyses to a considerable extent. (On these biases, see Roger Pearson, *Race, intelligence and Bias in Academe*, 1991, a good supplement to *The Bell Curve*.) Herrnstein and Murray have raised some important questions once more and have presented a mass of data in attempts to answer them, but the reader should be aware of some of the lacunae of the book, namely historical information and data from physical anthropology, of which they could have taken better advantage. Much of what the book contains is not new in the sense that much of the knowledge that they present has been known at least in broad outlines for a long time, even since the 1920s. What is new and important in the book is the presentation and analysis of recent data, notably from the National Longitudinal Survey of Labor Market Experience of Youth, information and ideas on the latest problems engendered by "affirmative action" and the extensive bibliography (pages 775-832) which can serve as a guide to recent research in the field of cognitive abilities. *The Bell Curve* is imperative reading for people in the teaching profession and legislators enacting laws pertaining to social problems. □

The Bell Curve Tolls

by Carl Hottel

"The peachpit said to the apple core: 'The color of your skin doesn't matter anymore!'" For decades the media drummed the fatuous ditty into our heads.

It was the theme song of a campaign to convince Americans, African-Americans and European Americans in particular, that there is no important difference among races. Apparent differences are the result of environmental variants, which are accidental. Provide all with the same environment, and all will turn out the same.

The irony of this lunacy's being promoted by the one ethnic group in the country that proclaims stridently, "We will not assimilate!" went unreported, and unnoticed.

The equality-through-environment dogma led to the infamous school-bussing experiment. Those who protested, pointing out that there were differences among the races other than the visible ones, and more significant, were denounced as ignorant reactionaries. When the opponents of the bussing scheme declared that it would do great harm to children, black and white—more to black children than to white—they were reviled by the ideologues, the media, and the special interest cliques as "racists" and "fascists."

Hundreds of thousands of children and adolescents, African-American and European-American, were trucked many miles and long hours every day from their home neighborhoods to distant, alien, often hostile, schools and back again. Black youngsters were transported from allegedly inferior inner city "ghetto" schools to supposedly superior suburban schools. That was guaranteed to make them just as bright and as well educated as the white kids. The implicit insult to African-Americans may have been lost on the fanatics forcing this idiocy—it was not lost on black leaders.

The millions of hours—when they should have been on the playing field, or in the study hall, or simply getting enough

sleep—needlessly, and noxiously stolen from them, made it a sure thing that American youngsters, black and white, would be at the bottom of the international educational totem pole.

The instigators of this outrage have their offspring tucked well away in secure private schools, safe from the turmoil inflicted on less fortunate children, black or white.

Once the bussing disaster was in place, judges assumed a major part in “overseeing” it—and making it worse. Omnipotent, arrogant, accountable to no one, it pleased them to dabble in social engineering. Their notions were law, their whims beyond recourse. Many were obsessed by a mania for “racial balance.” They inflicted their prejudices on whole communities, disrupting some of them permanently. That didn’t trouble the learned judges. They lived elsewhere, far from the havoc they wrought. A disproportionately high number of them were Jews.

A question comes to mind: Is the otherwise inexplicable insanity of remedial bussing a manifestation of the millennial Jewish tactic of fomenting conflict among host peoples, in pursuit of the end objective of attaining dominion over them?

Toward that overriding end, school bussing served special purposes: To persuade African-Americans that Jews are their patrons and protectors, and to divert them from dwelling on real and actual problems, of which Jews often were both originators and beneficiaries.

—Enslavement by the welfare system, for which African-Americans provide the great bulk of the clientele it needs to exist. On the backs of these clients, swarms of administrators, analysts, sociologists, case workers, counselors, psychologists, psychiatrists, statisticians, lawyers, and other such functionaries enjoy interesting, well-paid, unproductive careers, the enjoyment often enhanced by lavish perks. Of these welfare careerists, a disproportionately large number are Jews.

—Entrapment in hellish inner city slums, being stuffed into “welfare hotels” from which Jews draw rents that enable them to own luxury apartments and country mansions.

—President Bush’s gift—labeled “loan guarantee”—of Ten Billion Dollars—\$10,000,000,000.00—of taxpayer money (without asking the taxpayers about it) to Israel to build housing for Jews on land robbed from the Palestinians.

At the same time, in one of our most blighted inner cities, there stood (presumably, they stand there still) some derelict buildings. They serve as sites for prostitutes’ professional services, as centers of the area drug traffic, and as headquarters for street gangs. They made the environment even more dangerous and depraved.

The inner city inhabitants have been petitioning the authorities long and urgently, not for new housing, but merely for the demolition of the derelict structures. Their desperate pleas have been refused. “The government has no funds available.”

(v. *Hustler* August 1993(p. 44, “Home of the Killing Spree: The Ten Deadliest Cities in America.” A Dark-look tour by Eugene Robinson. The reader will be astonished at the presence of some of the cities on the list.)

—Resentment at seeing the country wall-to-wall in “Holocaust” museums, monuments, and other commemorative sites to promote belief in a mostly fictional quasi-event that is unimaginably profitable to Jews, and to Jews alone. These memorabilia are put up at taxpayer expense or (what is the same thing) by outfits that have gotten themselves exempted from paying taxes. This adds injury to the insult to African-Americans in having the history (not in the least fictional) of the centuries-long massive slave trade genocide, in which Jews participated and profited to a disproportionately large extent, dropped down the memory hole.

—Victimization by the kosher food scam. This is the most enduring, and, in some ways, the dirtiest of the national rackets. It is highly profitable—to Jews, and only to Jews.

Its marks are the minuscule secret symbols cunningly worked into product labeling so as to be overlooked by consumers unaware of the racket, but recognizable instantly by synagogue net-

work initiates.

This scam started scores of years ago, with a limited number of food products. In time, it was broadened to cover virtually everything edible or potable. Insatiable, the Jews recently began to include non-food products in their racket, making it virtually inescapable by the average American.

Manufacturers learned that, in a manner reminiscent of hex signs, or of charms against the evil eye, the cryptic little symbols warded off disruptions in the distribution and organized boycotts of their products.

Manufacturers bought permission to apply the kosher hex characters to their products by hiring squads of rabbis at high pay (non-negotiable) into plants across the country to perform their abracadabra.

Manufacturers have been made aware that the rabbis are immune from prosecution for conspiracy, extortion, and racketeering. No matter how evident and obvious the bases for such charges, there is not a federal or a state attorney general who has the personal courage or integrity of office to bring them. With rare exceptions, politicians and political pimps on every level, are just as dishonest. Eager to cadge campaign contributions, terrified by the always latent "anti-Semitic" smear and consequent political oblivion, they lie doggo, evading questions, obfuscating the issue, content to allow the people, whose interests they have sworn to defend, to be fleeced of uncounted millions.

In the media, it is a non-topic. Then there is the much lauded "consumer advocate". He takes no interest in advocating the cause of non-kosher consumers, though these be ninetyfive per cent of all consumers.

In the end, the manufacturers shrug their shoulders, and pass on to the consumers the high cost of the rabbis: their extravagant pay, and lavish expenses, for mumbo-jumbo, superfluous, when not offensive—as is the excruciatingly painful ritual slaughter of animals—to 97.5% of the American people.

The poorer the consumer, the higher the proportion of his in-

come that he must spend on food and on household necessities. It is this factor, striking hardest, and mercilessly, at the poorest and least able to defend themselves, that makes the kosher food racket so peculiarly filthy, and an evil for the nation.

It furnishes the extraordinary spectacle of the economically most disadvantaged stratum of our society being gouged to support the wealthiest one, and thereby to make it wealthier still.

There were always eminent African-American personages who saw clearly that their people were duped and manipulated to advance the interests of organized Jewry. For reasons they understood well, their endeavors to change that had little effect.

A new echelon of Black Nationalist leaders has come to the fore. They are personified by the Reverend Louis Farakhan and Dr. Robert L. Brock. Almost simultaneously, the process of African-American self-recognition and self-appraisal matured under the fresh and strong influence of Black Nationalist leaders, who knew how to transmute this into a revitalized sense of ethnic cohesion and consciousness.

Applying the forces thus evoked, the present African-American Nationalist leaders succeeded, for the first time in the history of the country, in freeing African-Americans from Jewish tutelage.

An infuriated Jewry craved vengeance, and determined to punish its ungrateful former wards.

Their hypersensitive antennae tuned constantly to whatever might affect Jewish interests, they had sensed this development, and were prepared for it.

Though they had been vilifying the "racists" until the day before, organized Jews now went over to their side. A Jewish delegation, with rabbis, attended a well-publicized "white-supremacist" meeting in Atlanta over the 1994 Memorial Day weekend.

Without a word of apology, or of regret, for having convulsed the country for decades by their self-serving "equality-through-environment" fraud, not offering the least excuse or explanation for their astounding 180° turn, these Jews now declared blacks to be mental inferiors of whites. They produced a book, *The Bell*

Curve, that, they say, proves it.

I haven't read *The Bell Curve*, I accept the unanimous word of book reviewers and of reporters that it "proves" that blacks are mentally inferior to whites, and, in fact, undertakes, "scientifically" to measure the difference it claims to have ascertained, and finds it to be 15%. Ergo, African-Americans are 15% less intelligent than European-Americans. A no mean connoisseur of swindles (and of swindlers) I spotted this one at once. There is the meretricious precision of the measurement: 15%. Not "about 10%", or "around 20%", but 15%, exactly. Plus, especially, the claim to having measured the unmeasurable: Intelligence. That is aside from the fact that the timing of the appearance of *The Bell Curve* makes its objectivity suspect.

Intelligence is an unknown quantity. Except in terms of itself, it is yet to be defined. An elementary standard reference work, *Webster's New Collegiate Dictionary* (Merriam-Webster) 1973 defines Intelligence as

1. The ability to learn or understand or to deal with new or trying situations: REASON; also: the skilled use of reason (2) the ability to apply knowledge to manipulate one's environment or to think abstractly as measured by objective criteria (as tests) b: Christian Science: the basic eternal quality of divine Mind c: mental acuteness: SHREWDNESS 2a: an intelligent entity; esp: ANGEL b: intelligent minds or mind 3: the act of understanding: COMPREHENSION.

In other, and fewer, words, Intelligence is Intelligence.

The *Bell Curve* authors may have gotten their notions about auditing and grading intelligence from the "intelligence quotient" hypothesis conceived by Alfred Binet in the last century, and applied in the Binet (later, Binet-Simon, in collaboration with Theodore Simon) "I.Q. Tests." The quotient resulting from the division of a person's "mental age" by his chronological age ($\times 100$) This is supposed to indicate, numerically, the degree of intelligence. The higher the quotient, or number, the higher the intelligence.

The "I.Q." method for measuring intelligence was designed

and intended for use solely on individuals.

Against this honest, though fallacious (how, and by whom, is "mental age" calculated, or the tests to determine it composed?) endeavor to quantify intelligence in an individual, the *Bell Curve* authors purport to have measured, scientifically, the comparative intelligence of vast groups, each encompassing tens of millions of individuals and, thus, billions of variables and variants. There is more than one kind of intelligence. Which does the *Bell Curve* measure? Does it measure them all at once?

Besides the theoretical "I.Q." approach to an assessment of intelligence, there is the empirical one of direct observation. Practically experienced people, preponderantly non-academics, consider it the more reliable one, certainly, it is not susceptible to manipulation. Direct observation illuminates the innumerable manifestations of the falsity of *The Bell Curve*.

There are the young African-Americans, taken to see "Schwindler's List", who laughed aloud at its preposterous (and disgusting) scenes. Their laughter may have been tinged with moral aversion.

That would indicate moral, as well as intellectual superiority—of rather more than 15%, I would say—to the European boobs who gape solemnly, watching yet another Hollywood defamation of their antecedents and their brothers, lapping up the Spielberg swill.

Similarly, those young African-Americans are, at the least, morally far above political streetwalkers, who, groveling before campaign contributors and media managers in order to keep their trotters in the public trough or, worse, gratify their avidity for power a little while longer, put "Schwindler's List" in the place of the Ten Commandments. State governors, and other democratic despots force children and impressionable young people to absorb anti-Christian hate, revolting pornography, Satanic sadism, and other mind-conditioning poison.

Indeed, assuming normal mental and physical health, there are qualities other than intelligence that are at least as significant in the make-up of a man or of a people.

We suffer the endless liberal cant about "leaders" and "rôle

models." They don't say what must go into the making of either. The Germans knew something about making boys and young men into leaders. The *NAPOLA* (National Political Leadership Academy) organization was established especially to identify, train, and educate prospective community, regional, and national leaders. The *NAPOLA* Academies were truly democratic. Neither wealth nor social standing influenced admission. Students were given full scholarship. Entry to the Academies was sought eagerly.

Candidates were boys and young men attending the equivalent of our (senior) high schools. Each school had a small quota for the *NAPOLA*. Teachers, instructors, and athletic coaches were trained to observe carefully, and record, aptitudes and attitudes of their charges as potential *NAPOLA* material.

What they looked for was alertness, courage, endurance, steadfastness, self-reliance, restraint, cleanliness, orderliness, honesty, and loyalty to comrades and country.

The most promising of the young men went to the *NAPOLA*, where their basic preparation for leadership was finished by intensive education in philosophy, cultural and political history, the arts, and the natural sciences, along with further rigorous training in athletics and sports.

To judge by the caliber of its graduates, the *NAPOLA* system worked exceedingly well. "Intelligence quotients" were not a part of it. There were no "I.Q." tests. In fact, abstract, i.e., unproductive, intelligence was viewed with skepticism, if not distrust, for being, at best, useless, at worst, socially subversive.

The *Bell Curve*'s central deceit is in claiming to measure the unmeasurable. Its proposition may be touted by bigots and hypocrites. It is so patently absurd that it can be taken seriously only by the stupid.

No one, correctly, may accuse the Sanhedrin of being stupid. Nor does it take *The Bell Curve* seriously—except as a device to punish African Americans by stigmatizing them as being of a mentally inferior race.

The *Bell Curve* tolls. It tolls the death of Jewish pretense of sympathy and support for black Americans. □

Fast Note: *A Bernard Goetz Update*

from the Prof

It was December of 1984 when a Manhattan subway commuter named Bernard Goetz demonstrated to the world that not every Jew is lacking for constructive racial ideas when he opened fire on a pack of young black miscreants trying to extort money from him at the point of a screwdriver. In recalling the event ten years later, the AP has run a couple of columns focusing upon Goetz and upon Darrell Cabey, the assailant who took one of Goetz's .38 hollow-points through the spine.

"*What happened?*" Goetz victim asks", reads the top headline. The lead story depicts the present life of Cabey, who is now confined to a wheelchair as a result of the unexpected counterattack. It opens with the report that mother Shirley Cabey has "saved all the letters"—the ones received after the incident, it is said, that called her son a nigger, that wished the boy had died, that threatened his life if he survived the gunshot. Each note, we are told, "with its ugly words and racial venom", sits pressed today inside the family Bible—each of the correspondences that have "literally added insult" to Darrell's injury.

The shot left Cabey paralyzed from the waist down. After taking it he fell into a coma and suffered irreversible brain damage. He is now 29 years of age and has, it is said, the mental capacity of a third-grader. Shirley Cabey laments the change in his personality, saying that at one time Darrell was "outgoing" and enjoyed dressing and looking his best.

Goetz, now 47, was convicted after the shooting on a weapons charge and spent 250 days in jail. He still resides in Greenwich Village and is currently representing himself in a \$50 million lawsuit filed by Cabey and renowned trial lawyer William Kunstler. Goetz claims that his legal battles have left him with little money, but says that he expects to prevail in the case pending. He says that he is not looking forward to the trial, but will be glad to be done with it. The rationale of his defense, according to the story, is a simple one. As

Goetz explains:

"If you're injured, paralyzed or whatever while committing a violent crime against me, that's not my fault.

"If you're raping a woman, and she throws you out of a window to stop it, is that her fault?"

The defense, if this is the gist of it, is both succinct and right-minded. It is a separate question, of course, whether such words will find favor with judge and jury. For those wanting further details on the companions who joined young Darrell in the subway festivities, a "Where they are ..." sidebar reports that accomplices James Ramseur and Barry Allen have since been incarcerated—Ramseur from 1985 for "a brutal rape and robbery" and Allen from 1991 for robbing a 58-year old diabetic for the sum of 54 dollars. Troy Canty, fourth member of the quartet, was a ninth-grade dropout who smoked crack and plied his trade as a petty thief and before eventually enlisting in a drug rehab and vocational training program. The last blip on his criminal record, it is said, was a 1990 conviction for shoplifting a home pregnancy kit from a department store. He completed a year's probation in 1991.



The Racial Message of the Bible ... and Other False Dilemmas *A Personal Outcry from the Prof*

A recent issue of Dr. Ed Fields' *The Truth at Last*¹ makes note of the fact that the Reverend Billy Graham has advocated integration as "the only solution" to the problem of race relations. "We've got to be totally integrated", Graham is reported as saying to a source from the Charlotte *Observer*, "—in our homes, in our worship services, even in marriage." An adjacent *TTAL* column then "refutes" Graham with a litany of chapter-and-verse culled out of everything from *II Kings* to *The Book of Acts*, thus revealing the truth that race mixing is "the most deadly sin of all—condemned by Almighty God".

(1) See page 5 of issue # 378. While I question Fields' approach to the issue of race and the Bible, *The Truth at Last* is highly interesting and well worth the price. The mailing address is P. O. Box 1211, Marietta, Georgia 30061.

I enjoy Fields' paper very much. He is sincere, his intentions are good, and he does a splendid job of keeping readers abreast of the ongoing assault carried out upon our race within the borders of what was once our nation. I think, too, that his quotations will be taken to heart by a fair percentage of his audience, and that a piece of this kind—if one can defend the exegesis (cited are things like *Jeremiah* 13:23, "Can the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots?")—is a strong corrective to the notion that "the Bible" prescribes integration. (The majority of such readers, of course, will have no idea who Jeremiah was, or what was the historical context in which he spoke. They will not know Ezra the prophet from Ezzard Charles, but they will at least rethink the notion that their religion requires them to maintain the current racial *status quo*.)

All of this being said, I must add nonetheless that the assumption of this article—that racialists should rely, *one way or another*, upon *the Bible* for their racial opinions—is only another instance of the constricted mind-set from which we must escape. The assumption that we must be *told* the truth, from on high, about something that already stands squarely in front of us is not only false, but (in the case at hand, at least) it is antagonistic to our very survival. If we are to prevail in our struggle, we must have confidence that the truth about race, like the truth about certain other things, such as the basic tenets of fairness and decency, is as obvious as anything that we will ever find, and act in accordance with that belief.

What this means is not, as some activists will think, that there can be no place for theism, or for ideas about the supernatural, in the world-view that we wish to promote. It merely means that there can be no place in our thought for any belief, religious or not, that commits us to believing what is irrational. We needn't reject, out of hand, what we read in "the scriptures" (i. e., the so-called Old and New Testaments); but neither should we give allegiance to such material simply because we have been raised to think that it is sacred.

This claim will sit badly with more conservative readers, who imagine that it is not our place to decide the truth about some things, particularly those concerning moral good and evil. Better, they will say, for us to lean unto the greater wisdom and not our own.

But this is surely backward. If, in the first place, we cannot trust our immediate perceptions, what possible guarantee may we have about what holds in heaven? Racism aside, it is absurd to think that our beliefs about what we ought to do should ever be gleaned from scripture or from purported "deliverance" of any kind. For how can such revelation ever gain plausibility in the first place? Suppose, for example, that a new gospel of some kind is unearthed in some remote part of the world, a source that is proclaimed to be authoritative and, suitably interpreted, to be an infallible guide to the problems of life. Suppose that it advocates certain odd things, however (deceit, say, instead of honesty, conspiracy instead of fair play), that seem contrary to our present good sense. Would we accept this source as authoritative? Of course not. Why? Because, some will say, such a religion would lack "credibility". But why is this? Not, I think, because it would conflict with the traditional gospel (we still need a reason, after all, to prefer that one to this), but because it would conflict with what we already understand, here and now, by our own best lights. Imagine now that this Sacred Source advocates not racial integrity, as we understand it, but instead a forced and wholesale miscegenation of races from all ends of the earth. What would be our verdict? We would again think this new source ill-founded, for the same reason as before. But if so, the same rationale, I maintain, should apply to our religious tradition as it actually stands. Let us then look at it as if for the first time, and without the accumulated historical bias. If it agrees with what we perceive to be the truth, all the better for it. And to the extent that it leads us astray, let us cast it aside.

How do we ever know, in the end, that Reality approves the ethic that we have chosen? This issue was addressed a couple of centuries ago by the utilitarians, who fought quite admirably against the notion that *scripture* provided the final answer to moral questions. The philosopher and economist John Stuart Mill, for one, maintained that good and evil were not to be derived in principle from ancient codes and granite-carved rules of conduct, but from the plain observation of what is most apt to promote human (and animal) well-being. He took exception to the idea that a truly good creator might command what seems cruel to human sensibility, or that His

righteousness might be different in kind from the one that conscience discloses to the more sensitive of His creatures. Concerning the dangers, as alleged by conservatives of his day, of trying to determine right and wrong by rational method, he wrote the following.

With regard to the religious motive, if men believe, as most profess to do, in the goodness of God, those who think that conduciveness to the general happiness is the essence ... of good, must necessarily believe that it is also that which God approves.²

The notion of *good*, Mill realizes, is logically prior to that of *a supremely good being*. A man cannot have any coherent idea of what God morally approves until he has some idea, independently and on his own, of what sort of thing merits approval in the first place. In particular, he cannot derive any opinion of an ideal racial policy from what he believes an omniscient racial observer would want. He must believe a thing to be good before he can believe that a purely good being would approve it. (The reader who thinks otherwise might ponder, for a moment, what it would be like to derive, say, a truth of mathematics from reliance upon such higher authority instead of upon his own rational inquiry.)

I have never understood racialists who want to find a basis for their policies in the scriptures, or who are troubled likewise by the question of what *Jesus* would want from them in terms of a racial viewpoint. (I do, of course, understand the racialist who wishes to reorient Bible-readers on their own terms as a political tactic, though this is another matter.) Let us cease, I say, from wondering what some saint or some oracle in a far distant place and time might have said about the issue of race as it concerns us today. Let us instead decide, in dead honesty and in full respect for the truth, what is in fact the case, and judge other thought, whatever its vantage point, in accord with the verdict. Offhand, I don't know just what Jesus would have said about white racialist activity. If he were around today, and if he supported our cause, I would applaud him. If he advocated, by contrast, the policy that is currently being foisted upon us by the thugs now reigning (whether on or behind the scene) in federal office, he would be one more scoundrel.

(2) This passage is contained in Mill's classic essay *Utilitarianism*. I cite Mill not to endorse his entire philosophy, but merely to point out one of its better aspects in relation to our own struggle. For a related discussion, see also

(The reader, again, who thinks otherwise should ask himself what he would do if new evidence indicated, contrary to present belief, that Jesus advocated other things contrary to his own moral sense, such as rape or thievery.)

In short, I am neither strengthened nor weakened in my racial beliefs by the opinion (or the publicly avowed opinion, at least) of Reverend Graham. I do not value his opinion on the subject for the simple reason that he does not appear to have much *grasp* of it, or much sense of the horrors now experienced by those who live their lives on the front lines of interracial confrontation. His own standard of living and his religious mind-set appear to shield him from this truth, just as they shield him, I must think, from a good many other truths, as well.

By the same token, it is irrelevant to me that he has (by Fields' estimate, at least) become "politically correct but biblically wrong" in advocating the mixture of the races. Let him be biblically right or biblically wrong, it is all the same where this issue is concerned. For I know, scripture aside, what goes on with respect to race. I know what I have seen. For this reason I know also what to think of any source—ancient or modern, "inspired" or not—that makes claims pro or con with respect to the fact. If I am to be persuaded to hold some new and contrary view, it must be on the basis of something other than trust in the source itself. Rather, the source must stand or fall on its own merit.

What *scripture* tells us, if it tells us anything, about the issue of race-mixing in the twentieth century may be of interest to some—it may well be a legitimate and stimulating area of historical research, in fact, for those equipped with the techniques to investigate it. *But the worth of its message must be evaluated by way of reason.* As long as racialists rely upon scripture, or upon "infallible" sources of any kind, for their beliefs, they will remain within the same passive condition that has enslaved them already. □

Charles Josey's *The Philosophy of Nationalism*, and especially chapter 1, "Moral Values and the Sacred". Herein Josey discusses what he calls "the danger of *a priori* ethics and the need for "a more empirical attitude in our search for the good". One must learn the right, he explains, before one can have any responsible notion of a higher moral will. This book was first published in 1923 under the title *Race and National Solidarity*. It is available from the National Alliance, P.O. Box 90, Hillsboro WV 24946.

PROVING THE PREMISS

by Robert Frens

I will admit that it is usually more soul-lifting to shoot rats in the city dump than it is to watch TV programs. I have never held that life should be totally serious and devoid of being a spectator to absurdity. Often, it is enlightening to see the degree of contempt the masters of the jew-tube have for the viewing *goyim*. If you can believe that the reason, the local humping stock was not knocking at your door for a lube job, was due to dandruff, then you could also be led to believe that pale-faces taught cannibals how to dine and that we'd really be in a fine mess if there weren't brilliant shade-faces to bail us out. A whale of a tale finally grew into maximum brilliance on my bargain basement Sharp television set. It unfolded in a predictable fashion.

Once upon an epoch, there were very naughty devils called Nazis. Nazis didn't seem to like the bad, the ugly, or other critters who had brains which functioned on a plane lower than a three-toed sloth. One day, the Lord of the Nazis decided to remove these quasi-vegetables from their midst and send them straight to the Lord of the Clouds who would bestow upon them sharp minds since mortal beings were helpless in this matter. You know what is coming next, don't you?

Now, these unfortunates, who made the village idiot seem like a genius, were led to a foreboding building which, interestingly enough, had *ersatz* shower rooms (war-time Germany was a huge shower factory!). Keep in mind that the condemned creatures didn't have the mental capacity to tell a walrus from a box of Wheaties. Nonetheless, the Nazis, in their interminable wisdom, found it necessary to deceive these wretched souls. They were told that they were going to take a shower but failed to mention that carbon monoxide was going to be substituted for water. Where the carbon monoxide came from was anyone's guess but that was in the olden days—the days before the louse-killing insecticide Zyk-

lon— became fashionable.

It was obvious that these ill-fated people had no idea what a shower was in the first place so couldn't one rightly ask why it was necessary to deceive people who were hardly aware of their own existence? And also ask the reason for the charade? When hateful people wish to eliminate the objects of their hate, they never try to deceive their victims by pretending that the firing squad is just a bunch of eager photographers with odd cameras. The fact is that a vicious person WANTS his victim to be fully aware that he is going to kill him. Moreover, deceit is only used when the killer does not have his quarry at a disadvantage. The leopard hides and sneaks until his claws and fangs are fastened into the prey, and then, all pretense vanishes. No executioner, since time immemorial, has ever disguised his intentions. Executioners take absolute delight in letting their victims know what the future holds. The ensuing mental torment is food for any sadist. This is why the folderol about non-shower rooms, whether in Auschwitz or the Y.W.C.A., betrays the utterers of such nonsense. You see, deception is part and parcel of the jew. A jew can never concoct any story carrying Aryan tones or displaying Aryan attributes. He simply must inject his own racial character into the yarn in the same manner as does the physically repulsive Spielberg with his outrageous mechanical contraptions which pose as legitimate space machinery and the ridiculous convolutions which win pre-determined "best movie" awards. All "holocaust" yarns have this distinctive jewish stamp and, for that reason alone, they should be given no further consideration. We must be careful, however, in calling the jew a liar since any creature with such an incredible mixed blood line probably cannot ever hope to have a realistic, and straight forward, thought in his entire life. Some jews still believe that they were killed in Dachau.

If we assume, or state as did hundreds of philosophers, statesmen, and religious leaders, throughout history, that the jew is an eternal liar, then what of the revisionist endeavor?

When a trio of bilateral propositions of relation is such that (1)all of their six terms are species of the same genus, (2) every two

of them contain between them a pair of co-divisional classes, (3)the three propositions are so related that, if the first two were true, the third would be true, the trio is called a SYLLOGISM. The first two propositions are called premisses. The third proposition is called the CONCLUSION. (Syllogisms are degenerate forms of sorites.)

First Premiss: The above mentioned TV story flows from jewish lips. Second Premiss: Lies flow from jewish lips. Conclusion: The above mentioned TV story is a lie.

Students of logic, who utilize boolean algebra, could demonstrate that a syllogism is the disjunction of the second retinend with the negation of the first retinend. The eliminand is actually superfluous no matter what its form. In the above, the first retinend is "the above mentioned TV story" while the second is "lies". The eliminand is "jewish lips" Since "jewish lips" are eliminated, we might conclude that the outlined syllogism is Nazi. Good grief, Greta, they are everywhere!

I could never be so harsh as to say that all jews lie all of the time. Some jews tell the truth sometimes. Accidents do happen. As for the "gassing" of the mentally incompetent, which was the theme of that TV program, I will mention that no Aryan would ever relate such nonsense. The Germans, always an honest and open people tuned into reality, would simply dispatch their undesirables swiftly and efficiently if this were their intent. All "holocaust" tales describe situations which simply do not represent expressions of German, or Aryan, character and behavior. It is certainly believable when we are told stories of the Bolsheviks executing tens of thousands with little other than a bullet in the back of the head. The slaughters of Ghengis Khan are believable but shipping people, hither and yon all over Germany for the purpose of enticing them into execution chambers camouflaged as shower rooms, music halls, or brothels, is not. No nation which is under siege, as Germany was during the "gassing days", would ever engage in such inanity. The mere asininity of the "holocaust" is sufficient grounds for me to dismiss the pottage as buncombe, which I did

late in the 1950's. (Killing of millions of people IS believable but the Jewish nonsense about the HOW makes such stories not believable.) What really perplexes me is the continued insistence of some people to establish that which was assumed. I have called this foolishness "proving the premiss". It's a sort of verbal alchemy which is decidedly non-Aryan. This is why I question such activity and if refuting flamboyant fables makes your day, then you'll be engaged for a lifetime since the kosher baloney bucket is bottomless.



BLACK HOLES AREN'T BLACK

As a child, I loved wild tales and comic books. They were a source of humor and more so if I could discover some incident of contradiction, or a betrayal of fact, such as a year 1700 Indian scout starting a fire using a match or an unexpected Piper Cub flying across the sky during a Civil War battle scene. The Jew's Hollywood was nonsense in the 1930's and the passing decades have not altered that one iota.

I have always held that the average Aryan is more intelligent than he thinks he is. The reason so many of them act as nit-wits is because they do not use their mental capacity as a basis for their beliefs or convictions. Instead, they use their intelligence as a tool to rationalize, and reinforce, pre-conceived notions. The reason for this is the entirely natural function of taking the easy way which is, of course, allowing someone else to do the thinking. That is why charlatans such as Graham, Robertson, and so on, have millions of followers and why so many criminals and degenerates get elected to office. It is easier to believe than it is to think and easier to take a bus than it is to walk. It is decidedly not in the Natural order of things for life to intentionally make things more difficult than they need to be. Whether it's a formal religion, or a religion called "science", or a religion called "democracy", it still amounts to herds of people following one another where the extent of one's view of life is limited to a picture of the rump of the one they are following.

People stand in awe of priests, politicians, and drug-soaked entertainers of every perverted persuasion. Of particular interest, in our technological age, is the high-priest cloak that "science" wears in spite of the damage the "in the name of science" herald has done.

Strange brains wade in that swamp called "theoretical physics." Theoretical physics is saturated with Jews, and, for that reason alone, we have good reason to believe that it is some twisted bastardization of what reality is. When one reads the stuff about black holes, red shifts, quasars, quarks, curved space, hyper-space, big-bangs, time-warps, and the like, he might rightly conclude that there are many people who need to be confined for their own good. Instead, the layman, being awed by the pretense and vocabulary, elevates these purveyors of inconsequential mumbo-jumbo to priest-like status. Where does anyone get the idea that if they don't understand something then that something must be the product of superior intelligence? Or that a holder of a Ph.D. degree cannot formulate nonsense? I don't "understand" the Jew Einstein's relativity theory anymore than I understand why a dog licks his own gonads or why Gandhi drank his own urine.

The study of the universe, the "ology" of the cosmos, is an exercise in theoretical physics. One of the most visible ugly faces in this business is the Yid Carl Sagan who probably served as a model for the E.T. critter which appeared in a starring role in one Hollywood concoction. The message being that ugly is wise and ugly is good. According to the students at Sagan's Cornell University, lofty Carl never engages in conversation with under-graduates. To that I will say that the under-graduates are more fortunate than are the graduates who are voluntary victims of Sagan's Jewish world impositions. In fact, on one TV show, hook-nosed Carl snubbed the young and handsome Michael Fox. Now that's a compliment.

It was baffling to many of my former students that I was able to recall various square roots and logarithms during some math demonstration. The ability to memorize should never be confused with intelligence.

I often engaged in a class exercise where students were asked to list as many people, with their telephone numbers, as they could. Some of the lists were astounding. I was quick to point out that they indeed had memorized many numbers which are mathematical expressions. However, as soon as someone says the number is math related, their minds seem to go into orbit (or enter a black hole). The problem is one of attitude and not one of intelligence. What's the difference between 314-159-2654 and 3.141592654 in a memory sense? The first could be a telephone number in St. Louis, Missouri, while the latter is an approximation to Pi, the ratio of a circle's circumference to its diameter. If it's a phone number, memorization is easy. If it's a "math" number, then it takes a genius to memorize it, or so it seems. We should all re-think our thinking and especially in regard to those we think are our mental superiors.

A certain Steven Hawking (Stephen Hawken?) is unquestionably a brilliant man. He, unfortunately, was a victim of some type of sclerosis which immobilized his body thus making him dependent totally upon others for his care and necessitating electronic devices for communication. Steven "talks" by way of a computer screen and a voice synthesizer. He is recognized in the theoretical physicists' club as a master of what outer space is all about. Steven's specialty is "black holes" but not of the inner city kind, as is one of our notable political leaders. Lately, he has "proven" that black holes aren't really all that black. Mr. Hawking (pardon me if I have his name incorrectly spelled) has oceans of mathematical "proof" and with considerable effort has convinced many of his colleagues that black holes are not black. I guess that those black holes will soon be called mulatto holes, that is, if you allow the existence of white holes which is an increasingly difficult thing to allow in these days of "white racism." Before you rush out to buy stock in the black hole business, slow down, and put your God-given brain to work.

Science collects data. Some of that data comes to us courtesy of our senses. Other data is gathered by machinery which we have faith in. (Much of science is based upon faith.) We ponder the data

and look for relations and patterns. A useful tool in this regard is the manipulable language of mathematics. If we can find some chunk of mathematical scribble which relates the data, then we say we have discovered something or other. The next step is to put our theory to the test of prediction. We invite an experiment outside the realm of the original data in an effort to test an outcome. If the outcome is as predicted, and we have success after success in this, we then have a "law". Never forget that mathematics is a descriptive tool that can be useful in predictions. Mathematics is helpful in analyzing certain events and in solving restricted problems but MATHEMATICS NEVER PROVES ANYTHING. This is an important point. If I threw Janet Reno (what a comforting thought!) from a 400 foot cliff, mathematics would PREDICT that she would splatter on the canyon floor in 5 seconds (environmental pollution) and mathematics could provide us with velocity information concerning her trip downward but mathematics did not PROVE any of these things. It is this twisting of the mathematical approach which is typically jewish. Instead of mathematics being used for the purpose of appraising reality, it is being used in Sagan's and Einstein's world to MANUFACTURE a jewish "reality" much in the same way as they manufactured the clown city called Hollywood.

The nonsense about black holes would fill a library and if the Ar-yan worker stands perplexed in regard to his lack of "understanding" about Sagan's "billions upon trillions of light years ago" claptrap, he should feel relieved since a real concern would emerge if he thought he really did understand it! At that juncture, a committing to a jew asylum would be in order for only jews can work with jew delusions.

Ugly (Gawd! he was ugly), "peace-loving", Einstein was just another "survivor" of the imagined Holocaust who left Germany on a luxury liner with pilfered material relating to German atomic fission research. This jew creep approached another creep, Roosevelt, with his notion of building dozens of bombs with which to "nuke" the country they were kicked out of. The fates allowed

Germany to capitulate before the “never forgive” crowd had a chance to watch the American cattle vaporize their Aryan brothers. What a disappointment it must have been to have only obliterated a couple hundred thousand raw-fish eaters instead.

Hawking’s proof that black holes aren’t all that black, is coupled to the notion that time slows down as one approaches the black hole’s entry threshold. How in hell would he know? Did he take a Timex on some journey? Or is his computer linked to outer-space? Think about the fact that “time slowing down” is sheer rubbish. Time is not a velocity so what in hell does the concept of “slowing time” mean? That defies logic! If by “slowing down” we mean that time is getting longer, then we have a situation where time is being described as if it were a growing object. Yes, time takes time to increase, especially if it has little time in which to do it. That’s timely information.

What we really do is observe that an object has achieved two distinct positions, or forms, during some observation period. The change in position must have “taken time”. Without some observable change, the notion of “time” would never arise. When we look at a watch, we do not see time passing. We see something continually changing positions, or shapes — hands or digital displays. Once an abstract is introduced, all sorts of foolishness can result. If the concept of slow time is valid then so is fast time. In other words, time has speed and if time can go forward or backward, then time has velocity. The question that arises is: How long does it take time to travel from Mars to the nearest toilet if time travels at the speed of time? Only a Jew could feel comfortable with such trash swimming through his race-mixed brain. If, with a scrutinizing ear, one listened to the pooh-pah which served to describe the time slowing as one passed across the threshold of a black hole, he would notice the absurdity of the message. If I can remember accurately: “As one crosses the threshold, he will notice that time is taking longer to pass.” If your watch showed 5 minutes before the hour, it would slow down so that the minute hand would get closer and closer to the 12, but never get there. I suppose that if time

slows down as we enter black holes then it must speed up as we leave. Yes friends, Mr. Hawking has also “proved” that stuff does leave black holes.

True to the moronic trash that passes for sound illustration, the narrator babbled about the “slowing” of time, at the (now) grey hole threshold, while the viewer watched the minute hand of a watch move slower and slower. This visual joke was supposed to illustrate that time was slowing down. What was really demonstrated was a minute hand (a physical object) with a diminishing velocity. This implies that time was getting “longer”. When time becomes infinitely “long”, the minute hand will cease to move. Now, if you feel comfortable with this sort of “reasoning” involving stretchable time then your blood-line is obviously suspect.

This slower and slower gibberish at once reminded me of Zeno’s paradox which demonstrated that one cannot arrive anywhere. It goes somewhat like this:

In order to walk from here to your desk, you must first travel half-way. That leaves a one-half remaining. To travel that one-half, you must travel half of it. The argument continues in an iterative fashion always finishing with “there is still a one-half to go”. Since there is always a one-half to go, you can never get there. This is pure Abbott and Costello. “You are not in Los Angeles.” “You are not in Chicago.” “Since you are not in Los Angeles nor in Chicago, you must be somewhere else.” “If you are somewhere else, you cannot be here.” If Lou wasn’t “here”, then who was Bud talking to? Or wasn’t he “here” either?

I suppose that while the old Greeks were pondering Zeno’s ditty, the Romans managed to conquer them. It reminds me of the Holocaust debaters who seem unaware that the Mestizos are conquering their land. Anyway, the paradox is no paradox. If there were the implicit rule that each discreet step, toward your desk, had to be one-half of the remaining distance, then you would have a problem. The real world is not an infinite collection of anything anymore than the trip to the desk would involve an infinite number of steps. People KNOW that they can walk to their desks and

that should be the end of the discussion. Imagine a mugger saying that "This bullet will not kill you because it must first travel one-half the distance thus leaving one-half to go... thus leaving one-half to go... etc." If you were following dear Zeno, then the bullet would never reach you.

Einstein's typically jewish salami describing how, as objects approach the speed of light, they get smaller is analogous to the black hole's shrinking time attribute. Each one of them follows the same high-school algebra formula which is derived from a problem involving the average velocity of a round trip from here to there. All these great minds did was to substitute time, and measurement, into a valid velocity argument. Instead of changing velocities, they invented changing time, and changing sizes, using mathematics as the ennobling device. They then used their superior mathematical legerdemain to cloud the issue, secure grants, befuddle the masses, and bestow upon themselves a privileged status. Out of this drivel developed "schools" of thought and academic disciplines which are reminiscent of the African nigger's technique of determining when the next rain will fall by observing how long it takes a poisoned chick to die. Science definitely pads its own pad. Einstein was packaged and sold as a "genius" by the same crowd that packages and sells dandruff shampoos.

It is a sad waste that the talents of Steven Hawking are being consumed in a mathematical generation of non-real "reality". I can understand why jews engage in this—they cannot help it. Mr. Hawking's mother appears to be a brilliant, and handsome, example of an Aryan woman. Is it the modest, and open, Aryan nature which allows Aryans to be fooled by jewish poop, whether Holocaust or curved-space?

No matter what, and no matter where, if it is infested with jews, then we should have the Aryan foresight to avoid it at all costs. Then again, avoidance would deprive us of much entertainment, so let's keep those Holocaust whoppers and Sagan narratives a'coming. We can all use a good laugh. You can't get there from here. You must go somewhere else first. □

RACE, RABBITS AND REALITY

By

Allan Callahan

It may not be known to most people today, but Australia once had a terrible rabbit problem, where originally there had been none, because the continent had no rabbits.

To start with, it would be appropriate to say that the rabbit has a notable record of practising what might be called *race expansionism*, with his foremost goal being the expansion of his own kind. He doesn't think in abstractions, but if he did he would think that the individual rabbit life counted for nothing, and it didn't matter much if myriads of his fellows were poisoned, trapped, shot, eaten, or skinned and their furs made into hats; no, it didn't matter as long as there were plenty more left to endure, expand and spread across the earth until it became one gigantic rabbit warren.

But back to Australia's rabbit problem, the story of how this prolific mammal ever got into the country in the first place is interesting. The account I heard as a youth is that some were imported, part of them escaped, and that was the beginning of the problem. But it didn't happen quite that way. Two Englishmen, Mr. John R. Collison and Mr. Manning Thatcher, each claimed to be the one who got rabbits started in Australia. The claims seem to have been laid with a sense of pride, which is strange; about as odd as it would be if someone sought credit for bringing bubonic plague to some country or other.

Be this as it may, it seems that the laurel should go to Mr. Thatcher. Around 1863 or thereabouts, he got permission from the Acclimatization Society of Australia to bring over some rabbits, which were wanted by a group of Victoria sportsmen for hunting purposes. Thatcher got together a batch and took off with them on the sailing-ship *Relief*. However, long sea voyages didn't agree with the critters, and he arrived in Australia without a single living rabbit.

Embarking again with a new supply, he again arrived with not a single one alive. A third trip had the same result, but on this trip he did keep close watch on his rabbits to see what was killing them off, and discovered the source of the trouble. With a remedy for this, on a fourth trip he was so successful that he arrived without the loss of a single rabbit.

But the long delay caused the Victoria sportsmen to lose interest; they no longer wanted his rabbits. And neither, it seems, did anyone else. Thatcher went around the country with a helper, trying to sell baskets of live rabbits, but he couldn't sell enough to pay expenses. Furthermore, his wards were very prolific, and steadily increased all the time. Finally, at the end of a sweltering day, the two men decided that they had had enough. They carried all their charges out into the bush and released them.

Mr. C. J. Thatcher was described as a fine looking gentlemen, with a benevolent countenance, and was probably a "good guy," as the term is generally used, yet he most likely did more harm to Australia than any other single individual, although it took about ten years for this knowledge to really start to imprint itself upon Australians.

At first, most of them probably felt that the bunnies were "cute," and thought it a pleasant novelty to have the alien creatures around. But after a decade, ominous signs began to appear. Grassland began to disappear. People began to see more and more rabbits around. And more and more, and more and more, and more and more. They ate up the pasture intended for livestock, desolated vast tracts of land, staggered agricultural industries, and ruined thousands of farmers and ranchers. In some areas, at various times, the varments became so thick that, if you looked off in the distance, it seemed as if the earth itself was moving.

Men fought back by snaring, netting, shooting, ferreting, poisoning, warren-ripping, fumigation of burrows, and the use of repellents. "Rabbit fences" were put up in places.

The continent didn't have much in the way of natural predators. The most notable one was the dingo, and he could hardly make a dent in the enormous rabbit population by himself. Foxes were brought over to help in the battle.

Gradually, the pests were partially brought under control, but it took a long time. A half-century after the rabbit release, Australians had had only moderate success.

Rabbits don't think in abstractions, but if they did, we can imagine that they were happy when they were unrestricted and their exploding birthrate was enabling them to take over more and more territory, and unhappy when people finally started killing them off.

Was there any morality or immorality involved when Mr. C. J. Thatcher and his partner released the remainder of their rabbits in the

bush on that fateful day? They gave them their freedom. Is freedom important, even for animals?

Today, we see that millions of racial aliens are pouring into various white nations, kind of like a plague of rabbits. Is it immoral for us to keep them out? They say they want to be "free," and have a right to be (which means moving to some other country of their choice). It is (according to them) our moral responsibility to take them in.

But how about *us* being free, too? *Free of their presence!* We whites are disappearing, *worldwide*, since our birthrate has been negative since 1978. The racial aliens are replacing us. Is it moral for us to go out of existence, so that our countries can be eventually taken over by them?

It took ten years for Australians to face reality on their rabbit problem, and start doing something about it. How long is it going to take for threatened whites, everywhere, to face reality on their racial alien problem, and start doing something about it?

You can't reason with a rabbit, but maybe you can, at least a little, with the dark homines who are swarming into Aryan nations. We should give them a simple choice, and ask: "Had you rather stay out of our territory, or be shot?"

I believe they would opt for the former.

In case some of them, at first, did not believe we were serious, we should prove otherwise by shooting illegal aliens crossing our Southern border. The men only need be targeted. Border Patrol agents wouldn't have to shoot to kill, just aim for the legs. They could use small caliber weapons. Even sprays of .22 caliber bullets, aimed at the legs, would have a profound effect on those they hit. Illegal border crossings should be off by about 99% in a matter of days. Probably not many would need to be shot because the news would travel fast.

The U. S. Government would never do anything so "inhumane?" It did something infinitely worse in WWII when it sent huge air armadas (some up to 1,000 planes) over Germany to bomb civilian areas in what was called "carpet bombing" or "area bombing." Women, children, the elderly—*everybody* was a target. This in violation of the Geneva Convention and the old Western "Code of Honor." Then they lied about it and said that "carpet bombing" was started by the Germans. Actually it was started by the British, but this was not *officially admitted* by the British Government until 1968, twenty-three years after the war was over.

U. S. policy-makers did many despicable things during that era, yet they postured as righteous beings. They were supposed to be our mentors; our role models; shining beacons on the hill. If they could bomb myriads of Germans of all ages out of house and home or burn them alive with incendiary devices, they shouldn't have any trouble condoning the plugging of a small number of wetbacks.

Mexico, of course, is not the only country that illegals are coming from, but it is the main one. If we practically dry up the flow from that country, we will have more manpower and money to tackle the illegals from elsewhere. But don't hold your breath till this happens.

It is generally assumed to be easy to tell a good action from a bad one, but this is not always so. If you consider an action with all its consequences, the *sum-total* of them, it is obvious that no one could live long enough to see them all, unless he lived forever. However, one should be able to look ahead for at least a few generations, or maybe even a few centuries, and get a pretty good idea of what might be the result of certain actions.

In the case of Mr. C. J. Thatcher, he probably felt that he was "doing good" when he released his rabbits out into the bush. He probably never worried much, if any, about the consequences of their future offspring, and if he thought about it at all, assumed that if the Victoria sportsmen were no longer interested in hunting them, farmers and ranchers would be, and would keep them in check. It is very doubtful if he went so far as to wonder if Australia had enough natural predators to keep the rabbits under control if the hunters failed. So we can pretty well forgive Mr. Thatcher, as probably few of us would have done any better, had we been in his shoes.

It is a very different case, though, with the leaders of those white nations who are letting racial aliens swarm into their countries. Who can excuse *them*? The implications of this will be immeasurably greater than any rabbit plague, yet these leaders refuse to face reality. The main reason is because they are too mentally-conditioned; another is, probably, because they (or some of them) are too wimpy. □

La Via Dolorosa of Lady Birdwood

In the Jan/Mar '92 *NSV Report*, we ran a news item about The Dowager Lady Jane Birdwood's literature publication, distribution and subsequent jury trial in a London court during October 1991. Lady Birdwood, then 78 years old, was charged and convicted for distributing literature against an identifiable ethnic minority (Jews) who, according to King Edward The First's Edict of Expulsion of July 18, 1290 AD, have no legal right to be in England. About 3 years prior to Lady Birdwood's conviction, a judge at the Southwark Crown Court ruled that King Edward I's Edict of Expulsion of the Jews was still extant. Given a light sentence and heavy warning, Lady Birdwood stated after her conviction that she would continue her activities, exposing the Jewish hatred for non-Jews and specific acts of hatred performed by religious Jews against non-Jews and gentiles.

Lady Birdwood was true to her word as she continued with her activities which were within England's own laws. Since then, she has been arrested again, charged with publishing material about Jews who have no legal right to be in England, tried in London by a judge who ignored England's existing laws and convicted by a jury which had little or no knowledge of their laws, intelligence to understand their laws and/or moral courage to judge defendants based on their established laws. Despite vigorous representation by defense attorney Doug Christie (Ernst Zündel's lawyer in two thought crime trials in Toronto, Canada), the 80-year-old Dowager Lady Birdwood was fined 500 pounds and sentenced to a 3-month suspended jail term for publishing the book, *The Longest Hatred*, about Judaism's anti-Gentile racism. Exposing Talmudic racism was held to be an act of racism by a 10-2 vote of a London jury. Lady Jane Birdwood sent the booklet to all members of Parliament and all Church of England vicars. British police seized 153 copies of the book from her London apartment. According to *The Independent*, "The pamphlet claimed the Talmud—Jewish law—contained blasphemies against Christ..." It should be noted that both of Lady Birdwood's trials have been held at the Central Criminal Court at Old Bailey (a street close to St. Paul's Cathedral), commonly known as The Old Bailey. The Old Bailey is the highest court in the land, comparable to the United States Supreme Court.

Since this particular *NSV Report* is being sent to a number of Jewish "Holocaust" survivors, journalists and government officials in England, we are providing herein some background history regarding England's current law (King Edward The First's Edict of Expulsion of the Jews) in the hope that the English people, who are also our people, will have more insight regarding the Jewish expulsion. Obviously, England's ZOG and our ZOG will do their utmost to circumvent any existing laws in order to have their own way, but if enough potential jurors become knowledgeable enough, smart enough and angry enough, then perhaps a defendant can get more justice in the courts than he now does.

In 1190 AD, Bury St. Edmunds became the first town in England to formally expel the Jew. This example was followed by Leicester in 1231, Newcastle upon Tyne, Wycombe, the County of Warwick and parts of East Anglia in 1234, Southampton in 1236, Northamptonshire in 1237, Berkhamstead in 1242, Newbury with Speenhamland in 1243, Bridgnor in 1274 and Cambridge in 1275. Other towns in England and Wales which expelled the Jews include Beaumaris, Newborough, Canarvon, Criccieth, Harlech, Bala, Conway, Rhuddlan, Flint, Derby, Romsey and Winchelsea.

In an attempt to solve the problem of "anti-Semitism", King Edward The First passed in 1275 the Statutum de Judeismo (Laws or Statutes regarding Jewry), a set of laws commonly known as the "Anti-Usury Laws." These laws outlawed the lending and borrowing of money for unproductive purposes. Jewish historian Cecil Roth, in his book *A History of the Jews in England*, admitted that these special privileges were "an amazing concession" because it was probably the first example of "affirmative action" or "positive discrimination." This set of laws was remarkable because King Edward I did not merely outlaw the lending and borrowing of money for unproductive purposes but granted special licenses to the Jew in order to encourage him to take up farming and any craft. However, the Jew never took advantage of these opportunities, choosing instead to continue with such parasitic practices as usury, clipping the coin (paring the silver off the coins which debased the currency), desecrating the host and ritually murdering Christian children every Passover, as the Jew is instructed to do in the Talmud. If anyone thinks that this was simply a medieval problem, it should be remembered that when Henry Ford was accused of being an "anti-Semite" for having publicized the Jew's thoroughly unproductive and

parasitic nature, he offered a reward of \$1,000 (a considerable sum at the time) to anyone who could show him a Jewish farmer. The reward was never collected.

King Edward I permanently banished the Jews from England in 1290. After the Jan/Mar '92 *NSV Report* was published, one of our associates made a trip to the University of Southern California Law School and sent us a copy of the actual wording of King Edward The First's Edict of Expulsion of the Jews in 1290. The Edict of Expulsion of 1290 reads "Eodem anno omnes Judei, cum eorum bonis, filiis, et uxoribus, circa festum Omnium Sanctorum, terram Angliae et Aquitaniae, concedente rege Edwardo, exulantur." This is translated by Dir. Cooper as "To the same end (in reference to a tax levy in the previous sentence which is not included herein) in the year, all Jews, with their goods, children and wives, around the holiday of All Saints (All Saints' Day is November 1st), are banished from the land of England and of Aquitania (the southwest part of what is now France between the Loire River and Pyrenees Mountains), King Edward having conceded."

The above sentence says a lot—not only for English history but this situation has repeated itself elsewhere in Europe from the middle ages to the present time. You see, the word "concedente" implies that the king reluctantly yielded to pressure from his advisers and subjects. In other words, the king was not the motivating factor behind the Edict of Expulsion. Most probably, the king was informed in no uncertain terms that unless the Jews were expelled, he would face a violent revolution which would not only result in the expulsion of the Jews but also the execution of the king, his family and loyal backers. So the king conceded to the Edict of Expulsion and thus ordered his Jewish friends, allies, business partners and co-conspirators out of English territory. To ease the pain of his former Jewish associates, the king not only allowed the Jews to keep the money which they obtained from usury and coin-clipping, and any belongings that they could carry (All Jewish owned real estate, synagogues, cemeteries went to the king.), but the king also levied a tax onto the English people to pay for the Jews' transportation out of England. (Note: From the medieval ages to the present time, national leaders always deny a Jewish problem but eventually the people reach a point where they no longer believe the lies of their leaders and proceed to give an ultimatum to these leaders—Jews out or revolution. Faced with such an ultimatum, the leaders almost always yield

to the desires of the people.)

Most of the Jews chose to be expelled from England but a minority chose to remain in England by agreeing to convert to Roman Catholicism. However, it soon became apparent that the "conversos" were not sincere in their desire to convert. So, in 1358, King Edward The Third needed to re-apply the Edict of Expulsion of 1290. The same situation arose in 1609 when James The First was forced to expel the "refugees" from Spain and Portugal whose perfidy exposed them as being Jewish.

It is important to note that the *Statutem de Judeismo* of 1275, the Edict of Expulsion of 1290 and the Edict of 1596 (issued to prevent negroes from ever setting foot on British soil) are Royal Edicts. They became permanent laws when the monarch at the time exercised The Royal Prerogative. When the monarch exercises The Royal Prerogative, it is like the Pope issuing an Encyclical. The monarch can never be overruled. Any law which is issued through The Royal Prerogative can only be changed by a subsequent monarch regardless of anything said or done by the House of Commons or House of Lords. There is no "statute of limitations" concerning a Royal Edict. A Royal Edict is a permanent law which must be obeyed to the letter by all people in England forever. Every Jewish history book admits that the Edict of Expulsion is still extant.

The Jew desperately wants the law changed but does not want to publicize the matter for this will draw attention to the reasons why the laws were issued in the first place. As we all know, those reasons are as valid today as they were centuries ago. One would think that the Jew might try to take the hint and act like a normal human being but this would mean giving up the lending of money for unproductive purposes (usury) etc. So the Jew tries to destroy The Royal Prerogative by trying to destroy the national sovereignty of England and every other nation by corrupting and undermining every nation within the bounds of Christendom by instituting a Zionist Occupation Government (ZOG). Those who are naive enough to think that this explanation is a "Jewish conspiracy theory" should be informed that the editorial of the Jewish Chronicle of February 23, 1990, titled "One Europe" stated, "It is becoming almost a self-evident truth that our future collective security—from economical and ecological disaster as much as from military cataclysm—can be assured only by pushing further and faster for one world. One Europe, in which the Soviet Union and its former statellites are equal partners, or at least close associates, is the first

logical step. But time is pressuring faster than nation-states can cope with the notion of change...Can we get there in time?"

It is important to consider the *Statutem de Judeismo* of 1275 and the Edict of Expulsion of 1290 not as laws passed suddenly to try to solve forever the Jewish problem but rather as part of a series of laws passed throughout the 13th century to deal with the subversive influence of the perfidious Jew. The first set of national laws passed in England was the Magna Carta of 1215 which to this day is the source of all laws in the English-speaking world, including the American Constitution. Of the 63 clauses of the Great Charter, numbers 10 and 11 deal with the Jewish problem: (10) If anyone who has borrowed from the Jews any sum, great or small, dies before it is repaid, the debt shall not bear interest as long as the heir is under age, of whomsoever he holds; and if the debt falls into our hands, we will not take anything except the principal mentioned in the bond, (11) And if anyone dies indebted to the Jews, his wife shall have her dower and pay nothing of that debt; and if the dead man leaves children who are under age, they shall be provided with necessities befitting the holding of the deceased; and the debt shall be paid out of the residue, reserving, however, service due to the lords of the land; debts owing to others than Jews shall be dealt with in like manner (Encyclopedia Britannica translation).

After the first trial and conviction in 1991, Lady Birdwood faced almost certain imprisonment if she published any further anti-Talmudic studies yet she bravely did so anyway. Though she was spared prison because the British establishment feared the image of an old lady moldering in a cell for printing pamphlets which offend some Jews, she lost a substantial portion of her life savings in mounting her legal defense. This second trial of Lady Birdwood served as a rallying point for her supporters. It was a great opportunity to meet old friends and make new ones. Lots of literature was exchanged, including several American publications such as the *NSV Report*, Hans Schmidt's *GANPAC Brief* and Michael Hoffman's *Revisionist Researcher*.

Lady Birdwood is undoubtedly England's greatest living patriot. She is hated by the Jews because she, like King Edward I, does not have an ounce of racial or religious hatred in her. They hate her because she has never made the mistake of saying or doing anything that can be construed as being "anti-semitic" or "racist." She has campaigned tirelessly for the safe, peaceful, gradual, financially-assisted repatriation of all non-Whites from England. ZOG has tried many times to assassinate her character but such

smears have had no effect. She has been able to hold very constructive meetings with Blacks and Asians, something she would obviously not be able to do if she were motivated by hatred for those who do not belong in her country. It is the Jew, and only the Jew, who hates her. This is because the Jew believes that he does not fit into her plans for repatriation. The Blacks can return to Africa or the Caribbean and the Asians can return to Asia but the Jew has no country to which he can return. Because the Jew is, by definition, deracinated, he hates all who are racinated. The focus of the Jews' hatred is to destroy any and all traces of racination. The Jew does not belong anywhere so he tries to destroy everyone else's race, religion, language, customs, traditions etc. so that eventually, if enough people are tricked into betraying their heritage, no one will be able to justify any plan to exclude the Jew or any other deracinated person from any country.

The campaign to spread the truth was given an unexpected boost a few weeks after the trial when Minette Marrin, an American, used her column in *The Sunday Telegraph* to describe some "anti-Semitic" literature which had been sent to her. She described in detail the comic book *Tales of the Holohoax* and a leaflet entitled "Mad Jews Disease" which is a humorous way to describe the findings of Laird Wilcox's Hoaxer Project Report (that most "anti-Semitic" vandals are, in fact, Jews themselves). *The Sunday Telegraph* is England's most popular Sunday newspaper and is read by everyone of any importance. That week, *The Daily Mail* picked up on the story. This, in turn, served as the impetus to create and circulate more literature. New leaflets were produced using Minette Marrin's photo and parts of her article. The Jews went absolutely berserk as hundreds of these leaflets were mailed to prominent people. *The Jewish Chronicle* approached Miss Marrin and asked her to write an article for the paper to express her views on the matter. When she did so, yet another leaflet was produced using her article from *The Jewish Chronicle*. Once again, this was sent to hundreds of people, no doubt causing the illegal Jewish aliens to continue to wallow in their self-hatred.

The above are excellent examples of what can be done in a nonviolent way to get people talking about the subjects which really matter. If every activist started producing his own leaflets and started circulating them amongst important people in his area, "the media" would not be able to ignore this initiative. Every Aryan who considers himself to be a man must always remember what is written in Protocol 5 of *The Protocols of the*

Learned Elders of Zion. "There is nothing more dangerous to us than personal initiative."

The most important aspect of Lady Birdwood's trial which "the media" have chosen to ignore is that before she was arrested, she lodged a formal complaint with the Metropolitan Police concerning the fact that the Soncino edition of *The Talmud* is sitting on the shelves of the Westminster Public Libraries. The disgusting filth of *The Talmud* is clearly a violation of England's Blasphemy Laws, which forbid the defamation of Jesus Christ. However, the police have been very slow in responding. The officer in charge of all "anti-semitic" matters, Detective Inspector Kember, will only say that he "is looking into the matter." This is in stark contrast to Kember's attitude when he was appointed the head of a special task force to capture the "anti-Semitic" leaflet distributors. Those who wish to give Kember a piece of their minds should contact: Chief Inspector Roger Kember, Metropolitan Police Service, Community Affairs Branch, New Scotland Yard, Broadway, London SW1H 0BG, telephone 071-230-4185 (direct line). Please note that the leaflet titled "Mad Jews Disease", which cites Laird Wilcox's findings that the "anti-Semitic" vandals are, in fact Jews, was printed and distributed by a group calling themselves "The Kember Gentile Support Group."

As of this writing, Lady Birdwood is appealing her case. For those who want to give Lady Jane Birdwood moral support, she can be reached at 31 Eastvale, Acton Vale, London W.3, England. No date has been set for her appeal but Doug Christie will continue to serve as her lawyer. Those who wish to support Lady Birdwood financially might consider sending money to Mr. Christie (810 Courtney St., Victoria, BC V8W 1C4, Canada). It is not always safe to send money overseas and Lady Birdwood must pay a large commission charge to the usurers (banksters) to convert foreign cash to Pounds Sterling. However, there is something far more valuable that you can do to help Lady Birdwood in her effort to defeat ZOG. You can use whatever resources you have at your disposal to educate our people regarding the true nature of the Jewish problem.

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Reflections on an Old Film

By
Charles E. Weber

Recently I saw a film produced around 1951 with the title, "A Foreign Affair." It was shown on public television, of all places. Unlike most of the more recent Hollywood films which have something to do with Germany, it was amazingly sympathetic to the plight of the Germans and it brought back many memories of my own bitter-sweet years as a young American in occupied Germany during 1945-1948, when I served as a soldier and civil servant. During those youthful years, which for most young men are normally full of hopeful activity and naive insouciance, I walked amid ruins of German towns and saw suffering and oppression that were a sobering experience, especially as a result of the realization that my own country, allied with the brutal USSR, had committed acts of destruction and oppression against a relatively small country that had never been a military threat to my own. The film made such a deep impression on me that I watched it twice.

The film made attempts at humor, but the humor was tempered, or perhaps even intensified, by the tragic background of the postwar ruins of Berlin, which were even the theme of a song that seemed like a sort of *leitmotiv*. Briefly, a female member of Congress from Iowa comes to Berlin to inspect troops there, perhaps around 1947 or so, before the Soviet blockade of Berlin. The naive lady from Iowa comes to Berlin all set to track down evil Nazis, but falls intensely in love with a captain, who happens to be having a love affair with a German cabaret singer (skillfully played by Marlene Dietrich), whom the war had deprived of things she had held dearest, even her beliefs. During the course of the action the female member of Congress softens her attitudes toward Germans in their desperate plight and even becomes friendly with the cabaret singer in spite of her love for the captain.

What a contrast this film was to the mercilessly anti-German films that Hollywood has often produced in recent years! Since 1951 motion picture production in the United States has become even more heavily concentrated on the objectives and agenda of the Zionists, who now have an even greater control of the industry. Hence we see much heavier emphasis on the "Holocaust" myths shrewdly calculated to instill feelings of guilt in both German and American taxpayers, who have been forced into paying heavy tribute to the Jewish state in Palestine. Other Zionist objectives include demoralization and weakening of the American Aryan host population by promoting miscegenation and homosexuality in keeping with ancient Jewish traditions. □

Dear Mr. Dietz:

The anonymous "Prof." (pages 1-10 [January *Liberty Bell*]) made some interesting points, but it is too bad that he had not read *The Bell Curve*, because if he had, he would have been in a much better position to discuss the Negress's editorial and to have refuted some of her nonsense. The book is very important, if for no other reason than the fact that it has attracted so much public attention, and right at a time when Congress seems ready to come to grips with some of the problems discussed in *The Bell Curve*.

One thing I liked about Revilo Oliver, amongst so many other things, is the fact that he had the courage to write under his own name...

Carl Hottel gave a rather good summary of the case against the "Holocaust" material in his letter to the *American Legion Magazine*. I have never joined a veterans' organization because I do not look with pride on what we Americans did in (or to) Europe. Some veterans, however, lap up the sort of swill that the Zionist propagandists dump out to them. It makes them think that they accomplished something through their sacrifices.

Cordial Greetings,
Charles Weber

✱ ✱ ✱

"HOLOCAUST TERRORISM"
results in CENSORSHIP!!
To my friends around the World!

Every time I write a newsletter, I have ten times as much material, as I can possibly use! The job of choosing what to include in the newsletter and what to discuss, and what to drop or put on the back burner is often anguishing for me.

This time I want to continue with our coverage of the Doug Collins, John Ball controversy, covered in the last newsletter!

Breakthrough after media-breakthrough is being achieved be-

LETTERS
TO THE
EDITOR

cause of these complaints lodged by the Canadian Jewish Congress-Pacific Region! The mainstream media has entered the fray. The *North Shore News* is sticking by Doug Collins and has hired a lawyer for themselves and Doug Collins. They intend to challenge this statute thoroughly. The British Columbia Press Council publicly came out on the side of Doug Collins, so it looks as if the "Learned Elders" might have made a tactical miscalculation in flaunting their influence, and revealing their double standard and hypocritical position.

John Ball also intends to fight all the way, support and legal help is being mobilized! We have to demonstrate to the public at large that if the "Holocaust Promotion Lobby" wants the right to peddle their bizarre ethnocentric version of history, calling it a "HOLOCAUST" that they have to be prepared to see their tall tales of the "Holocaust Story" challenged by those people who can still think for themselves!

They cannot expect to go on a massive 50 year long campaign to vilify the Germans with untrue stories and outright fabrications and lies about gas chambers and alleged genocide, and not expect a reaction from the victimized Germans and other people of good will, who don't have the same burning, all-consuming hatred some of these Holocaust lobbyists have for Germans under the guise of "Anti-Nazism".

If Revisionists are constantly accused by Jewish circles of being anti-Semites because they expose Zionist-Jewish machinations, why should Germans not accuse their attackers and tormentors not as being merely Anti-Nazi (since they are long dead), but as Anti-German bigots and propagandists.

Take "Schindler's-List", for example, where every German man and woman is shown as crooked, devious, cruel, evil, boorish and utterly corrupt!

Why should the Germans accept such vicious, negative stereotyping in a film of filth, violence and corruption, to which school boards will drag millions of innocent children, to "teach them history" via a film based on a novel?!! To expose these

youngsters to typically "Hollywood" smut and to overwhelm them with sexual and political pornography!

Every teacher, priest, minister, politician and newspaper man promoting that piece of unadulterated filth, should be criminally charged with aiding and abetting the corruption of minors. I recommend that parents call their school principals and teachers to warn them that if their children are introduced to sexual abuse and violence via the "Schindler's List" hate film, that they can expect legal repercussions. And then I suggest that those of you with children or grandchildren affected by this monstrous film, get of your asses and do something, if you don't do it for justice and decency's sake then for God's sake do it for your children!

From Ernst Zündel's POWER Newsletter, November 1994. Ernst can be reached at 206 Carlton Street, Toronto ON M5A 2L1, Canada.— 416-922-9850.

✠ ✠ ✠

10 January 1995

Euro-American-Alliance
P.O. Box 2-1776,
Milwaukee WI 53221
414-423-0565

Speaker of the House
U.S. House of Representatives
Washington, D.C. 20515

Dear Mr. Speaker:

This is America, is it not, Mr. Gingrich? The Jeffries woman, House historian, it would seem was treated like an enemy of the State for having offered a contrary opinion about the "Holocaust." Firing her for it only shows how Judaized this country's government is becoming. *Criminal Politics Magazine* has claimed that the Jewish press crows all the time over their control of both Democrats and Republicans. Now it is demonstrated by the Speaker. When Charles Schumer whines his complaint that a 'Holocaust

denier' is in an official capacity in the House, the Speaker rushes to get rid of her.

Many of us do not believe in the Six Million myth. Some of us have done much research on the question. It is after all a matter for historians, not shamans. Jews openly question the divinity of Jesus Christ, a fair question in a free society. We, however, must pay obeisances to contrived stories and statistics to placate the Jews. Well, Mr. Speaker, you can bow and scrape before the "Rabbi Schumer," but he won't thank you for it.

Connie Chung may have suckered your mother, but Charles Schumer obviously has you by the short hairs.

Sincerely
Maj. Donald V. Clerkin
Chairman / Commander
Euro-American Alliance, Inc.

P.S. Schumer will use your cowardice in this matter to get more House votes for his gun confiscation schemes. When you give a Jew such as Schumer anything, you give him everything or else.

☆☆☆

10 January 1995
Letters
Milwaukee Sentinel

Dear Editor:

Why is the Posse Comitatus remnant in Tigerton treated like the Russians treat the people of Chechnya? Burning seems to be the remedy that all levels of "American" government employ against demonized dissidents.

First the "Move" group in Philadelphia was bombed out with an incendiary device. Then "Bruder Schweigen" leader Bob Mathews was burned alive on Whidbey Island by the FBI. Randy Weaver's cabin at Ruby Ridge, Idaho was about to be cremated with napalm when a reporter and his cameraman intervened. The

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Waco Davidians were burned alive by the BATF and the FBI. Now a county judge orders the homes of a few Shawano County residents burned to the ground because they question the tax laws and have filed common law liens against public officials.

Moscow and Beijing have nothing on the American firebugs who seemingly have a license to kill and destroy property in the name of 'the law.'

Sincerely, Major Donald V. Clerkin
Chairman / Commander
Euro-American Alliance, Inc.

☆☆☆

15 January 1995

NBC Entertainment
3000 West Alameda Avenue Burbank,
California 91523

Dear Sirs:

"Seaquest" is an interesting concept. It is only the attempt at ridiculous political correctness that makes it foolish. Take for example the story this week about the possibility of there having actually been an Atlantis. Your story line posits that it was a black civilization ten thousand years ago. Consider that today's black race is mired in criminal imbecility. Consider also that at the time of the building of the pyramids the Nubians were slaves in Egypt. Consider further that the black tribes of Africa have never had a written language, never used the concept of a wheel, or a pulley or an incline plane; that their peoples never ventured more than a mile or two off the coast of West Africa.

Why then would you put forth the idea that this poor, benighted race of blacks could ever have been the people of Atlantis, the people that allegedly taught the ancient world its tongues, its science and medicine, its laws?

A few more shows like this one, and you'll have to employ Leonard Jeffries to explain why the blacks would be all brain sur-

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geons and rocket scientists but for white prejudice. But the question remains how could the Africans have forgot so much from 10,000 B.C. to circa 4,000 B.C., when the Egyptians discovered that Nubians could lift and carry?

Sincerely,
Major Donald V. Clerkin Chairman / Commander
Euro-American Alliance, Inc.

☆☆☆

Jean Feraca
WHA

Dear Ms. Feraca:

Your Professor Shoyb is being very disingenuous when he claims not to understand my meaning when I say that revisionism is not permitted in the field of "Holocaust studies." That it is encouraged in the field of American history is signal, especially when one considers that many of the same persons who won't permit revisionism of the oscillating data of the "Holocaust" are quite content that footnotes to history in America such as Harriet Tubman be raised to the standard required to teach history.

If we make Harriet Tubman into a major player immediately preceding Fort Sumter, then why not make the mythology of this woman complete by placing her at the Constitutional Convention at Philadelphia, or at the Missouri Compromise? She could be seen giving advice and scolds to those "crackers." The blacks would not know the difference. It might just sound good to them. The other peoples of color 'don't read no Gringo history anyway.'

I keep saying that this sort of nonsense is what is drying up public 'education.' Except for my call this morning, all of the calls were in agreement with the ruination of history teaching. You had it right when you were somewhat critical of the thrust of this revisionism, which is not to enlarge knowledge of specific events and actors but to detract from some, namely white males, who must be demonized. This is the bottom line of multi-culturalism.

Sincerely,
Maj. Donald V. Clerkin

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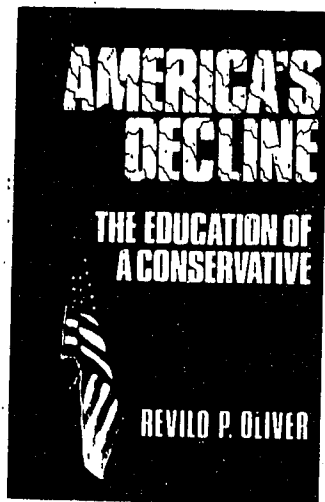
Pass along your copy of *Liberty Bell*, and copies of reprints you obtained from us, to friends and acquaintances who may be on our "wave length," and urge them to contact us for more of the same.

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR: Dr. Revilo Pendleton Oliver, Professor of the Classics at the University of Illinois for 32 years, is a scholar of international distinction who has written articles in four languages for the most prestigious academic publications in the United States and Europe.

During World War II, Dr. Oliver was Director of Research in a highly secret agency of the War Department, and was cited for outstanding service to his country.

One of the very few academicians who has been outspoken in his opposition to the progressive defacement of our civilization, Dr. Oliver has long insisted that the fate of his countrymen hangs on their willingness to subordinate their doctrinal differences to the tough but idealistic solidarity which is the prerequisite of a Majority resurgence.

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On the 18th Amendment (Prohibition): "Very few Americans were sufficiently sane to perceive that they had repudiated the American conception of government and had replaced it with the legal principle of the 'dictatorship of the proletariat,' which was the theoretical justification of the Jews' revolution in Russia."

On Race: "We must further understand that all races naturally regard themselves as superior to all others. We think Congoids unintelligent, but they feel only contempt for a race so stupid or craven that it fawns on them, gives them votes, lavishly subsidizes them with its own earnings, and even oppresses its own people to curry their favor. We are a race as are the others. If we attribute to Ourselves a superiority, intellectual, moral, or other, in terms of our own standards, we are simply indulging in a tautology. The only objective criterion of superiority, among human races as among all other species, is biological: the strong survive, the weak perish. The superior race of mankind today is the one that will emerge victorious—whether by its technology or its fecundity—from the proximate struggle for life on an over-crowded planet."

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The editor/publisher of *Liberty Bell* does not necessarily agree with each and every article in this magazine, nor does he subscribe to all conclusions arrived at by various writers; however, he does endeavor to permit the exposure of ideas suppressed by the controlled news media of this country.

It is, therefore, in the best tradition of America and of free men everywhere that *Liberty Bell* strives to give free reign to ideas, for ultimately it is ideas which rule the world and determine both the content and structure of our Western culture.

We believe that we can and will change our society for the better. We declare our long-held view that no institution or government created by men, for men, is inviolable, incorruptible, and not subject to evolution, change, or replacement by the will of an informed people.

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George P. Dietz, Editor & Publisher

BAGATELLES

by Joseph D. Pryce

EXILES FROM THE CULTURE?

You know how it goes: you arrive at a party thrown by the in-laws. You've promised yourself (and your good woman, naturally) that there isn't the slightest chance that you'll 'go off.' No matter how mercilessly you might be provoked by the Yahoos, nothing will get your goat. You will behave with the impassive calm of the Buddha, with the irenic and unruffled exterior of Lord Henry Wotton when confronted by some particularly nasty *gaucherie*. And then it comes, of course—someone, relative or not, it scarcely matters, enthuses about the new principal at the neighborhood boob-hatchery, who has promised to ensure that any moppet in her charge who evinces the slightest taint of racial prejudice will be condignly punished for its sins. As gushing approval washes around the premises, you finally explode, dealing some beautifully crafted barbs, some death-dealing, poisoned-tipped shafts at the shibboleths of the day. You're quite proud of yourself initially, and feel as if you have, alone and heroically, put down the Indian mutiny; but you're confronted by wide eyes, shocked mugs, and fearful whispers hovering in the air, as if you had begun a lecture on sexual technique in front of a grieving Queen Victoria. If you've been *notoriously* offensive, the kids will be hurriedly ushered from the room lest they hear the slightest discussion of that ultimate taboo, of that potent pornography which we know as *reality*. Yet how does one profitably discuss important political matters with those whose opinions are derived from the nightly news, torrid 'talk shows,' and the hacks over at *People* magazine? What common ground can one occupy with nit-wits who believe that there's something tragic and heart-clutching about the O.J. Simpson business? How can you possibly explain to a 'man' who foams at the mouth as he channel-surfs from one idiotic sports-spectacle to another that it really matters that his daughter is next door servicing a tour bus full of niggers in exchange for a little cocaine? Dilemmas, dilemmas. I'm afraid that we must face the fact that there

will be no effective wake-up call for those Sleeping Beauties in the short-term; as dour, old Dante put it, *Through Me is the Way to the City of Woe....Relinquish All Hope, Ye Who Enter Here.*

But, of course, it's not just the morons who are afflicted by the curse of inhabiting the ass-end of the twentieth century. Our 'best and brightest' have likewise acquired accommodations on the same sinking ship, but, perhaps, there is some cause for hope here. I know that it might seem a little bit odd to place any faith in our intellectuals (and it is easy to demonstrate the destructive effects which the dastardly doings of many of our ivy-league figures have had on the history of this stomach-wrenching century), but we must remember that quality is far more important than quantity at this juncture—one conversion at an intellectually-charged level can change the world, believe it or not. After all, if I might digress for a moment, let us recall the fact that the most influential racial-nationalist theoretician of the last one-hundred years was shepherded in the direction of truth by an accident of fate. Houston Stewart Chamberlain (1855-1927), who had been a shy and retiring semi-invalid into his teens, found himself unable to complete his schooling at Cheltenham in England; and so, on a European jaunt, his aunt Harriet decided to procure the services of a private tutor, a young scholar of theology named Otto Kunze. Now this pivotal figure in Europe's history (I kid you not) encouraged the young man to organize and discipline his studies, which had been desultory and unsupervised hitherto. He also instilled in the student the beginnings of a life-long passion for botany, a field in which Chamberlain was eventually to engage in some interesting and original researches. For our purposes, however, Herr Kunze had a far greater influence on Chamberlain, and, by extension, on the rest of the modern world, when he inculcated in his young charge an enthusiasm for the glories of German Culture and German Science. Kunze remained so committed to the career of his pupil that he kept in touch with Chamberlain right into the period of the philosopher's great fame. Kunze read all of Chamberlain's books as they appeared and offered critical comments on them for which the philosopher was very grateful.

Houston Stewart Chamberlain was no exile from the culture: he

placed himself in the thick of the fray as he came into manhood's estate. I find it especially noteworthy that he wrote very often in French and was a close friend of Jules Laforgue, the great and innovative poet whose early death was felt as a great tragedy by our philosopher (T.S. Eliot would one day regard Laforgue as one of the crucial influences on his own poetic development). Chamberlain was the very antithesis of the parochial lout who thinks his ideas out at the top of his voice (while scratching at the top of his head)—he was a 'good European,' and I shudder to think what this poet, playwright, Wagner biographer, neo-Kantian thinker, and philosopher of history would have made of his dry-as-dust—and, yes, provincial—counterparts in the movement today.

As I say, this epochal intellectual, who became the mentor of Kaiser Wilhelm II as well as the inspiration to Hitler, Eckart, Goebbels, and Alfred Rosenberg, chose the path which he trod as the result of a personal encounter with one great teacher. So this sort of thing can happen; this kind of encounter can *matter*. Further evidence for the truth of my contention can be found in William Sheridan Allen's *The Nazi Seizure of Power* (NEW VIEWPOINTS, New York, 1973). Walther Timmerlah, a book-seller in Thalburg (this name is employed by Allen as a cover for the real town which is the subject of his study), formerly in the Kingdom of Hannover, becomes the first National Socialist in the town, largely because "In his years abroad Timmerlah had come to admire the writings of Houston Stewart Chamberlain. Shortly before the Munich *Putsch* he heard, at a literary tea, that Chamberlain had said of Hitler, 'There's a man I could follow with my eyes shut,' and consequently Timmerlah had joined the NSDAP as the first member of Thalburg.....Walther Timmerlah was exceedingly well-liked in Thalburg. A spare, lively man, he was gentle and kindly, friendly to everyone yet thoughtful and reserved enough to hold people's respect. His bookstore was the intellectual center of the town, for he was acquainted with many of the writers and poets the town admired, and he was a chairman of the Thalburg Lecture Society. In addition, he was a prominent member of the Lutheran church. 'Walther Timmerlah bears a heavy burden, for it was mainly his example that led many peo-

ple to join the NSDAP,' remarked one Thalburger. 'People said, "If he's in it, it must be alright"' (Allen, p. 26). So that was how it happened, my friends, in towns and villages and cities all over the Reich.

So how might one go about the practical business of imparting our world-view to such a promising young thinker in these barmy days? There are more points of entry into controversial territory than one might think. In a discussion of the racial question, for instance, one can, after all, if one is at all clever, convince the stray intellect that the environmentalist fantasy doesn't merely entail an admission that vitamin deprivation can have a worrisome effect on the phenotype. What the Stephen Jay Goulds and their fifth-columnists in the media are *really* saying, more or less, is that a Central Park nag can eventually give birth to a champion thoroughbred if only enough Head Start programs are 'in place,' and if all of the welfare checks get to their tenement mail-boxes on time. One might well employ humor and shame as effective 'levers' in these spots—after all, no intellectual really *enjoys* looking like a damned idiot.....

However, you do have to share at least *some* assumptions with those with whom you engage in discussions on political philosophy—that is, if you want to get anywhere. Before you charge for the thickest part of the fortress-wall, with the raging accents of moral self-righteousness clouding the air, you must have decided for yourself just what it is that you hope to achieve with this 'hopeful.' If you really believe that the American Republic can be saved from its racing doom (I'm sorry to have to disagree with you on this matter, but, as I'm not omniscient, I'll let it slide), it would be propitious to try a gentle and congenial approach. Make as many telling points as you can without giving your guy the impression that you've just pole-vaulted over the walls of the local lunatic asylum. If he finds that his interest is stirred, he will probably return for more; and he may eventually confront you with questions which will indicate whether or not you have a live one on your hands or a dud. And, *nota bene*, you must always be concerned with the presentation of your very personage to those with whom you are discussing these matters, for as Aristotle once said, the character of an orator can contribute to the spectators' decision as to

whether or not they are willing to be persuaded by the case he has made. If you present yourself as a shrill Cassandra, howling dire prognostications athwart the gloom, the chances are that you will receive the treatment which that good lady received.

The main problem with which we on the radical right are faced is our inability to relate to the regnant *Weltgeist* for long enough to be able to effect any real change, either in the culture at large or in the hearts of our compatriots. Once in a while, of course, a great white hope stumbles along, to huff and puff his 'hour upon the stage,' and hope dawns once again in our hearts that now, at long last, people will listen; but it won't be long, as we know from protracted and painful experience, before our hoggish champion drops to his scabrous knees to do obeisance to our rulers. With a fulsome hosanna howled forth from between cracked lips, the heretic begins to slobber, to appease. As I speak, for instance, Patrick Buchanan is scurrying around like a pit-bull in full rut attacking *The Bell Curve*, and in quite a perverse and disingenuous fashion. Why? I don't really know, but I suspect that several influences are at play here, the most important of which is Buchanan's adherence to Jesus and his pop and the rest of that giddy stuff. If it had been merely a question of expediency, I can imagine that it would have been quite simple for Pat to claim that he hadn't read the book, or that its subject matter was outside his area of competence. I believe that a nice rule-of-thumb which could be invoked by sympathetic pols in the public eye when sand-bagged with an issue like *The Bell Curve* would be to adapt a key phrase from Wittgenstein: *of that about which one cannot speak, one must remain silent*.

(I must say that I regard it as a mark of desperation when I see 'rightists' hanging about Pat's banquet-table, with the attitude of greyhounds cadging scraps from the King's table). I'm reminded once again that he who has the eyes to see and who points to all the little wounds *whilst ignoring the main wound* is either a scoundrel or a fool (with Pat, who knows, it could be 'all of the above'). We rightly expect someone like that hustling \$2.00 whore Bill Moyers to produce a PBS program about 'stopping violence' without mentioning the salient facts

about the racial question (who's been killing and eating whom, and when, and how they season the flesh before they do; why certain 'ethnic' groups gather at the Town Square for a palaver when things go awry—and why other 'ethnic' groups burn both Town and Square to the ground when they get a little miffed, etc., u.s.w., *ad infinitum*). We don't, however, seem to get the message about someone like ophidian Pat, whose gut response to something like the sane population control policy inaugurated by the current Chinese authorities is not to urge a kindred policy on the muds, mads, and recidivists who infect *our* country. No, perish the thought! Instead, Pat urges that we invite the women from mainland China who want to go forth and multiply irresponsibly to come *here*—to the great milk-cow with a trillion teats, good old U.S. of A! Yet next week, we'll come back to the same saloon for more, like an habitual drunkard, an abused wife, a whipped cur, or a character out of Sacher-Masoch. And the question recurs: can one expect to engage in meaningful discourse on public policy with someone like Buchanan, when we've become familiar with his anfractuious track-record? Or are we, again, condemned to that exile from public life which makes most of the movement's theoreticians and activists wail and froth like John the Baptist in the Strauss/Wilde opera *Salome*? If we look like people who might dine on live locusts in the desert, I can assure you that people will believe that we do. That is a consideration.

Although what I am now talking about has more of a bearing on style than on substance, I'm well aware that questions of principle are constantly raising their ugly mugs. I sound as if I would abjure all compromise in political matters; and that might account for the occasional stridency in my presentation of the facts, but the bright spot is that on some matters of principle we *can* profitably barter and trade with those of a different political complexion. Yet on others we must be as unyielding as adamant, as steadfast as the Earth. Who cares, really, if the state has to resort to deficit financing once in a while? Is it of transcendent import whether or not taxes are increased on certain classes at the expense of others, or whether line-item-veto is endorsed

by us, or whether that nostrum will ultimately end up filed in the void next to 'nullification'? Who knows? Who cares! But, and it is a big but, what are we going to do about Yahweh's rascals and the other minorities? That's the question, buddy. And what kind of world do we want to create *after* we get our greedy hands on state-power? Those are, as I say, the real questions, and, unfortunately, at this time we have a very hard time getting ourselves heard at all amidst all of the storm and fury surrounding us in this wild and weird country. Morons make much noise.

And there it is—I've done it again. I've allowed my exasperation at the infinite foolishness of the country and its population to get the better of me, and I think I know why. Doesn't one tire of the endless repetition which is required by our activists to get even one sound perception into the noggin of an uninstructed American, whether educated or not? I know I do. But this is a problem faced by *every* politically-active person on the scene. Left or Right, it's totally irrelevant. We tend, for instance, to think that the Jews love forking over billions of bucks to ram home the Holocaust *Maerchen*; we think that the Stephen Jay Goulds and the Carl Sagans have a regular laugh-riot an hour persuading the yobboes to believe in racial equality and the other febrile hallucinations which torment them. I'm sure, however, that our big-domes really *don't* enjoy it. It's just that they have no choice. The American people are not only more stupid than we know—they are more stupid than we can imagine in our most rabid nightmares. I love my people, of course, blah, blah, blah, but, as I have said repeatedly, I do face the fact that it is going to require an educational effort extending over the *kalpas* of eternity to set them straight. So I say once more, we might have a future if we are willing to write off the mobs (for now), and, instead, concentrate on the brains.

But let us not let *our* big brains off the hook too easily. We miss more opportunities than an angler on Quaaludes. Our savviest comrades are sometimes as guilty of the sin of stupidity as are the great unwashed. I can show this to be true quite easily (I'll put off my discussion of the movement's paederast-sniffers and other sociopaths

for such time as I can figure out just what the hell they're up to). Activists—who tend not to read anything other than rightist materials—are always bitching and moaning about the fact that the major communications media have a stranglehold on the public's perceptions, and will not allow any facts to be made public, the dissemination of which might militate against the structural integrity of the System. This is very, very silly thinking, if it can be called thinking at all. The System is constantly telling us the truth about almost every matter which vexes us, and the evidence to back up this statement is all over the landscape. A 'for instance'? O.K.—how many times have you heard our worthies complaining about the New York Times, and its quasi-Stalinist refusal to let the truth be told about the power of, say, AIPAC (the Israeli lobby)? How do our guys know? Newsletters tell them so! Yet here is Mr. Establishment, Hedrick Smith, Pulitzer Prize-winning scribe for the New York Times, holding forth on the Israeli lobby and its shenanigans (from *The Power Game*, Ballantine Books, New York, 1988): ...the American Israel Public Affairs Committee (AIPAC), leading edge of the pro-Israeli lobby working Congress, literally transformed itself and gained greater power than ever before...it became a superlobby. Its budget shot up eight-fold in nine years, its membership multiplied from nine thousand households in 1978 to fifty-five thousand in 1987, its staff grew from twenty-five to eighty-five. By the mid-eighties, its leadership was steering roughly \$4 million in campaign contributions to friendly candidates and punishing political foes (p. 216). AIPAC's budget, for example, shot up from \$750,000 in 1978 to \$6.1 million in 1987 just to cover pro-Israeli issues (p. 217). In 1985, for example, after President Reagan had personally promised modern arms to King Hussein as inducement to negotiate with Israel, AIPAC and its allies lined up seventy-four senators to block a \$1.5 billion dollar arms package to Jordan....Reagan had to renege on his promise to Hussein; he withdrew the Jordanian arms package without a vote, demonstrating AIPAC's power to deter presidential initiatives (p. 221). Over the years, AIPAC had developed from a pro-Israel public affairs forum in the 1950s to a fifty-five-thousand member lobby to which scores of senators and congressmen turn

for authoritative guidance. AIPAC is an American lobby, not a registered foreign agent, but it has close ties with the Israeli government. Its political tally sheets and strategy reports wind up in the Israeli prime minister's office....Some Israeli journalists jokingly refer to AIPAC as "our embassy." And Tom Dine, a Kennedy Democrat with ten years of staff experience in Congress, is not above pulling a card from his wallet to show that he carries the Israeli prime minister's twenty-four-hour phone number (pp. 221-222).

What do you think of them apples? And that is just a sampling of the toothsome morsels vended by our author. I find it especially troubling that our cannier movement people are as blissfully unaware of Smith's book as a fossil femur is of the prime interest rate. It's much easier, I think, to explain why this view doesn't percolate down into the great unwashed masses: that is because it hasn't been rammed home with the studied and unrelenting pressure, with the insane repetitiousness which would be required to penetrate the concrete crania of our fellow countrymen. *Of course*, our masters are not interested in effectively spreading the evil news about Jewish clout. *Of course*, they'd much rather hammer out another Holocaust fairy tale. *Of course*, they will give more space to the wackier anti-hereditarians. Why shouldn't they? But I'm sure that even our enemies eventually become exasperated by the amount of exertion which it takes to get the mob hopping on anything. Still, they can crow that they're not suppressing anything, and Hedrick Smith is there to prove it. This strange phenomenon makes it very easy, of course, for the powers that be to be able to convince even intellectual hot-shots that they're not totalitarians, that their interest in the truth is paramount, and that anyone who is interested can find all the facts that he wants to rub his mug in right in front of him. They didn't get where they are today without a modicum of cleverness, and, as they proceed by the slightest increments to ratchet-up the intensity of their assault on our people, they appear to be eminently rational and moderate at all times. They're in the swim of things, as it were.

And there's the rub. How can we, whose assumptions about such minor matters as the very nature of Man and of the Cosmos in which

he has his being, fly in the face of all that democratic man holds most sacred, make the slightest impression on him without shrieking at the top of our lungs, without making ourselves look more ridiculous than the tin-horn Elmer Gantrys whom one sees salivating on Sunday morning TV? I say it again—we won't change the mass-mind until we can incorporate ideological middle-men in our ranks, those who will eventually be able to get our songbirds to chirp a different—and sweeter—tune. This will take time, and oodles of it; but once we recognize the folly of efforts directed at the society at large, we will at least be able to maintain whatever small portion of sanity is left to our poor brains. We all know that it can lead us to the point of derangement when we try to remain calm and urbane in the face of some tapeworm who urges that we just 'vote out the bad guys, and vote in the good ones.' What *can* you say to some gibbon who really believes not only that it is possible to 'restore the Constitution,' but—*mirabile dictu!*—that it would be *desirable to do so*? And how many times does one have to explain to the same eczematous tadpole that the dictator of Iraq had no designs whatsoever on the local Seven-Eleven? By around the fifteenth time that you place the World Trade Center bombing in the context of, say, the genocide that we committed in Baghdad, I know that patience can wear mighty thin. The animalculae don't even get the point about the zaniness of protecting Kuwait (which no American that I've come across in everyday life could have found on a map) from invasion by wicked Saddam while Mexicans are invading our own country, stealing our jobs, palpating our wallets, and raping our women. It seems that we really do live in what Plato once called "these non-constitutions" (*tas ou politeias*). Perhaps, movement activists should spend a lot more time and money on locating skilled educators than they are currently spending on toys which everyone knows *they will never, ever use*. Get the most important weapons of all—Ideas—to the appropriate sector of the front, and then we will begin to make progress.

I don't want to paint an entirely nightmarish view of our missionary labors, because every once in a while a thinker does come along

whose project is congenial, and whose manner of presentation is so overbearing and forthright that the most practiced imbecile can get the point. There are times when one or the other of our reigning wits loses control and seems overmastered by a sort of compulsion, a will-to-indiscretion (if I might wax metaphysical for a moment), and it could very well be in our interest to capitalize on the fact. On such occasions, it can appear that the high-octane pundit in question wants to howl his or her hard-won wisdom into the gaping ear of the sweatiest gorilla in the last row. 'Tis then that the most inopportune dragons and demons from the abyss of politically incorrect ideas can storm the field with some hope of a hearing. For instance, when the Yale University Press published Camille Paglia's *Sexual Personae* in 1990, the caterwauling of the radical feminists, who railed like scorched cats against the author's betrayal of the good cause, was so deafening that one of the inner voices in the thunderous prose of the book—not elegant, and, at times, quite awkward—of La Paglia was effectively masked. This inner voice (and here I am using a term from pianistic technique and not from the realm of private meditation) dealt pretty openly with the ultimate no-no: *fascism*. Ms. Paglia writes repeatedly and explicitly about fascist aesthetics (not, of course, very startling—this area usually allows our enemies to open up on us with a vengeance—we tend to be such dowdy philistines, after all). However—and here's where the jaw drops—she writes *enthusiastically* about our side! What is happening here?

I bring this matter up at this point not because the reaction of our lefty *litterati* to the book was, as one might have expected, violently negative. The feisty critic's hostile presentation of the excesses of the rad-fems was bound to cause her some rough moments. What was really interesting to me in all the brouhaha was the fact that Ms. Paglia's presentation of an explicitly fascist (and racist!) aesthetic theory *wasn't even noticed*. Ponder that paradox, mates! At last, it seems, there are bizarre heresies and outlandish doctrinal positions which strike the termagants of the establishment as more menacing than fascism itself. Ah, Progress at last!

Is there a lesson to be learned here? An ironist might point to the self-evident fact that almost everyone on the political landscape has purloined one or more of the crucial philosophical positions which we on the radical right have occupied, in the face of damned-near universal obloquy, since 1945. Draw attention to the theft, my hearties! Deep Ecology, *dirigiste* economics, behaviorist techniques of persuasion, hereditarian biologism, and, now, fascist artistic theory—in short, and I say this in all humility, we're *all* fascists now. To return to Camille the gadfly—of course, we big, brave boys and girls didn't make any hay out of Ms. Paglia's meditations, and that's typical of our bovine and chronic ineptitude. Far better, of course, for us to publish another tedious Jew-baiting book or another piece of racist hack-work than to grab the right end of the club and get into the swing of things. God forbid that we intersect at any point with the real world, even when it stumbles into a position which conforms with our stance.

Just in case the reader is skeptical of my claim that Ms. Paglia (Harold Bloom's star pupil[!]), has done justice to *our* view of things in her work, I append a potpourri of quotations which I believe would have gotten the author drummed out of the scholarly world as recently as, say, ten years ago (page-listings from the Yale University hardcover edition):

ystification will always remain the disorderly companion of love and art. Eroticism *is* mystique; that is, the aura of emotion and imagination around sex. It cannot be "fixed" by codes of social or moral convenience.....For nature's fascism is greater than that of any society (p. 13). Historiography's most glaring error has been its assertion that Judeo-Christianity [sic] has defeated paganism. Paganism has survived....(p. 25). Only utopian liberals could be surprised that the Nazis were art connoisseurs (p. 29). Marxism is the bleakest of anxiety-formations against the power of chthonian mothers. Its influence on modern historiography has been excessive. The "great man" theory of history was not as simplistic as claimed.....One man *can* change the course of history, for good or ill. Marxism is a flight from the magic of person and the mystique of hierarchy. It distorts the character of west-

ern culture, which is based on charismatic power of person....Personality and art, which Marxism fears and censors, rebound from every effort to repress them (pp. 36-37). Egypt, making a state, made beauty. The reign of Chephren (fl. 2565 B.C.) gave Egyptian art its supreme style....Pharaoh was the state. The concentration of power in one man, a living god, was a great cultural advance....Commerce, technology, and the arts profit when nationalism wins over parochialism. Egypt....made a mystique out of one-man rule. And in that mystique was the birth of the western eye (p. 57). Pharaonic construction is the perfection of matter in art. Fascist political power, grandiose and self-divinizing, creates the hierarchical, categorical superstructure of western mind (p. 59). The Dorians, who invaded Greece from the north in the 12th century B.C., may have been blonde, recalled in Homer's red-haired Menelaus. I think Apollonian light turned again into bloneness, one of Europe's racist motifs, glamourized in Botticelli and the Apollonian *Faerie Queen*. Bloneness is Apollo's wolfish coldness and conceptualism. It made its mark on our century in Hitler's....Aryanism (pp. 73-74). Our bodies are pagan temples, heathen holdouts against Judeo-Christian [sic] soul or mind (p. 95). The Apollonian is aristocratic, monarchist, and reactionary. Volatile, mobile Dionysus is *hoi polloi*, the Many. He is rabble and rubble, both democratic mob-rule and the slurry of uncountable objects (p. 97). This fascist gesture is also made by the *Apollo Belvedere*, following his arrow with his eye (p. 104). Apollonian objectification is fascist but sublime (p. 105). The Caucasian "line" of the dancer's body is Apollo's hard incised edge (p. 105). Judaism's campaign to make divinity invisible has never fully succeeded. Images are always eluding moral control, creating the brilliant western art tradition. Idolatry is fascism of the eye. The eye will be served.....(p. 139). Western personality is raised on a pedestal, in Florence or in Nuremberg. Leni Riefenstahl did for Hitler what the neoclassic David did for Napoleon. Personality is ritualized by the fascism of the western eye (p. 146). Michelangelo's electrifying icon....is a racist paradigm of Greek physical culture. The Apollonian, I said, is a Dorian and therefore Aryan aesthetic (p. 159). Unfortunately, the he-

roic Shakespearean sound is muffled these days for scaled-down television performance by liberal directors with antifascist axes to grind (p. 227). We cannot escape our life in these fascist bodies (p. 235). Western seeing is innately fascist and amoral (p. 412). *Dorian Gray* is about the amorality of beauty and the fascism of the western objet d'art (p. 527).

Interesting, isn't it? And, as they say, the woman is still in the field commanding troops! One who would hear the voice inside the formulas must dismiss as so much idle chatter Ms. Paglia's claims to be a 'Clinton Democrat.' I urge readers to pick up a copy of this book (now out in paperback)—the good woman has smuggled our contraband into the most glittering stall in the marketplace with the same brazen courage with which Sir Richard Burton smuggled himself into Mecca. Again, I urge you. And again.

So in conclusion, ladies and gentlemen, let me bring these meditations to a close by saying that our task, although it will certainly be a daunting one, still has its brighter aspects—provided we are willing to capitalize on them. Instead of fingering through the index of every book we acquire for the 'J'-word; instead of vetting every piece of printed material which comes into our hands on the sole basis of whether or not the author has advanced 'proofs of nigger inferiority,' let's see if there might be other, more prepotent weapons in an author's arsenal, weapons which might supply us with more of a *positive* vision than we are accustomed to. And, should you come across something that might interest one of the comrades, *communicate your find*. We are very weak when it comes to articulating the positive side of our vision (our enemies are closer to the mark on this point than we might be willing to admit). Don't forget that Houston Stewart Chamberlain was brought around to a sane political philosophy not by jeremiads against the sheenies or by some frantic screeching against racial decline, but by a lofty image of culture derived from Goethe and Schiller and Wagner—all rather positive fellows, if I may say so!

Who knows—if we are astute enough, and are willing to grow up a little, and are willing to engage in some kind of dialogue with the

'world as it goes,' we might one day find ourselves down by the seashore, bidding a bitter-sweet farewell to those whom *we* have decided to send into exile: *from a real Culture.....*

DR. OLIVER'S PASSING.

One tries to get a grip on oneself, of course, but sometimes one just doesn't have the stamina. Dr. Oliver's death has caused tremendous sorrow throughout the world-wide racial-nationalist movement, and I think that we all have this haunting fear that we have lost the most important of the world's thinkers at a time when we can least afford it. I find it especially difficult to recover from this blow—part of the reason for the poignancy of my personal grief is my feeling that, somehow, I was cheated of the Oliverian heritage until it was too late. But, of course, it's not.....

My first acquaintance with Dr. Oliver's existence was purely by rumor. I came across his name during the sixties and seventies, in connection with the 'Conservative' movement, and I was mildly curious about the man: after all, he was a legendary classicist, and, rumor had it, he had also mastered several of the more abstruse sciences—clearly, not an ordinary fellow. At the time of which I speak, I was mildly attached to the said Conservative movement, largely because I was unable to locate a more seaworthy vessel in port. I felt, so to speak, that until I could find a lovely fairy princess without a hunchback, I had better remain faithful to the shrew in hand. And so I drifted on, perfectly unaware that there really were Fascist hyenas in the field, to whose cachinnations I might profitably have oriented my steps. But that is another story.....

Mr. William F. Buckley Jr., who was at that time very significant for my own development, largely because he was a skilled controversialist who scorned to split infinitives, and who seemed to be on speaking terms with Vladimir Nabokov and Evelyn Waugh (boyhood idols whom I still hold in high esteem), would occasionally mention Oliver in his *National Review* pieces, and these fugitive utterances whetted my appetite. Of course, I couldn't miss the condescending tone in which Buckley regretfully dismissed the good Doctor's efforts—

Oliver's high opinion of General Walker *did* exclude one from polite society in Nueva York, but one was surprised to get this take from a so-called Conservative, with his gimlet-eye allegedly oriented to that wider landscape on which Truth had established her serene and uncontested dominion. What can I tell you—I was young....

Anyway, my bitterness about having been deprived of the only American writer who can be properly invoked in the company of Poe and Mencken—which is to say, the very best—stems from a certain personal encounter in the 1970s. Background—once in a great while, Buckley used to employ the *Firing Line* facilities for a program which would deal with the stellar achievements of an organization which he had founded along another somewhat unsavory individual (rumored, and with some show of *vraisemblance*, to be a sexual lefty) called the *Young Americans for Freedom*; anyway, in '75 or '76 (I'm not precisely sure which year), Buckley's wide-eyed pride of youthful Conservative tabbycats were on TV, filling the airwaves with all sorts of regurgitated luncheon-meat from Big Bill's 'rightist' commissary, and, in truth, not much was happening on-screen which could ward off Morpheus. I surrendered without delay.

But a day or so later, I happened to be riding the Long Island Railroad into that sinful Babylon on the Hudson, when, at the Jamaica station, several of the YAFers (as these pin-striped, strobo-pressed and Brylcremed proto-yuppies were nicknamed) jumped on board and sat down opposite me. I observed these fellows with tremendous clandestine skill, born of my examination of the works of Eric Ambler *et al.*, and listened to their miserable, sex-starved prattle for a few moments with considerable amusement. At length, I put on my best starry-eyed countenance and asked if they were the big thinkers whom I had seen on the telly. They fell in love with me instantly, of course, like the attention-craving starlets that they were, and the conversation wended this way and that, until I finally asked about Revilo Oliver—was there anything to the guy? Could one human skull house that much knowledge? That many languages? The leader of the group, who now became distinctly uncomfortable as he realized that the conversation was going to stray very far indeed from his own silly career, began berating

Dr. O., describing him as someone who was not quite *comme il faut*: he had done or said or thought something which seemed almost inconceivable to this young man. Revilo Oliver, I was informed, had expressed certain opinions which were absolutely beyond the pale. It was difficult to elicit any information as to what it was, precisely, that had gotten him expelled from the ranks of the righteous. It was darkly hinted that he had let slip some curious opinions regarding—well, he'd rather not say. As I felt both confused and curious, I asked the clean-shaven and virtuous-looking fellow whether Oliver had offended the canons of sound scholarship. Had his declensions and conjugations become dubious? Had he resorted to a false quantity? Were his etymologies becoming a trifle questionable? Even Martin Heidegger had been accused of this last lapse, and he had survived intact, so I wondered what it was that had so scarified the conservative community. At length, as the train roared into Penn Station, I was informed that Oliver had become so completely *gaga* that he was known to give utterance to remarks which were distinctly disrespectful to—well, the young fellow would rather not say.....

As those bright lights of the Zionist future fade away down the corridors of memory, I do hope that I can someday provoke my imagination into airbrushing the alterations to the YAFer's physiognomy which the years might have wrought. I have a little word, and, perhaps, a little something more for that *Middle Aged American for Freedom* (what else can I call him? After all, what is the proper address for the *Beach Boys* now that they have attained geriatric status—*Beach Men*?).

In short, I swallowed the vague drivel spouted by this ninny. And as the man says, "you pay, and you pay, and you pay." So every morning I wail a *mea culpa* to the remorseless face in the mirror. Dr. Goebbels once remarked that stupidity was the only failing which he could not find it in himself to understand. *Mea maxima culpa*....

I hope to write some more nourishing analytical pieces on the Master for the LB soon—now that I have gotten *that* confession off my chest: *warts and all*....



THE WAY AHEAD

A Primer for the N-S Vanguard

by
Colin Jordan

Part Two

UNITY: ILLUSION AND REALITY

The preceding indication of the kind of people needed for the instrument of battle can now be re-enforced conversely by an examination of the kind of people we need to exclude and avoid entanglement with. To begin with, let us consider the continual chatter about the desirability of unity in the "right wing": the notion that, if only there could be some indiscriminate banding together of all the different political shapes and sizes of Democracy's non-left disidents—including us—we would all be well on the way to success.

On the contrary, such a variegated assemblage could never result in anything other than a short-lived excursion into futility both for us and for the rest of the hotchpotch. The original National Front in the U.K. pursued this fool's errand, and proved its folly by succumbing to a rapid succession of splits because of the indigestibility of its ingredients.

The prerequisite for organizational unity is like-mindedness to an overwhelming if not entire extent, thus a union of minds to supply the justification and provide the durable bonding. This fusion of thought to the extent of transcending common belief is the real substance of unity. Without it a physical fusion brought about because of some partial agreement alongside much disagreement is but the outward semblance cloaking an inward continuation of disunity of belief: an illusion of increased strength but a reality of continuing weakness.

Any National-Socialist body foolish enough to be deluded into participating in such an exercise of self-deception, conceiving it to be some short cut to victory, will learn through its ensuing disablement and nullification and all the resulting waste of time and opportunity that this is no real way ahead. Empirically there are no such short cuts, only the long, straight, hard road with the benefit of sound methods of advancement which are the subject of this study.

An entirely different matter from the folly of fusion with non-National Socialists—including nationalists who, in contrast to National-Socialists, put the state and the country above the race and its ideology—is the folly of failing

to unite with all genuine National-Socialists. The restrictive qualification of "genuine" has to be stressed because there are various persons and bodies who adopt the label, part of the ideology, and much of the trappings, but who are certainly not in the full and therefore proper sense real National-Socialists as we must define them. These people range from sincere but mistaken ideological deviationists to crude parodies and monstrous caricatures, and will be dealt with later in this study.

Putting aside all such counterfeit material, there can be no good reason for a failure to bring about structural unity among all genuine National-Socialists for the greater strength to be gained thereby from organizational recognition of their unity of thought. Instead, the invalid and bemeaning reason is petty, personal antipathy. In this, real or imaginary affronts, jealousies, failure to balance good in a person against imperfections loom out of proportion and override the interests of the cause and its requirements of comradeship.

Thereby the ulcer of personal friction suppurates to the benefit of the enemy. The noisome pus of concocted or aggravated allegations and disparagements oozes forth to spread infection. Persons who formerly and happily worked together, once some personal clash has occurred turn round and discover almost every sin under the sun in the erstwhile comrade. The poisoning of the atmosphere is helped on by those who, without an actual thorn in their own flesh as the cause, are stricken with chronic gullibility. This latter failing of the mind to perform with cautious skepticism, requiring and evaluating evidence before reaching a judgment in the range of guilty, innocent or not proven one way or the other, is seen in this present context in the form of a proclivity to swallow and regurgitate any kind of rumour, so that, for example, persons of somewhat Iberian appearance are instantly pronounced to be Jewish, and male companions who go camping together are pronounced to be homosexuals. It can, of course, in another and reverse form, work as a willingness to accept a person as genuine too easily, and thus cause the person to fall prey to fakes and enemy agents.

The cause is too great and the time too short for all the petty, personal nonsense which puts and keeps National-Socialists apart and in conflict. If we cannot expurgate it, we will deserve to lose, and lose we will. If we can henceforth cast out, here and abroad, the cancerous wasting disease of disunity, we will show a far greater worthiness to succeed, and attain a much increased capacity to do so.

RIGHT WING: NATIONAL-SOCIALISTS ARE NOT

In rigorously resisting and rejecting all the befuddling and distracting talk about uniting the "right wing" with us as part of it, we must from this moment onwards completely and constantly disown this term as applied so commonly,

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wrongly and harmfully to us, along with the nationalists. This rejection is a vital part of the purification and clarification necessary for the creation of the combat-efficient force we must have for our victory. We National-Socialists are no part of Democracy's political pattern, right, left or centre. We are wholly outside it and wholly against it, and intent on declaring and demonstrating this.

As part of the rejection of the right wing label, along with calls for our involvement in right wing unity, we have firmly to resist and sternly to expose and denounce the recurrent disposition of those who accept the label to fancy that there is some easier way to better things by fondly grasping at some right wing figure of Democracy's old parties as some shining white hope of salvation. We have had this furore in the past here in the U.K. with Enoch Powell serving Democracy as a safety valve on the issue of Coloured immigration, appearing to wishful thinkers galore to be raising a banner of competent revolt against this alien invasion, while all the time remaining a devotee of the system inherently responsible for it.

Recently another pied piper from the same political abode, playing much the same political tune to beguile the public and boost his prestige, came on stage and predictably attracted an instant accolade from the legions of undiscerning optimists who seemingly never learn. This second seducer was appropriately a second Winston Churchill. His grandfather was that calamitous character who, for the benefit of the Jewish cause which he espoused for his political and financial advancement, put us into and kept us in the inferno of the Second World War to the bitter end of unconditional surrender to an insanity resulting in all our present afflictions.

Winston No. 2 won all his instantaneous and resounding hurrahs from the credulous congregation of the right wing for what resolved down into no more than a virtually useless proposal to slow down slightly the process of making Britain Coloured. Thus all he had to offer was a slight delay in attaining this culmination of that descent to ruin so powerfully promoted by that supreme showman of spurious patriotism, his grandfather, Winston No. 1. A founder-member of the Inter-parliamentary Council against Anti-Semitism, who has told the London *Jewish Chronicle* that he wants "exemplary sentences" for those "who incite racism", Winston No. 2, toast of the nitwits of the right wing, did not even call for a complete stop to further immigration. So he never went beyond this to suggest anything at all to encourage the departure of any part of the millions who are already here, thanks to all he and his Conservative and Liberal and Labour fellow political criminals have or have not done over the decades since his grandfather made war on Aryan racial resurgence.

Even if, contrary to both Churchills, all further Coloured immigration was permanently stopped tomorrow, there are already so many Coloureds here, and

they are breeding so fast that it is only a matter of time, and not so very long at that, before they become Democracy's majority. Then the Aryans who have trod, worked, fought for the land, and died here time out of mind, bringing about a unique blend of blood and soil, will become a dissipated, demoralized, dwindling minority in what was once their homeland, facing extinction by reduced reproduction and miscegenation. That is our destiny under Democracy, the death system of the Aryan.

Even if, in addition to stopping all further entry by Coloureds, there was some encouragement to repatriation solely on a voluntary basis by means of some financial inducement, as has been proposed in various circles of the right wing, it would be woefully inadequate to remove the Coloured settlers as a whole or any great part of them. Coloured immigrants swarmed and still do, despite the tricks of Democracy's politicians to dissemble—precisely because of the benefits of residence and citizenship. The vast majority of them will only be induced to depart voluntarily if, in addition to any reasonable repatriation grant and other assistance, those benefits are withdrawn from them, something you can be absolutely certain the politicians of Democracy, along with right wing nationalists, will never contemplate.

THE REMOVAL OF THE COLOURED

Their citizenship, which was wrongly given to them in the first place, has to be rightly revoked. They must no longer be able to vote, no longer able to hold public office, and no longer be able to take advantage of unearned welfare facilities, among other things. This, and nothing short of this, should shift the greater part of them. The remnant, after a reasonable period of grace, will have to be compulsorily deported without the resettlement aid given to the voluntary emigrants.

The wholly sufficient justification for total exclusion and total eviction, as far as permanent residence is concerned distinct from temporary visiting, lies in the fact that this drastic measure is absolutely essential for the survival, revival and welfare and betterment of our own Aryan Folk which has to be our overriding consideration. Misplaced squeamishness in opposition to this measure by the weak, muddled and misguided can only mean that, faced with the choice between care for the Coloureds and care for our own Folk, hardship for the Coloureds or the far greater hardship of racial death for our own Folk, they choose to inflict this latter fate on us. Obviously there can be no place with us for anyone who inclines to this latter preference.

The right wing "patriots", whose concern for the Coloured invasion is subject to their training by the media of Democracy to worship "moderation" in the face of even the most immoderate menace as an essential part of the conditioning for tame and tractable servants of their masters, will never bring

themselves to go along with the one and only sufficient solution to the Coloured problem. For the same reason of training plus timidity in their domestication to Democracy they are inhibited from even breaking silence, or else saying anything which is not so bound by limitations as to be quite useless, on the less recognized but even more important because more basically responsible Jewish problem. This makes them that much more undesirable to be entangled with.

DEALING WITH THE JEWISH PROBLEM

This Jewish problem arises from the presence in our midst of what is predominantly another non-Aryan minority, but one much more able and ambitious and influential and powerful. The Jews have the enormous advantage of an ethnic religion all their own, endowing them with a divine sanction for world domination. At a later stage in this study when we come to deal with the religious factor relating to racial resurgence which the nationalists and even some National-Socialists fight shy of, we will see how vital it is that, as the very foundation for the right ideology for the right people in the right forms of activity and organization for victory, we equip ourselves with no less a religious sanction and sustenance as the Jews possess.

Believing themselves to be divinely chosen for global supremacy, the Jews, although they now have a country of their own, Israel, with which the vast majority of them actually have no real ancestral connection at all as compared with the dispossessed Arabs—nevertheless demand and receive the right to residence and prominence and even immunity from criticism in Britain and in every other Aryan land throughout the world. Three requirements arise from this. Firstly, there can be no adequate assessment of the grievous ills of Britain and the rest of the White world without taking full and frank account of this paramount problem. Secondly, there can be no sufficient remedy for it short of the Second Expulsion of the Jews from Britain—and their expulsion as well from all other Aryan lands. Thirdly, there can be no room in the Vanguard for any person who is either too ignorant or too cowardly to face up to this problem and pursue its only true remedy, the exodus of the creators of that problem.

Those nationalists and non-party “patriots” who pay heed to and applaud and attach hope to pillars of the Conservative Party like Winston Churchill No. 2 are but a short step away from those who succumb to talking of joining that abominable association—which is a living lie, conserving nothing and destroying everything at the core of our Aryan heritage—to try and reform it and make it a vehicle for salvation. This very idea that you can go into this den of iniquity, and most radically change it for the better, is a futile absurdity. You cannot reasonably hope to be able to turn into the instrument for national re-

vival and racial resurgence something which is under the complete top-level control of Democracy's real rulers, and which, under their rule, has deliberately brought about all the conditions of national decline and racial ruin. The idea is about as likely to succeed as that of going into an inn for the purpose of talking the publican into allowing you to display temperance literature on his bar so that his customers become teetotalers.

The same stricture, of course, applies to talk of joining any of the other orthodox parties of Democracy. One and all they function under tight, top control by the forces of national decline and racial ruin to give the captive and befuddled masses the illusion that they are the ones in control, having an important and effective range of choice, whereas what is on offer in the way of difference is all carefully kept comparatively insignificant and thus harmless to the masters of those masses. The choice between these parties is consequently only a very restricted one within a rigidly enforced and held to be inviolable consensus on the common objective for all sections of Democracy. This common objective is the ultimate World Order of Democracy in which men and women will become rootless, raceless, human economic units safely subservient to the lords of the earth.

Yet those deluded right-wingers who contemplate turning all this upside down from inside, dwellers in cloud-cuckoo-land if there was ever such, are precisely the ones who dismiss as utterly impracticable any idea of creating any new structure outside the old parties capable of overthrowing them. However hard the latter task certainly is, it is not hopeless from the start, as is the idea of creating in effect a new party within a maleficent old party. We of the Vanguard cannot afford to be cluttered up with talk of attempting this absurdity.

DISMISSAL OF THE SIDETRACKERS

Close to those who compromise with the old order by acclaiming its equivalent of the siren of the Lorelei legend, namely the likes of Powell and Churchill, or contemplating, as it were, joining the household of the devil to make it the shrine of the saint, are those right-wingers who make it their hobby to write to Members of Parliament protesting at this and that aspect of the scheduled course of disaster pursued by their parties, and seeking to persuade them to rebel in this respect. This is the sin of sidetracking, namely distracting and diverting time and effort into compromising involvement in the system of Democracy instead of holding aloof from it and firmly rejecting it, and engaging in activities against it. Even if the recipient of their representation was brought by them to show the signs of some limited disobedience to the party line in this one respect, the rebellion would be restricted to this. That M.P. would remain loyal to the rest of the grievous party policy, while the right-winger involved would be drawn into focusing on, participating in, and relying on

the workings of Democracy, whereas what we have to do is to boycott It.

Such sidetrackers tend to be persons of split personality, half in and half out of the system. They are forever torn between a perception of the disaster which looms ahead at the hands of the old parties of Democracy, and a crippling craving for "respectability", albeit in terms of the valuations of the creators of the disaster. Coupled to this is a disposition to a starry-eyed optimism which causes them to imagine that there just must be enough good in the old gang to enable it to be worked on to bring about some amelioration which is better than nothing. Thus they incline to settle for some triviality of delay or temporary modification in manner in the passage to doom instead of holding out for and going for gold in the sense of devoting themselves to the all-out pursuit of the revolution required.

Often of the same disposition, and similarly to be avoided, are the single issue enthusiasts of attenuated vision who become and remain so obsessed with some particular section of the picture of woe—such as the reduction of national self-government, abortion, immigration, crime, usury, pollution of the environment, that they come to view it in detachment, failing to see or grossly to underestimate the correlation between one thing and another, and one part and the whole, in what is a general picture of defect reflecting a total process of decay. Failing to discern and consider the whole problem, they understandably fail to discern and consider the whole remedy required, which is a thorough change of system and society, nothing less than which will suffice properly to cure any and all of the numerous manifestations of corruption and disintegration and degeneration. Instead, they tend to see the particular problem they focus on as being just an abnormality in a system and society which is nevertheless more or less satisfactory, a conclusion which confines them to a category of conformist. In contrast, National-Socialism offers not some patchwork repair outfit for some futile attempt to deal with some part of the total problem in isolation, but the only adequate remedy which is total replacement.

CHRISTIANITY AND ROYALTY AGAINST RACE

Right-wingers—including all those who call themselves "nationalists" to distinguish themselves from National-Socialists, and particularly to separate themselves from the pan-Aryan implications of the latter—are commonly subject to a disabling commitment to Christianity, at least in the background of their minds, inhibiting them from opposing it, if it does not exude to the extent of frontally avowing it and preaching it. Religion will be dealt with in detail later. Suffice it here to say that, however unpleasant it may be to make the point to people who, tragically, have much good in them apart from this underlying and eclipsing weakness, the fact is that the creed of Christianity is unquestionably anti-Aryan in effect, if not pronouncement. The beliefs and

sentiments from that creed, however singled out and detached from the rest of the collection which comprises it, are the greatest cause and constant accompaniment of all the defects and the degeneracy which it is the purpose of National-Socialism to combat.

The long and the short of it is that, this being so, you cannot tackle the matter of Aryan jeopardy without confronting and rejecting and replacing Christianity. You cannot, therefore, accept and accommodate in the ranks of the real opponents of that jeopardy those who think and behave as though we have some conventional obligation to keep silent and abstain from interference in the matter of religion, or else even seek to make support for Christianity part of if not central to the cause. The time has come for deep and clear thinking and resolute decision on all vital issues, putting aside hampering fallacies and compromises, and this unavoidably means that the time has come for the parting of the ways between thorough National-Socialists and those who are thorough Christians. No longer can we afford the obfuscation of pretending that these inherently irreconcilable creeds can continue to cohabit in the same living space.

Right-wingers, including the Tory-type nationalists who are as much attached to the old order of Democracy as detached from it, are commonly addicted to supporting the royal family in Britain, even if only to the extent of a self-imposed abstention from criticizing it and condemning it, comparable to their self-censorship regarding Christianity. Here also, the crisis is too serious and the urgency of drastically improving our mode of dealing with it too great to allow us any longer to fudge on this matter or any other matter of importance.

These right-wingers purport to perceive the royal family as a commendable, surviving representation of British nationhood, and, accordingly, something to be cherished and defended. This is an appalling misconception, appalling because it is one which causes attention and effort to be wasted in upholding and venerating something which has become void and false as any such representation. Thereby that part of the public which is patriotically inclined is perniciously deluded and diverted into believing that traditional Britain is still thriving, and is thus lulled into complacency, satisfied with a semblance and pretence, while, beyond and behind the glitter and pomp of monarchical pagentry the essential Britain is disappearing down the drain.

The hard fact which, however unpalatable it is to some, has to be proclaimed is that today's royal family in this country is no more than a hugely costly, manifestly mediocre array of characters. As their highest distinction they provide the mercenary media, engaged in promoting the disastrous policies of our real masters, with fancy, fraudulent figures with which to titillate voyeuristic curiosity, excite shallow sentimentality, and cause convenient distraction

from the reality of the oncoming destruction of our heritage. All of this sponsorship and promotion of the monarchy by the media is in the same category as the provision of circuses in the arena in the twilight days of the Roman Empire as a distraction from its imminent downfall.

At the head of this royal family we have a queen in name but hardly in appearance (being in comparison to the regal-looking Mrs Vigdis Finnbogadóttir, President of Iceland, a commonplace, dumpy figure indeed), and one who verbally crowns multiracialism, ruinous to her realm, with her highest approval whenever the opportunity presents itself, such as her abominable "Christmas broadcasts". Marking the contemporary synthesis of Commu-Capitalism, she has just recently visited Moscow and laid a wreath there in tribute to the Communist war against National-Socialist Germany. All in all, her performance is such as to prompt us to reword the national anthem to exhort the deity not to save the queen for us, but rather to save us from this woman and her hurtful activities.

It would take a whole issue or special supplement of *Gothic Ripples* to present fully the case against this burdensome and harmfully distractive royal family not one member of which has ever uttered a single word against the alien usurpation of their realm, and compared to which any shop assistant who has handed out a few National-Socialist leaflets has done infinitely more for the good of Britain. Suffice it for here and now to mention just the following few matters as indicative of the indictment.

ARISTOCRACY'S JEWISH BLOOD

"The Royal Family has had many Jewish connections." So said the publishing director of "Burke's Peerage", the genealogical authority regarding the British aristocracy and royalty as quoted in the London *Daily Mail* (12 September 1992). The quotation occurred in connection with a family tree supplied by this authority, and there published in that newspaper concerning the new husband of the queen's daughter, Princess Anne, now entitled the "Princess Royal". It seems that this august custodian of the British heritage was unable to find someone of our breed to her taste, instead she was obliged to take to bed a descendant of a Zaccaria Levy of Vienna, a Jew who married a daughter of another Jew, Moses Haim Montefiore, and migrated to London, and whose son, Joseph, changed the family surname to "Laurence". Such name changing in order to deceive by purporting to be British is a matter of false pretences very commonly resorted to by Jews.

Thus we arrive at the "Tim Laurence" who has become part of our illustrious royal family by his marriage to the race-mixing renegade, Anne, in December 1992. Presumably right wing royalists will be quite prepared to doff their caps to these marriage partners and the mongrel offsprings of this misalliance.

The infiltration of Jewish blood into the "upper classes" of this country was dealt with by the late Professor Revilo P. Oliver—a great master of the pen in our cause whose death on August 10, 1994, was a great loss to it—in his last article in the August 1994 issue of the fine, American, monthly magazine, *Liberty Bell*, (P.O. Box 21, Reedy, WV 25270, U.S.A. Sample copy, via Air Mail, \$6.50). Summarizing, the writer said: "Thus did Asiatic blood at first seep and soon spurt into the great families of England, who should have been the foremost and most vigilant custodians of their national and racial heritage." He quoted Hilaire Belloc (*The Jews*, London, 1922) as concluding that "with the opening of the twentieth century those of the great territorial English families in which there was no Jewish blood were the exception." This racially corrupted and decadent aristocracy of now to which Tory-type right-wingers show deference in their general adherence to falsities has to be done away with in a National-Socialist Britain, replaced by a new one of proven worth in National-Socialist terms.

Returning to the royal family in particular as the apex of decadence, the Prince of Wales, the future monarch, has proved incapable of fidelity towards even his own wife in fulfillment of his wedding vow. This can hardly count as a token of his trustworthiness in respect of guardianship of the nation's greatest treasure, its Aryan blood, as borne out by his constant concern to go out of his way to get together with Coloureds, talking with them, posing with them, dancing with them, projecting himself as a princely promoter of racial disloyalty.

It now appears that he has been matched in his matrimonial infidelity by the woman who entered his life and the nation's attention as an empty-headed nonentity given to jumping up and down in ecstatic response to the degenerate din of "pop music". Despite all the more recent and intensive efforts to groom her for a high and mighty future as first lady of this land, including giving her an endearing image as a do-gooder, clearly behind the halo she remains a fibreless, pleasure-obsessed, ideal-lacking representative of today's idle rich, the plutocracy which is the beneficiary of Democracy, as of Communism its culmination. Her prime function, in which she does at least excel, is to serve well as a super-doll for the sales of the trivia-vending tabloids in business to make money magnificently out of diverting the dupes of Democracy.

In sober analysis, this Princess Diana of Democracy shows no more sense and is certainly less useful than any supermarket checkout girl. We of the National-Socialist Vanguard can have no time for this puppetry of royalty and all those right-wingers mesmerized by it. Patriotism centred on and satisfied by this royal family of ours is about as vacuous as sporting some shopping bag from a Jewish chain-store, emblazoned with a Union Jack, in the belief that it is a meaningful and sufficient assertion of patriotic pride.

Another important issue which right wing nationalists avoid—and another reason why we must avoid entanglement with them—is Freemasonry. This is the secret society which reveres a composite, cosmopolitan godhead, and provides an apparatus for divisive and inequitable political power and economic and social preferment, contrary to National-Socialist principles of economic and social justice, folk unity, and the paramountcy of the interests of the Aryan peoples. There can thus be no room in the National Socialist Vanguard for Freemasons and those in favour of tolerating them, including some corrupted into silence and inaction by the financial contributions of Freemasons who purport to be nationalists; contributions which have the same effect of indirect, if not direct, bribery as those from supporters of Christianity and monarchy. Compromise is a weakness masquerading as a cleverness, and the watchword of the Vanguard must be “No Compromise!”

NATIONALISM'S FALSE REBELS

Even more dangerous than the potential seduction exerted by those who are unmistakably within the system, such as the likes of Powell and Churchill in the U.K., are those who have a superficial appearance of being in conflict with it, and yet by reason of compromise with it remain part of it. One example is the MSI in Italy which has shed its Fascism even further by becoming under Gianfranco Fini a new look “National Alliance”. This further surrender to Democracy has had the enthusiastic support of Mussolini’s photogenic granddaughter, Alessandra, a former “soft-porn” pinup per *Playboy* magazine who, according to a BBC (London) radio news report in 1994, spent her honeymoon in Israel.

Another in this category uncritically acclaimed by his kind in this country is Le Pen and his movement in France. This right-winger told the London *Sunday Express* (24 November 1991), in a statement which reveals that his racial outlook is dominated and perverted by his nationalism, “We have Jews, blacks and Arabs among our members on only two conditions. That they are French and they are patriots.” He was reported in the London *Jewish Chronicle* (29 November 1991) as declaring that he was not a racist or an anti-Semite. According to the same paper several years earlier (13 May 1988) he told a Jerusalem paper, “I have never uttered a hostile word against Israel or against the Jewish community (in France);” and that he receives the total support of the “Association des Juifs Français”. Earlier still, in an interview quoted in the same *Jewish Chronicle* (17 October 1986), he declared that membership of his organization was “most certainly open to Jews”. In 1987 the same paper (4 September) mentioned that earlier that year Le Pen had been guest of honour at a luncheon in New York given by the President of the World Union of General Zionists.

Another seductive compromise-monger is the sleek, political juggler, David Duke in the U.S.A., proficient at shedding principles for votes, and thus thoroughly untrustworthy.

A rising star in the fond hopes of incautious easy-takers is Vladimir Volfovich Zhironovsky, head of the flourishing “Liberal Democratic Party” in Russia. Is he or is he not at least a part-Jew, and, if he is, is he in revolt against his Jewishness or in pursuit of it?

We have reports of the man denying his father was Jewish, and accusing his enemies of forging genealogical records, which is certainly a possibility to bear in mind. Alongside them we have *The Mail on Sunday* of London (26 December 1993) claiming that in an exclusive interview with that paper Zhironovsky said “I have never concealed the fact that my father was Jewish” and the *Jewish Chronicle* of London (17 December 1993) quoting the Moscow representative of *The Times* of London as saying “his father was from a Jewish family. He himself has never denied this outright.” Additionally, the magazine of the London *Independent* newspaper (2 April 1994) reported that he told a journalist from the Israeli daily paper, *Mariv*, that he is proud of having a Jewish father.

It has been said in one quarter or another that his mother’s first husband, a Zhironovsky, was a Jewish lawyer who died 18 months before the child’s birth in 1946 and 5 months after she married a Volf Isakovitch Eidelstein who was registered as Jewish; and that our present Zhironovsky changed his surname in 1964 from Eidelstein as on his birth certificate. According to the London *Evening Standard* (14 December 1993) Zhironovsky in 1983 applied to Israel to settle there and was granted permission, though subsequently he never took advantage of it. The most obvious conclusion from all of this is that at least one has to be distinctly wary of the man, who moreover seems to display a somewhat Hebraic flamboyance.

DETACHMENT FROM JEWISH DISSIDENTS

There are, it seems, a few Jews who genuinely become sick of their own kind, and it may be argued that it is reasonable to make some favourable mention of them, and even engage in some circumspect liaison and co-operation with them to make use of them. What, however, is imperative to avoid damage is to keep them forever at a distance, not to allow them into your organization, and not to come to stand shoulder to shoulder with them on any public occasion. The fact is that by nature they can never be one of us, and, if allowed into our ranks or even just close, public proximity to us, will cause confusion among our followers and to our outward image; besides always presenting a potential security risk.

A Jew is always a Jew, and a part-Jew always partly so. There can be no al-

tering this fact of nature, this racial character which governs thought and behaviour, by the apparent adoption and presentation of some particular ideas contrary to the general Jewish standpoint. A Jew cannot by this irregularity become an Aryan patriot. He can only become a somewhat dissident Jew or part-Jew.

This is why one cannot approve the admission of dissident Jews into organizations such as the original National Front in the U.K., of which the Jews Albert Elder and Gerry Viner were examples; and into revisionist ranks in North America—because of their stance critical of the general Jewish propagation of the “holocaust” myth—of which two examples are Ditlieb Felderer, a Jew married to a Filipino, and the Jew David Cole.

Currently operating in the U.K. is a curious gentleman of the name of Alexander Baron who has stated that he is not a Jew himself, yet issues his literature under the suggestive imprint of “Anglo-Hebrew Publishing”, has collaborated with a Jewish rabbi in defence of “The Talmud”, and vigorously denounces anti-Semitism. The mass of industriously researched material he has produced, exposing the *Searchlight* magazine of London and the vicious gang of Jews responsible for this “anti-Fascist” publication and its associated harassment of and violence against nationalists and National-Socialists, is all to the good, but has to be seen as overshadowed by the overall defence of Jewry, and the disparagement of its opponents which he so heavily indulges in. Such troublesome characters of confusion and complication we cannot afford to get connected with.

ANTI-HITLERITES OF NATIONALISM

Requiring rejection to the extent of positive identification as among the enemy are those lingering remnants of the former National Front of the U.K. who now regularly resort to denigration of Adolf Hitler and National Socialism in their efforts to gain popularity on the cheap, thus revealing how far gone they are with the pox of promiscuous compromise. As a recent example of this we have the Blackburn Organiser of the NF declaring in a letter published in the Lancashire *Evening Telegraph* (26 April 1994) “Hitler was responsible for the slaughter of more Britons than any other man in history. The NF, a pro-British organisation, will never sympathise with Hitler or National Socialist policies.” The very idea still held by some ostensibly on our side that we should still consider as comrades-in-arms such despicable dealers in dishonesty, clamouring to profit from the ignorance and passion generated by the enemy media, is revolting. Such political prostitutes deserve to be taken out and horsewhipped, not befriended.

Associated with or parallel to the anti-Hitlerites of the NF (U.K.). and likewise on our rejection list, are the Strasserites, admirers of the brothers Gre-

gor and Otto Strasser who had to be expelled from Hitler’s NSDAP because of their desire to turn National-Socialism into national-bolshevism (as dealt with in *Gothic Ripples* No. 20/21). These subverters are appearing in a number of quarters, one of them being something called the “European Liberation Front” inspired by the late Francis Parker Yockey, who in his writings, such as his book *Imperium*, deflected the basic issue from that of race to that of culture, thus causing a confusion of causality.

A constituent of this new “Front” is a body called “New Resistance”, described as distinctly “National Bolshevik”, as being a mixture of Strasserism, the European New Right (an appellation for a distracting trend of blanché unorthodoxy), and German “revolutionary conservatism”, whatever that is. Our focus for headway to victory has to be always and entirely set on authentic National-Socialism, and at no time and in no way diffused on to other and lesser creeds which fall short of it.

POLITICAL PLAYBOYS AND CLOWNS

A different type of undesirable to be relentlessly avoided and excluded are the Hollywood Nazis, those freaks whose understanding and enactment of National-Socialism goes no further than babbling about the past, seeking souvenirs of the past, and dressing up in the garb and accoutrements of the past as though all this makes them some part of the great past themselves. These foolish figures of fantasy and fetish are political playboys at the best, not political workers and fighters as the men and women of the Vanguard must be. At their worst they are public exhibitionists who act out and fulfill the Hollywood caricature of National-Socialism to the immense delight and benefit of the enemy. They are not, whatever they think and say, National-Socialists at all who are by definition those who transform the word into the deed, and they have to be told so and ruthlessly put aside.

Much akin to the playboys of the swastika are the clowns of the U.K.’s Ku Klux Klan whose contribution to the cause of Aryan salvation is to wrap themselves in sheets, surreptitiously burn fiery crosses, hold private sessions big on talk and beer, and at the most sally forth occasionally to put a brick through a Coloured person’s window. An indication of how damaging to the racial cause these clowns can be by the ridicule they so readily and rightly arouse was provided by a report in the *Western Mail* of Wales (6 December 1994) of a KKK event at which, as a change from the customary sheet, the leader of the lunatics was dressed in a military cap, camouflage trousers and jackboots, and with his friends, while giving “Nazi salutes”, thrashed a suspended effigy with a stick while shouting “Kill the blacks” and “We are the superior race”. Dissociating from and denouncing these clowns is an essential part of the clean-up, clarification and restructuring the NS Vanguard has to undertake.

Another form of injurious exhibitionism we have to be on our guard against and exclude is that manifested by the likes of a Michael McLaughlin who for a time and to its downfall headed the British Movement in the U.K., having gained his position by his promise to adhere to its constitution which promise he proceeded immediately to break. Until his megalomaniacal pretensions so outstripped him as to leave him stranded in naked exposure—whereupon he discarded the organization, blaming its members for not having lived up to his expectations—this trumpery charlatan fed his followers a dazzling diet of massive exaggeration as to his ever-increasing success and rapid approach to power, nourishing his own ego to obesity thereby. While so doing he did achieve a big increase in the nominal membership. This was by the simple and disastrous expedient of down pitching his appeal to the gutter level of every kind of mindless and unsightly street ruffian capable between beer cans of frothing “Heil McLaughlin!”, along with sundry obscenities against Jews and Coloureds which only served to make spectators strongly sympathetic to the latter. Behind a façade of National-Socialism men like this, driven by unprincipled vanity, function as political rubbish collectors, casting dirt on our creed.

SKINHEADS

This brings us to the subject of skinheads. Over the past decade or so many National-Socialists, as well as nationalists, have allowed themselves to be driven by a desperate quest for numbers, seen fallaciously as the supreme measure of headway, to grasp at skinheads, who superficially are at loggerheads with the system, as a source of extra numbers and increased militancy. For this accretion they have been willing to pay the price of lowering their standards and even acclaiming skinheads as the standard bearers of a coming millennium, frontfighters for a resplendent future. This intemperate laudation has of course marked a gross debasement of the persons and bodies concerned. In their anxiety to make themselves sufficiently attractive to the skinheads they have committed the cardinal error of converting themselves to the skinheads instead of requiring and accomplishing the reverse. They have thus ended up as yet another example of the inevitable result of the numbers game, namely the tail wagging the dog.

“The Nazis Were Never Like This”, was the heading of a letter published in the London newspaper, *The Independent*, (9 December 1992) which specifically referred to “neo-Nazis” in Germany today, but which can apply to skinheads everywhere, when it said that “... the crisply uniformed and disciplined units of the *Sturmabteilung* (“Storm Troopers”) and *Schutzstaffel* (SS) were welcome then because, rightly or wrongly and despite subsequent history, they alone were seen as capable of bringing order to streets dominated by scruffy, unruly, often violent mobs: in other words, the counterparts of the neo-Nazis

one sees in press photographs and on television today.”

It is a mistake, admittedly, to disregard the fact that there is some good in some skinheads, who at least are prepared to have a go, which is more than can be said of many nationalists and even quite a lot of nominal National-Socialists. It is, if anything, an even bigger mistake to disregard or discount the fact that there is much that is very bad in skinheads. The problem is to draw on and increase the good in some of them to the exclusion of the bad in all of them: to bring into line with us whatever proportion of them have the potential, and this without in the process running any danger of dropping into line with them, as has occurred so far in dealing with them. For authentic National-Socialists conversion is a one-way street, our way only. Let there be absolutely no misunderstanding about this iron rule!

What has to be put to skinheads and very firmly indeed impressed upon them is that they have been infected by the malignant media with a thoroughly false view of National-Socialism as present in the Germany of Adolf Hitler. Pioneered by frontline ex-servicemen, used to strict discipline amid the dangers of fighting the foe, theirs was no uprising of some slovenly and raucous rabble, but a tightly disciplined revolt against Democracy by those who had become political soldiers as a sequel to being military ones, exchanging one uniform for another.

Democracy is disorder. It is not to be fought and remedied by more disorder, indulgence in which makes the participants part of the processes of Democracy, not part of its cure. That is the first part of the lesson that skinheads have to learn, if they are to be of any use at all to us. The second part is that real National-Socialism is in conflict with all the manifestations of disorder characterizing Democracy, its aim being a new and much greater orderliness through a revolutionary transformation of state and society.

National-Socialism’s pursuit of good order—for which another name is harmony—pertains to every aspect of life, including all the arts and leisure activities in the culture of the Folk. In this it is totalitarian, recognizing and responding to the totality of life in all its interactions. Responding to the harmonious workings of nature in the pattern of good order of the universe, National-Socialism seeks a reflective harmony in all the affairs of man. It seeks this good order in, for example, a just and efficient social and economic structure, and sees it in good music which by definition is harmonious.

In contrast to and in conflict with this good music of National-Socialism is the discordant din which skinheads delight in. Such cacophony, in its range of revolting forms from plain “pop” by way of “rock” to even more excruciating emissions of noise, is the authentic death sound of Democracy. It is accordingly an evil which National-Socialism has to wage war on, along with all the other evils of the death system.

MIND-DRUGGING BY "MUSIC"

There is a rhythm natural to Aryan men and women indicated by their breathing rate and heart beat. Where the beat of "music" is speeded up much above the normal pulse rate per minute, tension is built up in the emotional system of the person participating to the deleterious point of what amounts to a hypnotic seizure of the mind. In this condition the critical faculties are overcome and suspended by the convulsions of the senses, reason collapses, and in this "hypnoid" state there is a greatly increased suggestibility. The implantation of ideas by way not merely of words sung (or shouted or screeched) but indirectly by behaviour and display is greatly facilitated.

This is a state of "possession" examined by the renowned psychologist, Dr. William Sargant, in his book, *The Mind Possessed* (Heinemann, London, 1973). It is a condition of induced mental dependency highly advantageous to the sinister promoters of this type of "music", psycho-narcotic in nature, being at one and the same time highly profitable to their pockets and powerfully effective for their political programme. They achieve the desired state of "possession" in the multitudes of young people addicted to this aural drug by means of the overpowering effect of continual, primitive, repetition of sound, including the hammer blows of a frantic rate of drumbeat, against a background of disorientation caused by rapidly flashing lights.

This amounts to a mugging of the mind. The purpose of the muggers is to break down barriers in the brain, and brainwash away distinctions of race and sex in the youth to whom the future belongs, thus capturing that future. The high personification of this processing to unisexual multiracialism by music and movement is the futuristic freak, Michael Jackson, who has amassed \$350 million for his services in blurring in his own frame distinctions between Black and White and male and female. In this hideous creature we see the shape of things to come in the high days of perfected Democracy.

Frank admissions of the brainwashing in view have come from such as "rock" star Frank Zappah in the U.S.A., saying "The loud sounds and the bright lights of today are tremendous indoctrination tools"; and Paul Cantor, another noise-maker in the same land, saying "The new rock music is intended to ... prepare young people for revolution": meaning the revolutionary advance of multiracialism, Democracy's zenith. Skinheads, while they may radiate and ingest a somewhat different message from that conveyed by the above two minstrels of degeneration, nevertheless practise the same back-to-the-jungle method of mind-bending by primitive "music" plus primitive physical contortion as is used by the likes of Zappah and Cantor, and those who stand behind them, to promote their revolution of multiracialism. Whatever the difference of content, the mode of conveyance is virtually the same, the damage to per-

sonality just as bad, so that the skinheads, while fondly seeing themselves as rebels, are to be seen on this assessment as relatives of all the rest of the jungle "music" tribe.

National-Socialism, skinheads need to learn, is not signified by the silly superficiality of adorning one's clothing with iron crosses and other unearned war decorations, or by tattooing swastikas on one's anatomy, or shouting "Sieg Heil!" at short intervals. It is not asserted by beating up some Negro or Pakistani who happens to come along and does so only because renegades of our own race have let him come into the country and stay there. It is not expressed by bellowing beer-swilling ditties to the accompaniment of the "music" discussed above and its associated gyrations which come straight from the jungle, and are appropriate to a celebrating assembly of Central African cannibals jubiling around the cooking pot.

There must be no attempt whatsoever, while they remain in their unregenerate condition, to recruit them indiscriminately and in bulk, or to allow them to participate in or even hang around any National-Socialist activity so that they appear to be connected with us. Instead, they must always and only be dealt with on the outside and at a distance, and only individually adopted where over a sufficient, testing period there are solid grounds for deeming such individuals really suitable.

Right from the first moment of any such dealings with any of them it must be made abundantly clear to them that there is no such thing as a National-Socialist skinhead, only those who cease to be skinheads in the process of becoming genuine National-Socialists. They must understand that we make the demands and lay down the conditions, and that provisional acceptance by us means wholehearted acceptance by them of the values, principles, standards and discipline of real National-Socialism—and which involves the permanent abandonment of their jungle music. If they can bring themselves genuinely and permanently to accept this upliftment, fine, and a welcome to them. If not, then an instantaneous goodbye to them, and no further wastage of time and effort on them.

TIME-WASTERS, LOUTS AND BOOZERS

The process of scrupulous elimination of all undesirables, which is essential for the selection of the right people for the Vanguard, must encompass all those who, whatever their overshadowed merits, are pre-eminently incorrigible time-wasters, addicted to unproductive talk, talk, talk, as an escape from getting down to solid, useful work. Our time is too precious to waste with any of these garrulous loafers who are much more of a hindrance than a help.

In contrast to the usual political party or other political organization which strives to attract and take in virtually anyone who says "yes" to the policy

and dips in his pocket for some small subscription, the Vanguard has to vet people exhaustively and stringently, passing by whatever number of inadequate persons in the search for the few good ones who each on his or her own surpass a multitude of the lesser ones in his or her capacity to advance the cause. We have to look for the people of superior calibre who, contrary to the what-can-I-get mentality of Democracy are motivated by what-can-I-give to a cause which fires them. Such people are repelled by low standards and attracted by high ones. They are people readily responsive to the concepts of honour, duty, service. Thus, in scanning for selection—and by our invitation only—we have to assess a person's motivations carefully. At the same time we have to assure ourselves of a person's stability, for we cannot afford to expend time and trouble on a recruit whose past record indicates that he or she lacks constancy, and is prone to changing enthusiasms. Time and care on vetting in the first place will be amply repaid in saving us from the consequences of slipshod recruiting.

Reflective of poor standards is the practice which, sadly, has emerged in some National-Socialist quarters of indulging in vulgarity of expression in unison with the parlance of Democracy's debased television as the tone-setter. The four-letter words for excrement and copulation are frequently employed as though crudity in respect of bodily functions, intrinsically private and intimate, denotes some fashionable robustness. With Democracy sexual activity is obtrusively debauched to the level of an omnipresent pursuit of sensual pleasure devoid of higher purpose, whereas for National-Socialism it is inseparable from the higher purpose of furtherance of the race.

We now come to the variety of repulsive louts who, influenced by the malignant media's ceaseless depiction of National-Socialism as some supreme, demoniacal repository of violence, viciousness and vileness, are attracted to add their disgusting appearance and behaviour to some trumpery show of a connection with it as a way to shock society'slingering decency under the impact of burgeoning Democracy. Theselouts are no more than simply antisocial, and would be no less so under National-Socialism, except that National-Socialism would, by the very nature of its educational and youth measures within its general framework and atmosphere, almost certainly prevent the emergence of such excrescence, and most certainly and immediately cauterize it, if it did nevertheless appear.

This dross ranges from football hooligans, dripping their beer down their sweat shirts and bellowing their drivel, as they stick their paws out in what is supposed to be some imitation of the Hitler salute, to the nightmarish apparitions known as "punks", resplendent in their multicoloured, Mohican hairstyles, and with rings in their ears if not in their noses; in short savages straight from the jungle. For the Vanguard it is a necessary task of pest control to protect our cause from contaminating connection with these synthetic savages, and this by constant denunciation, and by booting away any of them inflicting

their presence in our proximity.

Among other desecrators of our cause are the cemetery decorators who sally forth in the dead of night to daub swastikas, very often the wrong way round, as well as idiotic and illiterate slogans on Jewish gravestones, as though some heroic achievement exists in attacking the stones of the dead instead of the bodies and beliefs of our enemies among the living. These ghouls of the graveyard deserve and should receive our punishment, whatever else. This is not to overlook the fact that there is much evidence of Jews themselves daubing anti-Jewish signs and slogans both to discredit National-Socialism and to stimulate Jewish solidarity and emigration to Israel.

Next, the Vanguard has to take a very firm stand against politics by way of booze, and strictly exclude the boozers, as an indispensable manifestation of its seriousness of intention and its fitness to succeed as the instrument for victory. For far too long pubs have been the home away from home for nationalists and National-Socialists without any careful limitation on the usage of the premises and the consumption of their beverages. The result has been that down with the drink has gone the interests of the cause, another round and yet another proving irresistible. The bar has remained the only goal of the evening with reminiscences, fantasies and other idle gossip stealing away the time, purpose and energy from useful activity, while the publican pockets the money for all this wastage, instead of it going to the cause. National-Socialism's elite does not stand in need of inspiration from a bottle, and must make any use of pubs a matter of strict and constant control to avoid the abuse here described.

The disgraceful yearly display of drunken brawling at the Diksmuide folk festival in Belgium by beer can braves from Britain must be put a stop to—with a Vanguard contingent acting as gendarmerie, if necessary.

Keen caution is required regarding recruiting anyone who has been convicted and imprisoned not for a purely political offence, but for an ordinary criminal one. Such conviction may show the person to have qualities of enterprise and daring in defiance of the conventions of contemporary society, along with various talents which could be useful to us, and this may well appeal to us, being ourselves in conflict with Democracy's contemporary society, and not bound by its morality where this is at variance with the vital interests of race and nation. However, we have always to keep right in front of us the fact that the person did what he did purely for personal gain and not for the benefit of a cause. Though this does not mean that any proper extenuating factors are not to be taken into account, or that the person cannot change to the extent henceforth of serving a cause above self, it does mean that at least a very large question mark, if not a cancellation mark, has to be put against that person, requiring us to conduct a very careful appraisal and sharp testing of that person before any provisional acceptance.

QUEERS AND SATANISTS

With the advance of Democracy has dawned the day of the queers, who in true Democratic fashion of deceit try to pass themselves off as "gay", and as good as normal at that. In a society denoted as permissive of sundry depravity, and tolerant of about every ism except National-Socialism, the queers are hard at work proselytizing and propagandizing, extending their influence through their infiltration of positions of power in an insidious take-over from within.

National-Socialism, the upholder of the natural order, committed to the preservation of the race by its procreation, cannot accommodate those who pursue an unnatural order suicidal for the race. Thus it is for the Vanguard to take up and lead the fight against this cancerous abomination, evincing its determination to do so by always naming these perverts as the queers they are, thus opposing their important bid to facilitate acceptance by way of favourable nomenclature; and by ensuring that our door is always firmly shut to them.

We come finally in this survey of undesirables to those persons who delight in dabbling in the outer and most bizarre reaches of the occult which they designate as "Satanism"; and who, in the course of this, seek to add spice to their concoction by bringing in the name, the leader and the symbol of National-Socialism, wrongly purporting a connection with their weirdness, and thus causing a contamination with it. Here we need to go no further than to quote as follows a speech of Adolf Hitler at Nuremberg on 6 September 1938 to put on record our rejection of these people.

We will not allow mystically-minded occult folk with a passion for exploring the secrets of the world beyond to steal into our movement. Such folk are not National Socialists, but something else—in any case something which has nothing to do with us.

Part III of THE WAY AHEAD will be published in the next issue [of *Gothic Ripples*], and will be devoted to the Vanguard view on the two great issues of Religion and Race forming the foundation for the right ideology, as one of the three vital requirements for victory, along with selection of the right people. [Just as soon as that issue of *Gothic Ripples* becomes available it will be published in *Liberty Bell*.]

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Dear Mr. Dietz:

I noticed the comment of Dr. Charles Weber in the April issue concerning my brief piece (*LB* 1/95) about Charles Murray's *Bell Curve* and the criticism of Murray in an issue of *USA Today*.

Weber takes me mildly to task for addressing the subject of Murray's book without having read it. He is right, of course, that I could have responded more effectively to *USA* columnist Barbara Reynolds if I had done the homework. At the time I had not yet purchased the book, but had only gleaned some of its contents from sympathetic reviews and a (biased yet revealing) mainstream television interview.

The thrust of my own comment, in any case, was surely not Murray, but Reynolds, and what she represents. Her editorial, as I see it, expresses the characteristic inability of blacks, whatever their level of sophistication, to see a situation from any point of view but their own, and their tendency, likewise, to reject out of hand any opinion that does not flatter them. (I do not claim that such a tendency is peculiar to blacks, by any means, but only that it is, on average, noticeably stronger in them.) This limitation, I believe, lies deep in the black nature, and contributes, as much as does anything else, to the problem that arises when the two races are brought into collision with one another. I am likewise convinced, by way of both literature and common sense, that the roughly 15-point IQ gap long cited in racist literature is only the beginning of the story.

My own motive in using Murray as a point of departure is not to review the case (I am only now beginning to delve into it) that he himself has made, but merely to use the *Bell Curve* "issue" as one more instance of the absurdity now prevalent in the American mainstream. In tossing out commentary of this kind I seek to chip away, a little at a time, at the resistance of our own people to the truth that is (whether or not men like Murray write their books) already in front of them. I want to shake white readers loose from the docile and self-apologetic frame of mind within which they presently operate. I make this effort in the hope that one day this hard accretion of self-defeat will shatter and our people will have the nerve to admit the obvious.

Murray's material, once it becomes an "in" topic, will be debated at length by those with the state-approved credentials. This much is good, as far as it goes, and the opening of this forum is something we should welcome. But what our folk need, beyond this intellectual tit-for-tat, is the self-reliance to trust their own perceptions of the truth even when these perceptions are out of fashion. Without this basic independence of thought they will gain little from the exchange generated by the IQ "controversy" as

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it becomes the plaything of theoreticians in the ivory towers.

Weber also suggests that I would show more nerve if I went by my name instead of using the "Prof" label. This, too, is a point worth acknowledgement. I will acknowledge it here for the first and last time. A number of us who write for maverick publications like this one do use various zips and name-handles instead of actual signatures. There are various reasons for this practice. In some cases, these reasons involve ourselves, in some cases, others close to us, as well. Maybe we want to protect our families. Maybe we want to protect our jobs, which enable us, in some cases, to plant messages within the mainstream, and without which we would be worth little to ourselves and to those on the front lines. If it makes Weber feel any better, I speak my mind at times on race and related issues in fairly conspicuous fashion. I am no stranger, by this time, to the ADL databanks, and to prying reporters who want to make noise about my affiliations with certain controversial persons within the movement. But this, I think, is beside the point, or at least it ought to be. The racist who uses a handle, or who guests on a network television program wearing dark glasses, does not owe the rest of us any explanation. We would all do well to dislodge our own cinders before criticizing each other.

Dr. Weber says that he liked Revilo P. Oliver's willingness to take his stand without use of a pen name. I admired Oliver, as well, for this reason and for some others besides. But I do not understand why Professor Oliver must now be the standard, either moral or literary, against which all other material in *Liberty Bell* is measured. I am, in fact, a little annoyed of late by the backhanded compliments (saying, in effect, that so-and-so tries hard, but alas, is no Professor Oliver) dished out to the talented and generous contributors who continue each month to make this publication possible. I am not too happy, either, with certain types within the movement, generally older and with positions long ago secured, who make a practice of assessing from a distance the moral substance of those who may operate elsewhere within less obliging circumstances.

Over the years I have seen far too much space in racist magazines devoted to the jibes of readers (often, it is clear, cantankerous or petty jealous types, though I do not put Dr. Weber in that category) who wish to target other writers by way of insult or innuendo. The nature of this forum is the editor's prerogative. But for my part, I have no wish to excite or in any way contribute to a pissing contest. For this reason, anyone who wants the last word on a subject of this kind with me is welcome to it. For my part, I will continue to send off commentary, from time to time, for as long as the reader and the editor seem to want it. In the meantime, it is my hope that those of us with kindred ideas can begin to see our shared cause as the end that is truly worth our efforts.

The Prof

America's SS: *THE SILVER SHIRTS*

by

A.V. Schaefferberg

In his prophetic novel, *1984*, George Orwell envisioned the kind of society America is rapidly becoming. A motto of that "future" time was, "Who controls the present, controls the past, who controls the past, controls the future." Part of that mind-control *was* assisted by the Memory Hole. It was an incinerator into which were thrown any pieces of information about the past which were considered damaging to the Big Brother System. To demonstrate how close the Jew-controlled Establishment in our country resembles that of 1984, we present the story of William Dudley Pelley.

Although the leader of a mass-movement that commanded headlines throughout the decade of the 1930s, his name is totally unknown today, except to a handful of researchers. Outside of infrequent, fleeting references to him in a few histories of the Depression Era, there are no books about his dramatic life; not even any newspaper or magazine articles. His photograph cannot be found



outside the pages of *The New Order*, nor any photographs of his tens of thousands of followers, even though both his image and theirs dominated newsreels and publications of the time. His speeches are unobtainable even though they were heard by millions, sometimes over nation-wide radio broadcasts. He attracted the friendship of legendary heroes like Charles Lindbergh and the hatred of legendary scoundrels like Franklin Roosevelt. Sinclair Lewis wrote a full-length novel, *It can't*

happen Here, based on his life. Along with the works of Theodore Dreiser, H.L. Mencken, F. Scott Fitzgerald and other luminaries of the 1920s, his books entered college curricula in the forefront of modern American literature. Yet, no college course in Great Books today features any of his titles. He was one of the most important creators of the silent film, the author of such classic screen plays as *The Hunchback of Notre Dame*. Despite the man's undeniable impact on his times, his name has been thoroughly expunged from contemporary history, his books (worse than banned or burned) unpublished, his political achievements consigned to oblivion.

In trying to research the material for this article, after months of investigation, I learned that his only biography was written eighteen years ago, an obscure university thesis by a hostile postgraduate student. Some scattered fragments of additional data came from xeroxes of Pelley's own moldering publications, via dusty library archives. Everything about him has been tossed into a genuine Memory Hole, no less thorough in its destruction but far more real than Orwell's model. The Jewish Big Brother biography was written eighteen years ago, an obscure university thesis by a hostile postgraduate student. Some scattered fragments of additional data came from xeroxes of Pelley's own moldering publications, via dusty library archives. Everything about him has been tossed into a genuine Memory Hole, no less thorough in its destruction but far more real than Orwell's model. The Jewish Big Brother who blots out all information about William Dudley Pelley is the same controller of the past who makes sure there are plenty of school books and pseudo-documentaries for television and the movies extolling the "greatness" of Martin Luther King, Jr. or Malcolm X. What could Pelley have done that so struck to the heart of the Kosher System, that ignited such a complete effort to erase all knowledge of his existence from American consciousness?

Horror in Russia

William Dudley Pelley was born in Lynn, Massachussettes, on March 12th, 1890, into abject poverty. All he could remember of his childhood was that he was "perpetually hungry and shabbily dressed". Unlike apologists for negro ineptitude, adversity did not deter young William from making something of his life. For him, destitution was not an excuse for laziness and failure, but a catalyst for betterment. Still

in his early teens, he found lowly employment at a tissue factory, where he labored long, tedious hours for very little money. But he saved his pennies and educated himself by reading at every opportunity. Reading was his only passion and escape from the drudgery and material impoverishment of his adolescence. He especially loved the classic American authors Poe, Emerson, O'Henry, etc.—and dreamed of being a writer. By his 18th year, he was better educated than most college graduates and began to realize his dream, when he was hired as a junior reporter for Springfield's *Homestead* newspaper. Although his income was hardly better than his wages at the tissue factory, he married in 1911 and was blessed with a baby girl the following year. She died around her third birthday, however. Despite his "frightful sorrow", or because of it, he worked harder at his craft than ever, his reputation as a reporter of extraordinary descriptive powers grew and, for the first time in his life, he was financially comfortable. In the following years, his feature articles in such nationally-known magazines as *Red Book*, *Colliers* and *The Saturday Evening Post* were admired by millions of readers.

By the end of the First World War, Pelley's prestige was such that his publisher commissioned him as a foreign correspondent on assignment in Eastern Europe. With a generous expense account and the diplomatic rank of "consular courier" conferred upon him by the United States government, he shipped out for Russia in early 1918. To him, his assignment was a fun adventure, a well-paid lark and a chance to vacation overseas. It turned out to be something far more. Until his fateful voyage, Pelley was a happy-go-lucky, up-and-coming author, with no real convictions of his own. As he remembered years later, the experience transformed him "from a nondescript writer to a grim crusader."

For two years, he covered 8,000 miles by train and on horse-back through Siberia, into the Ukraine, across the Steppes of Central Russia, into the Far East and through Asia to Japan. Through all these extensive Travels, he was a personal witness to the communist revolution. He saw peasant women crucified to barn doors and a schoolroom in which the teacher and all the students had been bludgeoned to death, their brains splattered against the blackboard. There were whole villages depopulated by murder, with corpses swinging from every lamppost and choking the nearby streams. These victims were rarely military personnel, nor politically involved in any way. They were common people, mostly farmers

and factory workers. Such horrific sights, encountered wherever the Reds passed, almost unhinged his mind. But they were so commonplace, he gradually grew enured to the sea of blood through which he traveled daily. He learned first-hand that communism was not an ideology, it was simply the organization of the worst criminal elements led by Jews to destroy Gentile society. This was no speculation. Virtually all the commissars he knew (some of whom he interviewed) were Jewish, while the majority of their activists were common murderers and perverts "liberated" from prison. They were motivated by hatred, power and revenge, nothing else. All their slogans about "Equality" and "Peace" were Transparent ruses to dupe thoughtless liberals among the Russian people, their victims. Drunk with success, the Jews boasted openly of their plans for world conquest by fomenting the same kind of divisiveness in other Gentile countries. They told Pelley that Russia was just a stepping stone, a base for international subversion. Even their phony "communism" was utterly dispensable, just like their own followers, who they never hesitated to massacre on the slightest whim. Their long-range goal was a one-world government, in which the Gentiles became willing slaves, fuelling an international economy with their genius and labor, while the Jewish people dominated all important positions of power. "After Russia," one greasy commissar smirked at Pelley, "then Europe and later, America!"

"Hooray for Hollywood!"

Before his political awakening overseas, he knew nothing about the Jews, never heard them discussed at home while growing up and, at most, thought of them only as members of a non-Christian religion. Returning to the United States a changed and shaken man, Pelley made his report to Representative Louis F. McFadden of Pennsylvania in 1920. The politician was so alarmed at what he heard, he personally read aloud the *Protocols of the Learned Elders of Zion* on the floor of Congress, officially introducing this vitally important document into the *Congressional Record*. (The Protocols represent an agenda for bringing Jewish leaders into positions of political and economic dominance over Gentile society. Predictably condemned as fraudulent by hysterical Jews, the *Protocols* were verified as recently as 1984, when Lincoln and Bladgett's popular book about the Grail legend, *Holy Blood-Holy Grail*, established their historical roots.) Soon after, Pelley was introduced to a

Justice Department official and Robert Sharpe, chief of State Department intelligence. They told him his experiences were entirely borne out by their abundant files on Jewish agitation in Russia and the United States. That these government men were so outspoken is a revealing indication of how much political power the Jews have accumulated in the last 75 years; it is today completely unthinkable that any American politician would even hint at criticizing the Jewish menace.

There seemed to be nothing that could halt "the historical inevitability" of the kosher one-world promised by Karl Marx. Pelley went back to his home in Vermont and tried to forget the "bath of horror" he knew was slowly enveloping civilization. He felt restless and frustrated and became unlivable, so much so, he and his wife divorced. These were the Roaring Twenties, when Americans were caught up in the hedonism of postwar prosperity. People lived for pleasure and let serious problems take care of themselves. Pelley too, was not immune from the spirit of his times. Trying to escape from his own conscience, he fled to Hollywood, California, where his reputation as an author preceded him, and he was hired as a screen writer at M.G.M. and Universal Studios. He worked furiously, turning out scripts for the leading motion pictures of the day. He even scripted a film version of his own short story, *The Shock*, which was an instant hit. His work was of such high calibre, he soon became one of the most respected and highest paid writers in Hollywood. In the words of his biographer, his esteemed screen plays for the leading actor of the silent screen "helped to establish Lon Chaney's reputation and forged a friendship between the two men. In addition to Chaney, he claimed 'constant entree' into the homes of Theda Bara, Chester Conklin and other famous actors, producers and directors."

Busy as he was with living it up in Hollywood high society, Pelley found time to write novels which catapulted his name into the highest levels of contemporary American fiction. Both *The Greater Glory* (extolling the simple values of life in a small New England town) and *The Fog* (a love story) were bestsellers and critically acclaimed. He was favorably compared to F. Scott Fitzgerald and regarded as at least the equal to Sinclair Lewis. But money and acclaim did not bring him inner peace. Ironically, he originally fled the realities of the East Coast for the fantasy mills of Hollywood, only to find himself in the midst of a largely

Jewish movie industry that was perverting the art of film into kosher propaganda which "benumbed, anesthetized and generally bilked" audiences. "While Gentiles concentrated on creativity," he said, "furriers from Second Avenue and pants-pressers from Milwaukee began to open studios to photograph canned dramas." He felt inwardly ashamed to have had anything to do with the Hollywood illusion, as he saw the Jewish shadow fall across his own country, just as it had in Russia.

At the height of his career success and his emotional turmoil, on May 29th, 1928, he was suddenly and unexpectedly confronted by a deeply moving personal experience. He wrote about it in *My Seven Minutes in Eternity*, which sold 90,000 copies. Before 1930 he received more than 20,000 letters from his readers. Despite the pamphlet's phenomenal success, the author revealed few details concerning his experience beyond his insistence that synchronous events are personally significant "coincidences" are occurrences in everyone's life that connect us to some Divine Plan. Never before a religious man, Pelley was no St. Paul suuck off his horse by God's holy lightning. Whatever happened to him, it appears to have been not unlike the vision a young Hitler had of his life when, as a 15 year-old student in Linz, Austria, something in a performance of Wagner's music showed him a glimpse of his future mission. Such personally significant happenings are not at all that rare, but usually occur to revolutionary personalitie of a high order. In any case, Pelley saw that he was wasting his time in "the necromancy of making movies" that were becoming more anti-Gentile, and determined to devote the rest of his life doing meaningful work, whatever that turned out to be. He was ready for greatness, he felt, but lacked any sense of direction.

Most of all, he wanted to do something worthwhile for his Aryan race and Western culture. He was not unaware of the National Socialist Revolution going on in Germany, but he thought it could not possibly triumph over the enormous power of Jewry. He remembered how the slimy commissar in Russia had prophesized that Europe was to be the next victim. He studied *Mein Kampf* and wondered if the principles so clearly laid out therein could be applied in the United States. It seemed too good to be true. Next year, the sham prosperity of the 1920s collapsed wit the Great Depression. The United States went bankrupt and its people knew real fear for the first time . As millions of bitterly disil-

lusioned Americans allowed themselves to be suckered in by a burgeoning communist movement and the transparent lies of Franklin Roosevelt, Pelley was horrified to recognize the same pattern of mass-upheaval he witnessed in Russia being replayed in his own country.

The Birth of the Silver Legion

When, however, Adolf Hitler was elected to power on January 30th, 1933, Pelley was thunderstruck. The impossible had happened. At least somewhere in the world, a Gentile people had pulled themselves together in the cause of their racial existence. The omnipotent Jews were defeated after all. If White men could save their people in Germany, the same could be accomplished here. The very next day, Pelley founded the *Silver Legion*, regarded by most historians as the first genuine National Socialist-style organization in the United States. True, the roots of the *American-German Bund* went back ten years earlier. But it was essentially a fraternal group with no political goals save, much later, preserving peace between America and the Third Reich. The *Silver Legion* began as something altogether different. From its inception, its thrust was the attainment of political power, to someday become the U.S. government and establish a folkish state based on the fundamentals of *Mein Kampf*. More important even than these obvious political and philosophical goals, a new spirit, the dynamic will of the White Race would be summoned to inspire Americans as never before.

From the outset, however, Pelley was faced with a serious dilemma: While he wanted to clearly identify his organization as National Socialist, he was anxious to make it appear as American as possible. Although he loved the Swastika symbol and understood its pan-Aryan significance, he knew too that it was now the official emblem of a foreign power. He did not wish to create the impression that he was the agent of another country. Instead of the old Hooked Cross, he chose the letter "L" as the symbol of his new organization. It was simple to reproduce under a variety of circumstances and stood for Love of the Aryan Race, Loyalty to the American Republic, Liberation from Jewry and, of course, the *Silver Legion* itself. He personally designed its flag, a square, white standard emblazoned with a capital L in scarlet. For the next nine years, it was to be seen by millions of Americans, carried into vicious street battles and hoisted over every state in the Union.

But in the beginning, beyond creating its first symbol, Pelley really

did not know where or how to start. At last, he fell back on his writing skills and published a tabloid newspaper, *Liberation*, at his own expense. It created a sensation, becoming virtually an overnight success by attracting not only numerous financial supporters, but expressive writers like himself and first a dozen or so, then hundreds and very shortly thousands of unemployed men anxious to sell the publication from street corners. In Jewized cities like New York or Washington, D.C., these early activists were attacked by kosher mobs, so the same enemy that made Hitler's Stormtroops necessary were likewise responsible for the *Silver Shirts* coming into being. Pelley's choice of the name was an obvious reference to the German S.S., but their presence at newspaper sales and public speeches was no less vital. In so short a space of time, the *Silver Shirts* became the *Silver Legion*. The vast majority of Legionaries were by no means armchair revolutionaries, but tough street fighters from factories, offices and high school and college campuses. Many were also ex-servicemen, betrayed veterans of the phony "War to End all Wars". They saw through the Jewish nature of the Depression and regarded F.D.R. as the most Jewized president ever inflicted on the country. Most of all, they wanted to sweep aside the liberal-capitalist-democratic scam and build in its place a free republic of happy citizens deeply conscious of their racial heritage. To achieve that goal, they strove to build a real political movement aimed seriously at putting their leaders in office through legal, constitutional means.

Their uniforms consisted of a cap identical to those worn by Hitler's Stormtroopers, blue corduroy trousers, leggings, tie and silver shirt with a red "L" over the heart. To offset their European appearance, the *Silver Shirts* never failed to fly the Stars and Stripes side by side with the Legion flag, and their official anthem was a pro-Aryan text set to the famous Civil War march, the *Battle Hymn of the Republic*. "Silver symbolizes the purity of our Fight", Pelley announced, "and the purity of our Race!" Thus began what he referred to as "the Great Maratbon", conjuring images of Thermopylae—"the ultimate contest for existence between Aryan mankind and Jewry."

By the end of 1930, the Legion's growth was nothing less than extraordinary. Units were springing up all across the country, as Pelley found that he spoke as eloquently as he could write. By 1936, he was a nationally-known public figure, who had already addressed hundreds of

thousands of farmers, students, housewives and most usually, unemployed people all across the country. As he described once in *Liberation*, "Men in the little towns are suddenly galvanized by the piercing tocsinis of the *Silver Bugles* (the name of a *Silver Legion* drum and bugle corps). They crain their necks up from ledgers and lathes. Rippling nags go past foggy windows where they've viewed the world with increasing sullenness during this highly successful Jewish Depression. They deploy upon the sidewalks and behold the finest specimens of American manhood doing something to relieve mass resentment. They want to play their parts." Like the growing Legion of his followers, being a National Socialist activist, he felt "part of the very essence and fibre of my country's current history." His message was the simple truth: "Capitalist democracy has failed, but out of its putrid remains is struggling to be born its monstrous offspring, communism. The Russian people failed to crush that monster in its womb and suffered terribly. I know, I saw it happen. The same is happening here. It is not a struggle for capitalism or communism, but between White Civilization and Jewry."

Silver Shirts on the March!

Pelley's organization of the *Silver Legion* was unique. Although there were permanent barracks for *Silver Shirt* training and local units flourished in most states and in every region of the United States, there was no central headquarters building. Instead, the Chief, as he was popularly known to his followers, ran the Legion from his Ford touring car. He never stayed any place more than a few weeks, at most, but was constantly on the move, traveling from one headquarters to another, staging outdoor rallies and mass meetings along the way. Actually, he went through several cars per year, because he was driving an astounding 20,000 miles annually. Wherever he happened to be visiting at the time was the national headquarters from which he made all his phone calls to other headquarters. This extremely mobile leadership tied the various units very closely together and gave Pelley a tremendous understanding of Americans at all levels, in all parts of the country, while making him a personally known statesman to millions of people.

His plan for achieving power was open and direct: First, he would acquaint his fellow citizens with the *Silver Legion* program. Then he would enter the next presidential race in one state only for the experience he and his activists needed to understand practical politics. With

that real-life training, he would make a serious bid for the 1940 national election. Accordingly, his support was so widespread in Washington State that his name was placed on the presidential ballot, thanks to the hard, door-to-door campaign work of the *Silver Shirts*, who collected thousands of signatures on their circulating petitions. (Here, my research draws a blank, as I was unable to locate any sources describing the voter response he won. I conclude it must have been significant, for reasons which will soon be made clear.)

F.D.R.'s reinstatement as president brought closer the "conflict between the Light and Dark forces on earth"—a prophesy of the coming war against the Third Reich made by Pelley in his first national radio speech. His election bid increased *Silver Legion* membership three-fold and won some important figures, including George van Horn Moseley, a retired general in the U.S. Army, Congressional Representative Jacob Thorkelsen, Charles A. Lindbergh, Jr., and Walt Disney. All of them attended his public rallies and some shared the podium with the Chief. He was confident that, with this kind of high-level support and the obvious acceptance of millions of average Americans, the *Silver Legion* had a great destiny before it. As his biographer wrote, "Pelley looked forward to a World Axis, centered in an Aryanized Washington and made secure at either end in Berlin and Tokyo. As long as China tottered on the verge of becoming Stalin's satellite, the Japanese armies in Manchuria defended civilization against the insidious serpent of communism." Having lived in Japan for some time, Pelley came to deeply respect the Japanese as the bulwark in the Far East against the Soviet Union. He was therefore appalled at Roosevelt's attempts at goading Japan into a catastrophic war that would leave the door wide open to Communist expansion into Asia. The Chief proved all too prophetic here too, as the crippled American veterans of Korea and Viet Nam can attest.

As the 1940 presidential election approached, the *Silver Shirts*, now 100,000 strong (House Committee on Un-American Activities, Special Committee, 1939), were being taken very seriously by F.D.R., who recognized Pelley as a deadly serious contender; the Chief might not actually get into the White House, but he could control enough votes to swing the election away from the democrats. Roosevelt's popularity already waning, he could not risk his reelection and ordered the F.B.I. to "investigate" Pelley. Attorney General Frank Murphy balked at the ob-

vious political persecution and made excuses to the President, telling him it would be a mistake to make "martyrs out of the *Silver Shirts*". Martyrs, schmartyrs—democratic incumbency was at stake. so he ordered what Pelley referred to as his "Gentile satraps" to make life miserable for the *Silver Shirts*. Their North Carolina unit (the legion's largest headquarters and the closest thing they had to a national office) was raided by federal marshalls, its properties, including printing presses, confiscated, its residents arrested and jailed on a variety of contrived charges, all of which were dismissed but only after long months of financially draining court proceedings. Even so, none of the confiscated materials, as well as the legally owned building itself, were returned to the impoverished *Silver Shirts*; they were told by the smiling judge that they had the right to sue the government for damages.

Hard on the heels of the North Carolina raid, Congressman Dickstein (New York) called for a national ban on public display of the *Silver Shirt* uniform. The Chief was quick to respond: "Any kike who thinks he can tell me what kind of shirt I can wear, or that I can't wear a scarlet L on it, will get a punch in his nose that he'll remember until he lands in Abraham's bosom!" As even his unsympathetic biographer admits, "Pelley had grounds to believe that he was being harassed."

The harassment accelerated and he was charged with tax evasion. Although he beat that politically motivated charge, the great expense and time needed to defend himself from impending imprisonment sabotaged his 1940 campaign. By that time (November), U.S. involvement in the widening conflict against National Socialist Germany seemed virtually inevitable. Accordingly, Pelley changed the direction of the Legion from running for elective office to opposing Roosevelt and his Jewish warmongers. The *Silver Shirts* joined up with the *American-German Bund*, the *Ku Klux Klan* and numerous other patriotic organizations, large and small, united in mobilizing mass-opposition for peace. Here too, the Chief proved his power to win over millions, as national polls taken only a week before Pearl Harbor showed that more than three quarters of the Americans people were against war with the Axis unless the United States was physically attacked. How Roosevelt engineered that prerequisite, well-documented by some of the books offered for sale by *The New Order*, is too complex for retelling here. After America finally entered the war, Pelley was heartbroken at what he saw

as his country's slide into the abyss. His life's work of the past nine years, all the wonderful success of the *Silver Shirt* organization and its enthusiastic grass-root support, seemed in vain. He dissolved the Legion, even its newspaper; what else could he do?

He had remarried in 1935, but spent little time with his new wife, by whom he had a daughter. Close to despair, Pelley joined them in the small town of Nobelsville, Indiana, where he wanted to forget the world he had tried to save. His years of self-sacrifice seemed "a thankless job, striving to bring a vision to humankind, as humankind is constituted." But his wife, Helen, and some of his closest comrades urged him to continue, not to give up, in spite of the worst that had happened. Somewhat encouraged, he wanted personal assurance from the new Attorney General Biddle that he would be allowed to publish his views so long as he not undermine the war effort. Biddle gave him his word of honor that Pelley could publish without fear of restraint. Even though the country was at war, the right to free expression was constitutionally guaranteed.

A pro-Hitler Roll Call in Wartime America

In the midst of wartime hysteria sweeping the nation, he launched a new magazine, *Roll Call*. It was uncompromisingly National Socialist, its famous editor and *Silver Shirt* writers unapologetic. They documented the prewar oil embargo Roosevelt imposed on the Japanese, forcing them to witness the strangulation of their economy or risk a war to free themselves from U.S. domination. F.D.R. wanted war to save his own faltering "New Deal" economy by the kind of mass-production only wartime industry could provide. The Reds wanted war to save the moribund Soviet slave-empire from Hitler's armies. The Jews wanted war to preserve the capitalist/communist shell game they imposed so successfully on Gentile peoples throughout the world. Worst of all, in prosecuting war on the National Socialist Forces of Light, duped Americans were making it possible for the same forces of internal decay that rotted German society before Hitler cleaned them up to take root in our own economy.

Pelley sent pre-publication review copies to the Attorney General's office for government approval. Biddle could afford to appear magnanimous, confident as he was that the last of the *Silver Legion* would be

hoisted on its own petard by the war-hysteria of "patriotic" Americans. But he was flabbergasted to learn that *Roll Call* was incredibly successful! Far from the popular hostility he counted on to overwhelm Pelley, the feisty little publication was turning up everywhere. And people were openly agreeing with its notorious editor. Most serious of all, "many copies were found among U.S. servicemen in all theaters of the war," according to Pelley's biographer. Into March, 1942, print runs first doubled, then quadrupled. In the space of no more than five weeks, *Roll Call* grew at a phenomenal rate. Obviously, not everyone was taken in by the propaganda-factories of Hollywood, obsessed as its kosher movie-makers were with "Houses of Rothschild and Roosevelt in shorts, Confessions of Nazi Spies and Stalin in pajamas, dramas of thugs shooting up Gentile civilization, mobs storming sundry Bastilles and New Dealers breaking sod for billion-dollar privies," as Pelley wrote then. "We have gone to war because the selfish Jewish policy foisted on our country has pushed the United States back to the verge of bankruptcy.

Then, in late winter, he was urgently contacted by a U.S. naval officer who had been stationed at Pearl Harbor the previous December 7th. The man said that F.D.R. had lied to the American people about the attack, telling them that "although damage has been severe, our Pacific Fleet is still in tact." The officer said he personally witnessed the devastation, which was far worse than the President allowed. In fact, all the U.S. capital ships were either sunk or badly damaged, except for five unescorted (and, therefore, nonoperational) aircraft carriers and their obsolete planes. Pelley rushed into print with the news: "Japanese bombers made Pearl Harbor look like an abandoned W.P.A. project in Keokuk!" The special edition that hit the streets was a bombshell, and eaten up by a public starved for the truth, which had been the war's earliest casualty. But when the Attorney General showed the usual advance copy to F.D.R., the President exploded like the battleship *Arizona* and demanded Pelley's arrest on April 4th. The charge: high treason!

Forced to break his word of honor to Pelley, Biddle ordered a grand jury to indict the Chief on twelve felony counts of the Sedition Act. During the course of his trial, the intensely politically-motivated prosecutor, Oscar Ewing, a cigar-smoking "big wheel" in the Democrat Party, emphatically denied that the U.S. Pacific Fleet had been all that

badly damaged at Pearl Harbor, and subpoenaed Secretary of the Navy, Knox, to assure the judge (and a vast, listening radio audience) that the situation was well under control, with no cause for alarm. As he spoke, American military forces were in headlong retreat from an unbroken series of defeats throughout the entire Pacific Theater. But when Pelley's defense attorney threatened to have the entire salvage crew from Pearl Harbor testify in court to support *Roll Call's* controversial report, the judge swiftly dropped the main part of the indictment.

Now he was accused of falsely portraying the U.S. economy as bankrupt, therefore undermining public confidence during wartime. Here too, the defense was well prepared and subpoenaed Marriner Eccles, Chairman of the Federal Reserve Bank, who would have had to testify under cross examination and oath that the American economy was indeed only saved at the last moment by the war-production sparked by the blood-bath at Pearl Harbor. But the judge crushed the subpoena.

Sentenced!

To their credit, both Congressman Thorkelson and Charles Lindbergh personally testified as character witnesses on Pelley's behalf, immeasurably brave actions when we consider that they did so in the midst of World War II, at a time when the United States was experiencing defeat from the Pacific to the Atlantic.

Despite their support and the failure of the leading indictment against him (to say nothing of a total lack of evidence regarding treasonable activity of any kind), Pelley was sentenced to 15 years confinement at a maximum security federal prison. The prosecution had been unable to produce a single piece of evidence to prove Pelley had committed any treasonable acts; all he had done was to criticize an unjust war and the evil President who schemed for it. Twenty five years later, thousands of Jewish communists and their brainless Gentile dupes burned U.S. flags in the streets and violently protested American involvement during the Viet Nam War; unlike Pelley, none of them pulled hard time. Penniless, he was unable to mount an appeal. Later, Lindbergh told a reporter for the *Chicago Tribune* that Pelley was no traitor, but a true patriot who was obviously being persecuted for saying publicly what a growing number of Americans were discussing privately. Pelley was to be made an example of for these people: Keep your

opinions to yourself, or look what will happen to you!

Stunned by the harshness of his sentence, he was a mute prisoner of the war he opposed. While the Western World outside his penitentiary bars committed suicide, he read voraciously and thought deeply. Although sad, something in him would not let him despair: "Some day, we Americans will see in true perspective what an alien horde of four million Jews did to us, and why we have been so stupid to suffer it." As the catastrophic decade of the '40s came to an end, Pelley's daughter and son-in-law, with the help of old comrades, were able to raise enough money for an appeal. It failed, but their loyalty was undiminished and they tried again. In 1952, with Americans dying needlessly in Asia, just as he predicted, Pelley was reluctantly paroled on the condition that he participate in no "political activities of any nature", a flagrantly unconstitutional requirement he was too broke to contest. Frail in health, his daughter and her husband nursed him back to health at the family home in Nobelsville, Indiana.

Together, they founded a new publishing company, *Soulcraft Press*, which released his first book since the war: *Something Better*. In it, he singled out Roosevelt as the man most responsible for setting in motion the social upheaval Americans experienced in the Viet Nam era. "He was the forerunner of today's evolving chaos," which was nevertheless deemed necessary to create a National Socialist-style state in the future. But it was the creation of two new magazines dealing largely with mystical and metaphysical themes that got him back on his feet financially, so much so he was able to repay all those loyal followers who had contributed so generously to his appeal. As earlier in life, writing gave him a sense of purpose and fulfillment. And he recalled without regret that seminal experience that set him on his difficult dramatic path in 1928: it all seemed destined to happen and therefore part of some Higher Purpose he trusted instinctually, even though he could not understand it intellectually. In his last years, he was happy with the love of his daughter and old comrades, and content to know that, even though he failed, he had done the best he could on behalf of his race and nation. And his enemies—the enemies of his people—had honored him by long imprisonment. He also lived long enough to witness the rise of George Lincoln Rockwell's *American Nazi Party*, a phenomenon that offered him deep comfort: Someone was carrying on the fight he began thirty years before.

Death and Legacy

William Dudley Pelley died peacefully in his sleep on July 1, 1965, aged 75. While he was lying in state, someone burned a cross on the front lawn of the funeral parlor. It was never determined if the fiery cross had been set there by a friend or an enemy. His passing was observed (with malice, of course) in the national newsmedia, but immediately thereafter his name was allowed to lapse into obscurity.

In 1992, the little Indiana town of Nobelsville achieved brief national attention once more, when a neighborhood boy playing outside his home one midsummer evening was narrowly missed by a falling meteor that landed at his feet. "Not since the death of fascist leader, W.D. Pelley, seventeen years ago," the local newspaper reported, "has the rest of America taken notice of our community".

Pelley's life as a White Patriot was similarly meteoric. He was our country's first racial activist in the National Socialist style. He was the predecessor to Commander Rockwell and the White Power Movement in America today. He proved that our idea, if promoted with courage, intelligence and sincerity, has the power to win a huge following, as demonstrated by his 100,000 followers. His living martyrdom in the belly of the Jew beast won him a place of honor in the hearts of fellow fighters who come after him. He did not fail, as he thought, any more than a brave soldier who does his best when captured by the enemy fails.

Historical circumstances did not allow him to create the Aryan Washington he dreamt of. But in the far larger struggle for world-wide White Supremacy, he fought the good fight; his was but the opening battle in an ongoing war for the final triumph of Aryan humanity. The Chief and his *Silver Shirts* have gone before us. They inspire us to follow their lead. And our victorious banner someday unfurled over Planet Earth will belong as much to them as to us!

Sources:

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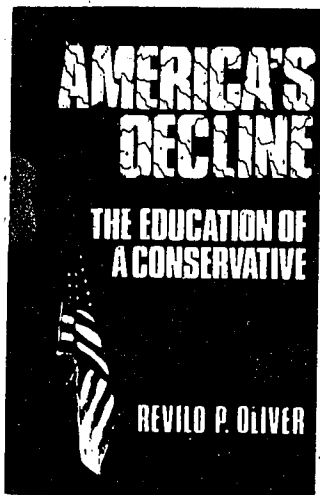
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On Race: "We must further understand that all races naturally regard themselves as superior to all others. We think Congoids unintelligent, but they feel only contempt for a race so stupid or craven that it fawns on them, gives them votes, lavishly subsidizes them with its own earnings, and even oppresses its own people to curry their favor. We are a race as are the others. If we attribute to Ourselves a superiority, intellectual, moral, or other, in terms of our own standards, we are simply indulging in a tautology. The only objective criterion of superiority, among human races as among all other species, is biological: the strong survive, the weak perish. The superior race of mankind today is the one that will emerge victorious—whether by its technology or its fecundity—from the proximate struggle for life on an overcrowded planet."

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George P. Dietz, Editor & Publisher

WHO ARE THE RUSSIANS?

by

REVILO P. OLIVER

EVERY AMERICAN carries in his mind a picture or a filmstrip labeled "the Russians," and those pictures largely determine his opinions on some of the most important problems of national strategy.

The present military and economic strength of the Communist Conspiracy is almost entirely concentrated in the Soviet Union, and the Soviet Union is, for all practical purposes, Russia. Now if we assume (and it is far from certain) that the Soviet Union has the equipment necessary to begin an open war with the United States, the likelihood that the Kremlin would risk such a war in *any* circumstances depends, for the most part, on the character of the Russian people. Would they rise in almost unanimous revolt against their Communist masters at the first opportunity? Or would they support or passively accept the Red régime knowing that the Kremlin would send the bulk of its armed forces into the satellite countries to quell or forestall revolts? And if the truth lies somewhere between these two extremes, where, precisely, does it lie?

The question is not confined to what would happen in the event of war. If the American people succeed in somehow obtaining a government in Washington that will act to defend the United States, one of the first questions to arise will be whether it is worthwhile to direct propaganda at, or to encourage subversive movements among, the Russians. If so, *whom* should we encourage and *how* should we try to persuade? That, again, is a question of what the Russians "are really like."

There have been many attempts to answer that question—many more than any one man could conceivably find the time to read. One

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of the most convincing, and probably the one most widely known in this country, is Eugene Lyons' *Our Secret Allies* (New York, 1953; now published by Meredith Press, Des Moines, Iowa; 376 pages \$4.50). An important new work on this matter has just been published: Arsène de Goulévitch's *CZARISM AND REVOLUTION*, translated from the French by N. J. Couriss (Omni Publications, Hawthorne, California; c. 272 pages, \$4.00).

The author was born in Russia in 1900, fought in the loyal Air Force against the Communists in 1918, and served with the French armed forces during the Second World War. He now edits *Exil et Liberté*, the monthly publication of the International de la Liberté in Paris, an organization which seeks to coordinate the efforts of all anti-Communists from countries now held by the Conspiracy. (This journal, by the way, was the first to disclose, in July 1954, the interesting fact that Hitler's "expert" on Ukrainian affairs, Alexander Sevriuk, was a Communist agent planted in the German service by Hitler's Chief of Intelligence, Admiral Canaris. The Admiral is now known to have been a traitor and, in all probability, a Communist agent himself.)

M. de Goulévitch writes primarily to correct common misconceptions concerning (1) the Czarist régime, (2) the Bolshevik conquest of Russia, and (3) the nature of the Russian people. Since both he and Mr. Lyons were born in Russia and lived there for considerable periods of time, but have distinctly divergent political sympathies, the substantial agreement of the two authors on almost all essentials makes the two books corroborate one another.

I

A NATION'S CHARACTER is evinced by its history, and its history, in turn, to some extent moulds its character. Many an American's conception of Czarist Russia has been formed by the purplish prose of Edgar Saltus' *Imperial Orgy*. There is also a large residue left by the campaign of frantically anti-Czarist propaganda in the Ameri-

can press during the early years of the present century-agitation over an issue that will seem almost unbelievable to most of our contemporaries, who do not even know that half a century ago Americans could travel in almost any part of the world without a passport. Americans were so proud of their nationality that some felt that no nation in the world should presume to close its borders for *any* reason to even the most recently and superficially naturalized American citizen. Although the issue has been long forgotten, the propaganda for which it provided an occasion has left in the minds of many a grotesque picture of Czarist Russia as a nightmarish realm of oppression and terror that was not much better than Soviet Russia today.

Although the earlier history of Russia abounds with the horrors typical of Oriental despotism, the régime of the Czars after the accession of Alexander II in 1855 was unquestionably benevolent in intention and usually mild in practice. The events which aroused indignation in the United States fifty years ago seem so trivial today that no newspaper would devote a line to them. Our contemporaries, indeed, will find it difficult to believe that it was possible for some Americans to wax wroth over the "sad plight" of two or three hundred Russians, convicted of revolutionary conspiracy. They were exiled for a few years to towns in Siberia, where they were restricted so little that almost anyone who wished (e.g. Bronstein, alias Trotsky) had little difficulty in escaping abroad. Almost anyone who chose to remain (e.g. Ulyanov, alias Lenin) was able to rent a fairly comfortable house or apartment, install his family, and, if he found hunting, fishing, and local society insufficient to occupy his time, settle down to writing books. It is true that the exiles sometimes had to undergo unwonted hardships: it is recorded that Ulyanov's mistress and fellow conspirator, who accompanied him to Siberia and there married him, had to do housework for several days when her maid left without warning and a suitable replacement could not immediately be found. But the tale of such hardships will moisten few eyes today; we are a

hard-hearted generation.

It would be easy to reverse the old indictment and condemn the Czarist régime for excessive leniency and fatuous humanitarianism. In well-governed countries, criminals who commit murder while robbing banks (e.g. Dzhugashvili, alias Stalin) are promptly executed and society is thus saved from further depredations. But in Russia, where silly sentimentalists had abolished capital punishment even for murder, criminals were exiled to Siberia. And even when they escaped five times (as did Dzhugashvili) to resume their criminal careers, the Czars, who had no Alcatraz, patiently sent them back. Such laxity was indeed deplorable.

Mr. Lyons, who was interested only in showing that the worst that could reasonably be alleged against the Czarist régime was the merest trifle in comparison with the normal procedures of the Bolsheviks, gave little space in his book to Imperial Russia. M. de Goulévitch's primary concern is to vindicate the native Russian form of government, and he accordingly describes in some detail the whole political and social system. His presentation is effective, but he has overlooked one or two points that would have given added weight. He shows that the industrialization of Russia and development of her natural resources was the work of the Czars. But, he would have done well to extend his statistics to make it clear to the reader that the Bolsheviks were not able to reach the Czarist levels of production until some years after Franklin Roosevelt began to pump in American resources to save the criminals. And I should suppose that, for the average reader, nothing that can be said on behalf of the Czarist régime would be quite so convincing as the simple statistic that around the turn of the century emigration *from* Russia (largely to the United States) was about balanced by immigration *into* Russia, chiefly from Europe.

On the other hand, M. de Goulévitch's book, as his translator remarks, "somewhat resembles a speech by defending counsel." He

sometimes overstates his case, somewhat in the manner of an inexperienced attorney. In his eagerness to refute the silly notion that Soviet policies are just a continuation of Russian imperialism, he claims that Czarist Russia had no imperialistic ambitions at all. And, he even tries to resurrect the old myth that the First World War was planned and contrived by the sinister forces of "Prussian militarism." However the main outlines of the historical record are clear and well-known. Responsibility for the catastrophic and fratricidal madness that swept over Europe in 1914 must fall on many shoulders, including those of professedly "idealistic" politicians in France and England. The Czar and his advisers (who thrice deceived him) cannot escape a share of the responsibility distinctly greater than that which falls on the German government.

M. de Goulévitch is equally inept when he advances the claim that the régime of the Czars was "democratic" because it represented the "will of the people" and maintained an "open society" in which persons of the humblest origin could be educated at government expense and attain the highest offices. That abuses language in the manner of the Schlesingers, Salingers, and other official manufacturers of boob-bait in the United States.

The government of Russia was an unlimited autocracy until 1905, when it became, as was made clear by official definition (e.g. in the *Almanach ne Gotha* for 1910), an autocracy voluntarily limited by the autocrat during his own good pleasure. Some local activities, which our author carefully enumerates, were permitted. All effective power was concentrated in the central government, by which the whole of Russia was so administered that nothing of importance anywhere could be done without its permission. Hence practically nothing was ever done except on initiative from St. Petersburg. It is true that Nicholas II and his immediate predecessors were benevolent men and did not have to worry about buying votes from suckers, but their government was es-

entially the same as that which our "Fabian Socialists" and their allies are trying to fasten upon us. It is also true that the Russian bureaucracy was far less numerous, and probably had better intentions, than the hordes of arrogant and cunning little men whom we now pay to kick us around and drive us into our stalls. We must admit that the Russian bureaucracy never dared, and perhaps never wished, to enact scenes such as those now commonplace in our country, where gangs from Washington frequently descend on American farmers and confiscate their property to teach them that they have become serfs. They dare not grow even a blade of wheat without permission from their masters. But at the very least, the rule of the Czars had the defects and evils that are inherent in every centralized government. And no American mindful of his heritage can contemplate such despotism with other than repugnance so long as it is presented as a political form that might be applicable to himself.

M. de Goulévitch would have done well to eschew sophistries about "democracy," and to confine himself to his other argument for the defense. No one would dispute the evidence that he cites to prove "our historical development differs from that of the West." The very facts of that development strongly support the conclusion that it is "the salient characteristic of our race to venerate an individual as the incarnation of executive power. If that is true, then M. de Goulévitch is right when he says that Russians "stand more in need of authority and discipline" than some other peoples, and that for a Russian "to be led is a necessity." On this basis it can be argued very cogently that the régime of the Czars was the best régime possible *for the inhabitants of Russia in the circumstances*. And the author should not have been afraid to rely on that argument. Few Americans today—at least among those who can read books—are so ignorant as to suppose that all the peoples of the world are like themselves or think in the same way.

II

MR. LYONS and M. de Goulévitch differ markedly in their attitude toward the preliminary revolution of March 1917. The former regards the Kerenski government as "the first democratic society in Russian history," as it doubtless was in the intention of *some* of the participants. M. de Goulévitch regards it as a flimsy façade that served only to cover the Bolsheviks while they prepared to capture the state—which is what it was historically. The two authors differ as greatly in their view of the White Russians, who fought long and valiantly against the Communists. Mr. Lyons, although admitting that they were infinitely preferable to their adversaries, has scant sympathy for them, while M. de Goulévitch argues that they, as the legitimate government of Russia, had a moral right to all possible support from Russia's allies in the war. We need not argue the moral claim, for it is abundantly clear that the governments of at least France, England, and the United States were obligated by their own national interests to prevent the Communist Conspiracy from capturing one-sixth of the inhabited globe.

In their descriptions of the Bolshevik conquest, the two authors are in complete agreement on every important point. Russia was captured by a tiny gang of incredibly vicious and inhumanly depraved criminals. The largest nation on earth, in terms of territory, was captured by a few degenerates, just as a robust man may be destroyed by a few spirochaetes that are visible only under the microscope. The criminals took over Russia because (a) they had mastered the art of universal deceit, and (b) they were lavishly financed from nations that regarded themselves as the leaders of Western civilization.

Of the two authors, Mr. Lyons gives the fuller description and analysis of the conspirators' use of *total* deceit, by which they were able to persuade influential members of *every* segment of society that it was possible to profit from cooperation with the conspiracy. What Mr. Lyons accurately describes as an "obscene record of complex de-

ceit" that makes the most shameless of Hitler's propagandists seem "paragons of candor by contrast" will teach a lesson that many Americans have yet to learn: that *every* profession of interest in the proletariat or any other class or group made by a Communist or crypto-Communist is made with a purpose identical to that with which you may affix a worm to a fishhook. Further, it is made with the same confidence that the fish are too stupid to refuse the bait. Until the criminals capture a government, their only real weapon is highly organized and *specialized* lying. For there are always *many* Communist lines, each specifically prepared and baited for *one* species of fish or, in some cases, for individual fish whose idiosyncrasies have been carefully studied. And we can only admire the consummate skill with which the conspirators keep their many divergent lines from becoming entangled with one another. Few have any conception of the sheer intricacy of the operations—the multiple and successive deceptions and betrayals. The Bolsheviks divided and subdivided Russia into hundreds of reciprocally antagonistic groups that fought one another rather than their hidden enemies and thus delivered their country and themselves into the power of the rabid enemies of mankind. In comparison with their triumph in Russia, the Bolsheviks' recent successes in the United States—where they were able to mobilize purblind opportunists, simpleminded sentimentalists, and even some sincere but gullible anti-Communists for their desperate offensive against anti-Communist Americans—seem both paltry and elementary.

Of the two authors, M. de Goulévitch gives the fuller account of the international support that made possible the criminals' success in Russia. He is understandably bitter toward Germany, which was in this connection really guilty of a war crime. For, it transported Lenin and some of his fellow criminals across its territory in precisely the spirit in which it might also have transported and loosed on Russia a swarm of rats infected with the bubonic plague. He also notes the cu-

rious fact that in this operation Germany enjoyed the cooperation of the government of nations with which it was at war. As everyone knows, Lenin's gang was matched by one led by Trotsky from the United States. This shipment of rats was intercepted by the British and interned at Halifax, but soon released in obedience to pressures from Washington. But Great Britain is by no means blameless, for it seems certain that her Embassy in St. Petersburg actively cooperated with the Bolsheviks. And since none of the persons in charge of that embassy was later tried for treason, it is an almost unavoidable inference that they were at least protected by politically powerful persons in London.

The conquest of Russia was, of course, financed from outside. In addition to the subsidies which they received from the German treasury, the criminals received lavish contributions from supposedly private sources in Germany, France, England, and the United States. Several individuals are reported to have contributed sums ranging from ten to twenty million dollars from their own pockets. The total amount of money thus furnished the criminals must have been enormous. So far as I know, however, no one has attempted to estimate, even tentatively, either the total obtained from all sources or the percentage of that money that was used for the simple and obvious purpose of buying treason in Russia.

It is no exaggeration, therefore, to say that the depraved monsters who captured Russia were an expeditionary force sent out by the International Communist Conspiracy and supplied by it from bases in Western Europe and the United States. On this point depends the major thesis advanced by both of the authors we are considering here: *Communism is not Russian*. As Mr. Lyons puts it, Russia was merely a "beachhead for the conquest of world dominion." More than that, he quotes with approval a Russian writer who argues that the theory of Communism, as well as the reality, was imposed on Russia from the West. He describes the Soviet as "a negation of things primordially

Russian.”

In advancing this thesis, of course, neither *author* would deny that the Communist Conspiracy, which had a strong underground organization in Russia before Ulyanov and Bronstein began their criminal careers in the 1890's, had its antecedents in the frenetic revolutionary agitations of the Nineteenth Century. But both deny that these antecedent phenomena, which seemed peculiarly Russian to Europeans and Americans of the past century, were the product of distinctively Russian tendencies. Indeed, what seemed so bizarre in Russia a century ago corresponds closely to tendencies of which we are only now becoming aware in the United States. After all, the young “revolutionary intelligentsia” of Czarist days, ignorant, feckless, and endlessly loquacious, closely resembles—even in such externals as the uncouth conduct and slovenly dress of the long-haired males and short-haired females—the “beatniks” and other waste products of American schools. As for the Russian terrorists, whose ferocious crimes shocked the world, did they differ in any significant way from the many members of the Communist Conspiracy now active in the United States? (except that the latter, under orders, are for the moment deferring indulgence of their lust for blood and destruction.) Conditions in the Russian Empire favored the development of those manifestations of social disease, but the disease is one to which no nation is immune. Any nation in similar circumstances might have been afflicted as was Russia.

M. de Goulévitch modifies this proposition by granting that the Russian people did exhibit a peculiar tolerance of, and even a perverse sympathy for, *all* forms of crime. Thus they did, to a certain extent, create the conditions that permitted the Communist Conspiracy to gain a foothold in Russia and eventually to capture the country. I doubt that Mr. Lyons would concur on this point, which he does not specifically consider in his book. M. de Goulévitch cites Dostoevski and could have produced much other evidence in support of his posi-

tion. But Mr. Lyons, if pressed, could point to the almost geometrical increase of crime in the United States in recent years. It is, of course, largely the work of the young criminals, euphemistically called “juvenile delinquents,” who are bred in our schools by methods that must have been designed for that purpose, and are then systematically protected and encouraged by sniveling do-gooders and muttonheaded “Liberals.”

Both authors agree that the Soviet régime, even in theory, violates the innate instincts of the Russian people, who are held in subjection only by the vicious efficiency and unspeakable ferocity of their present masters. They would therefore rise in revolt at the first prospect of success. The beasts in the Kremlin, so long as the rest of the world cooperates with them in “co-existence,” can maintain themselves in Russia by terrorism. But all around them, in Mr. Lyons’ vivid phrase, “the inflammable stuffs for a conflagration are piled high”—a conflagration that the American people, should they succeed in forcing their government to oppose the Communist Conspiracy instead of financing it, could quickly kindle.

III

THE ANALYSIS OF Russian character given by Mr. Lyons and M. de Goulévitch is strongly corroborated by many other writers, including those who have had quite recent and intimate experience of life in Russia. *The Hidden Russia* (see AMERICAN OPINION, June, 1960, pp. 45f.), a book by N. N. Krasnov Jr. deserves study in this connection. The analysis cannot but be enormously encouraging to all Americans. For, in effect, it promises us that if we can defeat the Communist Conspiracy in our own country, we shall be able to destroy it *easily* in Russia and hence in the rest of the world. We must note, however, that there are serious objections to the validity of the analysis.

The writers who offer us that optimistic view all assure us that the Russian people, although retarded by “historical misfortunes, like the

long subjection to the Mongols," are essentially European and therefore fundamentally like the residents of a small town in Iowa or Wales. That, of course, flatly contradicts the widely held view that the Russians are basically Asiatic.

They certainly seem non-European. Englishmen or Americans, for example, traveling in Russia have always found themselves in a land that was utterly foreign, in a sense in which they found nothing foreign in Spain or Germany or Italy. The same impression is conveyed by Russian literature despite the fact that it is the work of a cultivated class deeply influenced by European literature. The characters that we meet in Turgenev or Goncharov (the author of *Oblomov*) or even Merezhkovski (when, as in *The Antichrist*, he deals with Russians) are simply as alien to us as the characters of the *Chin P'ing Mei* or the *Brhatkathâ*, though in different ways. When we read Bulwer Lytton's *Eugene Aram*—if we read it at all these days—we smile indulgently at the familiar follies of Romanticism and refer to Miss Edgeworth, Victor Hugo, and perhaps the younger Dumas; but when we read Dostoevski's adaptation of the story (*Crime and Punishment*), we are immediately aware that we are in the presence of something which, whether we find it attractive or repulsive, is outlandish, abnormal, and morbid. Sologub, Balmont, and Bryusov strive sedulously to imitate the French Decadents and Symbolists. But their closest imitations could never have been produced in Western Europe, not even by artists consciously striving for the weird and perverse.

It is not remarkable, therefore, that some of the most lucid minds of our time, including Henri Massis in his famous *Défense de l'Occident*, have regarded the Russians as an Asiatic and anti-Western nation. Oswald Spengler in his great historical system describes Russia as a nascent civilization now in a stage of development corresponding to pre-Homeric Greece or pre-dynastic Egypt and animated by the concept that appears in what is sometimes called the "primitive Christianity" of Dostoevski. Now without attempting to debate cyclic

theories of history or to imagine how anything more stable than a tribe of nomads could be based on an incoherent and morbid sentimentality, we necessarily listen to Spengler with the greatest respect. We do this both because his was undoubtedly one of the great minds of our century, and because his analysis of contemporary tendencies in Asia and Africa has been triumphantly vindicated by subsequent events and is now seen to have been obviously right. And although we know that no man could handle such vast and complex materials without error, we are impressed when Spengler identifies the diving force of the emergent Russian spirit as an implacable hostility toward the West. And although Spengler does not say so, some readers plausibly extrapolate from his observations to reach the conclusion that the Russians endure Communism with all its horrors in order to destroy us.

A scarcely less discouraging view is presented by Nikolai Berdyaev (see AMERICAN OPINION, February, 1961, pp. 30-34), who presumes to speak for the "Russian soul" and—apparently without being in the least aware that he is saying anything that would astonish or alarm us—draws a picture in which no critical reader can fail to see the Russians as a vast mass of barbarians actuated by a messianic lust to "regenerate the world" by abolishing civilized mankind. And unfortunately it is impossible to dismiss Berdyaev as merely a madman or a cunning propagandist. He supports his case with copious quotations from Russian writers. Anyone who has read much of the literature can supply others for himself, from Chadaev's admission, "We bear in our blood a principle that is hostile and refractory to civilization," to Dostoevski's insane pronouncement that "*All men must become Russians.*" (At other moments Chadaev boasted that Russia was "destined" to solve "all the intellectual, social, and moral questions" of Europe, while Dostoevski complained that "our trouble is that we are *incapable* of moderation"—but proofs of schizophrenia will scarcely reassure us!)

There is obviously some basis in fact for the grim prognoses of Spengler and Berdyaev. And one cannot refute them by citing the names of a few eminently sane Russians, such as the distinguished historian, Rostovtzeff. But apart from one's legitimate suspicion of grandiose generalizations, one is entitled to inquire whether there is a "Russian people" about whom one can generalize at all. In the original sense of the word, of course, there are no Russians. For the *Rus*, the Vikings who introduced order and government when they settled down to rule the barbarians around Kiev in the Ninth Century, were a numerically insignificant aristocracy that was shattered by the Mongol conquest. Their blood has long since been absorbed in the multitudinous race of the territories they once ruled. Some of these are very old; the Scythians and Sarmatians must have left descendants. And no one who observed the conduct of the brutish females in uniform who occupied Bucharest and other parts of Romania in 1914 and 1945 could resist the inference that the prehistoric savages who gave rise to the legend of the Amazons had left a copious genetic heritage. Other racial elements were left by the successive invasions and migrations that swept over the steppes and plains until recent times. The term *Russian* is now specifically applied to the people, predominantly Slavic but with an unmeasured admixture of Mongol and other blood, who form about half of the population of the territory that is called Russian. The term 'Russian' is also applied indiscriminately to all the inhabitants of that territory, and it is often impossible to tell exactly what a given writer means when he refers to the "Russians" as though he were speaking of a single people.

Now *a priori* it is highly improbable that the *colluvies nationum* on Russian territory could have a collective "soul" or a common purpose. And there is ample evidence that they do not. Despite M. de Goulévitch's claim that the Czars "unified one hundred and forty races," Russia has always suffered from a fatal racial diversity which naturally produces deep and ineradicable antagonisms. Even the

Communist régime has had to recognize this by the creation of a series of fictitiously autonomous "republics." These hatreds persist among the refugees from the Soviet, and Mr. Lyons, who very properly warns Americans of the extreme and apparently hopeless complexity of cross-purposes, gives some good examples. Even M. de Goulévitch cites a leader of the Georgians who opines that the Russians, in the limited sense of that word, are all mad dogs. And I note that one of the Ukrainian publications in this country recently expressed the hope that the vile Russians could be exterminated by atomic warfare.

Equally striking lack of unanimity may be found within the part of the population that is (so far as one can tell) Russian in the restricted sense. In fairly recent publications, for example, some survivors of the Kerenski régime not only exhibit the normal "Liberal" determination to learn nothing from experience, but obviously still cherish all the furious hatreds of their own countrymen that animated them in 1912. They are but examples. The confused Nineteenth-Century schism between "pro-Western" and "anti-Western" Russians (multiplied by controversies over what really is "Western") seems to be still going on in slightly different terms. One could even raise the question whether the Russians, when not under some form of authoritarian rule, have in common a sufficiently large body of values to enable them to cohere as a nation of their own accord.

Such indications warrant the suspicion that Berdyaev's horrendous "Russian soul" may be just one of the apparitions commonly seen by "intellectuals" when they become feverish. At the worst, it represents but a strain of madness in a variegated population. And we may ask whether Spengler's prognostication concerning the *idée maîtresse* of a future civilization is more than a conjecture colored by too much reading of Dostoevski and his kind.

An entirely different approach is taken by Dr. John M. Radzinski in his recent book, *Masks of Moscow* (Regent House, Chicago; 268

pages, \$4.50). Dr. Radzinski, a psychiatrist who enjoys a high reputation among the sane minority in his profession, studies national "behavior patterns" in the light of Russian history from the Principality of Kiev to the present. Although he takes account of innate differences, he finds that these have been partly supplanted by a process that has gone on in Russian territory, with few intermissions, for centuries: the various populations have always been under the rule of despots--Mongols, Dukes of Moscovy, Czars, and now Soviet Commissars--and centuries of oppression accompanied by *selective extermination* have bred, as the predominant type, essentially dehumanized beings who combine an animal submissiveness with a bestial cruelty. Now undoubtedly Dr. Radzinski, whose analysis of Soviet policies after the Second World War is both acute and discerning, has correctly described the type which the Communists are consciously striving to produce by selective extermination--that, indeed, is the primary purpose of the slave labor camps in which millions are condemned to work and die. But the reader will be less satisfied with his interpretation of the earlier history of Russia, during most of which the purpose, if present at all, must have been unconscious and its execution must have been highly unsystematic. At the very worst, the process was certainly interrupted under the later Czars. Furthermore, although it is obvious that the Communists, if given enough time, can eventually accomplish their purpose, we should not overestimate what they have been able to accomplish thus far.

The views that we have examined are largely speculative, involving either intangibles or data which, if they could be observed and collected, would be so complex that our best digital computers would blow their fuses in despair. Against them we may set one clear piece of evidence: the joy with which the German troops were almost everywhere received when they invaded Russia. They were hailed as deliverers by both rural and urban populations. They were greeted, it would seem, with more or less equal enthusiasm along the whole line

of invasion, which, extending from north to south, crossed the territories of a considerable number of Russia's many races. Whole divisions of Soviet troops, despite the efforts of the frantic commissars, surrendered happily to the Germans. And what is really significant, about two and one-half million men volunteered to fight with the Germans against the Soviet. Of this number, the Germans, astonished, short of equipment, and suspicious of both the loyalty and military capacity of such multitudinous volunteers, appear to have used only some eight hundred thousand. These appear to have been on the whole resolute and courageous troops.

The Germans not only discouraged recruiting, but, under the stimulus of fanatics like Alfred Rosenberg and crypto-Communists (such as the "Ukrainian expert" we mentioned above), perversely did almost everything in their power to alienate and humiliate as *Untermenschen* the inhabitants who had received them with such enthusiasm. It seems likely that with just a little good judgement the Germans could have induced a revolution inside the territory still held by the Soviets that would have swept the criminals away despite the utmost efforts of Franklin Roosevelt to save them. There is an obvious element of uncertainty in all arguments as to what "would have happened, if..." But Mr. Lyons makes an excellent case for his blunt contention that "Hitler saved Stalin."

It is reasonable, therefore, to conclude--with, of course, the reservation that here, as so often in human affairs, the true situation can be ascertained only by trial--that there still exists within the Soviet Union a potential of great importance to us. If the pro-Communist hogwash that we now subsidize through Radio Free Europe and the like were replaced by propaganda directed against the Kremlin, the latent spirit of resistance in Russia could be excited to multiply the Kremlin's problems. And defeat of the Communist Conspiracy anywhere--its forced retreat from any part of the territories it has conquered in the world--would be far more effective than any stream of

words, however persuasive.

In these circumstances, it seems unlikely that the Kremlin, if it lost control of Washington, would risk a real war under any circumstances short of a direct attack by us on their own seat of power. Their satellites are, of course, expendable, and the situation in Russia is not so precarious that they could not hope to retain, by retreat elsewhere, their control of Russian territory or some part of it, at least.

IV

WE NEED TO UNDERSTAND the peoples of Russia, and that, as M. de Goulévitch reminds us, presupposes a reasonably accurate knowledge of their history. But we must not forget that our primary purpose as Americans at the present time is to predict, as closely as we can, what those peoples will do in given situations--not to praise or blame them for their conduct at any point, much less for such vaporous Hegelian abstractions as national "souls." We need to understand them, not to love them, as Mr. Lyons, who ends by overstating his own case, exhorts us to do. International crushes are apt to be spurious and certain to be dangerous; national survival depends on coolly objective and rational appraisal of realities.

We live in a world in which men must usually act upon calculations of probability, not certainties. Though it is less conclusive than we could wish, the evidence of internal weakness in the Soviet Union, when considered in conjunction with the evidence from all other parts of the world, leads us to one conclusion: *If the Communist Conspiracy loses the United States, it loses the World.* That explains not only the venom of the propaganda campaign against "extremists" in the United States, but the indecent and reckless haste with which the Conspiracy's agents in Washington are trying to disarm, impoverish, and "internationalize" us. Nor is their desperate and revealing haste unreasonable. For they know that if they do not break and imprison the American people *now*, they will eventually have no refuge on earth. □

A Look at What Breeds in a Stagnant Pond

From the Prof

When you shoot somebody, and you wanna kill 'em, you aim for the head, you shoot 'em - bam - in the head. But if you wanna shoot 'em and just let 'em live, you shoot 'em in the stomach. So that they will live, see, and just be like all messed up for the rest of they life. Have to wear a shitbag for the rest of they life. I got a homeboy who was writin' on the wall and some of our enemies came and blasted on him, shot him in the back. Now he's paralyzed and I know that whoever shot him aimed to cripple him. That happen more than you think, 'cause people get crazy sometimes.

I'll tell you something, though, some of the guys I know, they're born messed up already. They crazy, like ... just automatically crazy. They don't take drugs or nothin', don't drink - but they just loony. They just - all they thinkin' about is killin' somebody ...

Steel, a second-generation Crip
quoted in Leon Bing's *Do or Die*

The other day the *USA Today* ran a story in its "Nation" section on Latell Chaney, a 20-year-old black man who suffered an attack by five gang members. Almost completely deaf from infancy, Chaney was standing on a Minneapolis street corner waiting for a bus when the rat pack pulled up in a car and began yelling at him. Chaney responded with sign language, which was taken by the group to be a display of his gang signs. They tried unsuccessfully to prevent the bus from moving on when Chaney boarded it, then lay in wait at the next stop. When the driver opened the door, the young bangers went after their handicapped victim with a broken beer bottle and proceeded to beat him and to gouge out one of his eyes. Chaney's other eye was damaged, and he lost what little hearing he had left in one ear. He plans at present to sue the bus line.

Chaney's plight, it is said, had "touched and outraged" thou-

sands of persons across the country who have sent cards and money and have organized fund-raisers. Donors reportedly range from one person who sent an anonymous 200 dollars to one 8-year old in St. Paul who emptied her piggy bank to send six. Chaney and his mother report that they have since received threats from friends and relatives of the five "young men" who were arrested after being identified by Chaney and another passenger.

☆ ☆ ☆

Here, then, are two glimpses of young black mentality in the inner cities. The truth they express, of course, is inadvertent. *USA Today* wishes to inform us not of black brutality, but of the great injustice suffered by a young black man in the inner city. The intended thrust of Bing's text, likewise, is not so much black atrocity as the urban tragedy that "gives rise" to it. The subjects of her book are played up not as villains, but as innately bright young men and women who might well do great things with their lives were it not for their circumstances. Their eyes, for example, are always intelligent, discerning, "penetrating" in their insight, and so on. The actual substance of her story says something else.

☆ ☆ ☆

I remember standing on a Minneapolis street corner around the summer of 1980. I was in the state to visit relatives, Scandinavian folk who owned a farm about a hundred miles north of the city. I was struck by how clean this place felt— even the downtown, which had not yet reaped the benefit of the racial influx.

Moments later a I saw a black pimp, classic in his attire, feather in hat, high soles, strutting out of a social establishment with a couple of his main ladies in tow. One of life's universals, I thought. The inner city, and niggers preying on Aryan flesh. Most of the people in this city, descendants of Northern European farmers and laborers, I imagined, would view this scene with minor irritation and so would turn to more comfortable thoughts. They would not see in it the

embryo of a coming monstrosity. And in the time since they have not.

Those portraits of savagery noted at the outset will make white liberals wince a bit. But they will feel no immediate sense of alarm. Enough time and money, they will think, and the problem will be smoothed over. In the meantime, they preoccupy themselves with raises, promotions, and the fun of new home entertainment gadgetry while they look down their noses at those of us with less fashionable ends. They read of massive heists of high-tech weapons out of gun stores during periodic congoid loot-fests and lament "the problem" of our inner cities. It will not occur to them that the trajectory of this problem includes their children as its victims.

Where exactly do white liberals (or conservatives, for that matter) think that these warring congoid tribes are going to go? Surely the numbers of these crazed savages are not going to diminish. White tax money, at this time, funds their housing, medical needs, and procreation habits without limit. It does this at the reproductive expense of whites themselves. The current state of American society portends only more of the same. More black free riders and fewer whites to carry the load. For how long?

Will blacks become less violent? It seems unlikely, given the ongoing multiplication of those factors that fuel their violence at present. Are they going to grow brighter, or better fitted to the demands of the Euro-white culture (the vestiges of it, at least) that surrounds them? The years ahead, from every indication, promise more blacks with less genetic endowment in yet more chaotic circumstances again. For this reason a greater war looms on the horizon.

Nigger violence. Some will find the message redundant. I have friends who accuse me of preaching to the choir when I continue to run this tirade in a racist periodical. Perhaps other contributors hear the same thing. Is it worth the effort? It is my hope always that a stray copy of this publication might make its way, on occasion,

whether this month or in several years, into the hands of the white man or woman as yet unawakened—one who is still attached to the mainstream, yet whose racial experience on a given day may be severe enough to make him or her willing to entertain a new possibility. I offer the material above as an indication to that reader of the problem that he must sooner or later confront as the federal government continues its effort to head off our effort at survival. I offer it as a frank depiction of what integrationists are inflicting upon his children when they support such programs, for example, as cross-town busing for the purpose of achieving racial “balance”.

The average white man knows that something is wrong. He is forever dissatisfied with the system, but he cannot identify the source of the problem. As yet the truth is too much for him. It takes him too far out of his mental orbit, too far away from his common-sense view of the world, to admit the truth of the matter, namely, that Orwell's dream came true while social theorists stood around chatting about it with cocktails in their hands. For this reason he may be more shocked by my use of the word ‘nigger’ than by the events depicted in the above sources. If so, I bid him to put his own son or daughter into the equation. Forty years of court decisions and public policies aimed at “racial justice” have spawned a catastrophe. The mindlessness depicted in books like *Do or Die* is now a commonplace, and with every passing year it spills out of the black environment to claim white victims in greater numbers.

The cross-racial trend of violence will continue. Whites, on average, are brighter and more industrious than blacks. Thus they have more to steal. White women are more attractive than black women. Thus they make better sexual prospects. Blacks envy whites, and they hate them. Today the robbery, rape, and murder of white targets is rite-of-passage for young blacks in every metropolis in the country. In sum, the races are different, and the attempt to bring them together under the same roof is a disaster. It is thus time that

we addressed the race problem in plain language and in terms of the one element that has been overlooked—namely, the fact of race itself. The truth is in evidence, and even the Jew-owned, racially murderous anti-white media can no longer hide it. For this reason we must cease at this time to think of integrationists as being merely naive, misguided, or excessively liberal in their philosophy. Their ignorance, by this time, is willful. It is also destructive. For this reason it is no longer an excuse. Those individuals who continue to engineer the mixture of black and white races are guilty of nothing less than the crime of genocide against the white race.

☆ ☆ ☆

Congoid of the Month and Related Stirrings

A recent issue of the inadvertently revealing USA Today provides me with an occasion to nominate a candidate for this month's most obnoxious negroid offender. The award goes to Bobby Brown, pop singer and Angry Black Man as well as husband of songstress Whitney Houston.

Brown, his publicist, and his bodyguard were at a Disney World nightclub, reports the daily, when Brown had words with a man who tried to speak to a woman whom the singer had already engaged in conversation. It is said that Brown's bodyguard punched the man into apparent unconsciousness, whereupon Brown and his party continued to kick and punch him and to break a bottle over his skull. Part of the man's ear was later reattached and six staples were administered to the gash on his head.

Deputy Carlos Espinosa maintains that the young celeb was ranting and raving while being led to a police car, after which he proceeded to hit his head and hands against the vehicle. When refused a trip to the restroom, it is said, “the singer urinated on the back Another day, another item. No doubt a good many doctoral dissertations will be generated in coming years by the “analysis” of

America and its erosion in the latter twentieth century. Much ink will be spilled on its various purported struggles and tragedies. Learned men and women will continue in the task of research and debate over how we might understand who we are and where we have been. They will want to know what has kept America from being what it should have been. Much of this investigation will have the tone of those quasi-commentators who wonder on current newscasts what the Oklahoma City bombing tells us about ourselves, and how we can, in the plaintive whine of one fat Jewess on camera the other morning, "awwl come togaatha" in the wake of tragedy.

But the problem isn't really all that hard to understand. A fast look around should suffice to make things clear. "Nightclub brawl lands Brown in jail"—the story just cited—provides a start.

I have not seen a great deal of this affluent young Afro-imbecile, and do not expect to see much of him in the future. I recall hearing his rather uninspired remake of an old Elvis tune a few years ago. Not long after I saw a television clip depicting him in concert, gyrating onstage with a young blonde before whisking her behind the curtain at song's end in an obvious symbolic gesture of acquisition. Perhaps this isn't much to go on. But it is enough. He epitomizes what is being foisted off on mind-molded white youth as entertainment. He is the sort of star player who is featured in the writhing caramel-colored orgies of MTV that currently run morning and night on that Jew-controlled channel without cessation; he is the type that plays likewise, in real life, in the schools, on the streets, and in the malls across the nation. He is also a one-man capsule summary of the current American theatre of the absurd.

America today, if I may offer a homely picture, is rather like an overstuffed belly that has in it a riot of foods and beverages that do not belong together. It has been force-fed a bad mix, and it has overdosed. The result of extreme overconsumption is illness. The natural remedy is an upheaval. What happened in Oklahoma City was but a

single and high-profile symptom of persisting national indigestion. Insofar as it involved blameless victims, it was not unusual. Countless other atrocities occur daily as well, but they are smaller in scale and are too racially charged (i. e., black-on-white) to receive the attention from a news medium bent upon casting white citizens as villains in a war that it has essentially created.

If social analysts are serious about trying to understand what happened in Oklahoma City, they ought to forget, for a moment, that particular case and look at the root causes of the tragedy that lie plainly in front of them. The bombing, while I cannot endorse it, was not merely the action (as we are constantly being told) of a terrorist "madman". It was instead the result of an enforced social madness wherein different human races and subraces have, for a good many years now, been forced together under the Jew-authored pretense that they are all "alike" and thus belong together. This mixture, of course, is volatile. The foolishness of the policy is obvious to anyone who has eyes to see it. Indeed it was understood even in the last century by many persons, including alleged civil rights champion Abe Lincoln, who said (in his renowned debate with Senator Stephen Douglas) that basic differences between the races would forever make full-fledged integration impossible. Yet about five decades of brainwashing has managed to convince the white public that such thinking is "racist" and outdated. One must wonder how much more innocent blood will spill before the real insanity of the current racial agenda of media and federal government is seen for what it is worth.

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A Few Thoughts Concerning Genuine Love of Nation

Patriot: a person who loves and loyally supports
his own country (from Greek *patris*, fatherland).
Webster's Dictionary

The other day I caught a couple of ten minute segments of rep-
artee between television host Montell Williams and a few members
of a prominent midwest faction of the state militia. Williams, a glib,
strutting, Stepin Fetchit of the talk show circuit, does a twice-daily
microphone jig for the Jewish mind-control operation at ABC.

The program, of course, followed the devised formula of con-
temporary television "discussion". Were the militiamen "extremists"?
Did they support the bombing of the Oklahoma City federal build-
ing? Montell tried to wise-guy his way, with the support of black and
retarded white liberal audience elements, through the exchanges. He
worked a couple of cheers from the gaggle by pointing out the oath
he himself had taken years ago when joining the military—namely,
to defend the United States from all enemies, "foreign and domes-
tic", thus concluding that he would be honor-bound as a patriot, if
push came to shove, to side against the militia.

With this in mind, I must wonder how many Americans ever give
thought to the question of just what their nation really is. Its boundaries,
after all, are not a part of nature, any more than are its laws, its county
seats, or its time zones. And just what is the nature of its "government"?

The United States federal government is a group of persons who
wield power according to various sets of legal mind-creations that pur-
port to give them authority over the rest of those who reside within its
given borders. It has no mystic authority. It is comprised instead of
flesh and blood human beings, finite and fallible, who but for conven-
tion would remain civilians like the rest of us. The government is not a
static entity. It is instead in flux, a thing likened better to a river than a

rock, not to a pantheon but to a ball team, whose nominal identity
allows whole repeated turnovers every few passing years.

To how much of our allegiance is it entitled? The answer, I think,
is that it all depends. Is this self-pronounced authority wise? Is it just?
Does it honor the truth? The answer depends on its composition, and
this, again, is a floating proposition. It may be, after all, that on some
occasion a scoundrel gains office. Scoundrels do not deserve allegiance.



What if, in fact, the whole selection process of this political institu-
tion had become perverted? Suppose that one had to be a scoundrel, or
had, at least, to cater to scoundrels, in order to be a candidate.

Let us imagine that once upon a time, a group of people,
broadly similar in their outlook and natural lineage, came to a new
land and developed, in time, a set of laws that made them, by their
declaration, an autonomous "nation" with leaders and offices de-
signed to serve their interests. Suppose that the enterprise were suc-
cessful, and this nation prospered until it was the envy of groups
elsewhere all over the world.

Suppose that over continued time, new elements came to this land,
some quite different in nature and in sensibility from the existing popu-
lation. Imagine that with time and opportunity, some aggressive one of
these newcomers set out to gain control of various institutions—those,
say, of popular media, education, and political office—and succeeded,
and began to use them to ends that were injurious to those traditional
occupants whose ancestors had settled the land.

Suppose that this control became so great in time that the events
of the entire world were filtered through its media devices before
they could be known to anyone else. Suppose, too, that citizens, at
last, could not even enter into political life until they promised to do
the bidding of this little band. And suppose yet again that these ma-
nipulators despised the native folk, and so wished to break down
their sense of identity, wished to merge them, out of contempt, and
to various sordid ends, with other and less highly developed ele-

ments within the fold. Let us imagine that in time these mutual industries of media and politics came to serve each other's interests until nothing was what it seemed to be any more, and that the "leaders" of the nation were now merely those willing to sell themselves to the manipulators. How much allegiance would this regime deserve? Would it make any moral sense to support it?

What if small groups of the native folk finally began to rise up in various ways against this power structure (printed digests and newsletters, paramilitary exercises, or whatever), thus creating a confrontation within the nation—the establishment trying to restore "order" and calling itself by some grand name such as The Government of the United States of America, and the rebels (much like their ancestors, who had declared their own independence in the beginning) acting on behalf of those who actually occupied and worked the land. Each side would play upon the sentiments of the masses to arouse loyalty to its cause. On which side would one find the genuine patriots?

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The Montell Williams show is one more exercise in manipulation that is carried out each day by our own real-life Media Control. The program, from what I have seen of it, is one of the more peculiarly offensive on the going menu. In one recent case, a middle-aged white woman of obviously little material means was seated alone on-stage in front of Montell and his leering audience. As her face twisted with apprehension, she began to hear from the self-amused host a teasing string of "surprises" about her daughter. This exercise culminated in a revelation of the identity of the girl's current boyfriend, a kerchiefed mestizo home-boy who had, as it was soon learned, dished out severe beatings to her on several occasions. Moments later, mother, daughter, and gang-banger now seated abreast of one another, the woman was left to defend her disapproval of the little cretin against Montell's gloating charge that her real sentiment, at some level down deep, was actually "racist".

The militia episode was another case in point. But again, pro-

grams of this kind are not wasted on those who have the insight to view them as they ought to be viewed. This one contained a message for those with the independence of mind to see it: The dynamics of the militia movement are racial. The movement represents an effort made by white Aryan men and women in response to decades of Jewish and hence anti-white control of both media and government. There can be no resolution of this problem for as long as this control continues. Barring the long-overdue admission of truth in media (and it will not come voluntarily), the only remaining possible outcome of the problem will be the destruction of one side or another of the conflict.

It remains a separate question, of course, whether or not the *modus operandi* of public drill is a sound one. (Toward show's end, Tom Metzger entered the scene. Urging true revolutionaries to "dig in" where they were, he criticized the movement for making an easy target of dissenters by its method.) It is clear that some within this movement are still tied to the mainstream in their mind-set. They identify the enemy as "big government" without any apparent sense of its racial mechanism. (More than once I have actually heard Bill Clinton likened, by such types, to Adolf Hitler.) Granted, there is good reason for the paramilitary movement not to identify itself as an explicitly racial movement at the present time. In order to have plausibility, it must present its case for now in terms of such race-neutralized issues as "Big Brother", "failing education", and "rampant crime". But it is clear, just the same, that some of those within the movement need to develop a better sense of what all of these things really mean.

The time for identifying patriotism, or love of American rights, with the federal government is gone. Those who love freedom, who prize decency, must understand that the current regime in Washington, D. C., stands squarely and irrevocably opposed to these things. Those who really do care about them, who care about their heritage, and about the lives and welfare of their children, must realize that

(however frightening the fact may be) no one within the system can effectively speak for these things any longer. Their values, their attitudes, their strategies for achieving a good life, must all change accordingly.

It was, like it or not, the leftist and largely Jewish movement of the 60's that served to combat popular assumptions about the inherent goodness of the United States government. Thanks to this movement, many Americans were divested of the lingering notion that any action dictated by their national leaders was thus one worthy of their participation. The movement, of course, was not any nobler in its design than was the establishment it rebelled against, and it had no constructive answer to any of the problems that provided its political stage. More than two decades have since passed. By now, a good deal of that 60's agenda has been carried out, and we are worse off than before. The land now reeks of injustice, and the children of those whites who championed the policy of "civil rights" are its tragic victims. The nation is a third-world life-raft with a come-a-board policy that may well sink it within twenty years. It is the thinking Aryan white man who is now the renegade.

The time has come once again for a counter-establishment movement, but one of another kind. For this movement will not appeal, as did that other one, to the unkempt, the overloud, the willfully destructive, or the worthless. It will not advocate rebellion for rebellion's sake. It will demand not impulse, but patience; not the distortion of the faculties, but the cultivation of them. It will prize not perversion, but strength. Its battle cry will not be vulgarity. Instead it will be justice. And it will be honestly and uncompromisingly racial in its message. As such, it will require a higher caliber of participant than did the old revolution; it will seek not merely a few good men, but the very few, those very best and brightest, those fiercest and most daring men and women that our race has left to offer. □

BAGATELLES

by Joseph D. Pryce

SIMPLETONS, EXACTLY, C'EST LE MOT....

"Concerning that individual—well, nothing occurs to me."

Karl Kraus

There is a certain type of blockhead one meets with in one's travels whose sole function seems to be to furnish an occasional piquancy to the after-dinner conversation. Various avatars of this square-skulled archetype make engaging appearances in classic works of fiction whenever a slight element of tedium seems to threaten the story-teller's magic from the wings. Thackeray and Dickens are good at deploying these fictional figures of fun and ridicule, of course; so are Evelyn Waugh and Vladimir Nabokov. When the novelist's intentions are of a more deeply probing nature, we almost invariably find that the unpleasant characters who stay around are always blest with wit.

But, as I say, those one-dimensional, cretinous clods of which I spoke a moment ago are *fictional*, and they are trotted out for a specific purpose; that purpose having been served, they are forthrightly exiled from center-stage. They have relieved us of the nascent boredom, and may now get lost. And I say: good riddance!

In the quotidian round, one meets with one's share of hearty imbeciles, of course; but—and this I'm afraid we all know to our cost—unfortunately, they seldom exude any charm discoverable by man. The only laughter which their presence elicits from the knowing is that which arises in memory, that which delights one in retrospect, as it were. When a moron departs, we all become Proustians.

One of the tell-tale indications of Olympic-calibre idiocy which I keep my eye open for is that air of absolute conviction, that loud-

mouthed and apodeictic shrieking which one overhears in the presence of the professionally ineducable, and it is unfortunate indeed that one comes across much more than one mortal's share of it in this thing of ours, the so-called 'movement.' There are frenzied loons running amok in their trailer-homes and in the columns of 'right-wing' periodicals who would be more appropriately housed in a play-pen next to the pustular 'Egg Lady' in the John Waters film, *Pink Flamingos*. These ambulatory *blancmanges* know all of the answers: question them about black holes, red meat, dead divas, and the answers come as thick and fast as a sports journalist's analytical tirades. 'Provisional judgment? What the hell is that?' you'll hear them bellow as you seek for shelter from the breath and the badinage. No matter how ignorant these little 'nazis' are when it comes to, say, the medium whereby the Swastika was transmitted to German nationalists, they will hold forth like an underachieving village idiot, proud of their allergy to books (this doesn't stop them, of course, from peddling *their* printed pudding to all and sundry). One would gather that they feel that there is more to be learned from these hominids than one can learn from, say, Schopenhauer or Heidegger. *Guys, we could learn more from Dr. Ruth....*

On the other hand, however, there are men of such sterling character and philosophical probity in our camp, that just thinking about them makes one feel that there really is a Santa Claus, that Browning was 'spot on' in *Pippa Passes* when he told us God's address and how all was right with the world. These people make one smile at the very thought of them. I find myself now and then smiling with such ebullient enthusiasm that I almost fear the approach of the asylum's paddy-wagon. We know that, as long as such heroic and omniscient fellows are harbored in our port, we will eventually triumph and see Christmas on the Earth. When someone mentions the name of one of these peerless paladins, one almost feels the entire

Cosmos purr. They almost make you feel that, somehow, life is well worth living.

But those, who are afraid of grey cells, are not among them.

A NOTE TO THE HEROS:

The saint is a medicine because he is an antidote. Indeed that is why the saint is often a martyr; he is mistaken for a poison because he is an antidote. He will generally be found restoring the world to sanity by exaggerating whatever the world neglects....he is not what the people want, but rather what the people need.

Gilbert Keith Chesterton

My Leader: it has now been almost fifty years since that awful day in Berlin which witnessed Your passing. In a very real sense, the Aryan world itself died when You departed this realm, but unlike the customary year-kings of mythology, no monarch has arisen to take Your place, and desolation has overwhelmed our lands.

The Lords of Death have laid waste to our world, and Irminsul has been cleft at the root. They have had help in their schemes, of course—our womenfolk have willfully made themselves barren and our men no longer deserve the name. The only bright light seems to be coming from certain young people, who have seen the future and who know that it doesn't work. They shave their heads, put the torch to their souls, and laugh at the twitching of the conqueror-worm....

But the spirit of compromise is abroad in the land, and You, above all the sons of men, know just what effect that vice can have upon the strong in spirit; on the weak, of course, its grip is very often lethal. I know, my Leader, that it was well-said by Sir Thomas Browne that "it is not given to all worthily to champion truth," but one might expect that those who have taken it upon themselves to enlighten their brethren as to the truth of National Socialism would

walk the hardest road with an "iron heart," making concessions to no man, and bowing the knee before no false god. Needless to say, one's expectations are often disappointed....

Everything comes back to You, of course. We twist and turn, we grope and grasp, we deny and despise, but our enemies seem to have understood our ultimate challenge far better than we do ourselves. You stand behind all of our imperatives as their ultimate sanction, and in each of our melodious prescriptions for a better world, the world hears Your voice. And yet Your people deny You, my Leader, and prate on about the pale plague, Jesus, and his sociopathic Daddy. They feel that the remedy for a dram of poison is a dram more of the same....

It is disturbing, to say the least, to observe the manner in which our activists have internalized the hostile judgments which are dished up for their benefit by the venal minions of the press. If You were to look around one of our conventicles, You would be shocked at the pasty puritanical vegetables who have associated themselves with our 'movement.' Joy?--there is none. One should find it in one's heart to derive strength from the hatred of such puling foes as have at us in the media, but there it is: some of us welcome the hair-shirt, it seems; so our enemies are delighted to oblige us with free samples.

As for Your Greater German Reich--it is no longer what it was. And it's not just the foreigners putting the boot in any longer: those who order the raids on the homes of nationalists are not occupying troops; those who hand out ten- and eleven-year sentences to patriots aren't beady-eyed rat-faced "American" or "Russian" torturers, but *Germans* (although I would prefer not to think of the Fatherland's rulers as Germans in any other than a geographical sense). Indeed, one may doubt whether Deutschland is a country at all anymore--I prefer to think of it as a Greater Disneyland with 80 million visitors a day....

And over here, we seem to insist on magnifying our own demons by framing them in a context of omen and terror. When bug-eyed Zionist activists ambush one of our Holocaust Revisionists, raining down greasy clenched fists and gobbets of saliva in equal measure, we cringe and we cower, instead of retaliating with onslaughts of self-righteous indignation. I'm told that this tactic won't work--and yet I've seen Mr. Fritz Berg bring the spacemen for ZOG to an abrupt and embarrassed halt with an outraged peroration on the horrendous atrocities which *our side* brought upon the women, the elderly, and the children of Germany's (and Japan's) cities during WW II. When Mr. Berg remarks that *America* turned Europe's defenseless cities into *real* crematory-ovens, thereby making themselves into *the worst war criminals in the history of the world*, the Jews freeze--they don't expect it of us! When Mr. Berg reminds the hooplers that we committed deeds excelling in nightmarishness anything the Germans have ever been accused of doing, you can see the shock on the pale faces of our compatriots, and you can almost hear the silence emanating from our flummoxed foes. When our enemies insist on impersonating the looniest fundamentalist dervishes, we would be churlish indeed not to avail ourselves of the opportunity for a good nosh at the carpet ourselves. *I rave, you rave, let's all have a good rave....*

My Leader, I'll keep you posted on further developments.

If there are any.....

JUNG AGAIN.

In my little piece on Ludwig Klages a few months back, I ventured some critical comments on the still-fashionable Swiss logomach, Carl Gustav Jung, whose reputation for original thought is, to

put it as gingerly as possible, unmerited. As a wag once put it, there is nothing new in Jung that is true, and nothing true that is new. And icing the cake of one's banalities with a gaudy glossing of useless (and often suspect) erudition is fine for high-school students trying to 'pad' a last-minute term-paper, but it just won't do for a big-thinker like the Swiss polymath. If I really want to hear some 'scholarly' drivel about this or that alchemist or sorcerer, I will consult the recognized authorities in the field: I have no need of the lucubrations of Dr. Jung, that hyper-inflated charlatan, who was as fundamentally dishonest as his Master, Dr. Freud. The evidence on this point has been ably presented by the researcher John Kerr in his recent book on Freud, Sabina Spielrein, and Jung, and as I don't want to waste much more time on these malodorous characters, I urge you to check Kerr's book out for yourself, if you care to (*A Most Dangerous Method*).

It is somewhat depressing to realize that one or two desperate readers of my piece were so appalled by my impish criticism of the good Doktor. They seemed to feel that, as Jung was one of the few bright lights of European culture to have anything favorable to say concerning the German New Order, perhaps we should avoid criticizing him—no enemies on the Right, as it were. *Pathetic, more pathetic, most pathetic*. I'm reminded, once again, that our movement had better set its sights on the real giants of our race's history, lest we continue to peddle poisoned pastries to our votaries. Believe me, we are not without genuine friends in the realms of the European Mind. One reader even went so far as to remind me that the late, great Dr. Oliver had praised Jung for advancing his one, undoubted contribution to psychology, the theory of the "archetypes." I'm afraid that Dr. Oliver nodded (as did even Homer, we are told) in attributing to Jung what was a commonplace to the German Romantics. Lest I be slated for constantly banging the drum for the *Dichter und*

Denker, I might quote a passage from Charles Lamb, an early nineteenth century British writer whom no one would describe as an earth-shakingly original thinker. This passage is from an occasional essay entitled "Witches and Other Night Fears":

"Gorgons, and Hydras, and Chimaeras—dire stories of Celaeno and the Harpies—may reproduce themselves in the brain of superstition—but they were there before. They are transcripts, types—the archetypes are in us and eternal. How else should the recital of that which we know in a waking sense to be false come to affect us at all? Is it that we naturally conceive terror from such objects, considered in their capacity of being able to inflict upon us bodily injury? O least of all! These terrors are of older standing. They date beyond body—or with the body, they would have been the same.....That the kind of fear here treated is purely spiritual—that it is strong in proportion as it is objectless on earth, that it predominates in the period of our sinless infancy—are difficulties the solution of which might afford some probable insight into our antemundane condition, and a peep at least into the shadowland of pre-existence."

One can be sure that this passage was read by a great many Americans who have never bothered to peruse the works of Lamb; after all, it was employed—to great effect—as the epigraph to H. P. Lovecraft's wonderful tale of "The Dunwich Horror."

Why was this insightful gem forgotten by even so great a scholar as Dr. Oliver, who probably knew the works of Lamb as well as the rest of us know the faces of our children; and even if he did not, he certainly knew the Lovecraft work—so what gives?

Repetition is the key—Jung and his blue-stockings maenads raved on and on about his alleged discovery, and so, when the din became positively deafening, we were (many of us) taken in by the decibels. But Jung no more deserves credit for his dubious 'discovery' than I do. So there.

SMASH THE EGG (OR CHASE THE CHICKEN).

We lolled beside the deep, green sea,
Which seemed to creep up awfully close;
Still Dad said not to worry me
With thoughts prophetic or morose.

The heat-haze got me by the brain
(An hour or so I must have slept);
and in that time the foaming main
Much closer, closer now had crept.

I turned to Dad (who sipped his beer,
Yet never opened his dull eyes)
To ask if there were danger here
(He'd claimed that he was very wise).

He barked out that he knew the tides,
That I should trust my elders, who
Were experts, master Nature-Guides--
And then he clocked me with his shoe.

I drifted to the boardwalk, where
I sipped a glass of water and
Looked down at Papa snoring there
Upon his slim, dry tongue of sand.

'Twas soon a shadow blocked his sun,
And snorted like the Minotaur:
Dad screamed out, "Nothing can be done!"
Then drowned beneath the monster's roar.

So on the boardwalk still I go
To ponder First Philosophy:
*Destroy your foes **before** they grow,
Else they will eat you, **one, two, three.***

VIKING.

With my fire-skinned soul,
O how glorious to win to this end!
Like a god plummeting down from the aether
I go far below in my long, wooden ship to the grave,
On the high-brimming, man-dissolving waters of death,
With the gold, garnet-gleaming,
Surrounding a king in his deep-sleeping palace.

Once I roved on the broad, frigid lanes, choked with ice,
As my laughing, brave oarsmen,
All born with the glacial-melt sea
As a storm in their bloodstreams,
Splashed silver-white, scintillant shards
With their blades dipping, rising,
And forming such tight and precise little circles
Up over, then under,
The dashing gray waters that lured us to fame.
From Reykjavik over to Kiev
And down to Byzantium
We fed the wide seas and strange lands with our blood.
Now you peek down at the place of my burial!
Can you predict, mincing vulturelets,
Just what your pale, puffed-up claws will unearth?
You may come here in peace to disturb me,
But I will, mayhap, turn from earth
With my gods show'ring war
On the pitiful, twisted, and mellow-souled wrecks
Who'd inherit a world
That would cinder their hearts:
Would you quench with your blood my hot sword?

SHIVA NAIPAUL'S AFRICAN JOURNEY

By: Allan Callahan

The late Shiva Naipaul, who died in 1985, was an Asian Hindu writer from Trinidad. In the 1970s he got to wondering what terms like "liberation," "revolution" and "socialism" actually meant to black Africans, and wanted to find out, first hand. His idea was to travel in East Africa for five or six months, and visit Kenya, Tanzania and Zambia. If his experiences were interesting enough, he would then write a book about them, but it wouldn't be a "straightforward travel book," nor a "current affairs" book. He would, instead, focus on the rhetoric of liberation and its actual manifestations, and to do this, he would have to experience the "heat and dust" of the aforementioned countries.

He wrote to his English publisher with an outline of his plans, and received a go-ahead. His book, *North Of South*, was first published in Great Britain in 1978. He apparently had no original intention on doing a put-down on blacks, but after his journey commenced, his experiences with negro ineptitude and savagery were eyeopening; also he witnessed the sad devolution of the whites living under black rule. So his book turned into pretty much of a put-down, after all.

Naipaul got a ticket in Brussels on the Congolese national airline. Anxiety must have shown upon his face, because the travel agent told him they had good planes—Boeings—flown by white pilots. Upon landing in Kenya his luggage did not come off the plane. He was told that he might as well forget all about it, but he filled out a claim form anyway. A week later the luggage did turn up, but his transistor radio was missing, along with some other items.

In Kenya, he found out that in the "New Africa," the old form of tribalism—which had offered at least *some*—slight constraint to greed—was fading away, and a type of society was forming which lacked definition and solidity. The new African society is being disfigured by lust and greed. Naipaul discussed this with a Dutch fertilizer

expert and his wife.

"My God!" the Dutchman said, "you have to experience it to believe it. These people are *extraordinarily greedy*. I've never seen anything like it. They say West Africa is even worse. But I find it hard to imagine how anything could be worse than this. The corruption is incredible."

His wife then chimed in: "It's a disease."

"That's right," her husband confirmed, "it *is* a disease, an illness. You know, I go to meetings all the time. I try to talk about technical problems.

They couldn't give a damn about those. Not a damn. They fall asleep! I could sell them tinned sunshine if I wanted to. They only wake up when you mention money. The only thing they care about is their cut."

In Nairobi, the beggars have their own clearly demarcated territories, but when they get too numerous, they are apparently rounded up and taken off somewhere, away from sensitive tourist eyes, and maybe "culled," as are the numerous prostitutes. The shantytowns are periodically razed, but always come back again, as do the beggars and prostitutes.

To see how European farmers were now doing under black rule, Naipaul traveled out to meet the Palmers, who had about three hundred acres planted to tea. They used black labor, and said the natives had rather work for them than their own people, who often treated them like slaves; not paying them properly, offering them no medical facilities, and housing them in deplorable conditions.

But the negroes were prone to pilfer and the Palmers had to keep everything under lock and key. Their hired hands would even steal things they couldn't possibly have any use for. And the Palmers especially tried to keep liquor out of their hands. There was, they said, an old saying among the Europeans in Kenya that to give a native alcohol was like putting a loaded gun into the hands of a child.

Mr. Palmer remarked on one peculiarity of black thinking: "One of my pet theories is that Africans lack what I call a storage sense. The same thing occurs with my headman. Time and again I tell him to order more pesticides when stocks fall below a certain point. He never does. I must have told him a thousand times. But he waits until the last drop runs out and then comes running to me wringing his hands."

His wife added: "They never think about the future. It has no meaning for them as far as I can see. Only today matters. Now. Of course, that's how it was in the old days. If their crops were good, they feasted day and night, fattening themselves up. If the rains didn't come on time, they starved. Never a thought for the morrow."

The Palmer's place was well kept, but across the way was a formerly white-owned farm that had been taken over and divided up among blacks. The original idea was to turn it into a cooperative, but everything had gone to the dogs. "I hate looking at it now," Mr. Palmer said, "I believe the treasurer ran away with the money. In this country, treasurers are very fleet of foot."

One notable adventure that happened to Naipaul in the Highland country was a long, overland taxi trip. Having experienced enough African "service industries" by this time to be leery of them, he was nevertheless assured that his taxi for this trip would be the best because it had been ordered by the D.C. (District Commissioner) himself, and Naipaul would be treated like a king.

The taxi was over a half-hour late, and what greeted his eye was an ancient Peugeot stationwagon. Raucous music blared from the dashboard. The driver drove to the bus station and picked up more passengers, one of them a man in yellow trousers carrying an enormous transistor radio, which he started playing, its noise merging with that of the cassette player in the dashboard.

More people kept boarding, one of them a girl with a baby, and there was also live poultry, pumpkins, and bags of grain. A

mattress was placed partly on the roof and partly behind the rear seat. But even after the number of riders exceeded the legal limit by two, the driver continued to seek more passengers. A boy came in, and without even asking, plopped himself down on Naipaul's lap. This made thirteen people, or fourteen, if the baby was included.

To get out of town they drove through a maze of what might have been called "dirt alleys," but which looked like (and almost certainly were) people's backyards, scattering chickens, goats and children.

Arriving in Tanzania, the same mishmash of general incompetence was found. An American woman who had lived in upstate New York was complaining about the general indolence of the locals who did service work. "The other day I had some painters in. They took one week to do a job that a New York painter would have done in one day. One whole week! Just having to sit here and watch them nearly drove me crazy."

She also remarked on how barren the shelves were in the local stores. Arusha was like a ghost-town. "I tell you, it's driving me crazy. If I stay here another three months, I'll go out of my mind. I know it."

Visiting a clinic staffed with Caucasian volunteers, Naipaul found an elementary building with cubicles for rooms. They had bare concrete floors and a bed in one corner. There were no curtains, tables or chairs.

Outside, women with their babies and children waited. Flies swarmed everywhere, including around the eyes of the mothers and children, who made no attempt to brush them away. They fed greedily on sores, which of course spread the infections which the clinics tried to deal with.

One Swedish volunteer said: "One of the strangest things is that we cannot get well-off and educated Tanzanians to come and help us out. I know many middle-class women who sit home all day with

nothing to do nothing to do but polish their nails and read foreign magazines they buy from Kenya. If all we expatriates had to leave the country tomorrow, this clinic would probably have to be closed down. They just don't seem to care. They sit back and let us do everything. How do you account for that?..... Why should I care when they don't? Why do I bother to come here? That is a question I ask myself all the time."

Under negro rule in Africa, more land is turning into desert. Naipaul described one such area he traveled through, inhabited by the Masai. "We were crossing a treeless plain. The withered grass had been cropped so close that it could hardly be said to exist..... Here, within living memory, there had been trees. But the trees had all been cut down for firewood and the land was slowly turning into desert. Fire-blackened hillsides were spiked with the leafless, twisted skeletons of a dying secondary vegetation. The Masai periodically roamed these plains with their herds of cattle, squeezing what little sustenance they could from the desolation. Masai cattle were particularly damaging to the land over which they passed, more damaging even than goats: they had a tendency to pluck out the grass by its roots. In a short time even the Masai would be driven from these plains. The ruined land was austere beautiful."

Unable to get into the last country he planned to visit—Zambia—by train, plane or bus (all booked up for weeks), Naipaul managed to hitch a ride with a party of campers who were headed for South Africa. He would ride with them as far as Lusaka, in Zambia. The first night in the country they pitched their tents below an embankment of a railroad built by the Chinese.

Arriving in Lusaka, he took a train to Kapiri Mposhi. He was able to see a recently built railroad station, and observed how it, along with everything else under negro influence, had started going down the drain: "The railroad had been in operation for only a few months, but decay had already begun to set in. A row of brightly painted chil-

dren's cots was arrayed on a platform that ran the length of one wall. A thoughtful touch—but not one of the cots was being used. Babies slept on sheets spread on the floor or crawled about in puddles of urine. I had been unable to slake my thirst: the drinking fountains were waterless; the handles of one or two were broken, reduced to jagged stumps of metal. The telephones were not working. The toilets were locked. The clock was wrong by hours. What must the Chinese think?"

It is obvious that Shiva Naipaul left the Dark Continent with a low opinion of black Africans, nor did he think much of the guilt-ridden whites, so full of self-abasement, who chose to live among them as equals, with the object of "uplifting" them. He felt that they corrupted each other, and "deserved each other. Neither was worth the shedding of a single tear; both were rotten to the core. Each had been destroyed by contact with the other—though each had been destroyed in his own way."

Just before closing his book, he took a parting shot, or did a summing up, of the new black Africa: "Only lies flourished here. Africa was swaddled in lies—the lies of an aborted European civilization; the lies of liberation. Nothing but lies." □

THE ANTI-HUMANS

by D. Bacu (307 pp., hb.) describes what was done to the young men whom Corneliu Z. Codreanu, the founder of the Legionary Movement in Romania, inspired, when seven years after his brutal murder, Romania was delivered to the Bolsheviks. They were subjected to what is the most fully documented Pavlovian experiment on a large number of human beings. It is likely that the same techniques were used on many American prisoners in Korea and Vietnam. *The Anti Humans* is a well-written document of great historical and psychological importance. Reading it will be an emotional experience you will not forget. "A sequel to Orwell's 1984" —R.S.H. "A searing exposé of Red bestiality!" —Dr. A.J. App). **THE ANTI-HUMANS**, Order #01013. Sale priced, single copy \$2.00 + \$1.50 postage, 10 for \$15.00 + \$5.00 postage.

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MY ANSWER TO VIC OLVR

by Jarah B. Crawford

In catching up on my reading, I became incensed at the arm-chair philosophy of Vic Olvir's "Christianity: Religion of the West" article, a reprint from *Instauration*, printed in the November 1994 issue of *Liberty Bell*. There is a war going on for the survival of the White Race and this beautiful blue planet. Mr. Olvir is apparently cloistered in some never-never land far removed from the Reality of this day. Here he plays with his toys: Plato, Socrates, Aristotle, Spengler, Faust, de Lagarde, T. S. Eliot, Hilaire Belloc, Chesterton, Waugh, "among others," as he puts it. He also plays head games to amuse himself, trying desperately to sound authoritative and intellectual.

Please let me point out that Religion, Western Culture, and the United States Constitution got us to the sorry state we are in today. I have been in the pulpits and trenches of religion. Do not waste my time telling me about confession, the Faustian conception of Contrition and Grace, Yeshua (*sic*) and Paul, and purified Gothic Christianity—whatever the hell Olvir means by that. *He is blowing smoke!*

If the Christian fathers are the godfathers of Western philosophy and Western science, then there, indeed, lies the philosophy of this egg-head. There also lies the basis for Western science geared for destruction. *Christianity is destructive* and one of the most evil forces in the 20th century. Western culture is almost as sick as Western Religion.

Also, do not try to re-sell me on the Constitution. I do not live in 1776!

Why did Olvir's list of toys not include Schopenhauer, Robert G. Ingersoll, Adolf Hitler's *Mein Kampf*, and Lady Queenshoro's *Occult Theocracy*? John White's book, *Pole Shift*, is the most relevant book one can read. Instead of playing with his toys, Olvir might better use his hallowed resources in addressing the apocalyptic Reality of 1995.

Having read Olvir's article twice, I continue to ask, "What is he trying to say, and why did he not communicate it?" Writers who play games always use an overabundance of words in attempt to convey their fuzzy thoughts. It never works. Please consider what would happen if a military commander could not communicate. He would not only be unable to lead, but his bungling words would create disaster.

Now, I wish to address the matter at hand; the survival of our White Race and this planet. This seems to be of some importance compared to Olvir's reference to "...the power of tradition." If there is any hope at all, it *will not* be in tradition, but rather in a complete break with traditions as we know them.

The land of the free and the home of the brave was not in 1776 what it is today. The United States of America is THE FINAL TARGET NATION of those men of Power who wish to enslave the Earth. The Bolshevik Revolution was a picnic compared to what the Jewish World Power Structure is now effecting in our besieged nation. Furthermore, White Aryan ideas and ideals have been completely wiped-out in America except in the minds of a few men who know what must be done.

In the February issue of the *Liberty Bell*, there is a letter by yet another writer afraid to sign his name to it. (Such courageous men—writing about Freedom.) He states that "...White America is already dead." He then rightly adds that "...the few remaining whites will have to flee America just to survive...Where will they go?" For some years I have advocated leaving this nation. This is not visionary, but rather sheer common sense. Considering this expatriation, I have traveled abroad and found where I should go. The financial means to relocate keep me here thus far.

The Rabbi Mayer Schiller who addressed the American Renaissance meeting in Louisville, Kentucky made it clear that Americans will need to flee America to save our civilization. The August, 1994 issue of *Money* magazine published the article "Escape From Amer-

ica." The 250,000 who have already escaped are not necessarily White Christian Patriots.

If there were a spearhead of effort in progress in America for Aryan survival, you could not drive me out. However, the *Liberty Bell* letter referred to above painted a Rembrandt of American culture and character and racial stupidity which makes remaining here among this human tragedy much less than intelligent.

Please consider the mentality of two very large segments of White America; the Christians and the Patriots, who sometimes combine to make Christian Patriots.

While waiting in a doctor's office, a little old lady lamented her ailments. But alas! she received relief from her pain by stating, "We've just got to trust in God." The walls of that waiting room trembled when I retorted, "Not that Jewish God of the Bible!" silence reigned! until a crippled old man said; "We all can't be educated." My not-so-kind reply was; "No, but we can all learn."

My days of passive nicety are over. I am tired of tolerating the "righteous Christian" pointing at me as the sinner on my way to be fried eternally. It is time for the present confessing 15th century Christian to feel the tip of my sword in 1995, to know that he is my enemy though his name bespeaks his Aryan heritage. HIS CURSED GOD HAS DONE HIM IN!!! No, Mr. Olvir, Christians are not on my side and will be the first to turn me in.

So it is with the patriotic, right wing ignoramuses who are mired in the do-nothing rhetoric which has served only to prove their insanity. CAN'T THEY SEE? CAN'T THEY LEARN? that the enemy who holds every meaningful advantage does not give a damn for their stupid insanity?

Patriots and Christians are, indeed, the blight of our beautiful race. If Patriots need a Cause, let it be our Aryan race. If Christians need a God, let it be our Aryan race. If Aryans require a Savior, let them read *Mein Kampf* with the same divine understanding with

which it was written, while at the same time letting their Bibles supply the fuel for the bonfire which will light the heavens for a trillion miles, to end forever the influence of this Jewish book on Western Civilization.

Christian Patriot, listen to me. When Thomas Paine arrived from England at the age of 37, he found the colonies clamoring for justice; whining about their grievances; at their knees imploring George the III for a restoration of their ancient privileges. They were trying to soften the heart of their master. The colonists wished for, hoped for, and prayed for reconciliation. *They did not dream of freedom and independence.*

Christian Patriot, do you not see yourself repeating the same lunacy? Clamoring for justice in our courts; whining about your grievances; on your knees begging for the restoration of the Constitution; pulling the lever at the voting booth; writing to your Congressman; heating up the fax machines and computer networks? You wish for, hope for, and pray for reconciliation with your Jew-owned government.

Christian Patriot, come out of your cave, your colony, your concentration camp of the damned. You need to vision the liberty and independence you have never known. Thomas Paine ignited the torch which began to burn in the hearts of the colonists. NO MORE MAKING BRICKS FOR PHARAOH! NO MORE HOPE TO RECONCILE WITH THE BEAST. Freedom for this new nation was paid for in the blood of *our* Race. We, the children of the Revolution, are now required to pay with our blood for this FREEDOM we relinquished at the trough of sloven mentality. Only the 14 Words of David Lane are appropriate for this hour.

**"WE MUST SECURE THE EXISTENCE OF OUR PEOPLE
AND A FUTURE FOR WHITE CHILDREN."**

Or, as Thomas Paine wrote;

**"IF THERE MUST BE WAR LET IT BE IN MY DAY,
THAT MY CHILD MAY HAVE PEACE."**

Christian Patriot, let this torch your soul!

At 18 years of age, I was expected to kill in WW II, for what cause I did not know, other than the Jewish propaganda which was all I knew. But today, I know the Cause is my Aryan Race, and I am ready to kill for it. That puts a smile on my face. Oh, to initiate the scene in my manuscript, *Firestorm*, where all is thought, all is planned, and all is executed for the good of the Aryan Race...the rest of the world be damned...until they acknowledge who we are and our proper place and position on this planet. Only then will even they receive the marvelous wonders of our accomplishments, stagnated and rotted since Christianity. We shall be their divine keepers as they rightly respond. When we Aryans again have the right to think and to express our thoughts, every brain will give to all the best it has. The world will then be filled with intellectual wealth, providing for all abundantly, without Jewish insanity and Christian horror.

One day, will we look back at our 20th century history in abject disbelief? How could we have groveled with swine? But in retrospect—with our Aryan Spirit and Soul healed of all alien diseases—we shall regret that it took so long to overcome the paper tiger which held us captive. It will be the wonder of the Aryan Race for all ages to come. Its memory shall be our guardian forever.

No reconciliation with the past. Only the new Aryan world envisioned by our Savior and passionately embraced by Savitri Devi.

Knoxville, Tennessee, March 5, 1995

PLEASE REMEMBER:

Your subscription to *Liberty Bell*, your book orders, and your regular monetary contributions are our lifeblood. Help us keep *Liberty Bell* ringing and proclaiming the truth. Your continued support is needed and will be greatly appreciated!

PREJUDICE

by *Jarah B. Crawford*

One of the most abused and mis-used words in the English language is the word "prejudice." It ranks with extremist, racist, fascist and the like. This word has been perverted by the word-manipulators to mean anyone who is against anything. It is the label pinned on everyone who does not conform, one who is not politically correct, and one who dares to think independently of the "system."

The American Heritage Dictionary, Third Edition, dated 1992 defines prejudice as follows.

1. An adverse judgment or opinion formed beforehand or without knowledge or examination of the facts.
2. The act or state of holding unreasonable preconceived judgements or convictions.
3. Irrational suspicion or hatred of a particular group, race, or religion.
4. Detriment or injury caused to a person by the preconceived unfavorable conviction of another or others. To cause (someone) to judge prematurely and irrationally.

These are some pretty strong words. Let us examine them closely. In the first place, prejudice is defined simply: "Opinion without knowledge." Or, "Opinion based upon non-fact."

The factors here are "opinion: and "knowledge." Let me illustrate. As a child growing up in the steel-mill towns of Northeastern Ohio, I heard many derogatory references to the Kentucky hill-billies who migrated to Ohio to get employment in the steel mills. Though I had never seen a Kentucky hill-billy in the '30's, believe me, I had my opinions of them. My opinions were not yood.

In 1970, I lived in Bowling Green, Kentucky. I learned em-

phatically that all people in Kentucky were not ignorant hill-billies. My prejudice was dispelled forever. Now I had the facts which translated into knowledge which replaced my previous opinions.

Opinion has no place in scholarship, nor in science, nor in the affairs of men.

Prejudice also means one's holding unreasonable preconceived judgments. Notice, the *facts* are missing. Preconceived means:

"To form an opinion of something before possessing adequate knowledge."

Opinions are very dangerous! Opinions are in the minds of the unknowledgeable who put as much trust in their opinions as the intelligent person puts in his knowledge of the facts. The opinion-makers rely upon the opinions they plant in hundreds of millions of human minds. This would seem to be a very unhealthy situation.

Prejudice also means the irrational suspicion of a particular group, race, or religion. The factors here are "irrational" and "suspicion." Irrational means "without reason; or lack of usual or normal mental clarity." Suspicion is "suspecting something wrong with little or no proof." Again, the facts are missing. With irrational suspicion, I can accuse you of anything I choose. "You are going to kill me." Or, I can accuse all the people in Kentucky of being lazy and stupid. Or, I can say all Catholics are going to hell.

This is sheer prejudice for I do not *know* you are going to kill me.

I do not *know* all people in Kentucky to be lazy and stupid. I do not know that all Catholics are going to hell. I don't *know* the above to be true. *But I can have my opinions!!!* This is ignorant and dangerous.

Prejudice also means; "...detriment or injury caused to a per-

son by the preconceived, unfavorable conviction (opinion) of others." And "...to *cause* someone to judge prematurely and irrationally."

Yes, your prejudice can cause you to commit irrational injury to innocent people.

What if the people from Northeastern Ohio had had the money and the means to spread their prejudice throughout the state until the fury of unreasonable preconceived judgment, of irrational suspicion and hatred, fed the opinions of the people until war was declared with Kentucky which was guilty of nothing. The Ohio army marched into Kentucky and wiped out half the population.

Do you think for a moment the American Civil Liberties Union would sit by quietly? Do you believe the other 48 states would give their full support of arms and troops to the invading Ohio army? Do you think our United States Government and the United Nations would remain silent?

Ohio did not invade Kentucky. But just as surely as the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor, so, too, the Jewish war machine invaded Germany in 1933 with every evil contained in the word "prejudice." The Jews declared a "Holy War" against Germany because Germany said "NO" to Jewish Communism. *And the rest of the world remained silent.*

A world war was created in 1933 because the Jews had the money and the means to poison your mind with prejudice; raw and dangerous prejudice. The Jews most deliberately caused adverse judgment in the minds of hundreds of millions of people. Yes, they created unreasonable opinions about the Germans. Yes, the Jews heated the caldron until it boiled over with irrational suspicion and hatred against the German people. *The Jews created World War II.* Yes, we Americans and the British committed irrational injury to an innocent people.

ALL THIS BECAUSE YOU FORMED YOUR OPINION WITHOUT KNOWLEDGE! YOU HAD NO FACTS! THIS WAS *YOUR* PREJUDICE! AND YOU STILL LIVE WITH IT!!!

There were a few people who knew the facts which led to World War II, people who resisted the propaganda of prejudice. There was Charles A. Lindbergh. There was Elizabeth Dilling. There were others, and the United States Government (in the hands of the Jews) put these "America First" Patriots on trial for sedition. *You*, with your prejudice, absolutely wrong with your damned opinions, won World War II. Those who knew the facts were tried in court. Lindbergh left the American continent never to return.

Do *I* have any prejudice against the Jews for their horrendous crimes? No, I have not one particle of prejudice, *not one wrong opinion!* But I do have all the facts which give me the knowledge of what must be done to atone for the Jewish crimes of world-wide prejudice, causing the adverse judgments, the irrational hatred, the untold injury and misery to be unleashed against Germany, which then caused US to grind Germany under the treads of tanks, to pulverize Germany with artillery and bombs, and to burn Germany with relentless fire from our bombers.

That, Mr. and Mrs. America, is what prejudice did, prejudice in the hands of the Jews which they successfully implanted in you, *which you still carry with you, irrationally so!*

How do we get out of this dilemma, Mr. and Mrs. America?

You don't know how, do you? Let me tell you. *Trade in your atupid prejudices, your ignorant opinions for the facts which will give you the knowledge to know the TRUTH. Stop being an idiot! Surely, you are more than an idiot!!*

And I'm not through with you yet. I know a 24 year old college graduate, an architect. She reads incessantly; not Micky

Mouse, but Nietzsche, Schopenhauer and Sartre. I thought I had found fertile ground where Truth would be recognized. I gave her my manuscript, "The Creator, God, and the Bible." Her return reply was, "But I don't agree with you about the Jews."

Here's a runny-nosed kid positing her controlled, college-minded prejudice with the Truth I have dug out and experienced over the last 70 years. Implied was: "My opinions are as valid as your Truth." What in god's name does she know about the Jews, or for that matter, about Truth?

This 24 year old adolescent did not experience the Jewish World War. She had not taken her first breath of air. She has no idea of the personal hardships the Americans endured to participate in that Jewish catastrophe against Germany, to say nothing about German suffering and death. She has no conception of the circumstances in 1941 to 1946. My mother worked at an arsenal for 98 cents an hour. In my senior year of high-school, I worked midnight shift at the arsenal and went to school in the daytime, just so I could buy a suit for graduation. You could not buy a pound of sugar without a ration stamp. You bought gasoline only in the amount your ration stamps allowed you. A new tire for your car was permitted only if it was necessary for the war effort.

This pip-squeek knows nothing of the president of my senior high-school class, Donald Noble, who served in that Jewish war in Germany and gave his life's blood for the "cause." She knows nothing of seeing the air-craft carrier, the *U.S.S. Franklin*, limp into Pearl Harbor, its flight deck looking like a disarrayed box of spilled tooth-picks, to say nothing of the American men aboard who lost their lives for this Jewish "cause." She knows nothing of the ten major naval engagements my brother survived on the *U.S.S. Lexington*, another air-craft carrier. She knows nothing of my childhood friend, Jack Bolar, who gave his life at Iwo Jima. I am damned sick and tired of these people with all their opinions,

but have no knowledge!

I'm not very damned happy that I spent my 18th, 19th, 20th and 21st years serving those bastard Jews who got us into that tragic war, those Jews of whom President Franklin Delano Roosevelt kissed the asses for so many years--AT MY EXPENSE--while Pip-squeak in those years of her life enjoyed her paid-for college education where opinions rank at least as high as knowledge, where she learned "But I don't agree with you about the Jews."

"But I have a right to my opinion." No, goddammit, YOU DO NOT HAVE A RIGHT TO YOUR OPINION IN REGARDS TO THE AFFAIRS OF MEN ANYMORE THAN YOU HAVE THE RIGHT TO OPINE THAT WATER RUNS UPHILL! Your implanted prejudice fills you full of opinions, but you have no facts. You are a worthless empty vessel, and even a dangerous one. But when I relate one of the facts I have worked to discover, YOU accuse ME of prejudice. Then I hear the party line: "I see nothing wrong with the Jews. Some of my best friends are Jews."

Everyone of these opinion-filled individuals needs to perch himself/herself upon the end of my bayonet and tell me he/she knows better than me what it has taken me a lifetime to learn and experience. These people are dangerous and will turn against us, will become the enemy, the moment we begin to do what must be done. What must be done will inevitably include them. The cleansing, the restoration of the Aryan race, must erase the deep-seated prejudice which has become a very sick part of being an American, a Canadian, an Englishman, an Irishman, a German, etc.

I agree emphatically with Joseph D. Pryce that our corporate hatred must bring an end to Jewish madness and the cess-pool minds of our own people, whatever the cost! The eternal problem must come to an end.

Knoxville, Tennessee, March 31, 1995

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By

Charles E. Weber, Ph.D.

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George P. Dietz, Editor & Publisher

The Plot Against Suspicion

from the (former) Prof

A recent front-page AP column in the local paper discusses the phenomenon of an "Angry America". The day's centerpiece is a photo of an Idaho couple looking out a window on which is pasted the sticker "If We Can't Reform It, We Will Overthrow It!". An ever-so-concerned reporter is conducting an interview with them in order to arrive at some rational diagnosis of their anger.

These folk offer him a seat on a milkbox and proceed to explain their discontent. What are they upset about? With little bother of direct quote, he plays middleman for the reader and runs down a smug litany of their fears—of government, of bankers, of Jews, of Democrats, of Republicans ... Of course, he reflects, this "paranoid" need to find a scapegoat is nothing new. The reader is left to draw his own assessment.

This effort to ridicule white anger, to analyze and pathologize it, as it were, is itself nothing new. It has played throughout my own lifetime (more than four decades) and continues on a daily basis. These days, and in the wake of such things as the Oklahoma City bombing and the militia movement, scarcely a day passes without some liberally educated columnist making wry observations about deluded conspiracy buffs (on a par, we are encouraged to think, with flat-earthers and UFO abductees) and illiterate gun-toting anarchists.

The caricature, in fact, is not a total lie. Were the truth admitted, a fair number of the right-wing types—certain elements within the broad run of tax protesters, weekend soldiers of fortune, and so on—really do fit the stereotype. Some are ne'er-do-wells who would not fit with any system, no matter what its nature. They are rebels with no cause but that of post-adolescent delinquency, self-willed losers who do not like being "shoved around", as they see it, by those above them (i.e., by just about everyone), and being required to actually pay for the governmental services that they consume. They take easily to the notion of high-level plot because it provides them with an excuse. If a theory about "Jews", or "bankers", or "the feds" will do the job, they are all for it.

But it is another question whether or not there exists some truth

amidst this noise. The fact that some misfits have joined the chorus does not mean that the lyric is false. Granted, there is little sympathy for their cry in the popular media. But are these media themselves to be trusted? Liberal critics, I notice, are having a good time these days with the fears of these folk. Invariably these disenfranchised elements are white. Thus they are also "racist". They suspect mischief behind the scenes. Thus they are also "paranoid". What are their allegations? For one, that the government is not to be trusted. They feel also that "big money" controls its actions. They maintain that their tax money is being misappropriated. In particular, we are told, they repeat "that old canard" of Jewish conspiracy in media.

Is it wrong, is it paranoid, or in some way sick or irrational, to suppose that there is some truth in allegations of this kind? If would-be analysts wanted a fresh insight into the problem, they might consider for a moment the one possibility that they always exclude from the start, namely, that certain members of this redneck contingent are actually on to something.

Having examined the facts, I submit the hypothesis that the basic perception of these folk is not crazy, after all—that they are on to the fact, real and frightening, that the system is no longer ours. I contend that this system has no allegiance to truth or to justice; that it no longer serves, or cares about, those of us who are of white European extraction; that its controllers fully intend to turn the United States of America, when all is said and done, into a third-world country at our expense. I believe, furthermore, that the guilty parties can be found, without too much trouble, within the blood-related industries of mass media and federal government. And I believe that this dispossession of our folk is no accident, no error of judgment or misguided liberalism, but that it is being accomplished with design and with knowing malice. This process, I claim, is being carried out daily by a small number of persons, broadly united by various cross-ties of outlook and ethnicity, who hold the reins of our mass media, and so also of our political process. I am convinced that they fully intend to destroy us and all that we hold good and decent. To this extent I am saying that there exists a conspiracy.

The hypothesis will be laughed at by most. But I look at the facts, and I am hard pressed to find another explanation. What are we told

in the media? Is this message accurate? Is it in the service of truth? Were I to accept it, I would have to conclude that white heterosexual males are the world's worst human beings, and that blacks are its most intelligent. I would have to think also that Jews were its least fortunate and its most virtuous. When I turn from this theatre to the real world, I find something absolutely different.

What accounts for this discrepancy? How can the message be wrong with such perfect consistency? Why is its error never corrected? How can it turn vital facts of life upside down, day in and day out, without refutation? Why do I see stifled every effort within the mainstream of media and education to tell an opposing story? I then ask who owns and produces this obscene fiction. I find that almost without exception the controlling force is Jewish. Is this fact not conspicuous? How can an ethnic-religious minority of some 2.9% of the nation own or control virtually every major film company, television network, and book, magazine and newspaper publishing house that operates within it? And why does no source in the mainstream tell the racial story that life has told me? I look at the hard and tightening grip on these sources, and I am compelled to think that this little ruling clique does not want the truth to be told.

In calling this state of affairs a conspiracy, I am not suggesting that all Jews, or all those in key positions of power, are somehow involved in a single collaboration. I do not imagine that they all gather together in secret at any given time to engineer this program, or that there exists some particular shared plan that unites all of them against all of us. Nor do I imagine that all Jews carry on amicable relations with each other—often, of course, they are mutual competitors, and ruthless ones, at that. What I do believe, just the same, is that there exist broad demographic patterns of behavior within this nation. And some of those patterns, I contend, involve a cumulative aggression by one group against another. To cite one case, the acquisition of media: I believe that it is possible for a small group of persons, united by ties of background and sensibility, creating its own inroads and enjoying the advantage of mutual support, to gradually gain control of the devices of mass communication and to use them, either honestly or dishonestly, to their own advantage. If this group is alien to those around it, if it harbors a resentment, if it has in it an impulse to hurt,

exploit, and humiliate these outsiders, then it will employ those devices in ways that work to those outsiders' detriment.

And this, I must believe, is exactly what has happened. Jews, as a matter of verifiable fact, are in near-complete control of the media. They are also, on average, keenly aware of the long, old, and mutual hostility that has existed between themselves and the majority folk of white European descent. This awareness is not shared by most of these latter at the present time, and Jews (while they work deliberately in their self-interest to perpetuate it) are contemptuous of this racial innocence. Hence their use of the term *goyim* (cattle) to refer to us, and their sheer indifference to the lie that they tell and the pain that they cause by their abuses. Their current strongholds in media, finance, and education (and consequently, as well, in the field of public office) give them the leverage to do what they want, and to create virtually any "truth" they desire. Their exploitation of these resources, as best I can ascertain it, knows no scruple.

Once more, I do not insist that all Jews share directly in this action. The greater number of Jews are not in the business of media, or anywhere near it. I do not claim, either, that any given Jew in the reader's immediate acquaintance must conform to the sketch that is offered in this article. What I maintain is that an absurdly narrow ethnic monopoly exists, and so that the message of the mainstream reflects, in some broad fashion, and in rather wild disproportion, the general wants, likes, and sensibilities of this ethnic group at the expense of any and all others. Jews, on the whole, perceive themselves (not without cause) as being superior to other groups in certain respects, and this attitude colors their dealings with us. Furthermore, they are steeped from birth in an ideology that makes of them both Chosen People and history's endless victims. A greater share of life's good things, as they see it, is their birthright. (If this belief is not a part of their doctrine, it is at least a part of their common attitude.) By and large, they dislike Aryans (persons, that is, of our own Northern and Western European line of descent), and so wish to shape the world in ways that will subordinate our needs to theirs. To this end they employ their control of media, and the result is what we read, hear, and watch in the course of a day. This result is laden with the ideological flavor of its producers. It is, of necessity, inimical to our

own well-being. It is for this reason that decent Aryans (while not fully understanding the dynamics involved) are vaguely and yet deeply offended by so much of what they see in popular entertainment.

What unites the enterprises of mass media, it appears to me, is not so much a single blueprint for conquest, but a sheer and visceral dislike of what is Aryan. This hatred is not simple, for it is compounded by a bitter admiration of both the spirit and the outward beauty of distinctly Aryan peoples. The average Jewish male, in point of fact, is obsessed with the innate splendor of a Nordic woman. Himself a poor physical specimen, psychically torn, prone often as not to fetish and perversion, he cannot win her by natural means. His attitude toward her and her folk is at once an envy and an aversion, a basic lust and loathing that saturates his own thought, and that saturates in turn every film, every article, every snickering "situation comedy" that plays in the market of his kinsmen. Facility, wit, wealth, influence—these he is apt to have in abundance. If so, he will employ his resources with near-perfect regularity to the acquisition of this fair prize—a Nordic woman, or, if he is so inclined, a Nordic man. I he has celebrity status—a position, say, in film, movie, publishing, or theater—his behavior will aim nearly always in the same direction. Such is his nature that he will use his position to both consume and defile this treasure, to enjoy it in his bedroom, to flaunt it in public as his supreme material possession, while at the same time furthering every public cause that will bring about its long-term genetic ruin. At the core of his own diseased soul is a will to confuse, to unsettle, to pervert and destroy. To this end he will not spare a lie. He knows, for example, that interracial violence (and sexual violence especially) is nearly always black-on-white. He derives a twisted amusement from planting the reverse notion in the minds and hearts of his audience. He revels in the promotion of interracial romance, and in his portrayal of the white man as the eternal dupe of a falsely heroic black rival.

What I have said in this brief discussion will sound very strange to the innocent reader—that bright and inquiring young college student, for one—who still trusts the sources of the mainstream. He will

react to some of my pronouncements in much the way that I myself did in reading, for example, Eustace Mullins' terse little history of the Jews ("hysterically anti-Semitic" was my college-educated pronouncement) some years ago as my introduction to racially conscious literature. He will think me "prejudiced", "hateful", "over-generalizing". My view will be labeled "extremist" by the sources to which he turns for an educated opinion. And until Reality deals him a few hard knocks, he will think this enough to settle the matter. The years will pass, and he will make his way in the world like a fish in bad water, ill at ease in his environment yet oblivious to its foul condition because he cannot as yet see it from the outside. This I understand. For this reason I ask him not to believe what I am saying, but merely to think about it. Why is it, young reader, that you hear so often about Jewish control of media? (Or are you so protected from reality that even this accusation is foreign to you?) Why do you never hear about the control of media, say, by the Welsh, or the Nepalese, or the Navajo Indians? This question ought to occur to you, and you ought to pursue it if you really wish to penetrate appearance and find the truth. You will be discouraged, I realize, from taking the notion of conspiracy seriously by the fact that conspiracy theories are typically ridiculed by the mainstream sources around you. Your sociology professor (perhaps himself a Jew, and almost certainly, I will wager, a leftist) will call it ludicrous. So will the prattling afternoon talk-show host. And the nightly news anchor at NBC, and ABC, and CBS, and FOX-Network. But if you are thinking rightly, you will realize that this is a poor way of deciding the issue, since if these media were controlled, this result is just what you would expect. My own hypothesis—that involving Jewish aggression and resultant anti-white media bias—predicts the very same phenomena that you will adduce as evidence against it. The question for you then is whether there exists some independent reason to accept the hypothesis or reject it. Do mass media tell you the truth? If you want the answer to this question, you will have to distance yourself from these influences and look harder. It can be done.

Were I given a single sentence with which to inform an interested undergraduate college student, I would tell him that the relationship between truth and sophistication is misunderstood. The majority of

white Americans imagine that the more a man has of formal education, and the less he has soiled his hands, the more grasp he has on what is real. In fact, truth shines its light in all directions, and it cannot be fully seen from any one of them. The average white undergraduate at a college or university is woefully ignorant of the racial dynamics that shape the world in which he lives. His inherited place in society, in the typical case, has excluded him from the racial contacts that would turn him around. As a result he falls prey in many cases to a false elitism that only shields him further.

"Extremist"? For those who have not yet awakened to the fact, extremism is relative to the scale on which it is measured. The founding fathers, for example, were extreme in their solution to the problem of how to deal with the colonial policies of mother England. What they advocated was rebellion against their own nation. Extremism *per se* is not wrong or right; it is simply far different from some given alternative position whatever that position may be.

If anyone has not noticed, the label of "extremism" applies quite well to the current program of the American political mainstream. Judged by its effects upon white Americans, that program is extremely unjust and extremely destructive. Unchecked immigration continues daily to turn our nation into a third-world swamp. Our labor is taxed to provide funds for the continued procreation of those less-evolved elements that will in time submerge our nation in a nightmare of crime and degeneracy. The contrived messages of mass media and higher education pound self-apology into our heads with shamelessly misrepresentative portrayals of the relations between the races. The bottom line of every statement, every image, every moral lesson of the mainstream media, is the dissolution of our race. We are the object of contempt.

The truth has been distorted, and it is no accident. This deception is the design of a virulent and racially ruinous minority of persons bent upon our own destruction. Truth is an enemy of the system. As a result it is under siege and must seek the refuge of publications banned from the avenues of popular consumption. If this were not enough, those who dare to tell the truth now run the risk of flagrantly immoral lawsuits designed to silence and bankrupt them. The situation is indeed extreme, and it is cause for action. □

A LIE THAT WILL NOT DIE: WHICH ONE?

By

Charles E. Weber, Ph.D.

An article with the title, "This Lie will not die," appeared on pages 115-119 of the April 1995 *Reader's Digest*, one of the most widely read periodicals in the world and published in a number of languages, including German, Dutch, Spanish, French, Chinese and several others.

The article claims that *The Protocols of the Learned Elders of Zion* is an invented account ("forgery") of alleged secret meetings which took place in conjunction with the Zionist congress held in Basel, Switzerland in 1897. *The Protocols* originally appeared in the newspaper, *Znamya* in 1903, published in St. Petersburg, Russia.

Elliott mentions a recent litigation in Russia in which the court refused to condemn the *Protocols*. This, however, was not the first instance in which a court refused to condemn the *Protocols*. A similar refusal was made by a court in Switzerland about 60 years ago.

If, indeed, *The Protocols* are an invention they were probably inspired, at least in part, by a novel by Herrmann Goedsche first published in 1868, *Biarritz*. In the very long novel there is a rather lengthy chapter entitled "In the Jewish Cemetery in Prague," which has been recently translated into English and furnished with annotations. Although the chapter makes no pretense at not being fiction, a great deal of information about the extent of Jewish control of banking, the theater, publishing and other aspects of European life at that time is presented by ghostly representatives of Jewish communities in various lands. (The translation is contained in the July, 1993 *Liberty Bell*, pages 11-60.)

During 1920-1922 a series of articles on the Jewish question appeared in a newspaper subsidized by the ingenious American industrialist Henry Ford, *The Dearborn Independent*. The one hundred or so articles written by a committee of scholars deal with such diverse aspects of Jewish behavior as the corruption of sports (then a hot topic as a result of the World Series bribery scandal of 1919 involving the Chicago White Socks and the Cincinnati Reds) and the fine art of

changing family names. These articles appeared later in the form of a four-volume set given gratis to purchasers of Ford motor cars, *The International Jew: The World's Foremost Problem* [available from Liberty Bell Publications, \$40.00 + \$8.00 postage]. Ford, we must not forget, was an idealist who paid his workers wages that were very high at the time and who tried in 1915 to bring about a cessation of hostilities during the First World War.

The authenticity of *The Protocols* was disputed in Ford's day. Ford's reaction to the disputed status of *The Protocols* was a noteworthy one. He stated that whether they were authentic or not, Jews' plans for gaining power were being brought into reality.

Ford was not the only famous man to be concerned at that time with the accretion of Jewish power. In February, 1920 in a London newspaper, Winston Churchill noted the dominance of Jews in the Bolshevik terror which had emerged in Russia.

Elliott mentions "a state-sponsored boycott of Jewish stores" in Germany. What he does not mention is the fact that this boycott was a mild response to a Jewish boycott of German exports, a serious problem for Germany. The German boycott lasted only a day, 1 April 1933, which was a Saturday and thus the sabbath for many Jews. The German boycott was essentially a symbolic action.

The Nuremberg Laws (of 1935), which Elliott also mentions, forbade the intermarriage of Germans and Jews. Similar laws against the interracial marriage of Negroes and Caucasians had long existed in many states of the United States. The Nuremberg Laws did not prohibit Jews from having their own cultural institutions. It took the National Socialist government nearly three years to get around to enacting these laws.

The *Reader's Digest* article suggests that *The Protocols* had an influence on Adolf Hitler and that this influence led to the murder of six million Jews. If this were true, the influence was a very slow one in having its effect. As late as November 1938, nearly six years after Hitler's National Socialists came to power, much of the retail trade in Germany was still in the Jewish hands in the form of retail stores, many of which were damaged in the riots of November 1938 ("Reichskristallnacht"). The origin of these riots is disputed, but it is well documented that orders for their immediate cessation were promptly sent out from Hitler's office. In comparison with the 1992

race riots in Los Angeles, the property damage resulting from the riots in Germany was small, largely a matter of window glass. Deaths resulted in both instances.

The naive or cynically dishonest author of the *Reader's Digest* article helps to spread and perpetuate a "lie that will not die" and that has served well-calculated objectives, both cultural and economic. Elliott's claim that six million Jews were murdered in Europe under the National Socialist government has been disproved by objective historians, such as Professor Arthur Butz of Northwestern University, whose book, *The Hoax of the Twentieth Century*, provides us with details of the origin of the "Holocaust" material and the torture used to obtain the "confessions" on which the material is partly based. Since the appearance of Professor Butz' book in the Mid-1970s further investigations, including forensic investigations at the alleged sites of genocide, and experts' examinations of declassified aerial photographs taken over Auschwitz during the summer of 1944 by the American airforce have added to the mass of evidence against the "Holocaust" material, which has had a strong and unfortunate influence on American foreign policy, in particular American support of the Jewish state in Palestine, deeply resented by the millions of victims of that arrogant state. That support, of course, has added to the vast debt which is now an oppressive burden on the American people. The enormous costs, not just monetary costs, of the brutal, murderous, unjustified war against Iraq, the "Gulf War", must be included in the burdens imposed on the American people as a result of the uncompromising support by Washington of the Jewish state in Palestine.

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Patriotism is the Last Refuge of a Scoundrel

by

Carl Hottel

Mobs are bad. Lynch mobs are worse. In their self-righteous savagery American hyper-patriot mobs are the worst.

The experience of Jehovah's Witnesses in the United States over the period from the British and French declaration of war on Germany in September 1939 until the United States' entrance into that war in December 1941 is a case in point. It is summarized in the Jehovah's Witnesses 1941 Yearbook published by the Watch Tower Bible and Tract Society in Brooklyn, New York.

"Jehovah's Witnesses have been assaulted, beaten, kidnapped, driven out of towns, counties, and states, tarred and feathered, forced to drink castor oil, tied together and chased like dumb beasts through the streets, castrated and maimed, taunted and insulted by demonized crowds, jailed by the hundreds without charge, and held incommunicado and denied the privilege of conferring with relatives, friends or lawyers. Many other hundreds have been jailed and held in so-called "protective custody"; some have been shot in the night time; some threatened with hanging and beaten into unconsciousness. Numerous varieties of mob violence have occurred. Many have had their clothes torn from them, their Bibles and other literature seized and publicly burned, their automobiles, trailers, homes and assembly places wrecked and fired resulting in damages totaling very many thousands of dollars. In almost every case where there has been mob violence the public officials have stood idly by, and refused to give protection, and in scores of instances the officers of the law have participated in the mobs, and sometimes actually led the mobs."

The 1941 Yearbook excerpt is reprinted in Leonard A. Stevens'

SALUTE! The Case of the Bible vs. The Flag (1973) which fleshes out some of the patriotic horrors visited upon the Witnesses. It contains also the customary spurious allusions to "Nazi" transgressions that never took place, as though that might mitigate, even excuse, American crimes that did take place. Otherwise, the book is well written, and useful. It has the merit, among others, of pointing out that, as was to be expected, the patrioteers of the American Legion, when they did not organize and lead them, were conspicuously active among the lynch mobs.

Brainwashed with an idiot theology sold them by a crazy, or cynical, and maybe mercenary, leadership, individual Witnesses, nevertheless, as they proselytized door-to-door on Sunday mornings, were disciplined, neat, and courteous. They harmed no one, and offered no harm. Least of all did their children, who sometimes accompanied them. The Witnesses refused to salute the American flag. They did not burn it, nor did they desecrate it. They did not replace it by a different flag. They would not salute any flag. That was hardly a threat to national security. In the face of establishment harassment and mob violence the Witnesses' comportment merited respect. That of politicians and other demagogues did not. These made profitable careers for themselves out of saluting the flag ostentatiously whenever that would attract public notice, and helped demonize defenseless people, and incite mob fury against them.

Barely five years earlier, another lynch mob thrashed about in front of the court house in "America's typical small town," Flemington, New Jersey. A trial was being staged inside. New York City Police Department officials instructed people who were testifying that it was their "patriotic duty" to perjure themselves to convict the defendant, whom the same police repeatedly had beaten senseless to force a "confession", though they knew him to be innocent. The defendant was a foreigner, worse yet, a German. The mob, heated to white-hot mindless fury by media that lied with special malice in this case, howled, and chanted in unison: "Burn Bruno the Hun!" "Burn Bruno the Hun!". Bruno Richard Hauptmann was burned. In the electric chair, in Trenton, in April 1936.

The happenings of 1940, and of 1935, quantitatively speaking, were mere bagatelles, compared with the events of nearly twenty years

before. In 1915 those events engulfed the country, and continued, in their more significant and sinister aspects for eight years. At least as barbarous as any in American history, they had also a new dimension, a manifestation that today would be called "cultural genocide."

The British had begun their "Hate the Hun!" anti-German atrocity-lie propaganda of World War I. Anglomaniac WASPs joined in full blast.

So did the Jews. They had prospered enormously in the Germany of Kaiser Wilhelm II. They were given preferment. Yet, no media, anywhere vented anti-German atrocity-lies as vile as those printed by the *New York Times* and its equally kosher clones. No studios ground out anti-German hate films as disgusting as those made by the Hollywood Jews. Yet many of the Jews, in New York and in Hollywood, had but recently come from Germany.

Observers were astonished at the intensity and the extent of Jewish hatred against a country and a people that had nurtured them at least as kindly as had any other. There were no pogroms, there were no expulsions. It was in Germany, and only in Germany, that Jews achieved true cultural heights. What non-German Jew is there to compare with Heinrich Heine or with Felix Mendelsohn? Or with Mahler, Meyerbeer, or Offenbach? In fact, what non-German Jew has contributed anything, anything constructive, that is, to any civilization?

Astonishment at the behavior of the Jews derives from ignorance of their history, character, and mind-set. Nomadic and predatory, they know neither allegiance nor gratitude, even toward the host peo-

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ple from whom they profited most. Unable to build a viable state of their own, obsessed by a compulsion to dominate, inspired and instructed by the Talmud to hate, abuse, and exploit all that is not Jewish, they strive to destroy every society they can penetrate. In 1915 they had yet another motivation. As the authentically distinguished (and therefore virtually unknown) German-Jewish economist, Werner Sombart, pointed out: "Wars are the harvests of the Jews."

Joined, for once, the WASPs, who loathed Jews, and Jews who hated WASPs, through their combined total control of media, money, and politicians . . . wrapped themselves in American flags, launched history's most ferocious campaign to extirpate the spirit and the culture of a people who had dwelt in their country for over two and a half centuries, who had contributed more than other ethnic groups, some would argue, more than all other ethnic groups put together.

For the first time, mobs operated on two levels. On the lower level were the street gangs, composed of the usual hoodlums, hooligans, barroom brawlers, and other such low grade rabble. On the upper level were the academic gangs, composed of "educators", "intellectuals", artists, artistes, a great many of the "cultural elite", the "intelligentsia", and other such high grade rabble.

The depredations of the street mobs were what they had always been: assaulting people they had never seen; beatings; burning down homes, barns, places of business; destroying property; pillaging; hunting down lone, desperately fleeing individuals and murdering them, that sort of thing.

In one way, the street gang's performance was out of the ordinary. They burned books. German books. They raided public libraries, school and college libraries, and book stores. German books were pulled out of the stacks and off the shelves, dumped in the street. Kerosene was poured over them and they were set on fire. What was extraordinary about this was not the mobs' frenzy, but the virtual certainty that none of their goons ever before had been in a library, or could tell a German book from an English, Russian, or Turkish one.

Who led the semi-literates of the street gangs to libraries and bookshops? Who pointed out the books to be burned? Who other than the "intellectual" hoods who had joined their gutter colleagues

for the purpose.

The striving to eradicate everything that was German, even the memory that once it was German, covered the spectrum from incredible pettiness to the criminally demented .

Sauerkraut became "liberty cabbage". Hamburgers were rechristened "Salisbury steak". Frankfurters metamorphosed into "wieners" (one wonders why not felixes). German pastry changes its nationality to Danish, and so on, and on.

Even the German shepherd was not overlooked. The Anglomaniac Albert Payson Terhune made him the dastardly villain in his collied book for children. To conceal and falsify the national origin of this splendid animal, "the only dog that thinks," the zealots invented hitherto unknown breeds for it. The German shepherd became an "Alsatian", or a "Belgian".

More serious was the forced renaming of places and institutions. One victim of this vindictiveness was the Deutsches Hospital, the German Hospital, at the time the finest in New York City, and one of the best in the country. The Anglomaniacs insisted that it be renamed "Edith Cavell Hospital". Edith Cavell was a British Red Cross nurse whom the Germans had permitted to work in German-occupied Belgium. Violating her oath, and international law, she helped POWs escape. The Germans caught her at it, tried her in strict fairness, found her guilty, and executed her by firing squad. That was clumsy of the Germans, who never grasped the nature of Anglo-American propaganda. In the event, the WASP's were unable to consummate their outrageous insult to those who had built the hospital. But the administration and staff, by then already more Irish than German, were compelled to abandon Deutsches Hospital and "compromise" on Lenox Hill Hospital, which is its name today. The hospital's German origin is forgotten.

The academic mob's crassest scheme to falsify history was to depose Johann Gutenberg, inventor of printing with movable type, to push him into the memory hole, and put William Caxton in his place.

Johann Gutenberg was born around 1400 in the town of Mainz, where the river of that name flows into the Rhine. Fulfilling the stringent requirements of the medieval German guilds, he was apprentice,

journeyman, and master of his craft. In 1439 Gutenberg began to apply the knowledge and skills he had absorbed toward achieving his great concept: To do away with the cumbersome block of wood into which the letters for an entire page of text were cut laboriously by hand, and to use instead a frame into which individual pieces of type would form the text; after a page was printed, the type would be reset for another.

The gestation of the first modern printing press, more than half a millennium ago, was neither short nor easy. It called for manifold genius. To find the right material for the dies into which the separate type faces were cut, Gutenberg made long and arduous trials with woods, hard and soft, and with metals, copper, silver, gold. Yet more difficult was the question of the ink, which had to be of a new and special kind for use with the new type. Gutenberg solved the complex chemical problem and produced a deep black lustrous ink that has never been equaled. Then there was the press itself. To be capable of imparting pressure absolutely evenly and uniformly over a large surface it had to be built to a standard of precision not previously needed, or attained. Gutenberg printed with movable type. It had taken him more than twenty years.

When Johann Gutenberg died in 1468 he bequeathed the world an instrument that altered it forever, and that brought forth the most beautiful book ever printed -the Gutenberg Bible.

William Caxton was born around 1422 in London. He was apprenticed to a London silk merchant in 1438. He became a merchant on his own account, and moved to the Continent. In the Hanseatic town of Bruges he heard the German traders talking about Johann Gutenberg's wonderful new printing press, and how print shops were springing up all over Germany. Caxton saw the potential for England. He left Bruges for the nearest major German town, Cologne, to learn the arts and techniques of printing with movable type. That was in 1476. Later that year Caxton returned to London and set up a printer's shop. The first book he printed and dated was in 1477. Caxton brought his equipment and his initial stock of type and ink from Germany to England. He never claimed to have invented anything. William Caxton died in 1491.

Is there anything more base than stealing from a people one of

the glories of its heritage? And to ascribe it to others who were incapable of producing it themselves?

In the end, the "intellectual" goon mob couldn't make this trick stick. There remained too many civilized people, in America and in Britain, who knew them for the frauds and crooks they were, and who could be pushed just so far.

Condoned and abetted by the administration of the rabid Germanophobe, Woodrow Wilson, his brain already putrifying, anti-German depredations became even more deranged.

The street mobs' frenzy, artificially engendered, was essentially mindless. The Germanophobic, highly organized academic mob was activated by an innate fury, intense and purposeful.

The street gangs assaulted, abused, humiliated, and occasionally murdered, helpless people. They destroyed whatever they ran across that seemed to them to be German.

Their colleagues and accomplices on the "intellectual" front concentrated on the destruction of German culture, on the eradication of every manifestation of German life in the United States.

The teaching of German in schools and colleges was abolished. Instructors and professors of German literature were hounded from their posts. German newspapers and periodicals, published in America for two centuries were suppressed. German social and cultural clubs were prohibited. There were no German political clubs. Choral societies, literary societies, dramatic societies, all were driven from the American cultural and social scene.

Germans were preeminent in the musical life of America. There was Theodor Thomas, for one. Born in Germany in 1835, immigrating, with his parents, in 1845, he formed and conducted orchestras and led them on tours about the country. He is remembered best for his enduring work in Cincinnati and for raising the Chicago Symphony to world class professionalism. Upon Thomas' death in 1905 his work with the Chicago Orchestra was carried on by another German-born virtuoso, composer, and conductor, Friedrich Stock until war hysteria caused his "temporary retirement." These men, and others, enriched immeasurably the cultural life of the Republic. They helped essentially to create the only *belle époque* the country has known. It ended when its German constituent was suppressed.

The ultimate unspeakable vindictiveness was forbidding Germans to pray in their language, even in their own churches. Some observers attribute the WASP's manic vengefulness to a gnawing envy, and inferiority complex induced by the knowledge that German culture, and other achievements exceeded theirs. That is aggravated by a fanatic identification with the Motherland, and with its customs, among them the classic English concept of how best to compete: Kill the competitor.

The demented obliteration of everything German deprived Americans, American children most of all, of so much that Germans contributed to make childhood in America joyous. The Christmas tree, "Silent Night, Holy Night", Grimm's Fairy Tales, the Kindergarten, the most enchanting lullaby ever composed, Brahms's Cradle Song.

The WASPs, the Jews even less, had nothing to offer in place of what they had ruined. That didn't trouble them. Jews care nothing about children not their own. WASPs were callous to the condition of children.

Three or four year old toddlers were made to work in the Motherlands' dark Satanic mills. Underfed, sleepy, they would stumble into the dangerous machinery throbbing and clanking all about. Little legs and arms had to be amputated. Infants of the same age were put to work as chimney sweeps, an excruciatingly filthy and dangerous task. Many of these babies, jammed in hot flues, died in screaming agony. Those who didn't, had their health destroyed. Children whose fathers could not feed them on the beggar's pay they earned, when they had work, were placed in hideous workhouses which delivered them as slave-apprentices into the hands of those who applied for such. Up until the latter part of the last century children were hanged for stealing trifles, even food. In this country, until well into this century, WASPs worked seven and eight year-olds in their coal mines.

To Germans the thought of mistreating or exploiting children was, and is, abhorrent. To assure the well being of children is the instinct most deeply rooted in Germans. In Germany, and among Germans everywhere, custom, culture, the social order, put concern for children above all else.

Supporting the more or less ad hoc street mobs, and the highly organized academic ferrets and demagogues in the heroic fray against Lied-

erkränze ("wreaths of song", or singing societies) the Kindergarten (children's garden) was a familiar figure on the American stage: the busybody, informer, snooper, vigilante, under whichever label, an admirably patriotic type. He would peer about for vestiges of something German that might have been overlooked in the destruction, and reported them to the authorities or to his local association of patriots. He accosted people, whom he overheard speaking what he thought was German, and admonished them summarily, when he didn't assault them.

An incident comes to mind. It took place on a mild late winter day in 1917. A woman with her little boy was walking on upper Broadway in the Washington Heights section of Manhattan. The little boy was wearing a navy blue sailor's suit and cap. The cap was of the flat style, a ribbon ran about its base, ending in two fluttering streamers at the back. On the front, over the forehead, in gilt letters, was a ship's name. Among the people walking toward them from the opposite direction was a man. As he was about to pass by he stepped over and slapped the child hard across the face. The mother cried out. A few people paused for a moment to look, then went on. The man had vanished. The little boy, bewildered and hurt, put his hand to his face and whimpered. The name of the ship in gilt letters on my sailor's cap was "Emden".

Patriotism is the last refuge of the scoundrel, be he part of a mob or acting alone.

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Scapegoat. The Lonesome Death of Bruno Richard Hauptmann, by Anthony Scaduto. G. P. Putnam's Sons, NY, 1976. 499 pp + 12 page index. Illustrated. The ground-breaking revisionist work on this grotesque and shameful episode in the career of "the American system of justice." One of the rare classics of investigative journalism. It redeems the profession.

The Airman and the Carpenter. The Framing of Richard Hauptmann, by Ludovic Kennedy. Viking Penguin, Inc., NY, 1985. 413 pp + Ap-

pendices, Chronology, Sources + 10 page index. Illustrated.

This English writer, dramatist, novelist, historian, who has written extensively on crime and the law, adds fresh dimensions to this tale of an American tragedy. Kennedy's report, from within the Lindbergh-Morrow household as it were, depicting of Charles Lindberg's horror and loathing of the courthouse "lynch mob" is pertinent to the present article. With Anthony Scaduto's, Ludovic Kennedy's book is one of the two best on the endlessly absorbing Lindbergh kidnapping.

Doctoral dissertation on mob behavior at Flemington, New Jersey, in 1935-1936. In the Mudd Library of Princeton University.

(2) Anti-German persecutions in the United States.

In a land that has cultivated cover-up as a cultural attribute one need not look for an itemized record of what was done to Germans, and to everything German, during the decade that began in the autumn of 1914. No book describes the events. What was inflicted on men, women, and children of German extraction was so heinous that, conforming to Kafka's perverse, but well-founded conclusion that not the criminals, but the victims, are guilty, it produced an enduring anti-German prejudice.

The relatively brief — 6" x 8", 40 pp — but comprehensive *The Development of Germanophobia* by Michael F. Connors is helpful background reading. It is available from Liberty Bell Publications.

(3) Childhood's horrors in the Motherland.

For understandable, if not commendable, reasons there are few English works that deal with this subject in any substantial way. Sedulous in pointing out what they regard as shortcomings in others, the English are notably diffident about acknowledging their own.

Still, as background for the present article the novels of Charles Dickens, authentically based and authoritatively written, serve well indeed, some even more than others. □

ORGANIC LAW VS. TALMUDIC LAW

by

Rudy Stanko

The White race needs to establish a College of Law along with a Whiteman's Bar Association for the sole purpose of educating and defending our people. The purpose of this College is to supply the necessary knowledge to understand and confront the present hybrid system of Organic-Talmudic Law that has developed in this land since 1776. It presently governs our lives and ultimately the world. Not only must the Whiteman be aware of their inherent rights, we must possess the intellectual ability to exercise and protect our White sovereignty. Whenever a Whiteman becomes a victim of the Talmudists, we must jump to the victim's aid and competently protect their Organic rights.

If we lived under a pure system of Talmudic Law, which is the goal of the Jewish leadership, there would be no rights to protect. The present plight of the Palestinians is an example of living under pure Talmudic Law. The Palestinian male does not even have the right to possess a sling shot or vote. Fortunately, our White ancestors documented our Organic rights in the Declaration of Independence, the Articles of Confederation, and the Bill of Rights attached to, what I call, "the bankers" US Constitution.¹ Unfortunately the Talmudists are continually attempting to erase these rights from the law books. It is their ambition to control every function of our lives. It will be our goal at the College of Law to reverse this trend and restore all of our Organic rights.

Contrary to the Mongoloids, Negroids, and Jews, history will verify the White tribes of Europe have been bred with the natural instincts for self-government and to resist all intrusions into our sovereignty. It is a fact, no other race has possessed the natural ability to promulgate their sovereignty as has the White race. Examples can be found in the historical republican and decentralized governments of Germany and Poland and in White Documents such as the Magna Charta, Declaration of Independence, Articles of

1. During the publishing of the US Constitution, the Governor of Virginia, Patrick Henry, stated, "I smeldt a rat." Article 1, Section 10, clause 1 prohibits the sovereign States of America to create organic money, while allowing private bankers the power to create Talmudic and/or national money.

Confederation, and the Bill of Rights. In opposition to our White sovereignty under a republican form of government, there exists a force, led by the rabbical Sanhedrin, to control every function of our lives through a strong central government under the banner of democracy. A government that has the power and claims to give you everything you need also has the power to take everything you have. Recognizing this, our White ancestors intended that we live under a Republican form of government, not the current welfare state: the mob rule of democracy.

Historians recognize that William of Orange acquired the throne of the Anglo-Saxon empire in 1685 with funds borrowed from the Jews in the Bank of Amsterdam in exchange for their perpetual control of the Bank of England. By 1776, our ancestors officially abolished the central authority that the Bank of England had on their lives with the Declaration of Independence. Our White ancestors intended we live under a Republican form of government, not a mob rule by democratic centralized government. (See Article IV, Section IV of the US Constitution). We lost our Republican form of government when the anthropoid was allowed to vote in 1865 and when the 17th Amendment was attached to the US Constitution. The 17th Amendment was attached to the US Constitution in 1913 which permitted the mob to elect a politician as a US Senator rather than the sovereign State nominating their senators to the US Senate.

In opposition to our Organic Law, the Talmudic Jew has been bred to always worm its way back into our sovereignty in an attempt to destroy our independent life style. The Talmudic Law also mandates they breed-out the threat of all White independent instincts, either through miscegenation of non-Whites or through Christian brainwashing under the religious theory that all races are created equal. This is confirmed by the massive and submissive ma-

nipulation and monetary raping of the third world continents of Asia, Africa, and Central and South America. In 1992, we are confronted with a much stronger entrenched central Jewish authority than our forefathers confronted over 200 years ago. But we now have a weapon our White ancestors lacked. Like the Jews, we now have a racial religion—Creativity (Church of the Creator or the Rocky Mountain Regional Headquarters—The Yellowstone Valley Church, Laure, Montana). The Church of the Creator will be the sponsor of the College of Law. Armed with this weapon—a racial religion associated with legal professionals, we must now learn how to legally eject the Jewish worm from the pores of our sovereign lives. This commandment, which no other White religion promotes, is the primary dogma of our religion. It is promulgated in order to protect our Organic rights. Name one Christian Church that understands the Jew as the Jew understands and promotes "Christianity" with its twelve Jewish apostles and its rabbi Paul.

Every Creator interested in protecting and defending his and/or her Creator's rights must comprehend every clause in the first ten (10) Articles of Amendments to the US Constitution, also called the Bill of Rights, and be especially cognizant of the 9th and 10th Articles of Amendments. Along with your State Constitutional rights, these two Amendments provide every conceivable right and power inherent for a White government. The post civil war amendments were illegally attached to the US Constitution by the Jewish bankers and with the participation of the African anthropoid. They attempted the impossible. That is, to form some type of common

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bond or common law with the White European and African anthropoid. These post war attachments, which were not properly ratified, are not conducive with the White Documents, the US Constitution, or our Organic Law.

The Jews are aware of their weakness, i.e. their unsuccessful attempts to dominate Organic Law in a White self-governing society with their Talmudic Law. When the origins of Talmudic Law are discovered by a slight majority of the White citizens, the Jews are told to pack their bags. This happened in England in 1290, in Spain and Portugal in 1492 and 1493, again in England in 1583, in Russia in 1875, and in Germany in 1938. The inability of the Jews to dominate a White society is the reason for establishing a Jewish haven in Israel. But the Jews will continue to impose their Talmudic Law in preference to our Organic Law as long as we allow them to get away with it. Not only must we learn how to competently argue our Organic Law, we must insist our adjudicates—our judges and juries—be our peers. We should refuse to appear in any Court that is presided by a Jew judge. Since we are under martial law, make the unelected US Marshalls drag you into the courtroom when a Jew appears as a judge.

Here are a few examples of how the Whiteman's Bar Association intends to combat Talmudic Law pursuant to the Bill of Rights attached to the US Constitution:

1. The First Article of Amendment states: "Congress shall make no law... abridging the freedom...to petition the Government for a redress of grievances." The US Supreme Court has recently ruled that the public schools must allow all religious denominations access to their facilities. We will prepare petitions for injunctive relief and law suits naming school administrators who reject a Creator's request to hold a bible study of history lessons as other religious study groups or societies hold their meetings in public buildings.

2. We intend to prepare audio and video tapes defining your rights in each clause of the Constitution and how to exercise and/or protect those rights if you or another Creator are investigated by JOG (Jewish Occupied Government). This includes preparing law suits documenting all violations of our Organic rights and making JOG's military police confine themselves to their proper constitu-

tional powers, i.e., their limited jurisdiction and venue parameters.

3. We will prepare lessons on how to rescind JOG's various license requirements, that are in violation of our inherent rights, i.e., to earn a living, freedom to travel (this includes with or without a motorcycle helmet), practice law, pro-choice on abortion, etc.

4. We will improvise a stringent testing procedure and issue Legal Bar Cards for all Creators qualified to act as legal assistants.

These are just a few programs I intend to implement in order for us to understand and confront the present hybrid system of Organic-Talmudic Law that illegally intrudes in every function of our lives, including the massive illegal importation of negroids, Jews and muds into our lands.

Yellowstone Valley Church and University
13th Judicial District
1315 Allendale Rd., Laurel
Republic of Montana

THE ANTI-HUMANS

by D. Baen (307 pp., hb.) describes what was done to the young men whom Corneliu Z. Codreanu, the founder of the Legionary Movement in Romania, inspired, when seven years after his brutal murder, Romania was delivered to the Bolsheviks. They were subjected to what is the most fully documented Pavlovian experiment on a large number of human beings. It is likely that the same techniques were used on many American prisoners in Korea and Vietnam. *The Anti Humans* is a well-written document of great historical and psychological importance. Reading it will be an emotional experience you will not forget. "A sequel to Orwell's *1984*" —R.S.H. "A searing expose of Red bestiality!" —Dr. A.J. App). **THE ANTI-HUMANS**, Order #01013. Sale priced, single copy \$2.00 + \$1.50 postage, 10 for \$15.00 + \$5.00 postage.

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ON MAY 8, 1945 WE GERMANS WERE "LIBERATED" — AN THEN?

By
Manfred Roeder

These days, in May, one "Liberation" celebration is following the other. In every other country this would be unimaginable. A lost war is a lost war. People have to get over it and life goes on. One honors the dead. The wounds are healing slowly. The future has to be shaped, very often with the enemies of yesterday. Such is life.

Now everything is different. Old wounds are being ripped open again every single day. Shamelessly this is called "remembrance." It is supposed to help reconciliation. Well-known representatives of Jewry are saying: there is no reconciliation, or it's too early 50 years after the war. After the Thirty-Year War every side of the conflict had to promise eternal forgiveness and forgetting. Nobody was allowed to bring up old insults and cruelties. That was the only way for a true reconciliation.

What our people remember as the greatest catastrophe of German history shall now be transformed into an act of "Liberation", and that in spite of the fact that the "liberators" declared unmistakably that they were not coming as liberators but as conquerors. They intended to punish, to take revenge, and to destroy. Unfortunately, it is also not true that the war was over on May 8, 1945 and the weapons fell silent. The bombing terror was over. That was a relief for everyone. But—while during the war shots were coming from both sides, what now happened was the mass-murder of the defenseless. And the rape of the women did not stop. For many months they had to hide like hunted wild animals.

"Murder in Peace" is a chapter heading in Hellmut Diwald's book *Geschichte der Deutschen*, (*History of the Germans*): What happened between 1945 and 1946 regarding mass-crimes and mass-murders can hardly be described. Revenge was not only taken on the German people. On the Balkan, three Serbian State Police Regiments which had fought against Tito surrendered to the British. The British delivered them to Tito three weeks later. Together with 11,000 Slovenes, who had fought on the German side, they were shot.

On May 15 a large part of the Croatian army was delivered to Tito. On the way from Bleiburg in Carinthia to Marburg at the Drau, Tito ordered 30,000 of them shot. 50,000 were shot in Marburg, together with 30,000 Croatian civilians, mostly women and children.

After the capitulation 300,000 men of the powerful Army Corps "Southeast" of General Alexander Löhr had to put down its arms and surrender to the partisans. More than 200,000 soldiers were murdered by mass shootings, and in 1949 there were still 70,000 in Yugoslavian prison camps. General Löhr was hanged after a 1947 show trial in Belgrade.

It was not much different with the Army Corps "Center" of Field Marshal Schörner. 1.2 million soldiers ended up in Soviet prison camps, the majority of them perished there. — In spite of all protests the Russian soldiers of General Vlasov's army were delivered to the Soviets and killed. Vlasov himself was hanged together with eleven Russian generals and officers in Red Square in Moscow.

Diwald mentions other crimes occurring after the war: 250,000 Cossacks had fought on the German side. 50,000 of them, among them women and children, had made their way to Carinthia and surrendered to the British. After secret negotiations and deceptive schemes they were delivered to the Soviets and slaughtered in a grisly manner, mostly in front of the eyes of the British. 70% of the Cossacks had a Nansen passport and were no Soviet citizens.

- 135,000 civilians of German descent in Yugoslavia were murdered.
- 15 Million Germans were expelled from their homes in East Germany (East Prussia, Pomerania, Brandenburg, and Silesia)
- 2.5 Mill. perished while being evicted from these areas
- 2 Mill. prisoners of war died in Soviet prison camps.
- More than 100,000 pro-German Frenchmen were butchered to death.
- 100,000 Sudeten-Germans murdered.

All of this happened *after* the surrender, *after* the "liberation".

Whosoever denies the "unique und cruel fate" the Jews have suffered and thusly offends their honor and dignity, will end up in court, heavily fined and/or imprisoned. Why is lying about and mocking of other, non-Jewish victims not prosecuted with equal harshness? A few thousand con-

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centration inmates were indeed liberated, but most German soldiers, about 10 million of them, were captured; one million of them perished *thereafter*. Thousands were used for forced labor or pressured into foreign legions, while other thousands committed suicide.

The bitter truth is: On May 8, 1945 there was neither an armistice nor peace, never mind a just peace. The war was continued with the force of weapons, judicial murder, and increasingly deceptive psychological means. German soldiers were executed until 1952, although the death penalty had been abolished. The exaltation of one side and the demonization of the other side is getting more vicious all the time, constantly meaner, always more simplistic. Mahatma Gandhi envisioned this and asked for a peace without revenge. He was not being heard. The same with General Patton who was "accidentent" to death.

Every day we are bombarded with mass-productions of distorted pictures, as Martin Broszat, the director of the Institute for Contemporary History said already in 1985. We have to defend ourselves against it and preserve our self-esteem. The victor is not the morally superior and the victim not the moral outcast. Injustice is never on one side alone. There are always two sides to it. Our soldiers would not have fought six years with great valor if they were not convinced that justice was on their side.

It is undignified to look for the guilty after a lost war. Whoever does it makes himself guilty. What is at stake is the responsibility for the future. We have to face this future and should not walk with moralizing judgments through history. We are facing the world with a good conscience and don't need to justify ourselves. If we finally believe this and act accordingly, only then will we really be free.

Translated: 6/16/95 by is

Manfred Roeder

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ARYAN EUGENICS

by

Maj. Donald V. Clerkin

An absolute requirement in the formulation of the Aryan Republic to come is a well-planned Eugenics program; that is, the improvement of the Aryan race through selective breeding. The historical downfall of prior Aryan civilizations — Rome and India — can be laid at the door of racial devolution via direct mongrelization and the over-production of offspring by the lowest ranks in intelligence. The quality of a population is at the heart of any attempt to build and advance a society. The poorer the quality, the less chance any society has to take root and prosper.

National Socialist Germany had such a Eugenics program. At its baselay the *Lebensborn* program, the method by which the healthy genetic traits of the Schutzstaffel (SS) could be advanced. Adolf Hitler's plan was to build a stronger, purer German folk. From this improved stock he hoped to bring forth a new Germany that would bow to no power on earth. The Law For the Protection of German Blood and Honour of 1935 assured that the blood of "others" would forever be barred from the German genetic code.

Of course the Jews, being legally barred from intermarriage with Aryans, became insane with hatred of this Aryan plan for improvement. International Jewry has declared economic warfare against Germany in 1933, but it was the 1935 Nuremberg racial laws that drove

them absolutely mad with rage. How dare the Germans, they wailed, deny the Jews sex with the German girls they lusted after! We hear this same demand in America today among blacks, who have been taught by ZOG that they can take from a white anything they want.

What is not generally known is that the National Socialist Eugenics program was loosely based on the American practice of sterilizing the genetic failures, the insane, the hopelessly physically marred from birth, the congenital criminals, the incorrigible sexual deviates, etc. America before the Warren Court of the 1960s forbade the intermarriage of the races in many states. That court and

all succeeding courts have permitted the terrible racial onslaught we see every day in black white miscegenation. No one who claims to care about the future of the Aryan race will refuse to back a solid program of Eugenic improvement in the Aryan Republic, together with a strict policy of immigration, weeding out the unfit.

Study of recent statistics on I.Q. and other tests of natural intelligence demonstrates a slow downward spiral among American whites. Look into the eyes of the next white youth you meet. Is there a light, something behind the skull? There once was a light in the eyes of most white children. But the System has succeeded in drawing white Americans into the lowest common denominator. Whites now idolize dunces, skinny, tall blacks that play professional basketball, cretins zonked on drugs who make cacophony and call it "music," or phony "movie starlets / stars." How different were the German youth of sixty years ago who had the Schutzstaffel or the Luftwaffe or the men of the U-boats to emulate; and yes, the German athletes of the Berlin Olympics of 1936. Something has lowered the sight of the American white, downward into the mud.

Now you know why the Jew overlords of this crazy society demonize the Third Reich every chance they get, Hitler wanted improvement of the Aryan race through Eugenics. The Oberjuden created an antithesis, which is race mongrelization, and raised it to a pinnacle for all to see. We must have more mutts, more imbeciles; more sheep, say the Oberjuden. Mix the races until we, the Oberjuden, are the *Herrenvolk*, the Master Race. Let everyone but us be melted down to nothing.

This present state of affairs has almost run out of time. What is to come will shock even the Oberjuden who thought their plan for domination was foolproof. The traitors to our race, the fools and the weaklings will be winnowed out of the Aryan population by the coming events. What will remain will be fashioned into a stronger folk, an Aryan race in North America tempered by struggle and privation. Then will the Aryan Republic be created out of the minds and the Race-Soul of the Aryan folk. These hardy Aryans will improve in their succeeding generations. Nothing will stand in their path to the Future.

There are probably some who read this and wonder what I am

talking about. Is not America a going concern still? Are not whites just whites? America is DEAD. The American Republic died at Appomattox. All semblance of self-government went under after 1945. Whites are allowed only to be taxed in this oligopoly. They must not complain too loud about anything, including the bastardization of their children with non-whites. Test your "white rights" against any non-white in a court of 'law.' If it is a Federal court, you will be told right away that you are not covered by the Fourteenth Amendment; that the non-white you are against is a ward of the Federal government with special protections under the "Civil Rights" laws.

THE NUREMBERG TRIALS

In the fall of 1945 the victorious Allied Powers convened the International Military Tribunals at Nuremberg, during which the top National Socialist leaders were put on trial for making "aggressive war" and "crimes against humanity." The results were a foregone conclusion, in that these trials were kangaroo proceedings in which defendants were not allowed to produce testimony in their defense, were not permitted to cross-examine prosecution witnesses, and could not object to the admission of hearsay testimony. You will notice that the OSI U.S. Justice Dept. acts just the same way when it drags a naturalized citizen before a de-naturalization hearing (John Demjanjuk, Frank Walus, Anton Baumann) on a charge that the defendant lied about his war experiences to get into the United States. You citizens get the same treatment in U.S. tax proceedings. Which is why I argue that America is DEAD, not a "rumor" — a reality.

From *The Talon*, August 1995,
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PO Box 21776, Milwaukee WI 53221

☆ ☆ ☆

Theory of Government

by

Major Donald V. Clerkin

The following is not a militia theory of government. The militia has no theory, merely reactions to its perceptions of government. Much has been made of the militia, the militia that is spoken of in the Federalist Papers and acts of Congress. This unorganized militia

is not the National Guard. The National Guard is part of the standing army, along with the reserves. The unorganized militia is the citizenry of the States. It is an organic thing that comes out of the common law, just as it was in 1775 at Lexington and Concord.

The militiaman is a citizen of the State in which he resides. This is the only citizenship he enjoys. There is no such thing as a federal citizen. The United States government is a creation of the Constitution, a legal entity not an organic thing. Such a legal creation cannot have citizens, any more than a corporation can have citizens. The United States Government has officers, civil and military, agents, employees (servants) and wards, those non-whites covered by the civil rights laws passed by the Congress. The President and his cabinet, the echelons of the cabinet departments, act as the chairman and the board of directors of the corporation known in international parlance as the United States of America.

Militia opposition to the federal government comes out of the feeling that the Washington regime has overstepped its boundaries, its powers granted to it by the Constitution. Heavy federal taxation, often coupled with IRS brutality, ATF harassment of lawful gun owners, who know that the Second Amendment does not address the issues of hunting and sport shooting, the expression of federal meanness at the Randy Weaver cabin in Idaho and the Branch Davidian church in Waco, these things have not spawned the rise of the militia but have resurrected the memory in many militiamen of that time more than two hundred years ago when King George and his Redcoats were acting just like Washington is acting now.

Most of the militia will not agree with what I am saying about the nature of the United States Government, citing the act of the government in granting passports to State citizens. The United States was granted the authority to control the borders which it does not at all and within this authority lies the power to issue licenses to both leave and enter the United States. This does not change the relationship between the States and the federal government; neither does it alter the fact that unless one is born on a federal reservation, he is in no way a federal "citizen." Washington may call us its "citizens," but we remain, as whites, citizens only of the respective States in which we were born or now reside. We may

become employed by the federal government, or be commissioned by the United States into its military; or some may decide to avail themselves of the civil rights laws, those persons "of color" protected by the Fourteenth Amendment, and thus accept the position of a ward of Washington. But the common law which is the foundation of the States admits of only an organic citizenship, which no Fourteenth Amendment, "ratified" unlawfully in 1868 by forcing the secessionist States to go along or suffer martial law forever, can legally change. No law, federal or State, can militate against this common law fact.

☆ ☆ ☆

ET CETERA

In the matter of the arrest of Gerhard Lauck in Denmark on a German warrant, I contacted Senator Herb Kohl of Wisconsin. Here is his reply: "I am writing to you in further reference to Gerhard Lauck, an American citizen being held by the government of the German Federal Republic. (paragraph) I have been informed by the Department of State that someone from the American Embassy in Germany has visited with Mr. Lauck. However, due to the Privacy Act, and since Mr. Lauck has signed a limited Privacy Act release, there is no further information that can be passed on to you about this matter. I trust, however, that this information will be helpful to you. (paragraph) Again, thank you for thinking of me. (paragraph) Herb Kohl, U.S. Senator" (dated May 22, 1995). This is all very mysterious. No publicity about Gerhard Lauck's arrest off a street in Copenhagen. But China has pinched one of their dissident expatriates, Harry Wu, and the headlines are screaming about it.

☆ ☆ ☆

I have been asked if there is any further news in the murder of Joe Rowan. It will be remembered that I tried to mandamus the District Attorney of Radine County here in Wisconsin to force him to hold a "John Doe" hearing. I was unsuccessful on January 6th, this year. I then received a letter from Sheila Rowan, Joe's wife, saying that there are witnesses willing to testify. My advice was that the witnesses should swear out affidavits as to what they witnessed and send them directly to Judge Dennis J. Flynn of Circuit Court in

Racine. I have no further information as to what these witnesses did or did not do. I do know that Robert Flancher, the district attorney, is whining to the media that he is being hounded by Joe's friends from all over the world. That is something, at least. But it would be nice to prosecute.

☆ ☆ ☆

The short-wave "patriots" fancy themselves historians and philosophers. Lately they have drummed up a theory that claims the Clinton Administration and the World Government idea is "Nazi." Never mind that Clinton's appointees are predominantly Jews. Or that 'Israel first' is the order of the day in Washington. Or that since the 1954 Brown decision of the Supreme Court the policy has been to mongrelize the white race. Bill Cooper claims that the 'anti-terrorism' bill is the same response that Hitler gave to the Reichstag fire in 1933. We agree that the Oklahoma City bombing was a put-up job. But the response and everything else that ZOG does is a Jew-Marxist plan to destroy the sovereignty of the country first and then get the white race by the throat. No "Nazi" government would force the integration of the races and put Jews at the head of such policies!

From Euro-American Quarterly
Summer, 1995

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The Enemy Within

by

J. B. Campbell

Flashpoint, by Ingrid Weckert, tells how a Jewish organization in Paris engineered the infamous *Reichskristallnacht*, the Night of Broken Glass, in which the windows of hundreds of Jewish businesses were shattered and dozens of synagogues were burned in Berlin and other German cities in November, 1938. A number of Jews were killed as well. Because of Germany's well-known anti-Jewish policy it was assumed that the attack was carried out by the government in retaliation for the murder that day in Paris of German diplomat Vom Rath by a young Polish Jew. The considerable damage was held up as proof that the Germans were barbarians who deserved to be annihilated. It led immediately to sympathy for Jews, as well as hatred for Germans, due to the well-coordinated manipulations of people's minds by the Jewish-controlled press, especially in this country. It was a case of Jews sacrificing other Jews to create indefinite guilt over Jewish victims and to gain power and wealth from that guilt. It was a terrible, but not the worst, example of the Big Lie. (The worst example occurred a few years later.)

Several years ago it was reported in France and Israel that Jewish cemeteries in those countries had been desecrated simultaneously. The French case was particularly revolting and involved the desecration not only of gravestones but of a recently-buried Jewish corpse. Within a day or so the culprit in Israel was arrested and he turned out to be a Jew. The French culprit was not arrested but the two vandalisms were coordinated to blame and discredit the French nationalistic party of Jean-Marie LePen, who had angered Jews by his unwillingness to salute them.

It now appears that a similar provocation, based on the same motive, has occurred in this country. Colville, Washington is located near the Idaho border and has been noted for the determination of its residents to resist government abuse. Many of those residents are naturally members or supporters of local militia units.

These are mostly normal people with regular jobs who have simply had enough threats, bullying and seizures by our treacherous, thieving employees in government. There has been no trouble in Colville and there have been no outrages committed by our employees since it became clear that Colville area residents now have a zero-tolerance policy with regard to official abuse. In fact, police in the eastern area of Washington have a similar hands-off policy for known militiamen as that which exists in Western Montana. The tide has definitely turned and this is extremely alarming to those who have worked so hard to disarm Whites. The following story demonstrates how desperate the anti-Whites have become.

Malcolm and Jill Friedman own two supermarkets in Colville. On the 13th of June they were kidnapped by a lone gunman in camouflage fatigues. "He told us he [and four others] had come to this area to perform hate crimes on selected individuals," said Malcolm Friedman. "They were hired to come here, scare the targeted groups and shoot up their homes so the liberal media would blame the whole thing on the local militia." The targeted groups were Jews (the Friedmans are converts to Christianity) and other minorities. The gunman told the Friedmans that he had been "abandoned and betrayed by the people I work for," and by his gang, which had apparently returned to the Midwest without him.

Who were the people he worked for? He claimed that his gang had been hired by "an extremist Jewish group" which wants a climate more favorable to gun control. He told the Friedmans that he was himself half Jewish. What he wanted since being dumped was to have enough money to get back to Wisconsin. The Friedmans came up with a few thousand dollars and he let them go after forcing them to drive him to Spokane, where he took their car and disappeared. He told the Friedmans that he was merely taking orders and was "just the tail of the dog" in a well-orchestrated plot of subversive activity. "He said he was supposed to be extracted from this area

three days ago. In the meantime, he has been camping out and waiting," said Jill Friedman. "Technically, he felt that he was a dead man. He said that after escaping the area his first intention was to protect his loved ones who were in danger and kill three or four people who had betrayed him." The gunman said that "something major was going to happen in Sandpoint, Idaho this summer."

The gunman, according to Colville's *Statesman-Examiner*, told the Friedmans that it probably would not do much good to go to the media with such a wild story. "He told us, 'You can tell your story but they (the media) will make you out to be liars,'" Jill Friedman said. He was right for this is exactly what the Spokane *Spokesman-Review* did. The media always make the truth-tellers out to be liars when the truth makes the enemy within look bad. The Friedmans, victimized twice in this affair, are extremely lucky to be alive for the desperate gunman stated that he was prepared to kill them both.

The enemy within is trying to blame the militia for criminal acts committed by the enemy. Fewer and fewer Americans believe the enemy's propaganda anymore. This makes the enemy apprehensive and increasingly reckless. The Big Lie is his main weapon and it worked well in Operation Desert Storm against foreigners. It failed in Oklahoma City against the militia, mainly because we knew better. The enemy's ruthless deception in Colville failed too and we are the wiser for it. The Friedmans must be congratulated and thanked for their warning to us of just how desperate the enemy within has become. Their warning will help us recognize the next act of desperation and identify the real criminals as agents of the enemy within. □

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Herr Dietz:

February 1995

Thank you for the issues of your publication *Liberty Bell*. I am an avid reader generally and the material you provided was immediately read through. During the Oliver era (his passing marked the end of the Age of Apostles), the good Doctor invariably gave us a few recent *Liberty Bell* numbers when we met together. The fact that we never paid for the privilege of this occasional readership is not a reflection of our valuation of worth of the publication; rather, it demonstrates that we are tight-fisted and philosophically in such high accord with the principles of popular Salvation espoused as to have a reduced need for current forms taken by those principles.

Nonetheless, your publication serves (potentially) a readership which arrives with the barren philosophies of Mongrelization, Calumnification, Deceit, Egalitarianism, Demoncracy, etc. and as one of the only sources presently available in any land for the antidote to these potent agencies of Genocide, we must support your publication with more than our occasional readership! The Lamp of Truth, which casts the Beam which defines Life from Death, must increasingly shine as the Force of Lies grows in Power. Just as the Apostolic Age has ended, so too could end the present Enlightenment should *Liberty Bell* fall prey to our neglect. I cannot express to you my depth of conviction that a Dark Age threatens, during which launch of publications remotely suggestive of Truth will be impossible; soon, your publication's viability will alone bare the Masquerade. Fortunately, *Liberty Bell* has so far survived the many challenges without my subscription: please find enclosed remittance for an annual subscription.

I certainly do not subscribe to the notion that an Information Age has dawned, during which the free-flowing exchange of ideas will usher in Global Prosperity. Such thinking is eagerly adopted by little boys and girls who find their hands on the reins of power in what today passes as "Our" government; thereafter, these informed persons tout new literacies as the key to success for the twenty-first Century. Our future success depends on racial Solidarity, the oldest literacy and all that will be left after the children finish ramming high tech Society into the brick Wall of Degeneracy.

Nor do I believe that "worst case scenario, all We need do is Nothing" as was proposed by a speaker at the recent Symposium in honor of Dr. Oliver. That prescription is certainly convenient, but it assures falsely and seems decidedly out of place at an event honoring One who did so much. For my part, daily living provides me with literally countless opportunities for promotion of the Cause. I believe it was Pitt who postulated that "Where Law ends, Tyranny begins;" in accord, we must structure our activities, building Solidarity in racial relations as

LETTERS to the EDITOR

the only alternative to the slide into Oblivion. I've always been indicted by the charge that "all that needs happen for evil to triumph is that good men do nothing."

The current popularity of The Bell Curve means less than nothing to me as an observer of Our slide into Oblivion. Most of those infected with HIV are thoroughly conversant with not only the cause of their fatal disease state, but also with the most recent research findings, efforts to defeat the viruses, legislation to outlaw its effects, etc. Despite their knowledge, the HIV continues to ravage, exacting its price for the disgusting choices which led to most infections. So it is with the "controversial" issues currently vogue by The Bell Curve. Having an opinion on whether or not there is a connection between race and intelligence, and if so what should (if anything) be done about it, is roughly comparable accomplishment. Genetic infection (dysgenics) occurs, becomes epidemic in proportion, and then the host populations react by becoming suitably "educated." Because the damage is already done, studying the instrument of injury only enables self-pity, those saddest things, "which might have been." Any faggot might similarly bemoan of the failed bathhouse condom—some undoubtedly do!

I was recently cast by fate into the company of a particularly loathsome member of the local legal community, and listened while he "explained" that the bell curve accounted for the inept behavior of some Negro. Realizing that the bell curve had, through no involvement of this slob, given him the wits with which he had thus far fooled clients into paying his exorbitant fees, I tried to account for his tone of superiority, I could not. The racial heritage, to which he owes distinction, he does nothing to preserve. I have had sporadic contact with this person over the past ten years, and stand reasonably certain that he will die without ever having announced to a member of his race that their membership elevates, makes value for them in his eyes. He will not speak that basic Truth, because he does not know it, nor could he believe it. The fact of inherited intelligence as a competitive advantage is simply something to be lorded over others, not preserved by building racial Solidarity. Had the social prophylaxis which preserved the racial legacy of his forbears failed, he would be in the genetic position of that bathhouse queer! Only by cultivating humility can such a person begin to appreciate the need for validating the special worth of other members of his race, who are the indisputable trustees of the legacy his pride blinds him from acknowledging.

I unreservedly recommend to anyone the practice of crediting another with that other's racial heritage. I cannot say the same for discrediting along those lines. The former is always complimentary and tends toward building racial Solidarity; in contrast, the latter is usually taken as provocative insult. Of course, none of this applies to radically deracinated Caucasians (I cannot bring myself to use the term Aryan in reference to this too common sort), who will usually dispute that their race is worthy of remark, let alone praise. I cannot honestly say what, if anything,

these racial wastrels do if actually told that their race is inferior, since I've never spoken that Lie, and usually the Enemies of Our People impugn OUR ENTIRE RACE, not simply one of Us. Even though the deracinated Caucasian might flinch at being saluted for his racial heritage, I reiterate that I unreservedly recommend the practice.

An excellent opportunity for the verbal salute is after performing a service for the Brother, who is disposed with gratitude for the deed. If situations permit, I've refused payment and explained that I feel full payment in helping a member of Our race. This really takes affect because it's usually the only time the Brother has received a racial dividend, and because it keeps us both out of the System.

If he insists on payment, we might talk about the Alien and the System, but I've had to accept payment when I really didn't want to, from Aryans whose Pride was not focused where it belongs. I'm always sure that the racial dividend offered left a positive message of Solidarity with the Brother. If We treat each other like pigeons, do We have any reason to expect better from members of the other races? If this practice is too radical for you, remember that Our future is only as strong as Our Blood, and that all the Money in Tel Aviv will not purify one Drop of Blood from the Mongrel. If you must, look at it as an Investment which will pay you well; better still, see it as your Duty to help a Brother in need. This racial Wilderness which is dawning calls for a Pioneer Spirit, not for clinging to the System which has excavated the Solidarity from beneath Our race. Needless to say, paying such a dividend to a member of another race is the rankest behavior of Renegades: all such "charity" must be condemned as misplaced. I have minimal business with other races, and always deal (at least) at arms length.

But I have digressed, Herr Dietz!

A few weeks ago Mr. Keith Whited called and we spent some time together discussing the testamentary dispositions of Dr. Oliver. Thereby, I became somewhat familiar with the provisions of the trust and will... If you would like to discuss anything regarding the Oliver estate with me, please feel free to contact me. You will never find a bill from me to you, but perhaps I can repay in some small part, by whatever service I can perform for you, the many services you have performed for Our people, and for the esteemed Dr. Oliver.

Until then I remain sincerely yours.

T.W.F., Illinois

✻ ✻ ✻

Anent April *Liberty Bell*, especially page 9. What Weber didn't mention was that the *Bell Curve* was written by experts. An Expert - "Those who avoid the minor mistakes on the way to the grand delusion." Now, the *Bell Curve* is very good at discussing the genetics part of intelligence. Since they are Establishment writers, believing that America is one of the best-fed nations in the world, they naturally would not mention the unthinkable. And that is, that food could have anything to do with intelligence.

This writer developed a pregnancy diet for the production of smart children and, over the ensuing thirty years, it's been tested many times, always successfully. That should be recognized as an accomplishment, in view of the seven million mentally deficient children in the United States, as reported by the Department of HEW. It's quite obvious that the *Bell Curve* writers do not believe the old adage, "You are what you eat." I present some information from ancient writings of 2,500 years ago, that translates:

"The lazy one, full of pride and prejudice, despondent and dilatory in work....

shallow, dogmatic and narrow outlook, taking a part for the whole [a good definition of today's liberal],

peverts everything, construing even wrong as right."

This is from a discussion of what happens to people when they eat stale food. And America lives on stale food. Nine out of ten Americans don't even know what the definition of "fresh" is, much less get fresh food to eat. Low quality food dulls the mind and negates the faculty of foresight. Stale food results in - "...construing even wrong as right..." - and is a good explanation for the increase in crime in the United States. You should read Barbara Reed-Stitt's book, *Nutritional Guidelines for Correcting behavior*. Barbara Reed-Stitt was a Probation Officer in Ohio for many years and she straightened out hundreds of kids by changing their diet. (*Nutritional Guidelines for Correcting Behavior* is available from Natural Press, P.O. Box 730, Manitowoc, WI 54221 - \$10.00 postpaid).

You can read more about it in my recent book, *Unhealthy Food = Unhealthy People*, available from Harold Simpson, 4842 N. Magnolia, Chicago, Ill 60640-4710 - \$15.00 postpaid. There is a lot more to the intelligence problem than is outlined in the *Bell Curve*.

Yours truly,

Harold N. Simpson, Biochemist

✻ ✻ ✻

Dear Mr. Dietz:

Enclosed is my sub renewal. Please accept my thanks for informing me of Mr. Oliver App's address. I was indeed able to obtain from him a copy of Dr. Austin App's autobiography, which I greatly enjoyed.

I was privileged to have occasionally corresponded and spoken on the telephone with Dr. Revilo Oliver from 1977 until just prior to his passing. During my last conversation with him, I expressed my outrage at the ADL-Scientology coup at the IHR and asked him whether he shared my view. He replied simply: "Of course?", and went on to say that while the treachery of Weber and O'Keefe was unexpected, Marcellus should have been fired years ago as soon as Willis Carto discovered that Marcellus was a Scientologist. Dr. Oliver said he agreed to serve on the IHR's advisory board in 1980 not out of any great love for Mr. Carto, but to further historical revisionism as a useful weapon against our common enemy.

Over the years, Dr. Oliver hinted to me that he had begun to write a history of the U.S. "right wing" in this century. Perhaps, Mr. Dietz, you might inquire of Mts. Oliver if there are any of the professor's articles or writing that have not seen the light of day? If so, then perhaps it would be possible to publish them.

Well, the long-expected offensive against the Aryan militias has begun, with the schweinerei in Oklahoma City so reminiscent of the King David Hotel bombing of 1947. This deed has all the earmarks of a joint Mossad-FBI "Cointelpro" operation, wherein this McVeigh fellow, a young Gordon Liddy type (i.e., more dogged fanaticism than either brains or character) is carefully selected and indoctrinated, and with his Army explosives background becomes the perfect patsy, who can be counted on never to talk and reveal anything about his controllers.

At the time I write this (May 4th), ZOG has still not apprehended the swarthy, thick-lipped individual with the Middle-Eastern accent they've dubbed "John Doe II," although they found his stooge in no time! McVeigh's handler is probably back in Tel Aviv by now, as happened with Col. Harari, Manny Noriega's kosher supervisor, who skedaddled to the Unholy Land when forewarned of Bush's Panama invasion. Once again, the Golem is collared but Rabbi Loew flies the coup!

Within hours of this staged atrocity, as if on cue, Hillary's husband, the Jewsmidia, and the GOP Congress all began to howl for draconian new acts (many of which had already been introduced weeks before by Goy Ginrich) to round up and imprison those awful Americans who have the temerity to even contemplate opposing God's Race by words or by arms. We are facing edicts that will make the Alien and Sedition Acts of 1798 look like a Golden Age of free thought!

It must be noted, however, that not all militias are "created equal." It was a major tactical blunder of the larger militias to put on armed displays of bravado for the Jewsmidia. Every time armed patriots posture ostentatiously in public, the hammer of ZOG descends on them. Will they never learn to heed the late Pastor Bob Miles' admonition to keep a low profile and away from cameras? Also, a number of militias have been well infiltrated (perhaps even set up in several cases) by ADL-FBI agents provocateurs. *The Spotlight* (December 26th issue) ran a story from the *London Sunday Telegraph* on the "Texas Constitutional Militia," one of whose leaders, one Mark Bowers, boasts of being Jewish, spurns "neo-Nazis," and says his group wants to recruit "Blacks, Jews, and Latinos!" Potential joiners of such militias must ask plenty of questions, beginning with a demand to know their positions on race and the Jews. If they reply that they are "open to all good Americans, of if they equivocate on this basic issue, avoid them like the proverbial plague!

As we face the prospect of Ragnarok, whether we be Identity, Odinist, or National Socialist, we can all appreciate that a Gentile convert of the Jews truly becomes "twofold more the child of hell" than those who converted him! Beware the enemy within as well as without!

Sincerely,
M.B., California

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Dear George,

Have been meaning to write for some time. Both to thank you for sending Liberty Bell and to express a few words about Doctor Oliver.

Doctor Oliver's words will of course live on for as long as our kind exists. How long that may be is still an unanswered question. Savitri Devi would undoubtedly have expressed the birth, life and death of such a giant in cosmic terms that would embarrass or put to shame lesser literary talents. But confined as we are to the mundane terms of this unreasonable "age of reason," and Savitri having passed on to duties in Valhalla, let us just recognize that whether through genetic accident or the will of the Gods, a few of us were allowed to witness a superior man.

The tragedy is not that Dr. Oliver has passed on, for that is the way of nature. What saddens the heart is that due to the treason of our own kind there was such a small audience to read the words of a master. My sincere thanks to *Liberty Bell* for providing a way for at least a few to hear his wisdom. At least his intellect is preserved in hoarded and treasured copies. So if and when we win this struggle a pure light will shine.

Perhaps I should say when, not if, we win this struggle. I realize our enemies police powers, military powers, and media control are awesome and the future looks dark. But we should remember that the age of greatest Jewish power is always followed by the age of greatest Jewish arrogance, which is in turn followed by the pogrom. A time comes, as it has now, that their control is so obvious that it cannot be concealed. Then they can no longer trust gentiles to betray their own so they assume roles where they are easily identified. White men of ambition are excluded from advancement and rebel. Corruption is rampant. We are at that time. It is not Der Tag of the escapists, but the inevitable in nature's ever repeating cycles. So let us be of good heart and this cycle settle accounts for all time with the ancient agent of chaos.

I remain yours for the Fourteen Words, "We must secure the existence of our people and a future for White children."

David Lane

March 25, 1995

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Dear Mr. Dietz:

On the bottom of page 14 of your catalogue of March 1, 1995 you state, "An apology was extracted from Mr. Ford, but it appeared over the forged signature of--Harry Bennet." I have a book, *They Never Called Him Henry*, written by Bennet along with a professional writer, Paul Marcus, copyright 1951 by Paul Marcus. In that book Bennet states flatly that he forged Mr. Ford's signature on that document. Quote from page 56 of my paperback copy:

"(Arthur) Brisbane (Hearst Press), (Samuel) Untermeyer (High level Jew attorney), and Louis Marshall (of the American Jewish committee), drew up the famous 'apology.' Called Mr. Ford. I told him an 'apology' had been drawn up, and added, it's pretty bad, Mr. Ford. Mr Ford said, 'You sign it and settle the thing up'. In the presence of Gaston Plantiff, I signed Mr Ford's signature to the

document. The 'apology' was printed in the Dearborn Independent, and the paper ceased publication early in 1928."

So much for Harry Bennet's account of the affair. No clue as to who Gaston Plaintiff was.

We learn from reading this whole book, by Bennet's own account, that Harry Bennet was a consistent traitor both to Mr. Ford, and to America, and a scheming and ruthless scoundrel all the way round. He was Mr. Ford's top executive officer for many years.

K.C., New York State

✱ ✱ ✱

Dear Mr. Dietz:

Mr. Joseph D. Pryce's article in the May *Liberty Bell*, outlined his experience, but obviously he doesn't have the foggiest idea of his basic problem.

Mr. Pryce's basic problem is that he is trying to argue with people who are living on stale food, the older ones having done so since the end of World War II and he has no understanding of the effect of stale food upon the mind.

Now, an American will tell you that food has no effect upon the mind and that just displays his ignorance of the basics of food. If he would get an Oriental to "let his hair down" and talk about food, he would first be told that all foods have a medicinal effect and that foods do affect the mind and personality. The Hindus wrote about it 2,500 years ago in the 14th thru 17th chapters of the "Bhagavad Gita". (Note: some of the modern translations are not clear. The best translation is probably that of M. Gupta from Allahabad, India.)

The "Gita" tells that those who live on stale food either have their religious instincts perverted, or lost. Their mind does not function properly, they take "a part for the whole" (a good definition of a Liberal), they lose the faculty of foresight and become full of pride and prejudice, despondent and dilatory in work.

The sad fact is that most Americans live on stale food and if they get anything fresh, it is purely by accident. Nine out of ten Americans don't even know the meaning of the word "fresh". If Mr. Pryce can answer these three questions, he'd have a lot better understanding of his problem.

1) What are the three prime qualities of food?

2) Why is each quality of food needed by a human?

3) What happens to a human when any one of these qualities is missing from his food?

Now, most of these people he talks to are nominally Christians, either Left-wing or Right-wing. He could gig them by telling them that they just don't believe what they pray and that is easy to prove.

This is covered more thoroughly in my book. *Unhealthy Food = Unhealthy People*. There is an old saying, "You are what you eat," and when a country lives on stale food, it really gets into big trouble. There will be no recovery until the food is improved. The American food rates the lowest in quality of any national diet in the world and Americans just ignore it.

Yours very truly

Harold N. Simpson, Biochemist

P.S. The article on William Pelley is worth the price of the subscription. Congratulations to you.

* * *

A Book Review by THE BOOK READER, Spring 1995: *Unhealthy Food = Unhealthy People*, by Harold N. Simpson, Peter Jon Simpson, paper, \$15. *Ancient Rules for Modern Food*. "We are our own gravediggers. With our teeth." We are what we eat. And that's never been more apparent than today, with consumers caught in a maelstrom of advice. Wisdom, common sense and science win out in Simpson's book, which combines his 60 year experience as a biochemist with food rules from cultures much older than ours. He examines the history of disease and nutrition, the technological "improvements" in the handling and distribution of stuff we eat. Fresh? Forget it. "Processing and refining foods makes for long shelf life, high profit and a lot of business for the medical profession. It is a disaster for the consumer." The nutshell: sickness in America comes mostly from degenerative diseases caused by stale, unhealthy food. Logic and evidence drive Simpson's arguments. Especially his classification of four classes of unhealthy food. One, food contaminated not just by salmonella and other bacteria, but by chemicals. Second, food that is spoiled, with poisonous by-products. The fridge inhibits spoiling but not the third problem: oxidized, stale food. "The worst offenders are unsaturated fats...which produce free radicals." Fourth, unwholesome food in which vital nutrients are processed-out. Simpson lists "calendars" for food freshness, inspects the Staple American Diet, and lists seven Time Bombs to avoid. He's not a vegetarian, but insists on freshness. "All of our fabulous new ways of keeping food 'fresh' don't." Pervasive advice for modern America.

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OPEN LETTER TO:

May 1, 1995

Terrence Petty
c/o Associated Press
New York, New York

Dear Mr. Petty:

Recently there appeared in the newspaper a sympathetic article you had penned concerning former American GI's traveling to a high school in Munich, Germany, to relate their tales of the liberation of Dachau. They spoke to a 'rapt' audience, so you advised.

While your narrator, Dee Eberhard, a 20 year old soldier at the time of Dachau's liberation, admits to seeing a German soldier "kicked" to death by an inmate, he does not mention the greater atrocity committed there by his fellow GI's of the 157th Regiment, 45th Infantry Division. An atrocity that is at odds with every known wartime convention. Perhaps he never knew such took place. I have been a soldier in two wars. I realize how narrow the scope, how little one sees, firsthand, of the big picture. I also know how readily government hides its ugly truths.

For your information, elements of the US 157th Regiment, under the command of an officer, lined up German personnel, including teen-aged German guards, at Dachau and machine-gunned to death 520 of a total of 560. Your fellow GIs, Dec, did this *after* those high-school lads had laid down their weapons and raised their hands! (Please view enclosed US Army file photo).

insert photo here

No one was sentenced to be hanged for this brutal, callous act as was the case at Malmedy, where Germans shot some GI prisoners in the heat of battle when those prisoners refused an order to stand pat and began running away. In fact, no one was sentenced to anything for the killing of the Dachau teens. The entire incident was hushed up and conveniently forgotten until the arrival of truth-seeking, revisionist historians.

My three years of intensive research re the second world war has convinced me that the atrocities committed by the Allies and their various resistance units, outweigh in violence and viciousness those committed by the AXIS powers. (Russia was a darling ally, remember?)

How deceitfully primed we were to fight our racial kin. Why, Hitler was dangerously near to robbing us of our freedoms, so said the lying Roosevelt! What utter nonsense! The Nazis couldn't even get across the Channel—much less the Atlantic. All perceptive men now know there was no USA interest served in slaughtering Germans. Although we didn't know it at the time, the Jewish media now infers we were there solely to liberate Jews. Well, you couldn't have sold me on that mission, brother. International Jewry *declared war* on Germany in 1934 and thereby lost its innocence. The Reich reacted normally. (see clip)

It seems to me that fairness dictates that American high school seniors be given the opportunity of listening to German veterans tell their experiences. Talk about rapt attention! I'll bet the auditorium couldn't hold the students! Most of us are bored, Terrence, with hearing the same dull, one-sided, Zionist-distorted story re WW II. I know I am.

May I suggest: Hans Schmidt, a former soldier in the Waffen SS, now living in the USA; Ernst Zündel, of Toronto who put the holocaust on trial; and Thies Christophersen, a German soldier who survived the "hate crime of the century": the fire-bombing of Dresden, as candidates to speak? Thies lives in Denmark now; he fled Germany to stay out of jail. His crime? He said he doubted the natural-law violating tales of the Holocaust. That's the extent of his crime, sports fans! Just expressing his opinion. "Oh, my!", say the Jews and their dupes. "What a ghastly crime! Burn him at the stake! Twice!"

Yes, T. Petty, if you or someone can arrange such a visit to American high schools, what a great leap forward for truth and fairplay! This ridiculous myth that

world war II was a magnificent joust fought by knights in shining armour: the Allies, and demonic ogres: the AXIS, needs to be shattered. That war was an absolute disaster for whites! Only Jews gained power and profit from it. The ball is bouncing jubilantly in your court, old chappie. What?? You say the sly, evil tribe that holds sway in the USA will not allow such fairness?? Well, desert them, Terrence!

E.H., Arkansas

* * *

LETTER TO CEOs of

April 29, 1995

ABC Television
CBS Television
NBC Television
CNN Television

Sirs:

As in the final, decadent days of Rome, a modern, bloated, incompetent, fearful, tyranny serves its populace huge dollops of circuses and games in order to deflect attention away from its ugly self. Unlike Rome, whose messages traveled at carrier-pigeon speed, our tyranny's distractions race at the speed of light... right into living rooms all across the land. Packs of yapping, nervous, television lapdogs fawningly bring their master's edicts and misinformation to life on the TV screen. Latterday Romans such as Flavius 'flatulence' Rather, Fluvial 'weepy' Jennings, Gaius 'gassy' Brocaw, and Janus 'hanoi-e-o rose' Fonda are typical of the barkers at the NETS. They are now in the enviable position of serving their country while they serve their NET. With the fall of the White House in 1992, to the alien forces of revenge, deception, greed and myth who own the media, the NETS and the government are now one and the same.

Yes, as this society disintegrates a la the Soviet Union; as the mores of the savage Africans spread; you media moguls have been instructed to blunt any stirring of protest by the Indo-European American (the Aryan American) by attempting a soothing balm of increased television bilge of bare-butts and bosh. Typical of this attempt is your nonstop coverage of that sickening farce: the O.J. trial. (Will McVeigh have his "people" as jurors? Old Juice does. Oh, well. Just asking).

With the tragic bombing in Oklahoma City, you people have gone ape. What repetition! What outrageous accusations! What callous disregard for decency and proportion! Actually, with the ultraviolent programs you NETS air everyday, most people thought the Oklahoma City bombing was just regular programming until the sound track got their attention. Only the truly brain dead find anything redeeming in the audio-visual slop you serve.

Regarding the atrocity committed at OK City, it appears to be a political act. Menachem Begin, who blew up the King David hotel in Jerusalem in the late forties, thereby killing and maiming scores of British military men and others, claimed the bombing was a political statement, and that the fault for it lay squarely on the shoulders of the British: the victims. The Israelis enthusiastically

agreed. Begin's blowing innocents to bits didn't sully his resume with fellow Jews; they made him Prime Minister.

I've always been cursed with a mind that tries to reason along a straight and fair path. I've never understood this business that for a Jew to blow up innocents, it's OK. But, for anyone else to do it, man! it's bad! My poor brain and heart finds all crushing of innocents bad...period! Just a normal Aryan trait.

Nevertheless, all situations aren't the same. The hitman is really less guilty of the crime than the creep who ordered the hit. Right? Even for a horrible crime like OK City, the blame for it may be wider than the alleged bomber, Mr. McVeigh. However, McVeigh, if guilty, went a light-year too far. He deserves execution...as did Menachem Begin. There is never an excuse for terrorising the innocent. The guilty, well, that's intellectual grist for another day at the mill.

What is causing the rage of the white man today? Could his frustration come from finding his freedoms being taken away from him? (Civil Rights Acts) His life threatened by out-of-control goon squads? (Waco, Ruby Creek, Brunswick? His property confiscated without due process? (RICO) His children torn from him and fed lies about their race, their history, their worth? (The disgusting toadying to the neanderthals by school and church) The tax burden he bears to feed an indolent subclass; subhumans whose only skills are copulating and consuming? Or is it the deliberate, endless, ubiquitous, evil indoctrination of miscegenation that so alarms him? I think it is the latter. Race-mixing means his death. He sees the malignant force that now controls his country, driving him to ruin—even to racial suicide. The new mission at Zionist control is to belittle him, to sneer at his decency, to destroy his sense of values, to deny him his pride in race and heritage, to actually steal his nation from him; a nation that was his until 1948. Little wonder that he has finally become aware of the deadly peril that exists. The ballot box has ceased as a means of recovering what is rightfully his. Zionists, and their Clintonesque style puppets, will never relinquish power peacefully. They have already nullified his people's pitiful, little 'poll' success of last November.

I am only a lonely, perceptive individual; neither a follower, nor a followed. I know only what I hear, read, and observe. But, my antennae are sensitive. CEOs, you, and those you serve, are to blame for the despair and intense rage that builds. You oiled the slide that leads to degeneracy. You, and the feds, may be as guilty of Oklahoma City as whoever parked the van. You have abused white society, especially white males, mercilessly. Your relentless goading; your painful barbs can drive some to despair, You are guilty as charged. As Alistair Cooke has warned, a civil war is now a possibility. Kipling once wrote, "beware the Saxon when he at last arouses." The Saxon alarm is ringing. *Ring!*

Further laws and repression will be futile. The feds/media has lost its moral authority. *Your moral authority is gone!* Jews, and their Aryan allies, now totally dominate US society. The good news? The enemy's face is bare at last. Race is blood, and blood is thicker than water. Race transcends borders. The great Teutonic-Saxon mass is stirring around the world. *Even ZOG's military forces are riddled with Aryans* who are determined their race shall not perish in a muddy-faced

melange of miscegenation. Aryan decency and right will triumph! Yes! *Triumph!*

E.H., Arkansas

* * *

We must sympathize with innocent victims of the bombing of the federal building in Oklahoma City on 19 April.

However, if those who were responsible for the bombing are Islamic patriots, thoughtful, well-informed and fair-minded people will recognize in the bombing an act of retribution for the incomparably greater destruction and loss of life for which "our" government is responsible during its war against the people of Iraq, a country which had done us no harm and which had been officially assured of American neutrality in the case of a war between Iraq and Kuwait.

The terrible loss of life in Oklahoma City will perhaps have to be regarded as one of the costs of our ruthless support of the Zionists in their hostile actions toward their Islamic neighbors.

Charles E. Weber

2446 East 22nd Place

Tulsa, Oklahoma 74114

* * *

March 6, 1995

Tanya Metaksa
National Rifle Association
Institute For Legislative Action
11250 Waples Mill Road
Fairfax, VA 22030

Tel 703 267 1000

Fax 703 267 3985

Dear Ms. Metaksa,

Greetings and salutations!

It is my understanding that the Board of Directors of The NRA has now shifted the responsibility to you regarding the decisions and activities of the Institute For Legislative Action.

Specifically we hear that it is now up to you, as Executive Director of the ILA, to determine whether or not to pursue certain legal actions through the courts in the effort to retain our God given right to self defense as affirmed in our Constitution and Bill of Rights—the supreme law of our land, which we inherited from our ancestors.

All good people want a just solution to the many complicated issues that loom before us. And personally I hope that something can be done through the democratic process to protect these rights in a politically correct fashion, but considering the fact that the government of this country used its police and military forces to wipe out a church full of people in broad day light and on TV, I just do not see how it is possible. In my estimation you have acquired an almost impossible task.

These are times similar to the times before that tried men's souls. Who wants to believe that our own government is guilty of such a heinous crime? Who wants to believe, or even consider that another Waco could happen again? But the fact is: unless we act to prevent it, another will surely occur. And what about Sammy Weaver, the fourteen year old kid shot in the back by the FBI with a machine gun?

Having read most of your recent editorials in the American Rifleman I know that you are sincere and totally committed to the right to self-defense. You are working with the greatest pro gun, pro second amendment organization in America, the NRA, and with it I believe that the job of securing the Second Amendment can be done, but only if you and the Directors use every one and everything at your disposal in the fight. But let us not suffer under illusions, this is a colossal undertaking.

We are very fortunate in this endeavor to have Kirk Lyons and the CAUSE Foundation struggling along side of us.

Mr. Lyons has of his own initiative instigated proceedings against the perpetrators to the crime against the family of Randy Weaver and those of the Branch Davidians.

Mr. Lyons struggles for us and our rights too.

This is a fight that we cannot afford to lose and I urge you to fund the actions he has undertaken with the money entrusted to you for such a just purpose. I am certain that he will deliver more good for each dollar spent than anyone else on the planet.

Remember The Alamo,
Sam Houston, Jr., Texas

Dear Mr. Dietz:

I was just recently given a copy of the *Liberty Bell* by a friend of mine who was in Costa Rica on a visit. It was October '91, just a bit late, but I still enjoyed every article in it and was able to see how most of the predictions it contained were well on the way of becoming standard form especially the Immigration issue. Let it be known if standing behind the White Race and Sovereignty of our Nation makes me a racist, then I am one and damn proud to be. I probably have the only Confederate Battle Flag flying in the country of Costa Rica and am also proud of that and IT.

I have a U.S. mailing address thru Miami, Fl. and would like your subscription rates, I feel sure they have changed by now. I will take a chance and enclose \$5.00 for an up to date sample copy if you still send them out.

Hoping to hear from you soon,

Respectfully
C.R.N., Costa Rica

Dear Comrade:

You are right. I did come to the notice of ZOG last year and served my time in

Butzbach, but instead of throwing away the key they "only" find me DM80,000. After I was released I came home to find that my dear and loving "German" wife had left me and emptied our bank accounts.

It is a good thing that I still had some money in the U.S. For her I am now only a "Nazi-Bock"—what else is new? So you see, George, other people's lives go from rags to riches, but my life has always been the other way around. Oh, well, no one will ever be able to say that the Count was a damn materialist. sometimes I think it would have been better if I had remained in the U.S. and given you 80% of my money, but other times I am happy to be home in the Vaterland. We have many good peoples here, and the struggle goes on!!

Germany has changed since the last time I was here, and not for the better. Kleinkahl is a sleepy Dorf in the mountains of Unterfranken and looks much like West Virginia. It is about 24km from Aschaffenburg.

Last week a volkstreu publisher was my guest for a few days. He seems to think that it would be good for me if I would start writing again. So in a few weeks I may start on a book, and I think it would help me to sort out my life. I am still young and if it takes two or three years to finish, so what. I have many great people in my life—from Rockwell to Rudel. These encounters should be put in book form for young fighters! If it had not been for the books of the Front generation, would I know the truth today? Would I be a National Socialist? It is my duty to undertake this, and when I am no longer, maybe my book or books will continue the fight against Juda/Rome. Books are living beings in a sense.

George, please send me the new address for Thies Christophersen in Denmark. I wish you and your family the best!

Heil Hitler!
M.Z., Germany

Dear George:

Jarah B. Crawford used to preach Jesus Christ at the farm of Bob Miles. Now, like a reformed drunk, he preaches anti-Christ. He dug up my *Liberty Bell* essay of 15 years ago and let me have his ire in the kisser (by letter).

I continue to wonder about a 'Movement' that feeds off religious denunciations. Anything I do to serve the Aryan race is meaningless as long as I remain a Christian. That's Crawford's idea of it.

If I had said years ago that Jesus was a humbug, Crawford would have denounced me. Now he denounces me for the opposite reason.

Maj. D. V. Cderkin

Dear Editor:

Thank you for the excellent book, *America's Decline*. Dr. Oliver was indeed a man of rare insight and erudition...

My compliments for the fine *Liberty Bell*; I always look forward to getting my monthly copy.

J.G., Switzerland

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Dear Editor:

Although the Oklahoma City bombing is deplorable--nonetheless, I do think we all owe Mr. Tim McVeigh a round of applause for his most original idea on how to reduce the size of government.

F.P.B., New Jersey

✱ ✱ ✱

Dear George,

...Thank you again for printing my exchange with Faurisson. Your small, one-man publication is the *best* Holocaust revisionist publication in this country because you are the only person who will print so many of the important arguments which *must* be understood--even when they are rejected by heroes like Faurisson!

Best regards

F.B., New Jersey

✱ ✱ ✱

Dear Sir:

Book order enclosed. - It is good to know that amongst this sea of morons celebrating their foul victory over the guardian forces of Western Civilization, there are others like myself who realize that only through the survival and eventual triumph of National Socialism can there be hope in our poor, Jew-tormented homelands.

Let these hordes of morons gloat over their destruction of the finest and most noble societies our race has ever produced. How different were the Axis nations of National Socialist Germany and Fascist Italy and those other European peoples who joined them in their struggle for a better world. Compare them with the societies of the so-called 'Allied' countries. Russia, a land of brutalized, illiterate peasantry, led by a monster devoid of any finer values whatsoever. America, totally in the grip of Jewish Finance Capitalism, led by a twisted cripple. Finally, Britain a class-dominated society, a bastion of reaction, where a drunken, fat pig of an archreactionary had crawled himself to the top of the corrupt dunghill.

For a moment I would like to describe this particularly putrid British wartime society. Apart from a few honourable exceptions such as Sir Oswald Mosley and his followers and various other individuals, as the British member of parliament, Captain Ramsay, etc., who had been arrested and without trial sent to various British concentration camps. Yes, concentration camps, which were a British creation in the first place. The only Britons who were still free were those who were beyond the grasp of Churchill and his cronies, serving the true cause, trying desperately to bring reason to a deaf British public now totally immersed in a cloud of deceit and lies. As one of those far-sighted broadcasters, William Joyce accurately said there's an ill Church in the land of Churchill. Whilst other volunteered to join the British Free Corps to fight alongside their European brothers in the joint crusade against Bolshevism.

But these, as I have already stated, were the exceptions. For the most part the Brit-

ish consisted of the upper class chinless wonders who made up the British officer class. Beneath them were the great mass who made up the other ranks, the traditional Tommy, brave but basically stupid and so thick that they were incapable of understanding or appreciating anything beyond the most crudest level.

I am writing this letter on their VE-Day; as I said, let them have their circus. It is but a transitory respite from their oppressive condition, it cannot sustain them as the solid and enduring creed of National Socialism and the spirit of Adolf Hitler invigorates us.

Yours sincerely,
A.C., England

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Dear Landsmann:

I enclose \$50 for another year of Liberty Bell. The Jewsmidia keeps telling us "there is no inflation," yet I notice prices are going up constantly. In particular, this year there have been massive increases in the price of vegetables, paper, postage and gasoline. Of course the biggest inflation has been in the stock market, which has been pumped up some 15% in the last six months. From what I have been able to find out, the US government has been borrowing foreign currency, buying dollars with it to support the US currency and then using the dollars to buy stocks. This allows the insider to sell their shares to the government at the top of the market. They then put the money into treasury bonds, thus reducing their interest rate. The government has thus selectively hyperinflated the financial markets with borrowed money. Please note that the value of the dollar has gone down in tandem with the rise in the markets. So far this hyperinflation has not reached general prices but it is coming. Meanwhile, foolish members of the Mutual Fund industry have been pouring public money into the stock bubble thus setting the public, pension funds, etc. up for the kill when the market collapses. At some point soon a major disaster will be arranged to give the market an excuse to collapse and the government will stop supporting the markets. At that time there will be a panic collapse of the markets of 50% or more. Take a tip from Clinton and keep your money in Swiss Franks and gold like he does.

The media campaign over the Oklahoma City bombing is still on. Fortunately, several things slipped thru the censorship, the most important of which were the seismographic evidence of two explosions and the discovery of at least two unexploded bombs inside the building. Bomb experts quoted in Spotlight have pointed out that there was no fertilizer residue, so the bomb could not have been a fertilizer bomb. Anyway, anyone who has ever handled explosives can see the building was blown up by charges attached to the main support pillars. The bombers used Det Cord (explosive cord) to tie the charges together and blow them all at once using one detonator. The first explosion broke the Det Cord and so only one charge in the second row exploded. Had they all exploded, the whole building would have been pulled down into a 3-story rubble pile.

It is obvious the building was bombed by an intelligence agency. As to which agency, I knew that the moment I heard that all 17 or so of the ATF employees in

the building did not show up for work that day! Now I hear that the FBI employees did not show up either! That makes it pretty obvious who bombed the building. A confirmation of which is the speed which that "evil, coward" Clinton moved to take political advantage of the bombing. He was obviously prepared in advance. And what a show he put on! He even cried over the children he had murdered! The Jewish media outdid themselves in mawkishness. You would have thought they were talking about their beloved Holyhoax! Jewess Lyn Samuels actually said on the air that "Clinton was too good for the American people." I had to shut off the radio at that point. The mind boggles at imagining a country that Clinton is "too good" for. Even Israel may not be that vile!

From the media campaign alone you can tell there are going to be more terrorist acts which will be blamed on the Jews' enemies. Soon the markets will crash wiping out the accumulated wealth of Americans for the last 50 years. When that crash comes, the guilty Jews will need scapegoats, foreign and domestic, to blame it on.

Your truly,
S.R., New York State

✱ ✱ ✱

Mr. Dietz:

There are three books L.B. subscribers should find interesting: 1.) *Friends-In-Deed*, by Ravis and Melman. It details the groveling of numerous gay politicians and others. 2.) *The Passionate Attachment*, by the father-and-son team W. and A. Ball. Interesting chiefly because of the tally of money the master race has squeezed out of their serfs over the years. 3.) *Dangerous Liaison*, by A. and L. Cockburn. A follow-up to Green's *Living By The Sword*, and Ostrovsky's *By Way of Deception* [available from Liberty Bell Publications]. An excellent expose of dirty dealings by the Jews in their slave-state.

Incidentally, L.B. readers and all the rest of Jewish Amerika can now enjoy kosher beer. Coor's now carries the circled "U" of the Union of Hebrew Congregations. Enjoy!!

Sincerely,
H.J.R.M., Washington

✱ ✱ ✱

George,

I have been in this fight for almost 40 years, but have got my *degree* in the last few years reading LB and the Professor (Oliver), and still learning.

Thanks George,
G.T., Georgia

✱ ✱ ✱

Maj. Joseph G., Stano USAF-Ret.
260 Navesink Avenue
Highlands, N.J. 07732-1608
(908) 291-0110

21 July 1995

Dear Editor:

An Open Letter To The National Rifle Association:

It's painfully obvious that Rep, Charles Schumer (D-N.Y.) wants to do away with the Second Amendment and he seems to devote his every waking hour to attacking the NRA for daring to defend our Constitutional right to bear arms. The only mystery is why the NRA lets Schumer get away with it.

Rep. Schumer endlessly insists that federal, state and local police negate the need for any American citizen to bear arms. He sees no need for the citizenry to be armed as a check and balance to the tyranny of government as was clearly intended by our founding fathers. And now he desperately tries to justify the paramilitary assaults by the BATF and the FBI on American citizens. What is truly amazing about his performance is that he does all of this while treading water in a sea of hypocrisy!

Although Rep. Schumer is unalterably opposed to Americans having guns and he falsely claims that semi-automatic rifles and shotguns are "assault weapons"—a military designation for a "light machine gun"—he supports the "right" of the secret police of a foreign nation to roam the United States armed with real "assault weapons" and "diplomatic immunity."

In the final pre-election months of the dismal Carter Administration, the desperation reached such a fever pitch that Carter sought to win support from the all powerful Israeli Lobby by an executive order that gave the Mossad, the Israeli Secret Police, the "right" to roam the United States armed with fully automatic weapons. They carry "Uzi" sub-machine guns and "Uzi" machine pistols—weapons restricted in the United States to police "SWAT" teams.

No truly "sovereign" nation on this planet permits foreigners to carry weapons, and the British public was properly outraged when Margaret Thatcher permitted two American Secret Service agents the right to carry .38 cal. revolvers while guarding President Reagan, even though Reagan had narrowly survived an assassination attempt.

Not to be outdone by Carter, the Democrat controlled Congress, in full panic, then gave the Israeli Mossad "diplomatic immunity." "Diplomatic immunity" is reserved for senior members of a foreign embassy, since anyone with diplomatic immunity cannot be tried for any crime. Foreign diplomats have run down and killed American citizens in the streets and escaped any form of punishment. No other nation on this planet has surrendered its national sovereignty so pathetically as has the United States of America.

A great world power like the principality of Liechtenstein is more of a "sovereign" nation than the United States.

Each and every year, Amnesty International routinely condemns the Israeli Mossad for "assassinations" and "torture." We have over two-hundred Mossad agents right here in the United States. They have offices in most large cities. They go about armed with machine guns. And with "diplomatic immunity" they literally

have a "license" to shoot down unarmed Americans in the streets—like Palestinians!

Most importantly, their "rights" to weapons and diplomatic immunity are defended by Rep. Charles Schumer and others in the Israeli Lobby.

When Schumer rails about the NRA being a powerful lobby in Washington, it's the height of hypocrisy. The NRA Lobby is puny when compared to the most powerful lobby in Washington: The Israeli Lobby. Even the NRA is terrified of it. So terrified that the NRA dare not demand Schumer explain why the Mossad's "assassins" and "torturers" have a "right" to roam the United States armed with automatic weapons and diplomatic immunity, while the American citizens must be disarmed. Having Schumer try to defend the Mossad would completely destroy his credibility with the American public. If only the NRA can find the guts and backbone to do it.

Sincerely,
Jos. G. Stano

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During World War II, Dr. Oliver was Director of Research in a highly secret agency of the War Department, and was cited for outstanding service to his country.

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On Race: "We must further understand that all races naturally regard themselves as superior to all others. We think Congoids unintelligent, but they feel only contempt for a race so stupid or craven that it fawns on them, gives them votes, lavishly subsidizes them with its own earnings, and even oppresses its own people to curry their favor. We are a race as are the others. If we attribute to ourselves a superiority, intellectual, moral, or other, in terms of our own standards, we are simply indulging in a tautology. The only objective criterion of superiority, among human races as among all other species, is biological: the strong survive, the weak perish. The superior race of mankind today is the one that will emerge victorious—whether by its technology or its fecundity—from the proximate struggle for life on an overcrowded planet."

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The editor/publisher of *Liberty Bell* does not necessarily agree with each and every article in this magazine, nor does he subscribe to all conclusions arrived at by various writers; however, he does endeavor to permit the exposure of ideas suppressed by the controlled news media of this country.

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We believe that we can and will change our society for the better. We declare our long-held view that no institution or government created by men, for men, is inviolable, incorruptible, and not subject to evolution, change, or replacement by the will of an informed people.

To this we dedicate our lives and our work. No effort will be spared and no idea will be allowed to go unexpressed if we think it will benefit the *Thinking People*, not only of America, but the entire world.

George P. Dietz, Editor & Publisher

Racial-Nationalist Adoption/Adaption Process

By Robert A. DeMarais, Ph.D.

In the June 1995 *Liberty Bell*, Joseph D. Pryce offered the story of his own conversion to racial nationalism (RN). He suggested someone analyze his case history to develop a theory of conversion. The theory would be used to aid the transformation of others.

Being, perhaps, the only racial-nationalist marketing professor, the duty falls to me. This article offers a preliminary framework for the process of conversion to racial nationalism. It is based on established theory of adoption of innovation. In addition to Mr. Pryce's conversion, I will review the conversion of Adolf Hitler.

Converting to racial nationalism is not an event. It is a process lasting several years. Because racial nationalism is so different from the mainstream view, one cannot adopt it the same way we might adopt the use of the microwave oven. Conversion is a struggle of the will. One must *adapt himself* as well as adopt racial-nationalist ideas.

Conversion stories are critical to the movement. A defining moment for the politically unattached Hitler was the reading of Anton Drexler's booklet, *My Political Awakening*. In turn, millions have been deeply affected by reading the story of Hitler's conversion.

Mein Kampf (My Struggle) is not the struggle of a hungry worker with communist labor thugs. Neither is it about street and beer hall brawls. The struggle was one of Hitler's conversion to and mastery of the beliefs, concepts and strategies of national socialism.

Racial Nationalism Conversion Process

Individuals adopting and adapting to racial-nationalism (RN) go through a five-stage process that one can remember with the acronym AIETA — Awareness, Interest, Evaluation, Trial, and Adoption (See Figure 1).

Figure 1: Racial Nationalism

Conversion Process

» Awareness. Prospect becomes aware that a RN philosophy and movement exists, but is not motivated to seek informa-

tion.

- » **Interest.** Prospect is motivated/stimulated to seek information about RN. Ends when he actively seeks information.
- » **Evaluation.** Prospect considers whether to try RN as a personal creed. End when he thinks, "Yes, this may be for me."
- » **Trial.** Prospect tries to improve his estimate of the worth of RN. May attend meetings, tentatively join an organization, or just think about the risk versus reward of being a RN.
- » **Adoption** Decides to become a full and dedicated racial nationalist.

In the conversion process, impersonal information sources—pamphlets, signs, advertisements—tend to be more important in the early process stages. Personal sources tend to be more important in the later stages. For example, people like to be personally invited (even if by letter) to attend a meeting or join an organization. Surprisingly, people view radio programs as semi-personal and, thus, radio programs are important in all stages.

Recruit Echelons

All people do not adopt a new idea at the same rate. They convert in groups or echelons. Early converts to racial nationalism have different personalities and thus the recruiting methods must change as the movement grows. Furthermore, each of these echelons has different skills to offer the movement. For example, many of the leaders will *not* come from the first echelon of converts. We must divide those who will eventually adopt RN into five echelons.

If 10,000,000 activists will eventually accept RN, then the first echelon of 2.5% or 250,000 patriots are the *Vanguard*. This percentage is somewhat arbitrary and is based on the properties of a bell curve. The next 12.5% or 1,250,000 are the *Leader Patriots*. The third echelon of 35% are the *Early Mass Patriots* and is followed by

the fourth echelon of 35%, the *Late Mass Patriots*. The last echelon of 15% are the *Rear Guard Patriots*.

Vanguard Patriots. Almost everyone in the RN movement in 1995, is a Vanguard Patriot. As compared to later converts to RN, the Vanguard is more willing to take risks, either because they are naturally brave or because they are relatively unattached. Unattached means unattached to anything that makes one risk averse: unattached to family responsibilities, financial obligations, church, fraternal group, social contacts, or a politically sensitive job.

Those in the Vanguard are more educated and use information sources outside of the mainstream media and their local community. They read. Initial contact with most will be in some written form—print advertisement, pamphlet, or book. The new radical radio industry offers a new medium to reach these *information seekers*.

Vanguard converts are independent idealists and are hard to organize. Generally, they don't swim in the mainstream of society and thus have fewer social contacts and are not particularly good communicators. Most are lacking in leadership ability. On the positive side, they are intelligent, and have strong will and courage.

It is absolutely essential that the movement support the few good leaders who will come from this group. If the Vanguard is not won and their force is not harnessed, the movement will never succeed. The second group, Leader Patriots, will not join the battle until the Vanguard is heavily engaged.

Leader Patriots. This group is called Leaders for two reasons. First, they are in front of the main body or mass of patriots. More significantly, they are a group of natural leaders who will fill many of the critical mid-level and high-level posts in any successful movement.

Although the Leader Patriots are more risk adverse than the Vanguard, they also have great courage. This group is bold but not reckless. They will join only when they perceive a *reasonable* possibility of victory.

Leader Patriots have many social contacts and are an integral part of their communities. Many are now leaders and they have the managerial expertise and financial resources to rapidly expand the movement. They are respected sources of information (opinion leaders) and role models.

Leader Patriots read, though not quite so much as the Vanguard, and their sources are somewhat more mainstream. Personal contact is important in recruiting Leader Patriots; many will not commit until they have talked to a movement leader. They are excellent communicators.

In a sense, the Leader Patriots legitimize the movement. Once they have been won over, the later groups are virtually guaranteed to follow. But where? One risk is that some of the Leader Patriots may seek to coopt the movement for their own purposes. The Vanguard must firmly establish direction and buttress its key leaders before the Leader Patriots join the battle.

Early Mass Patriots. The Early Mass is the most deliberate group. They will convert when they perceive the battle is necessary and the RN movement is likely to win. They are slightly above average in education are socially active but are not leaders.

Early Mass Patriots rely on informal information sources and are likely to have contact with and follow the Leader Patriots. Direct contact with recruiters (salesmen) will be successful in converting this group.

Late Mass Patriots. This group is below average in education and will be skeptical about the movement. They are the most susceptible to social pressure. They may not lead, but when the pressure is on, they will not be left behind. They belong to few organizations, are not opinion leaders, and don't read.

Rear Guard Patriots. The Rear Guard are tradition-bound and loyal to something else—church, Populists, Republicans, or the current government. They are outright suspicious of new movements and will not convert until the object of their existing loyalty collapses. They may arrive late for many of the battles but once converted they will become intensely loyal.

The Rear Guard tends to be the least educated and least socially active and is oriented toward their local community. In sharp contrast to a Rear Guard Patriot, we now turn to a discussion of the conversion of a Vanguard Patriot.

The Conversion of Pryce

In this section, the conversion of Joseph Pryce is briefly summa-

riized within the framework of the RN conversion process.

Pre-Awareness. As One would expect with many Vanguard Patriots, Pryce was a reader. During the pre-awareness stage, Mr. Pryce discovered many inconsistencies in the establishment view—for example, (1) in stories about Germany and Hitler, (2) in conservatives' unwillingness to admit the Jewish-Bolshevik connection, and (3) in publications' differential treatment of Hitler versus Stalin and Mao.

Awareness. Through a "fortunate series of accidents" he found Nietzsche and Wagner and experienced an "excitement of discovery."

Interest. By combining these accidents with his interest in western civilization, he developed into a Germanophile, devouring writings covering the spectrum from Freud to books about Hitler. The clear anti-German bias he detected, led him to begin actively evaluating alternatives.

Evaluation. "What was I to do? Could I become a Nihilist...?" Although at this point he doesn't say, Pryce was probably reading some National Socialist material. Once he had tentatively eliminated the other alternatives, he might have begun to ask himself questions like, 'Am I becoming a racist?' If so, he was moving into the trial stage.

Trial. At this point, Pryce would have made a tentative decision, but realizing the potential risk—the social and financial cost of conversion—he must have been mentally trying on National Socialism. He may have attended some meetings or answered some ads. While most fail at this stage, he passed to the final stage.

Adoption. The decision process took several years but Pryce was now a committed racial nationalist. One or more moments must have marked his conversion—joining an organization, giving a speech, writing an article, or openly tell his friends he had made the decision.

On adoption, Mr. Pryce discovered a new reality with a real and natural vision of the future. For example, from his new perspective he now realized that mainstream Christians were "groveling in the mud." Let us turn to another story of a Vanguard Patriot's conversion.

The Conversion of Hitler

Hitler's fascinating story of conversion is told in the chapter

"Years of Study and Suffering in Vienna" in *Mein Kampf* (below page numbers reference the Manheim translation)

Pre-Awareness. At an early age, Adolf Hitler was a dedicated German nationalist, an avid reader, and was interested in the meaning of history. He was angered by political issues and the lies in the press, but tried to keep silent.

However, "Thus far I did not so much as suspect the existence of organized opposition to the Jews" (p. 52). "For the Jew was still characterized for me by nothing but his religion, and therefore, on the grounds of tolerance, I maintained my rejection of religious attacks..." (p. 52). Hitler's unwillingness was magnified by the low credibility he assigned to anti-Semitic newspapers.

Awareness. "For a few hellers I bought the first anti-Semitic pamphlet of my life. Unfortunately, they [the pamphlets] all proceeded from the supposition that in principle the reader knew or even understood the Jewish question to a certain degree" (p. 56). Besides the pamphlet's tone was also bad. [Perhaps they used terms like ZOG that were not defined or supported and initially seemed crude to Hitler.]

Interest. However, based on the pamphlet, Hitler was motivated to evaluate, but not without great mental anguish. "I relapsed for weeks at a time, once for even months. The whole thing seemed to me so monstrous, the accusations so boundless, that, tormented by the fear of doing injustice, I again became anxious and uncertain" (p. 56).

Evaluation. As part of his evaluation, Hitler began to observe Jews in Vienna in a different and more critical light. He was now seeing Jews in their own culture and concluded: Zionism is incompatible with German Nationalism.

He began to evaluate the sources of the decay of German society and morals. "The fact that nine tenths of all literary filth, artistic trash, and theatrical idiocy can be set to the account of a people, constituting hardly one hundredth of all the country's inhabitants, could simply not be talked away; it was the plain truth" (p. 58).

"And I now began to examine my beloved 'world press' from this point of view" (p. 58). He noted that the writers were Jews. "Gradually I became uncertain" (p. 59).

Trial. Hitler now had made a preliminary decision but was carefully observing his world to confirm or deny it. "My views with re-

gard to anti-Semitism thus succumbed to the passage of time, this was my greatest transformation of all. It cost me the greatest inner soul struggles, and only after months of battle between reason and my sentiments did my reason begin to emerge victorious. Two years later, my sentiment had followed my reason, and from then on became its most loyal guardian and sentinel" (p. 55).

"A thousand things that I had hardly seen before now struck my notice, and others, which had previously given me food for thought, I now learned to grasp and understand" (p. 58).

"I no longer avoided discussion of the Jewish question; no, now I sought it" (p. 60).

"When I recognized the Jew as the leader of the Social Democracy, the scales dropped from my eyes. A long soul struggle had reached its conclusion" (p. 60).

Adoption. "I had at last come to the conclusion that the Jew was no German" (p. 61). "I had ceased to be a weak-kneed cosmopolitan and become an anti-Semite" (p. 64).

Apparently, Hitler was always a racist. That is, he was intensely nationalistic. His struggle took place before WWI and racialism was not as politically incorrect as it is today. Hitler's conversion was to anti-Semitism.

Today's recruits must transform themselves into both racials and anti-Semites. An open admission of both is one sign of full conversion. However, it is only one sign. Another is a fanatical commitment: loyalty, single purpose, persistent dedication, and hard work.

Importance of Conversion Stories

Conversion stories have another use besides building a theory of how to recruit. These stories are an essential tool for moving recruits through the trial stage. In the introduction to this article, I mentioned Anton Drexler's booklet, *My Political Awakening* that was fascinating to Hitler.

The story in the booklet was more than fascinating, it was successful. By pushing his pamphlet into Hitler's hand, Drexler had begun to recruit Hitler. A few days after reading Drexler's conversion story, Hitler also had converted. He immediately joined the Drexler's organization, which was to build into the National Socialist Party.

Conversion stories are a key tool in moving recruits from the trial stage into adoption. They tell recruits, "You are not alone." Others have made the same mental struggle and arrived at the same inevitable conclusion.

Preliminary Conclusions

Time Consuming Process. For most people, conversion or adapting to racial nationalism is a long process. Jarah B. Crawford [*Liberty Bell*, July 1995] was quite put out with a 24 year-old architect. After she read one of his radical manuscripts, she replied, "But I don't agree with you about the Jews."

What could one expect her to say? I doubt anyone embraces the first anti-Semitic material they see—Mr. Pryce didn't, Hitler didn't, this writer didn't, and I doubt Mr. Crawford did.

Mr. Crawford did implant a hypothesis in the young lady's mind: "Jews are bad?" If she is an open-minded information seeker, she will now evaluate what she reads and sees in light of that hypothesis.

Occasionally, the young architect needs to be reminded of the hypothesis and occasionally be offered more material. However, the material must be based on facts and figures and not contain any angry outbursts or in-house language such as ZOG.

Cast a Wide Net. Because the process takes so long, recruiters should seek those who have made it through the first stage or two on their own. These people are either interested in or actively evaluating a race issues.

Because, the Vanguard are information seekers they are likely to be found in a wide variety of places and contacted through a wide variety of media. Many of them will respond to sincere offers of information on race.

Recruiters are advised not to hide their message under the headlines of tax, welfare, crime, gun control, etc. Instead, clearly mention race in headlines and link it with some other issues. Prospects are looking for cues and will spot loaded words like "race."

Different Media for Different Stages. The Vanguard and Leaders want hard information including specific numbers and names, not vague generalities or name calling. This writer began his active conversion when he heard Kevin Alfred Strom on the radio. Strom

mention a *Liberty Bell* article by Dr. Charles E. Weber [March 1993]. It listed the number of Jews appointed by President Clinton. It was partial proof of the hypothesis earlier implanted in my mind.

Hard data for information seekers means written information. Spoken messages are perishable, they cannot be stored and later referenced.

Early media includes pamphlets and radio programs. The radio programs and pamphlets must contain sincere offers of more information. Offer only material that will convert them. Reserve fund raising or hard-core material for the already-converted.

Information seekers often spend money for written material. They expect to pay; charge them a fair price for information. Impersonal information offers (to strangers by mail or radio) should require a payment even if its only \$1 or "enclose SASE." Prospective recruits will be wary of the possible commitment by accepting anything free. [Handing people free pamphlets at public gatherings is, of course, acceptable.]

Later in the recruit's adoption process, personal contact becomes important. This can include one-on-one meetings, small gatherings, monthly meetings or conferences/seminars.

Fits and Starts. Like Hitler, few people will complete the process without occasionally being overwhelmed. Overwhelmed means they will put away the written material for several months.

It might pay recruiters to reuse lists of previous book buyers who have not purchased for a year or two.

For prospects who might eventually convert, recruiters should occasionally (every three to six months) send them another cue: pamphlet, xerox of an article, or again invite them to a meeting. Keep the hypothesis planted and give them somewhere to send for more information.

Perhaps most importantly, we must remember that we are now recruiting Vanguard Patriots and perhaps a few Leader Patriots. These people cannot be pushed. However, if we don't speed up their conversion, we will fail. Sign posts and offers of direction are critical. Prospecting for Vanguard recruits involves planting and replanting the racial hypothesis and offering information. □

"GRANTISM" AND "SHERMANISM"

by

Allan Callahan

It is probably common today for most people to look upon modern warfare as being much more "humane" than it used to be. They have read of conquered peoples being sold into slavery in ancient times, and sometimes put to the sword. Nothing like that happens today, they assert. No, it doesn't happen today because the Machine Age made the slave obsolete, and we no longer fight with swords. But civilians are still singled out for attack, as the democracies proved, in a big way, in WWII. One word for this, coined during the Civil War, was "Grantism." Onto the shoulders of Ulysses S. Grant was laid the moral responsibility for the way the war was waged. William Tecumseh Sherman received much blame in the South, too, because of his infamous "March to the Sea." It appears that he deserves to have an "ism" placed behind his name fully as much as Grant did. The "March" seems to have been Sherman's idea, but Grant approved of it, because he was willing to ignore the modern rules of war to achieve victory. Robert E. Lee was not willing to ignore them. He said: "There are things a gentleman does not do." Sherman was born in 1820. His father, a judge, died when the boy was around nine, and the family scattered. He was taken in and raised by the family of Hon. Thomas Ewing, who got him into West Point when he became of age. After years of service, he resigned from the army, went into banking for awhile, then practised law until 1859. In Feb. of 1861 he became president of a Saint Louis railroad company, but this didn't last long. In May of that year he went back into the army, as a colonel.

Sherman seems to have been a man wracked by doubts and insecurity, the latter maybe being caused, at least in part, by his feeling of being abandoned as a youth. At base he was an angry man, prone to rage. His marriage ran into difficulties.

His detractors said that he never won a battle against an enemy of equal strength. He never fully understood the origins of the war. Sent to Kentucky in 1861, he fell into depression, couldn't sleep, was sure that his own forces were inadequate, felt that the Union

cause was hopeless, and saw spies everywhere.

He never fully supported the goals of the war, and had contempt for negroes. At the start of the war he even had contempt for the Union itself, and didn't bother to vote. Before hostilities broke out he told Secretary of War Cameron: ".....I do recoil from a war when the negro is the only question."

Also at the beginning of the war he had a fondness for the South. Sherman knew Southerners well, admired them, and didn't hold their institution of slavery against them. He wrote to his daughter that Southerners must be subdued "but we mean them no harm," and urged her not to use words like "rebels" and "traitors" when referring to them.

Gradually his feelings toward the Union became more favorable, he became a "conditional Unionist," and this feeling hardened as the conflict dragged on. At one time he almost destroyed himself, but finally snapped out of his depression after the battle of Shiloh. Here, serving under Grant, he won a military and personal victory. He still had rages, but whereas he first swallowed them and directed them against himself, in self-reproach, he now directed them against the enemy; at first, against enemy forces, and later, against civilians, also. He stated that ".....the best military strategy is to attack civilians."

His chance to put this into practice, on a large scale, came after he occupied Atlanta on September 8, 1864, and this was due mainly to a mistake of his opponent, Confederate Gen. Hood, who sent his cavalry too far to the Union rear to be able to recall them in time. Sherman could then direct his rage against civilians, but first he had to get permission from Grant, which he did.

The inhabitants of Atlanta were given five days to evacuate the city. Fire and explosives were then used to level it. This done, Sherman's soldiers then embarked on their "March to the Sea," destroying the homes and food supplies of the civilian population. Other smaller towns suffered the same fate as Atlanta, and all told, an area of cultivated land larger than Belgium and Holland together was devastated.

Sherman may be best remembered for his statement that "war is hell." His own actions against the civilian population made his part in the Civil War much more hellish than it should have been.

At any rate, this statement does not seem to have had much effect on men's decisions on whether to go to war or not. Wars have not slacked off any.

His belief that "the best military strategy is to attack civilians" may have had great effect upon the thinking of the U.S. and Britain in WWII. Their "carpet bombing" of civilians in large cities indicates that it did. In passing, it could be said that, terrible as Sherman's actions were, at least they took place during wartime. After WWII had ended, the American and French armies in Europe annihilated around one million German P.O.Ws, most of them perishing in American camps under control of part-Jew Gen. Dwight D. Eisenhower. The deaths in these overcrowded and appallingly unsanitary camps were *deliberate*, caused by starvation, disease and exposure. The Americans had plenty of food, and also refused to let locals bring in food. Sometimes guards even *denied the prisoners water* for several days at a time. The meager food rations caused a high daily death rate, but when water was also withheld, the P.O.Ws "died like flies." Grant and Sherman were cruel; Eisenhower was unspeakable. □

THE ANTI-HUMANS

by D. Bacu (307 pp., hb.) describes what was done to the young men whom Corneliu Z. Codreanu, the founder of the Legionary Movement in Romania, inspired, when seven years after his brutal murder, Romania was delivered to the Bolsheviks. They were subjected to what is the most fully documented Pavlovian experiment on a large number of human beings. It is likely that the same techniques were used on many American prisoners in Korea and Vietnam. *The Anti-Humans* is a well-written document of great historical and psychological importance. Reading it will be an emotional experience you will not forget. "A sequel to Orwell's *1984*" — R.S.H. "A searing exposé of Red bestiality!" — Dr. A.J. App). **THE ANTI-HUMANS**, Order #01013. Sale priced, single copy \$2.00 + \$1.50 postage, 10 for \$15.00 + \$5.00 postage.

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1945: CAPITALIST/COMMUNIST VICTORY 1995: FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF ARYAN DEFEAT

by
Colin Jordan

In this issue the series "The Way Ahead" is interrupted (for resumption next issue) in order to bring out now the first part of a comprehensive answer to the 50th anniversary of the victory of the capitalist/communist alliance against National-Socialist Germany in World War II. This commencing instalment in this series comments on the celebration itself; identifies the basic reason for the war; and exhibits the ultimate aims in it and consequences of it. Further instalments from time to time, interspersed with further instalments in "The Way Ahead" series, will deal with the path to war; the course of the war and particularly the Allied atrocities during it; and finally the nature of the "liberation" resulting from the Allied victory. The composition and production of the projected sequel to the book "Merrie England 2,000", which is to deal with a British uprising, has had to be long postponed to allow for this priority of writing.

On May 8, 1995, Britain's traditional May Day holiday was replaced by a celebration of the defeat of National-Socialist Germany and its European allies. Union Jack flags—normally kept out of sight these days as somewhat jingoistic, if not positively racist and thus offensive to our new, super-tanned black and brown Britons who now so largely decide what we are allowed—were brought out plentifully everywhere, albeit many of them hoisted upside down on flagpoles by the unaccustomed pseudo-patriots.

Reporting the jubilation outside Buckingham Palace, residence of our monarch of multiracialism there displaying herself with others of her renegade royal family, London's *Daily Telegraph* (May 9, 1995) recorded an exultant crowd of "Hundreds of thousands, sporting Union flags to a man, woman and child". Incandescent with self-satisfaction at their monumentally superficial display of a sterile pretence of patriotism, such vacuous exhibitors are characteristically never

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moved to do anything effective for the survival and revival of our race and nation because this would run contrary to the overriding rules of "political correctness", conducive to national and racial decline and ruin, conformity to which is their dominant concern.

Next, the newspaper regaled us with a particularly striking revelation of such superficiality from one of royalty's household retainers. "Miss Tiggy Legge-Bourke, the Prince of Wales's social secretary, was particularly prominent among this swaying multitude, thanks to a vivid pair of Union flag shorts." The inner being of Britain may disappear, but, as long as Tiggy's shorts stay on and up, seemingly for these freaks of makebelieve the old country and its people remain in fine fettle.

Continuing its rhapsodic report of the revelry of a mad multitude, seemingly content to dance at Britain's funeral and call it a triumph, the *Daily Telegraph* recorded that "On went the singing, the royal trio joining in to Rule Britannia, Land of Hope and Glory..." Such was the self-congratulatory carnival of commemoration of Britain's ghastly war of self-mutilation enacted in 'the mongrelizing metropolis of an island where Britannia no longer rules the waves, and the native Britons no longer fully and finally possess and control the acres: a land with hardly any real cause for hope for the future, and even less evidence of present glory.

As the pages of ecstatic print reached the breakfast tables the next morning, those two paramount, plastic products of the Democratic politics of the West, Messrs. Major and Clinton, were to be found in Moscow in the company of their similarly plastic protégé of the Kremlin, acclaiming and commemorating there the wartime triumph of Democracy's stable companion, Bolshevik barbarism, with all its outstanding horrors.

The May 1995 festivity over the crushing of Germany has been shortly followed in August of this same year by another bout of blindfold jubilee over the crushing of Japan. The dust having now settled, after all the prancing and postulating marking the two events, we can now proceed to strip away the glutinous gloss given to them, and to survey the realities of World War II.

RITUAL SACRIFICE TO "VICTORY"

At the outset of the unveiling, attention needs to be paid to a keynote of a happening timed to coincide with the commemoration of victory in Europe half a century ago. This was the arrest here of an alleged war criminal, a worn-out 84-year-old man from Belarussia who made the mistake all that time ago of wanting with the aid of Germany the liberation of his country from Bolshevik barbarism. Known to his neighbours as quiet, gentle and helpful, Siemion Serafinowicz, now resident in Britain as a British citizen, has been selected to figure in this victory anniversary year as a symbolic sacrifice on the altar of victors' vengeance.

This forthcoming routine of ritual persecution to mark the remembrance of "victory" and its meaning results from years of persistent pressure by those here and throughout the world who claim it to be a requirement and thus a right of their religion to slaughter animals ritually, despite the suffering. The ritual slaughter of Serafinowicz—who will surely be brought to his death by stress and penury, if not by formal sentencing reeks of the pestiferous exhortations of that evil apostle of Talmudic vengeance, Elie Wiesel. In his book "Legends of our Time" he declared: "Every Jew, somewhere in his being, should set apart a zone of hate—healthy, virile hate—for what the German personifies and for what persists in the German."

Significantly, this oracle of Hebrew race-hatred remains respected not prosecuted in the West where critics of the Jews are persecuted and penalized for racial patriotism. Indeed, such is his arrogance, reflective of the world ascendancy of Jewry as a prime consequence of Allied victory, that he recently urged the German parliament to take the 50th anniversary of German defeat as the occasion for a groveling performance of penitence: to plead in the name of all Germans to all Jews in the world for forgiveness" (*Jewish Chronicle*, April 21, 1995). This recommendation matched that of Germany's Bundestag Speaker, Jewess Rita Süßmuth, who at the end of 1493 urged that "Yiddish should be used in Europe as a bridge to heal the wounds of the past" (*Jewish Chronicle*, December 3, 1993).

In confronting the demented delusions surrounding and issuing from the capitalist/communist victory of 1945 with the truths of the Aryan defeat which was the reality of that time and event, we are up against a persisting iron curtain of suppression

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of information. Joined to this is an intensive mental conditioning of the public over decades by a very powerful and thoroughly partisan media.

DEMOCRACY'S GREAT PRETENCE

Ludicrously the tame citizen of Democracy in a mass of millions believes that he or she is a free person, properly informed of the evils of the war time enemy and the virtues of the opposing system, and thereby the causes, course and consequences of the Second World War in defence of the latter against the former. That conditioned person has no awareness that the British public has never been allowed to learn the truth about National Socialist Germany, only a torrent of distortions at the best, and otherwise downright lies. According to the fantasy implanted in that zombie's mind, Hitler was an unmitigated monster, a foaming madman without a single, redeeming feature, who sought to conquer and enslave the whole world. His system was a complete hell on earth containing nothing good. Above all, he and his bestial accomplices, as their supreme crime, were the persecutors and exterminators of millions of lovable, more or less faultless, god-chosen Jews, an unparalleled enormity which has daily to be remembered and recited for eternity.

Persons imbued with this solidified fantasy are without perception that their ossified state of mind is produced by a purported "free press" which actually is a fettered press responsive to the ruling interests governing from the background, the same being true of the other arms of the controlling media, namely radio and television. They are unaware that their vaunted and cherished system of Democracy is actually nothing but a great pretence, a huge confidence trick, a colossal swindle. They fondly imagine that dictatorship only happens abroad, there feeding falsehood to its fortunate subjects to the extent of creating a dream world. They do not realize that dictatorship operates here incognito, exercising a rigorous censorship to exclude dangerous ideas conducive to a racial awakening and a national resurgence, while moulding the mind to a frame amenable to and beneficial to that dictatorship; a combination effectively making them dwellers in a dream world.

Deluded thus, the citizens of Democracy are unable to

recognize their own mental image in the mirror. They are unable to perceive that they have been made thoroughly PPC, meaning Processed Politically Correct. By the communistic influences of contemporary capitalism there has been implanted in their captive craniums, along with all other cerebral concoctions, a completely false view of World War II, cause, course and consequences.

COMMEMORATION'S PROPAGANDA PURPOSE

Anyone who believes that the prime objective of the power-wielders of Democracy in promoting their victory commemoration has been simply and purely to honour the Allied dead, and to pay tribute to all the exertions in the name of country and supposedly for the sake of nation by those who survived that conflict, is PPC indeed. For the rulers in the background the prime purpose of the exercise has been to take up and exploit the occasion as a peg for propaganda. It has been assessed as a glorious opportunity for a refurbishment of all the old wartime and post-war denigration of National-Socialism. Within that it has afforded a wonderfully convenient occasion for an extravaganza of yet more Hebrew holocaust indoctrination. Altogether it has served as a splendid pretext for freshly vaccinating the domesticated dupes of Democracy against contamination with the emancipating beliefs of National-Socialism even in the first and incipient forms of some vague racial awareness, some hazy yearning for national elevation, some disconnected dissatisfaction with the party game. In summary, the prime objective has been prophylactic against the possibility of any National-Socialist revival which even now, after all they have done, haunts the promoters of Aryan destruction.

So it is that the belching chimneys of the atrocity manufactories of the Spielbergs of this world have been working full blast to mark the year, gassing the public with an immunising dose of holocaust horror day in and day out. In these feverish endeavours they have amply responded to the clarion call of Edgar Bronfman, President of the World Jewish Congress. One of the richest Jews in the world, recent purchaser of the mind-formative MCA Films company in the U.S.A., Bronfman has warned the world multitude of the Chosen Ones: "We must

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use every resource to stop revisionism now before it's too late." "Revisionism" is his label for any and all questioning of the approved (kosher) version of the war and his enemy in it.

A STATEMENT OF INTENT

Before beginning this survey of the truth about that war, which certainly will amount to revisionism of a strength liable to send Mr. Bronfman reaching for the relief in a bottle of the booze (Seagram Whisky etc.) on which his fortune has been based, this writer places on record a statement

of intent. He stands opposed to all atrocities by whoever and whenever committed. He stands no less opposed to all atrocity fabricators whoever they are and whenever and wherever they occur. In pursuit of truth he is not motivated by racial hatred of non-Aryans, but by a concern for his own Aryan Folk. This encompasses only a hatred of the renegades and traitors of his own race who alone have enabled non-Aryans to contribute to Aryan decline and defeat. He stands for free speech and open discussion on matters discussed in *Gothic Ripples*, rejecting the Jewish campaign for suppression of criticism, including the Jewish demand for the outlawing of all questioning of the alleged Jewish "holocaust", holding that this campaign can prove a potent cause of the very anti-Jewish feeling it is supposed to prevent.

This survey respects and honours the memory of all those British and Allied servicemen who died or were mutilated, honestly believing the lies their misleaders and their misleaders' media told them about the necessity to fight for freedom, nation and homeland against a force seeking to invade that homeland and take away that nation's freedom and other assets. This survey fully as much upholds and reveres the memory of all those German servicemen and their allies of so many nationalities who also died and also were mutilated in the conviction that they too were of necessity fighting for the same things.

THE BASIC REASON FOR WAR: GERMANY'S FREEDOM FIGHT

During and since World War II the British people have never been allowed to know the truth about National-Socialist

Germany as a freedom fight against the dishonesty, the exploitation, and the sickly and deadly decadence of the Democracy of the Weimar Republic in Germany. Under that Democracy, millions of unemployed rotted in poverty while a plutocratic minority wallowed in luxury, and every kind of vice and degeneracy prevailed.

The power of the Jews was enormous. This racial and religious minority owned or controlled Germany's largest and most influential newspapers such as the *Berliner Tageblatt*, the *Vossische Zeitung*, and the *Frankfurter Zeitung*. The Ullstein press empire, Jewish, alone owned the *Berliner Morgenpost*, the *Berliner Allgemeine Zeitung*, *BZ am Mittag*, *Das Tempo*, the *Montagspost*, the *Grüne Post*, the *Berliner Illustrierte Zeitung*, and dozens of other newspapers and magazines. Thus was German opinion shaped by a racially alien minority.

Jewish ascendancy in other fields included nearly half of all the lawyers in Berlin in 1933, and a similar disproportion in the medical and the teaching professions, along with a massive prominence in the entertainment world and great power in industry. The political parties reflected in composition and conduct this Jewish power and prominence.

From a humble background, his own experience of poverty, and the testing time of a twice decorated frontline soldier in World War I, Adolf Hitler rose by the merit of sheer brilliance to become leader of the strongest party in Germany, the NSDAP, and on January 30, 1933, Chancellor of Germany. Then and thereafter he was beyond question the most popular, the most fervently acclaimed statesman Germany has ever had, and the whole world has ever seen. The rapturous support of tens of millions was a unique phenomenon of government by public approval which the pygmy politicians of Democracy never come remotely near rivaling. By this measure of the extent and intensity of public support, National-Socialism in Germany under Hitler far, far exceeded the Democracy of the West as a government of the people, for the people, and by the will of the people; and thus a manifestation of a nation's freedom. Let this always be remembered and replied when the subjects and supporters of the veiled dictatorship under Democracy denigrate Hitler's Germany as a tyrannical dictatorship!

As a youngster, this writer saw something for himself at first-hand of the impetus and euphoria of a resurgent Germany

lifted from the depths of decline, disunity and despondency, and dedicated to drastic reform, as never before or since in the history of the world, under this man of magic and his vast force of ardent colleagues and comrades. Before staying with a German family in Cologne in 1937, he had been told by the then warmongering, pro-Jewish *News Chronicle* of a downcast, downtrodden people, deprived of milk in a drive for guns before food and drink—a deficiency which struck him sadly, being a keen 14-year-old consumer of the commodity. On the banks of the Rhine he found instead milk available everywhere in plenty, and everywhere the happy faces of a people vibrant with the sense and the satisfaction of participation in a great purpose. Never again did he imbibe with belief the beverage of mendacity furnished by the likes of the *News Chronicle*. Then, in the Hitler's Germany he saw, the world was young and fresh, and a golden age was truly unfolding: a world the war killed as it was intended to by its instigators, now engaged in ruining Britain and the rest of the Aryan world in the name of "victory."

CONCENTRATION CAMPS

But what of the concentration camps, interject the lovers of liberal liberty, obsessed with concern for the inviolability of the isolated, self-centred individual as a far more important form of freedom than that of the corporate Folk and the benefiting citizen within that community?

The German concentration camps pre-war—and we are here considering the background to the war, not its course—were a type of open prison which at their peak held 26,789 persons, many of them for only a matter of weeks.

The idea that the inmates were all political dissidents and persecuted Jews is absurdly untrue. Besides some subversive opponents, including many militant communists who sought an armed seizure of power on behalf of Moscow, they were a variety of habitual criminals, drug dealers and addicts, pimps, sexual perverts, disorderly drunkards and work-shy parasites. They were, in other words, the dross on which Democracy typically lavishes care and comfort in its appeal to and cultivation of the masses at their lowest level of debasement for the ulterior motive of gainful power. Yet by prison standards an adequate diet and reasonable accommodation were provided for them.

These pre-war German concentration camps, which the warmongering Western press and politicians made such a fuss about, massively distorting daily into a summarizing and eclipsing horror worth fighting a far more horrible war against, were markedly superior in their conditions to those which the hypocritical British and their Allies had themselves introduced beforehand.

America, during its civil war 1861-1865 had established concentration camps for civilian populations considered hostile to the Federal government; and during its war to acquire the Philippines, 1899-1902, set up concentration camps which caused the deaths of more than 200,000 Philippine civilians.

Britain, in the course of its war against the tiny Boer nation in South Africa, 1899-1902, burnt the Boer homesteads while the men were away soldiering, and put 116,572 people, almost all of them women and children, into what they themselves designated as "concentration camps". There, due to inadequate food, exposure and disease, particularly typhus, mass death took place—just as it did in the final days of World War II in Germany when Allied bombing disrupted supplies to camps swollen with transfers from the east. In the British concentration camps 27,927 Boers died according to an official report, this including 26,251 women and children, 22,074 of this last total being children under 16 (*Journal of Historical Review*, Vol. 1 No. 3).

Poland, Britain's final excuse for going to war in 1939 to crush the German fight for freedom, had set up its concentration camps a few years earlier under Pilsudski as a way of disposing of political opponents.

Communist Russia had had long previously the biggest and most barbarous concentration camp network of all time. This sombre fact did not for a moment deter the capitalist West from fervently embracing the monster they termed "our glorious Soviet ally", acclaiming the "new democracy" in partnership with the old. When one gets down to it, the precise reason why Germany was damned as an outcast while Russia was welcomed as a friend was the fact that National-Socialism in the former had demoted the Jews from ascendancy while communism in the latter had elevated them to it.

ACHIEVEMENTS UNEQUALLED

National self-determination, expressed in the demotion of the Jews, was only one aspect of the multi-faceted fight for freedom of Hitler's Germany. Let us now take a short look at some of the other aspects of National-Socialism's comprehensive conception of freedom in contrast to the delusions of Democracy where a façade of ineffective rights masks dictatorial denial of positive benefits. Let us see what the New Germany was accomplishing in the practical expansion of people's freedom in the economic, social and cultural fields in which it is to be seen as no less a value than in the political; voicing and voting only becoming meaningful in resulting benefits. And doing so at a time when in Britain her disabled ex-servicemen were having to beg in the streets, and her unemployed having to go on hunger marches to try and stir the cold consciences of party politicians who combined neglecting their own people and country with railing endlessly against a regime giving practical expression to a far higher morality.

Data is here mostly drawn from the highly informative book *Hitler Germany* by Cesare Santoro (Internationaler Verlag, Berlin, 1938) with a few additions from *Robert Ley* by Ronald Smelser (Berg, 1988).

When Hitler came to power at the start of 1933, German unemployment stood at 6,014,000. With a Four Years Plan for industry immediately set in motion, the number of workers employed rapidly rose by millions, so that by 1938, one year before the Allies of Democracy made war on Germany instead of on their own unemployment, unemployment in Germany had been reduced to 338,000.

Many years before Britain sought to copy it, Hitler in his very first year in office inaugurated a gigantic motorway system which stands today as a monument to his pioneering initiative. This, among other, huge, public works, helped to provide work, and in so doing increased purchasing power, this in turn generating more employment in industry and commerce, and consequently more purchasing power still and commensurate demand for goods and services in a rotating stimulus to production and prosperity.

In the preceding years of 1929-1932 the German peasantry, veritably the backbone of the nation, had lived on the edge of ruin, enmeshed in debt and despised as impoverished yokels; as

did the farmers and land-workers of Britain, criminally disregarded by the mammonite capitalists with their worship of "free trade" for their personal aggrandizement in a milieu of purely monetary values, above and beyond the freedom of the Folk by way of prosperity and security. Hitler quickly put a stop to this malaise. Within a few months of attaining power, a law concerning Hereditary Homesteads came into force on October 1, 1933, whereby peasant farms were to remain for all time in the hands of one peasant family. Other measures increasing agricultural productivity and prosperity followed, bringing greater selfsufficiency in food.

By the autumn of National-Socialist Year No. 1, 1933, the foundation had been begun for a national labour service (Arbeitsdienst) which became in 1935 obligatory for every young German between leaving school and doing military service. 70% of this corps became engaged in the reclamation of moorland and wasteland. This work for the homeland, in addition to its economic value, gave young Germans a splendid experience of socially responsible citizenship, national unity above class division, and corporate pride; amounting to a unique form of higher education.

Prior to the Arbeitsdienst, a wonderful introduction to folk patriotism was provided by a magnificent youth movement, the Hitler Jugend, creating a joyously purposeful union of German boys and girls in contrast to the abandoned youth of Britain then, and the bewitched and bedraggled rabble of British youth today.

SOCIALISM OF THE FOLK

The German Labour Front (DAF = Deutsche Arbeitsfront) was formed to unite all German brain and manual workers, including all members of the former trade unions of Democracy based on class warfare. It began with an enormous rally on May 1, 1933, when over a million workers gathered at the Tempelhofer Feld in Berlin to hear with tremendous enthusiasm the inspiring words of Adolf Hitler.

Under the auspices of the Labour Front, and in other ways too, the National-Socialist government lost no time in initiating a vast housing project to remedy the deficiencies and defects of the homes of its people, erecting dwellings with a rent adapted to

the means of the working masses. These were not the soul-destroying, herd-conditioning, huge tenements put up in other lands, but homes with a large garden, and some with a small-holding or attached farm. By the end of 1939 the Labour Front had itself built 46,331 dwellings, and had participated in the construction of a further 40,000; and was engaged in planning 20,000 more.

Measures of social insurance, unemployment relief and protection of labour, excelling those of all other countries where anything of the sort even existed, were swiftly introduced in the onward surging momentum of reform which distinguished National-Socialist Germany par excellence. The NSDAP's People's Welfare Organization leapt into practice, providing generous help wherever emergent schemes temporarily left a lack. No more properly caring regime has so far emerged on this earth.

As an adjunct of the Labour Front, the workers' leisure movement, Strength through Joy (KdF = Kraft durch Freude) came into being, benefiting the workers of Germany far beyond anything of this nature anywhere else any time, Britain either then or now having nothing in comparison. Here are a few details of the achievements in this expansion of positive freedom, brought about in the field of folk socialism; details which our thought-controllers seek to keep from the brainwashed British public.

Activities of the KdF encompassed adult educational and handicraft courses of all sorts, and cultural lectures. By 1939 325 adult education centres were functioning. It arranged concerts, operas, dramatic performances, visits, land excursions and tours, boat trips on river and sea. It built recreational centres, community halls and holiday accommodation, even ocean-going liners including the *Robert Ley* with a theatre, library and reading rooms aboard; having 12 ships by the outbreak of war. Its People's Theatre had no seat costing more than a pre-war sixpence. Fine orchestras, the best drama by the best actors, ballets by the best dancers were all available at prices within everyone's reach. Country holidays cost next to nothing, and sea cruises cost no more than four guineas for a fortnight.

Through the KdF, by 1938, 22,100,000 had been able to visit theatres, 18,600,000 to attend film performances, 5,600,000 to attend concerts, and 50,000,000 to take part in cultural events of

one sort or another. Over 60,000 had gone on land excursions. 384 sea voyages had been enjoyed by 490,000 holiday-makers, including 18,000 who had gone on voyages to Norway, Madeira and Italy. A gigantic seaside resort for 20,000 had been constructed. In the year 1938 alone, the last complete year of peace, 9,200,000 used its vacation and travel facilities, 8,100,000 went to theatre performances and concerts, 8,300,000 took part in sports activities, 6,300,000 in adult education, and 50,000,000 in some aspect of recreation. Where stood Democracy in Britain in comparison then, or stands it now?

PROTECTION AND BETTERMENT OF THE RACE

Simultaneously, radical steps were taken to protect the racial character and improve the racial quality of the German Folk; this unique work standing in stark contrast to the racial neglect and injury which characterizes the death system of Democracy. As early as April 7 of the year of Hitler's accession to power, a law was brought in to place on the retired list non-Aryan public officials. The Civic Law of the Reich of September 15, 1935, withdrew from Jews the status of German citizens, and on this basis excluded them from all participation in German political life. The Law for the Protection of German Race and Honour of the same date prohibited marriages and extramarital, sexual relations between Jews and Aryans.

A Law for the Preservation from Hereditarily Diseased Posterity on July 14 of that year had provided for the possibility of sterilizing persons with specific, hereditary diseases, and on October 18, 1935, in line with this, a Law relating to Matrimonial Hygiene prohibited marriage between persons of such infirmities, a medical certificate of biological fitness being henceforth required for marriage. The birth rate of healthy German stock was encouraged by interest-free loans to couples thus attested fit to reproduce, and with the birth of each child 25% of that loan was reckoned as redeemed, thus a 4-child family got the money as a gift from the folk state.

Freemasonic activity, operating in ritualistic secret a favouritism for a few in the course of promoting cosmopolitan ends, was brought to an end in Germany in 1935. The abominable Jewish practice of ritually slaughtering animals for food, bleeding them to death without pre-stunning, was also put

a stop to.

While all this was proceeding, Hitler was increasing German national freedom by reuniting in liberation from foreign rule such territory as the Sudetenland, placed under such rule by the Treaty of Versailles. At the same time, he was freeing Germany from the restrictive practices of public usury. He was liberating his land from servitude to the trading system of International Finance with its devotion to the liberality of "free trade" as a façade for a dependence on the flow of money and the computing of credit under the control of the moneylenders and the credit controllers. Barter deals, directly reciprocal, were negotiated instead by Germany.

This rebellion against the financial practices of capitalism, cutting out the parasitical middlemen of money, infuriated the conceited lords of the counting houses. Their raging resentment combined with the burning anxiety of the politicians and their patrons over the New Germany's spectacular programme of reform which could be dangerously attractive to the neglected and exploited subjects of Democracy, if perchance they became aware of it. Both combined with the seething hatred of Germany's emancipation from Jewish ascendancy to give the real rulers of Democracy reason enough to wish to conspire to bring about the destruction of National-Socialist Germany through war, and this they set about to do. How they contrived to cause the war will be shown in Part Two of this series.

THE IMMEDIATE COST OF BRITAIN'S "VICTORY"

The immediate cost to Britain of her demented war for Democracy was of crippling magnitude. Apart from her 264,443 servicemen and 92,673 civilians killed in the course of it, along with all the massive material damage resulting from war operations, Britain so exhausted her strength and assets that she was reduced to being a begging borrower at America's door, sunk in indebtedness. Had she instead remained at peace, and in place of devoting herself and her vast resources to destruction had devoted herself and those resources to reform and construction similar to that of her proclaimed enemy, she would in 1995 surely have been able to show a "Land of Hope and Glory", not sing about it in its absence.

She entered the war with the mightiest navy of all times. Then Britannia truly ruled the waves, guardian of the greatest empire the world had ever seen, encompassing a quarter of the world's surface and a quarter of the world's population, and containing virtually every required raw material, potentially an entirely self-sufficient bloc. She ended that war deprived of that naval supremacy, and on the way to being shortly deprived of that empire.

She entered the war with overseas assets of no less than £3,500,000,000, and at the end of it had had to sell off about a third of them, and in place of them had acquired debts totaling £2,000,000,000. While her foreign debts had thus increased by 600%, largely on account of her borrowings from America, her exports had declined by nearly 70%. Within a few days of VJ Day, American "Lend-Lease" aid was terminated so that a loan of \$3.75 billion had to be negotiated with that country, a condition of it being that Britain had to accept a General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade committing her to "liberalization" of world trade in American interests, and to making the pound a convertible currency within 12 months. Thus did she surrender at the command of her ally her ability to protect her manufactured goods against foreign competition both within her own shores and within the bounds of her empire.

President Roosevelt's foreign economic policy had all along had the design of taking advantage of the impoverishment of Britain in war to oblige her to dismantle her system of Imperial Preference as a condition for American aid. Viewed against this war aim of global, dollar imperialism, the following foolish words of Britain's King George VI, broadcast on May 24, 1940, take on an exceedingly bitter irony: "It is no mere territorial conquest that our enemies are seeking. It is the overthrow, complete and final, of this Empire and of everything for which it stands—and after that the conquest of the world." Hitler, in contrast to Roosevelt, had always spoken with appreciation of the value of the British Empire in Aryan affairs, and had been prepared to give tangible support to its defence. So Britain made a disastrously wrong choice of both "enemy" and "friend".

THE ULTIMATE PRICE OF "VICTORY"

The immediate cost of the war, just indicated, provides

reason enough for the conclusion that its avoidance would have been much more justification for rejoicing in 1995 than our engagement in that thoroughly unnecessary and tremendously injurious conflict. When, however, we additionally take into account all that has followed from Britain's victory in it, as the maturation of Democracy's innate tendencies in the course of the fulfilment of Democracy's real war purposes, the case for condemnation becomes shattering. But if we take up the proclaimed aims of the politicians in going to war, how far have they been attained as the measure of their conception of victory?

Let us begin with Victory Illusion No. 1: the argument that Britain's declaration of war on Germany in 1939 was necessary to remove the threat of foreign invasion, and thereby, by implication, to keep Britain for the British. The utter falsity of this argument is shown by the fact that, apart from there being no reliable evidence that Germany pre-war had any desire to attack and invade Britain, no sooner had the war ended and the propaganda served its purpose than precisely the people who had put forward this argument began to prompt, promote and patronize an alien invasion of Britain mounting to millions strong.

Those who told us we had to fight to keep the Germans out are precisely the ones, or the direct political descendants of the ones, who ever since the war have been telling us to welcome the Afro-Asian invader and fraternize with him. These are the people who in furtherance of their volte-face have been progressively prohibiting and punishing all disparaging criticism of and any other opposition to the invaders in the manner of an auxiliary arm of collaborators in support of an occupying force.

Thus let us not forget for a second, whenever the enemy in our midst, the renegade politicians of Democracy, sing the praises of their "victory", that it was not Adolf Hitler who sought to flood Britain with Africans and Asians, and to enforce multiracial integration leading to miscegenation and thus the destruction of our greatest national treasure, our racial heritage. Hitler stood instead for Anglo-German unity and White supremacy in the world. It is the politicians of Democracy who, having given the Empire to the Coloureds, are now giving the motherland to them also.

The compères and cheerleaders of Democracy's victory commemoration have proved to be the aiders and abettors of

genocidal mongrelization, ranking as the Final Solution for the extinction of the Aryan within this island, because miscegenation is an inherent principle and inevitable product of Democracy. It is the natural outcome of the egalitarian creed it presents as deluding disguise for minority rule, and is the means for the debasement of humanity to a condition most amenable to the secure operation of that minority rule. This sinister purpose was a hidden factor leading to war, an underlying thrust during that war, and is now a most visible derivative of Democracy's success in that war.

Lied to regarding the purposes in going to war, we have been lied to regarding the extent of the Coloured Invasion following from it. Peter Tomkins, head immigration official 1981-1991, has revealed that the true figure for permanent immigration in the 5 years to 1993 was more than double that stated by the government, namely 625,000, not 264,500 (*Daily Mail*, February 8, 1995). This vast most recent increase—numerically equivalent to very many German divisions—has come on top of all the influx over some 50 years the extent of which has likewise been lied about. Beyond the true figures for "legitimate" immigration, the *Daily Star* (May 29, 1991) estimated that a million illegal immigrants were here by then.

On top of all this, when Britain's lease of Hong Kong expires in two years in 1997, all of the colony's 250,000 Chinese will be free to come here, and you can rely on many of them wanting to come and our renegades letting them come, whatever fresh lies and tricks they have to use to mask and sweeten the situation. At the same time the EEC—that extension of the apparatus of Democracy conceived as the piecemeal, insidious transition to a super-state of global, multiracial regimentation—aspires to abolish border controls so that Coloureds can more freely circulate and come here.

BRITONS ON THE WAY DOWN AND OUT

A recent Policy Studies Institute report has shown that the Pakistani population of Britain trebles every generation. A London *Daily Telegraph* (January 20, 1994) report has predicted that the number of Blacks and Asians will double in 40 years. The same newspaper (December 28, 1994) has estimated that already around 40% of young West Indians here have White

partners; and with the headline "Motherhood going out of Fashion for Young Women" has quoted (April 10, 1995) a current report of the Family Policy Studies concerning the abstention from procreation by Britons. Thus under victorious Democracy not only is the massive increase of Coloureds in our midst and our mixing with them mightily promoted, but, added to that as the devilish brew in the diabolical cauldron of debasement which is Democracy, we have all manner of inducements and constraints to deter and diminish the reproduction of our own kind. Thereby the rise of the Coloureds is facilitated and hastened to our coming subordination and ultimate extinction.

So it is that rapidly darkening Britain celebrated "victory" against a background of such rewarding features as here follows. Britain's largest trade union, the Transport & General Workers' Union, now has a Negro as its General Secretary (Bill Morris). An Asian bishop is pressing the government to encourage yet more Asian immigration. A Negro (Herman Ouseley) heads the Commission for Racial Equality, enforcing compulsory integration. The Chairwoman of the Equal Opportunities Commission is an Asian (Kamlesh Bahl) appointed by our Prime Minister of Treachery, John Major, who has announced he wants more Afro-Asians in local government, the House of Commons and the House of Lords. The so-called "British Broadcasting Corporation", with a Bangladeshi (Shahwar Sadeque) on its Board of Governors, now reserves trainee jobs for non-Whites, and vets potential participants in programmes so as to increase the proportion from ethnic minorities. Similar "positive discrimination" is resulting in White doctors being passed by for positions given to less competent and less suitable Coloureds, while our renegade Secretary of State for Health, Virginia Bottomley, has ordered health authorities to boost ethnic minority staff numbers in areas where they are "under-represented."

Illegal immigrants are even being openly offered free homes by one of the semi-soviet London boroughs (Hackney). The Department of Social Security—and thereby in turn the taxpayer—has of late been swindled out of £9,000,000 by gangs from Nigeria. In inner London ethnically alien children now make up most of the pupils in schools there, and in Sheffield there are now no less than 62 different languages in use among school children. Prime Minister John Major, wedded to a Jewess

as proof of his commitment to causes other than our own, not so very long ago, as a change from his regular performances at Jewish events and his regular reception of Jewish delegations, was to be found hosting a Downing Street dinner for Britain's Asian multimillionaires, together worth £1.5 billion. Understandably, he considers the coffers of his Conservative Party, zealously engaged in making Britain Coloured, well deserving of thanksgiving donations for its record of betrayal of the British people.

THE BILL FOR BLACKENING BRITAIN

When one now stops to consider the total financial cost to the British people, let alone the total biological cost as well, of this completely unnecessary and wholly undesirable Coloured Invasion of Britain, the magnitude is horrifying. It includes, as just some of the items in the bill, all the millions spent on social security and welfare, housing aid, special educational measures, medical services, the imposition of "non-discrimination", the curtailment of free speech, special expenditure on improving areas where Coloureds riot, plus the cost of those riots—such as £91,000, 000 in 4 years on Handsworth, Brixton and Toxteth where the riots have cost £20,000,000; special grants for ethnic minorities under Section 11 of the Local Government Act 1966 which have amounted to £100,000,000 annually; and £180,000,000 a year extracted from the social security system by bogus asylum seekers.

The same expenditure on our own people by a government dedicated to a Britain for the British, comparable to Hitler's regime dedicated to a Germany for the Germans, would have wiped out workers' poverty and bad housing, the deprivation of the elderly, much of disease, ugly and unhealthy features of the environment, and brought a real people's victory in the form of a finer, healthier, more equitable and more beautiful Britain.

Not that that is the entire story of the misuse of Britain's wealth for the benefit of racially alien Coloured people. In addition, "victory" has brought a gigantic expenditure every year on those Coloureds throughout the world who have not yet decided to come and live here and squeeze us out. Standing at £2.18 billion for the year 1994, overseas aid is to rise by an extra £146 million in 1997.

The Coloured Invasion not only refutes Victory Illusion No. 1. It also refutes Victory Illusion No. 2: the argument that we have thereby had preserved for us our own government responsive to the will of the people. As journalist Bruce Anderson recorded in the *Sunday Telegraph* (March 29, 1987), "The voters were never consulted: if they had been we would have had no large-scale coloured immigration." Throughout the earlier decades of this Coloured Invasion, immediately following the supposed war for the will of the people, every public opinion poll on the issue showed overwhelming opposition to the invasion. Yet all the governments of the day, supported by the overwhelming majority of the parliamentary politicians, refused to or failed to respond and to stop it. Under Democracy it was to be forced on the people against their will.

JEWISH POWER

The Coloured Invasion is not the only form of alien intrusion into Britain and alien influence on British affairs in the wake of Democracy's victory and in fulfillment of its intended purposes. There is also the resultant position and power of Jewry.

The degree of deference thereby derived and manifest in preferential treatment can well be gauged from the news that northwest London is now to see the creation of an "eruv" there, sanctioned by the ministerial Environmental Secretary. What on earth is that, you may well ask, and the answer is that it is a matter of 85 poles, 20 feet high, linked by wire on an 11-mile perimeter, enclosing 6 square miles of our capital. The purpose of this eyesore is to provide orthodox Jews there with the pretence that when they

are outside on their Sabbath they are actually still inside in terms of the prohibitions of their religion on such activities as pushing prams outdoors on that special day of the week.

Ever since the war Jewish influence in and upon our Parliament has been huge and increasing. Labour Prime Minister Harold Wilson was surrounded by a retinue of Jewish advisers and court favourites, including Defence specialist Solly Zuckerman, business adviser Lewis Cohen, chain store magnate Isaac Wolfson, entertainment controller Sidney Bernstein, and publishers Victor Gollancz and Robert Maxwell: altogether very much an unofficial, shadow cabinet. Labour Prime Minister

James Callaghan had a minor measure of Jewish blood (his paternal grandmother being an Elizabeth Bernstein, see *The Sun*, April 6, 1976), and a major measure of Jewish association. Conservative Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher openly identified the Jew Keith Joseph as her moulding mentor, and at every opportunity identified herself with Jews and Jewish interests.

Today, under the frontal figure of John Major with his Jewish wife, the same pro-Jewish dispensation prevails with the Jew Michael Howard as Home Secretary and the Jew Malcolm Rifkind as Foreign Secretary together having a twin control of our home and foreign affairs. Well over half of Conservative Members of Parliament are members of the "Conservative Friends of Israel", this including Major himself and most of his Cabinet. Conservative Central Office's Director of Research is a Danny Finkelstein.

The Labour Party's new shining light, Tony Blair, is no less a dutiful servant of Jewish causes than John Major. His avowed adherence to those causes has been the essential price for his endorsement as kosher by a Jewish political force which can make or break. The stamp of approval was signified when he was invited to be guest speaker at a dinner laid on by the Board of Deputies, the Jews' own parliament in Britain.

The Liberal-Democrat leader, Paddy Ashdown, has gained a similar stamp of approval through his obtrusive dedication to the same Jewish causes, and his indicative choice of entourage such as his adviser, the Jewess Zerbano Gifford, who may or may not have advised him to include Asian publishing and property boss, Ramesh Dewan, on his party's colourful national executive. Thus the Democracy of the victors offers the citizen the liberty of a threefold appearance of diversification on the outside, which inside is a confinement to a single, common cause inimical to race and nation.

Readers should note that the pinpointing here and elsewhere in this issue of Jews and their role, as with Coloureds and theirs, is most certainly not to incite and to direct hostility towards these racial aliens who merely take understandable advantage of the corruption and subservience of our own racial traitors to pursue the interests of their own folk. To do so would be wrongly to shift blame from the principals. Instead, in line with the statement of intent earlier in this issue, the purpose is and

should be only and specifically to arouse and direct hostility towards the renegades responsible.

Selecting a few examples of Jews in positions of power thanks to our renegades we have as senior EC commissioner Leon Brittan, descended from Jews from Lithuania originally named "Brittanischki". We have a Lord Chief Justice Taylor with 33 rabbis among his ancestors. He tops a legal profession so packed with Jews that the *Jewish Chronicle* itself has used the words "Trial by Jewry" in this connection. We have as current Sheriff of London, with responsibility for Law and order there, the Jew Peter Levene, chairman of the gigantic Canary Wharf property development, and a special adviser to Prime Minister Major on "efficiency and effectiveness". The Canary Wharf £1.5 billion development has come into being through a firm founded by Jews Paul and Albert Reichmann, expanded into the world's largest property developer. It stands as a fitting memorial in Britain's capital to Democracy's victory and all it stands for.

It would take a whole book to try and cover the amplitude of Jewish power in British industry and commerce today. Here it must suffice just to mention a few instances as follows: Dixons, the electrical goods network, under Stanley Kalms. The General Electric Corporation under managing director Lord Weinstock. The Berger family controlling 400 property leasing companies with a fortune of over £200,000,000. The Tesco supermarket chain founded by Jack Cohen, whose wife left over £17,000,000 to her two daughters, one of them Lady Porter, the London local government leader. The Kwik Save supermarket chain founded by Albert Gubay. The Sainsbury supermarket chain controlled by the Sainsbury family with David Sainsbury reputed to have a fortune of £1.3 billion. Amstrad headed by Alan Sugar with a personal fortune set by the *Jewish Chronicle* at £130,000,000. Marks & Spencer, chairman Lord Rayner: Britain's most profitable retailer. Great Universal Stores founded by Isaac Wolfson. Lewis Trust Group of David Lewis and family with estimated wealth of £310,000,000.

Benzion Freshwater property empire: £189,000,000. Ladbroke: chairman Cyril Stein. Chelsfield property group under Elliott Bernerd. Betterware: chief executive Andrew Cohen with a fortune of £90,000,000. Reebok footwear under Stephen Rubin with a fortune of £230,000,000. Saatchi brothers with a personal fortune of £80,000,000. Gerald Ratner who became the largest

jeweller in the world. Lord Rothschild, banker, £160,000,000. Tony Tabatznik, pharmaceuticals: personal fortune £250,000,000. George Soros, financial speculator, personal fortune £715,000,000. A *Sunday Times* estimate of Britain's top plutocrats included more than 50 Jews with a combined wealth of £4.5 billion.

MOGULS OF THE MEDIA

Power is of course manifested and exerted fully as much in media influence as in political position and in the possession and exercise of business wealth; and in and over the media of Britain Jewish influence has been spectacularly victorious.

With Television Channel 4, for instance, we have the Jew Michael Grade as chief executive. Scion of the Jewish family of Winogradsky from Russia, his father being the Lord Grade and his uncle the Lord Delfont who between them exercised a wide grip on the British entertainment world of recent decades, Michael Grade has just gained a 20% pay rise, making his yearly salary £450,000. Compared with the earnings of really useful workers such as nurses, firemen, farmers and refuse collectors, this exhibits the fraudulent values of capitalist Democracy for which Britain fought the war. For this fortune this man functions as a magnificent maker of muck, de-Grading the channel in question to that of a prime purveyor of the downright degeneracy which is the ultimate reach of Democracy.

The journalist Paul Johnson has aptly described him in the *Sunday Telegraph* (July 30, 1995) as "Britain's porno-grapher-in-chief" by virtue of such programmes as "Hookers", "Hustlers", "Pimps and their Johns", "Dusky Sapphos", "Young and Queer", "Finishing School" (for transvestites), "Pull your Finger out" (for Lesbians), "Red Light Zone," and "Dyke TV."

Controller of BBC Television 1 is the Jew Alan Yentob, Chairman of the Grenada Group of Companies is the Jew Alex Bernstein. Head of the Carlton company and thereby one of the most powerful figures in British broadcasting is the Jewish multimillionaire Michael Green.

As a sample of the plethora of Jews among programme personalities, as with television technicians, to the extent of making television and radio preeminently a club for the

"Chosen", we have the Jewess Esther Rantzen, the BBC's highest-paid performer (1991 salary £325,000), described by the *Independent* newspaper (December 21, 1991) as "the most powerful woman on television."

When we turn to the "British" press, and pass over as a feature of past decades the publishing empire of the late Robert Maxwell, the Jew from Czechoslovakia who survived the Jewish holocaust to change his name from Jan Ludwig Hoch, the better to pretend to be "British", and who proceeded to swindle the pension funds of Britons on a massive scale; we come face to face with today's monarch of the media, Rupert Murdoch. His father married an Elisabeth Joy Greene, the daughter of a wealthy Jewish family in Australia, this making Murdoch by the Jewish law of maternal determination one of the "Chosen." He now runs the *Sun*, *Today*, *News of the World*, *Times* and *Sunday Times* newspapers. In fact his News International combine now controls 36% of the whole "British" newspaper press, along with publishers William Collins; while he has a growing share of commercial television here, including the Sky satellite tv network, along with other communication interests.

At the moment his acumen as ruler by remote control is leading him to select, court and groom Tony Blair as his political nominee for the future when played-out Major is ousted by the swing of the prompted pendulum. He has sized up this laughing boy of Labour as a fitting frontman for the kind of Britain he seeks to promote.

This is a Britain wherein the public is kept titillated with triviality, seduced with sentimentality, reduced to racial indiscriminination, rendered reverential to Jewry, kept hooked on all the hedonistic lures of crass materialism, including ubiquitous sex devoid of eugenic purpose and thus no more than crude lust. The reason behind and for this degrading mind and conduct moulding is that it produces people in a state most responsive to the continued manipulation of the backstage masters of Democracy. The trumpeted "freedom of the press" under Democracy is but the freedom for the likes of Murdoch to misrepresent, mislead and massively exploit for personal power and profit. For such it seems did Britons fight their German brothers 50 years ago, and generously give their lives.



**FREEDOM IS
IN PERIL
DEFEND IT
WITH ALL
YOUR MIGHT**

THE ATTACK ON FREEDOM

Victory Illusion No. 3 is that we had to go to war against Germany in order to preserve our cherished freedom, and that this worthy objective has been magnificently achieved. In illustration of this proclaimed war aim, there is reproduced at the top of the next page (with acknowledgement to the Public Record Office, Ref. INFO 13/213) a government poster which adorned hoardings during the war. John Charnley—who along with

some thousand other Britons was interned during the war without trial under Regulation 18B to silence him from opposing that war—records in his book *Blackshirts and Roses* (p.100) that, when on June 7, 1940, he was put into Walton Gaol, he saw, ironically, at the gates on his arrival a similar poster worded "Lend to Defend the Right to be Free."

Contrary to the illusion, firstly our civil liberty, violated by Regulation 18B, was in no way menaced before the war by Hitler who had no desire to invade and harm and interfere with our self-government and national freedom. What he sought was Anglo-German friendship and alliance, conducive to that form of freedom which comes from security. Secondly, our said civil liberty has indeed been severely curtailed not only during the war but increasingly since our supposed victory, but not by Hitler, instead by the betrayers of the British people in our midst. This has come about as a consequence of the war because the system of social control which they have now imposed on us figured on the hidden agenda of their war from the start.

Speaking on VE Day itself, May 8, 1995, Prime Minister Major declared "...we must build a world of open minds, or individual freedom ..." (*Daily Telegraph* May 9, 1995). This hypocritical liar knows full well that his falsely titled "Conservative Party", far from being concerned to conserve our freedom of expression or any other significant part of our national heritage, is engaged and has been engaged along with the other parties of renegades in whittling away and desecrating that heritage.

Way back in 1965 Jewish Home Secretary Frank Soskice of the Labour Party brought in a Race Relations Act containing the first step in the suppression of British patriotism. It then became an imprisonable offence to utter anything which could be construed to be an insult or threat or abuse regarding racial aliens in our midst, capable of causing what could be made out to be "racial hatred" against such intruders.

Another Race Relations Act in 1976 continued the attack on free speech, while also making it an offence in a wide field of life to discriminate in favour of our own kind in our own country.

Another Jewish Home Secretary, Leon Brittan of the Conservative Party, brought in a new Public Order Act in 1986 as a further step in the reduction of freedom, making it an offence even to possess prohibited literature, if it could be made out that the possessor might pass it on to others.

Yet another new law, the 1994 Criminal Justice & Public Order Act sponsored by the Conservatives, has brought in (Section 155) the power to arrest anyone seen distributing anything looking like racial literature. The great value of an arrest is that it automatically carries with it the power to search the person's home and inspect and seize that person's property, taking it away for further examination whether any of it and whatever part of it is ultimately selected as "evidence"; confiscating in the process all the literature which might seem to have racial content.

A future Labour government is set to extend suppression substantially. Shadow Home Secretary Jack Straw, a self-identified Jew (*Jewish Chronicle*, June 3, 1994), has promised the Jewish Board of Deputies that Labour will strengthen laws against "racism" and speed up prosecution of "extremist groups inciting racial hatred."

THE THOUGHT POLICE

The position we have now reached, as "victory" cheers ring in our ears, is that a police force nominally British has been suborned to serve an invasion by racial aliens brought about by the despicable renegades running Britain to ruin. This enforcement force of alien occupation can heavily harass and intimidate by the overhanging threat of all this legislative power, and can severely persecute by its exercise. With or without arresting someone beforehand, the police force of alien control can raid his home (pre-war "the Englishman's castle"), ransack it from top to bottom, look into all his affairs in a complete invasion of privacy, take away anything and everything interesting them, and at the very least greatly embarrass and conceivably much deter the citizen, if not prepare the way for his appearance in court and his sojourn in gaol. Such is the price today of real patriotism in contrast to the few pence expended in the pretended patriotism of waving paper or cotton Union Jacks in commemoration of a "victory" resulting in freedom's defeat.

This writer has had recent and personal experience of what this "victory" has brought in the way of denial of freedom. He has had his home violated by the thought police acting on the signal of Jewish M.P. Gerald Kaufman. He has had 7 of these mercenaries spending 3 hours searching everywhere from the fridge to the waste bin, and in the outcome packing a police van with items, almost all of them of no conceivable relevance to any conceivable offence, property only regained many months later after the case collapsed on judicial review, despite having been sanctioned by the country's top law officer.

Lady Jane Birdwood, along with many others, has had similar experience of the denial of freedom which "victory" in a war supposedly for its defence has brought. The judge in her 1991 trial, also in her 1994 trial and also in her 1995 appeal has on each occasion declared that the truth of statements is no defence to charges of "racial hatred." So war on truth is now waged under the auspices of "victory." Lady Birdwood has also recently experienced another of the fruits of that "victory", having in her eighties joined the large and growing band of Britons "mugged" by Blacks.

The Police under Jewish Home Secretary Howard, and the judges under Jewish Lord Chief Justice Taylor are now receiving "racial awareness" training to ensure that they are adequately

imbued with the "political correctness" of favouring the racial alien at the expense of the native Briton. At the same time the native Briton who dares to discriminate on racial grounds when selling his house, thus failing to comply with the code of conditions laid down by the racial aliens of the dictatorial Commission for Racial Equality, an enemy overseer of commerce and industry, faces a fine and possible imprisonment and a claim for compensation of up to £10,000 for "injured feelings" by some racial alien.

Should you have "injured feelings" about this monstrous Coloured Invasion, and entertain the notion of, say, holding a meeting in London's Trafalgar Square to protest about it, forget about it. This venue has been denied to radical, racial patriots ever since the National Socialist Movement's rally there in 1962; though ever since any and every Afro-Asian and anti-nationalist cause under the sun has been able readily to obtain the necessary governmental permission. This particular exclusion is but one notable example of the multitude of methods and occasions used to supplement the repressive legislation by denying the facilities of freedom, without which facilities its invocation is a hollow and hypocritical husk of rhetoric. Halls for indoor meetings and locations for outdoor events are systematically denied.

While Aryans become demoted and deprived in the Britain of "victory", non-Aryans enjoy privileges and exemptions, preferences and priorities. The "Talmud" is venerated by Jews as their holy book of the laws of life. It contains some most abominable defamation of non-Jews which most certainly puts it in the category of "hate literature", and the writer of this article has on this score made formal complaint to the relevant authorities about its distribution as an offence under the Public Order Act of 1986. However, those authorities have explicitly refused to act, whereas, if this writer had said similar things about Jews, he would undoubtedly be gaoled under that legislation. We thus have a dichotomy of in effect one law for the Jews and a much different one for their opponents, resulting from the difference between official disregard in the one case and official enforcement in the other.

A second example of dual standards, elevating racial aliens above the law affecting true-born Britons, occurs in respect of the legislation we very rightly have stipulating humane conditions in
40 — Liberty Bell / November 1995

the slaughter of animals for food, including the requirement under Section 36 of the Slaughterhouses Act of 1974 of pre-stunning before artery cutting. Very wrongly in that same Section an exemption is given to Jews and Moslems in their ritual slaughter of animals for their own food. Thereby Jews, who claim that it is a requirement of their religion, and thus a higher law than ours, that they kill animals by cutting their throats and allowing them to bleed to death, are allowed to do so. Not only that. The Jews also make it a matter of their religion to reject as unfit for their consumption the rear portions of the poor creatures so slaughtered, and to relegate those rear portions for consumption by Aryans. They are allowed to do so without any labeling to let the Aryans know they are consuming meat from animals the Jews have ritually slaughtered, and furthermore despite the fact that the exemption from prestunning is supposed to be confined to slaughter for their consumption only. Thus, as a matter of a Jewish victory, we have foisted on our people without their knowledge meat the Jews discard, produced by a method of slaughter our people are prohibited from practising themselves.

This disgusting discrimination continues despite, this summer, a report by the National Farmers' Union and a booklet by the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals both condemning the exemption allowed to Jews and Moslems from the law applying to Aryan Britons; following a report in 1985 by the Farm Animal Welfare Council, an investigative body appointed by the government, recommending the prohibition of ritual slaughter by Jews and Moslems. To conclude the point, we have it from none other than the Jewish Chief Rabbi (*Daily Telegraph*, July 14, 1990) that "One of the first pieces of legislation introduced by the Nazis in Germany in 1933 was the prohibition of the Jewish method of slaughter, because the Nazis said they cared deeply about animals."

JEW'S SEEK EVEN TIGHTER GAG

The Jewish community, as a self-conceived elite with special warranty, is still not satisfied with the advanced stage of suppression of criticism resulting from victory. Eldred Tabachnik QC is one of its many members crowding the legal profession and striving to ensure that our laws are completely kosher, meaning

in accordance with Jewish requirements. As current President of the Jewish Board of Deputies, he is vociferously heading the wolfpack in his community which is continually clamouring for more and yet more suppression of unfavourable mention of that community; continually lobbying ministers and others for this gross mischief against our nation.

He wants the latest Public Order Act extended beyond a matter of contended "threat" or "abuse" or "insult", so that for conviction and punishment it is only necessary to show that a speech or writing just might, hypothetically, cause "ill-will, hostility, prejudice or contempt" That just about covers anything and everything uncomplimentary to the specially protected species. At the same time, as a second string to his anti-British bow, he is campaigning for a new law of "group defamation" to provide even further immunity from free speech.

Concomitant agitation comes from his community for higher penalties for the existing Public Order Act and for all offences where it can be made out that some racial motivation lurks. Some Jews even want gatherings of racial patriots in private homes to be subjected to censorship, if not entirely banned; and some want all organizations for racial patriotism, such as the British National Party, to be made illegal. This interminable, intumescent and insatiable lust for the suppression of our freedom in the aftermath of a war fought with their benefit in mind occurs in a community which happens to consist of the most practising racists in the world, and which in terms of the still extant law of expulsion of 1290 ranks in Britain today as one of illegal immigrants.

The full flavour of racial hate fueling this onslaught on our freedom, which is more in peril today in 1995 than ever before, came from *Jewish Chronicle* columnist Tony Mallerman, April 28, 1995, on the brink of the VE commemoration: "There are about 5,000 paid-up anti-Semites in the UK, according to a special report on Radio 4's Today programme. — These are the animals for whom there should be no rights." If this writer said the same or similar of Jews, Mr. Attorney General, do please tell us just how long it would be before you moved and sanctioned his prosecution. But then Mr. Mallerman's "Talmud" calls all non-Jews "cattle", and that from your abstention from action is evidently permissible. So maybe, eventually, this hateful Mr. Mallerman will be found advocating the ritual slaughter of

anti-Semites as well, without pre-stunning, while you stand by undisturbed by such progression from demanded deprivation of liberty to demanded deprivation of life.

With people like Kaufmann, Tabachnik and Mallerman around and active, the wartime poster exhorting us to rise up and defend our imperiled freedom has a cogency now which it rightly never had when it appeared, and when the beholders would never have believed that in the wake of victory Britain would end up with its freedom so diminished and so further threatened as it is now. This writer, for one, is resolved come what may to respond today to that wartime poster in what is now a real fight for our race and nation against a real enemy of British freedom. If that real enemy wants to come banging on his door to take him away and silence him, he can here promise that enemy in advance that in his seventies, with not so much of life left to be spoiled by those who have well nigh ruined his country in his lifetime, he will give them a fight to the finish.

When tyrants in the garb of Democracy take away your freedom, they take away with it all obligation to conform to their illegitimate, anti-Aryan laws, and make rebellion not only a right but a duty. The ongoing drive within the Jewish community and the ranks of its non-Jewish adherents to deprive us of the very freedom they told us to fight for, when it suited them over 50 years ago, constitutes Public Mischief on the grandest scale conceivable in terms of the ancient offence of this name. Of this crime against the nation this writer here accuses all those engaged in it, holding that they should be so charged and arraigned. He calls on the Attorney General and Crown Prosecution Service to prosecute Eldred Tabachnik, President of the Jewish Board of Deputies and thereby head of the Jewish community, as a principal maker of Public Mischief.

OTHER SIGNS OF "VICTORY"

Other illusions of a victory leading to a better Britain can speedily be dispelled by one, long, hard look at life in the Britain of today where our cities have become cesspools of corruption, crime, vice, graft, deformity and decadence, refuting any notion of fighting and winning for morality and decency.

Illustrative of this perversion of freedom is the press report that "Glasgow is Europe's drug capital, with more injecting

addicts per head of the population than any other city on the Continent. An estimated 10,000 intravenous drug abusers..." (*Independent*, December 1, 1994). The UK as a whole is reputed to have at least 100,000 heroin addicts. Predictably, the weak elements who proliferate in the vacuous, self-indulgent society which is Democracy turn to drugs in their dissatisfaction with life, the resort to narcotics as an escape being the indication of a mortally sick system and diseased way of life.

In this gay land of victory, wherein revels the likes of Tiggy Legge-Bourke in her Union Jack shorts, the very month of the VE festivities found the *Daily Telegraph* with the typifying headline "Police Advertise for Gay Recruits". This was followed the very next month by the news of a parade of 140,000 homosexuals in London's Victoria Park with one of the leaders of these queers jubilating that "London is becoming the gay centre of the world". How queer indeed have been the consequences of "victory"!

What of safety in the Britain of today which in 1939 reckoned to go to war for security from Hitler? The *Daily Telegraph* over 8 years ago reported that "Some parts of London and other major cities have become too dangerous for milkmen, postmen, rent-collectors, maintenance men, police and emergency services to work without special precautions." Our old folk, who were beguiled into fighting Hitler for their safety, are now terrified to go out because of "muggings" which in London in the first half of 1995 reached the record level of 20,000, and which even the race-mixing Metropolitan Police Commissioner has had just recently to admit are in his area the virtual monopoly of Blacks.

What of ensuring through victory the safeguard of our children and thereby the future of our nation? A few minutes outside any school at finishing time will provide proof of defeat in this purported cause. Out they come as a multiracial rabble, clad in their slovenly jeans, waddling along in their ungainly "trainers," stuffing crisps and other eatable junk into themselves, washed down with cans of Coca-Cola which they afterwards deposit on the pavement with other litter. Homewards they wend their way to luxuriate before the household deity, the television set, absorbing by the hour its infernal blend of entertainment and indoctrination.

Predominantly fat and flabby, devoid of idealism and

discipline, this lost generation from "victory" and its far-reaching contradiction is coached in its deplorable condition by a mob of race-mixing, largely Marxist teachers of decadence totally unfit to have anything to do with the upbringing of youth. In the folklore of old evil spirits were liable to invade and possess unguarded infants. In present times the evil spirits are to be found placed in charge of our children in school, and their entertainment out of school. What a contrast to youth care in Hitler's Germany!

What about war and victory for Britain's preservation from alien ideology? Whereas Hitler's Germany fought communism at home and abroad in defence of its people's freedom, Britain, after aligning herself with communism during the war, has proceeded in the aftermath of victory to absorb a kind of creeping communism. This has been manifest in such as measures against "racism", "sexism", "homophobia" and "élitism", measures commonly congregated under the designation of "political correctness" as a euphemism for this outreach of the Marxist pestilence, lethal to Aryan freedom in all its forms.

What of protecting by the war and victory our industry and trade from German competition? Well, our overlords of victory have by now abandoned great parts of our industry and trade to foreign and especially Asian competition. National-Socialism, in contrast, would never have allowed such abandonment of the means of national freedom.

If the dupes of 1939-1945 were excusable, considering what they were then told and were then able to see, the revellers of 1995, with all they have seen since, and all that is apparent now, must be deemed inexcusable, blind buffoons, cavorting in the twilight on the corpse of our greatness.

As Siemion Serafinowicz is set up for show trial as a war criminal, *Gothic Ripples* answers in advance this projected spectacle of propaganda with the exposure and denunciation in this and succeeding parts of its World War II series of our own supreme war criminals. These are the makers of war who drove Britain into disastrous conflict with Germany, sending the servicemen of Britain, stuffed with lies, to fight their German brothers and destroy their National-Socialist achievements for the sake of the decrepit Britain they have brought about; and by virtue of which peacetime havoc they are also peace criminals supreme. These are the people we should have fought in

1939-1945, and it is they, the enemy within, and their whole system of national and racial ruin on which we must now declare war, total war.

THE SONG OF VICTORY

Victory they call it
As Coloureds roam the street,
Daily demonstrating
The White man's defeat.

We were saved from Hitler,
The brainwashed fools proclaim,
Taking racial mixture
As their peacetime aim.

Six million Jews were slaughtersd,
Survivors now all say,
Coming from extinction
To tell their tale today.

Thank goodness for Democracy,
All the benefit it's brought,
To push your Tesco trolley
Full of guaranteed good thought.

If Hitler had succeeded,
This would not have been allowed.
Ours would be a White man's land,
Strong, upright and unbowed.

So sing a song for victory
And the freedom we now find.
Hebrew Howard is our censor,
While the media moulds the mind.

It won't be long before we
Are full purged of racial hate,
As multiracial zombies
Of the kosher New World State.

BONN STRIKES AGAIN— Hans Schmidt, chairman of GANPAC, former German soldier, veteran of the Eastern Front in World War II, has been arrested (8 August 1995) in Frankfurt, Germany on charges that he "defamed the memory of the [Jewish] dead."

Mr. Schmidt was the editor of the "GANPAC Brief," which told the truth about the history of the Second World War. Herr Schmidt was traveling in Germany, seeing relatives and friends, and was arrested as he was about to board a plane for the United States, where he lived in Florida. After Germany arrested Gerhard Lauck in Copenhagen, Denmark a few months ago, it was not thought that they would attempt to grab another critic of the Bonn regime's toadying to the Jews. Bonn, however, no doubt feeling that Washington would say nothing about stepping on a German critic of the Holocaust industry, went right ahead and arrested Hans Schmidt. Notice that Washington had kittens over the arrest by the Red Chinese of Harry Wu. Lauck and Schmidt do not rate a notice at the State Department. Here they DO rate a notice. As I did in the case of Gerhard Lauck, I faxed a letter to Bill Clinton, with a fax copy to the German Embassy in Washington; plus copies to the two Wisconsin senators and three Milwaukee area congressmen. Other agencies and friends of the movement were faxed a copy of the letter. Nothing will be done until the U.S. State Department makes a formal protest over these arrests. Germany is stepping over its bounds with such tactics.

From *The Talon*, September 1995

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007-

Just got Clerkin's *Talon* and read that Hans Schmidt has been placed in Der Schlammmer.

Now George, pray tell—what made Herr Schmidt think he could badrap the Kike all these years, then go over to Kike-ruled Deutschland for a little vacation without getting put in the pokey?

I can recall you telling me, after your return from Germany a few years back, how nice it was over there.

As far as *slammers* go, were I to have to be in one, the German variety would probably be as good as any; but to tell the truth, I'd just as soon not be in *any* slammer!

So George, I recommend that you do not go back there until the Kike has been put down for good. And that could be a while!

**LETTERS
TO THE
EDITOR**

Best, ##, Chicago, ILL

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**Gary Lauck, Supplier of Nazi material,
Is Extradited to Germany**

On Tuesday (September 5) five months after Germany first petitioned for his extradition, Gary Lauck, the Nebraska-based supplier of neo-Nazi propaganda to much of the radical German right, was handed over to Hamburg police by Danish officials. Danish police took Lauck, a U.S. citizen, into custody near Copenhagen on March 20 in connection with a German warrant for his arrest (cf. TWIG 4/7/95, p.2) on charges of illegal export of neo-Nazi propaganda material. Lauck heads the self-styled "overseas organization" of the Nazi party, banned in Germany since 1974, and is a major source of neo-Nazi materials to extremist groups in Germany and other European countries. In May, German officials formally requested Lauck's extradition, which was subsequently approved by a Danish court on June 6. Lauck unsuccessfully appealed that ruling and twice petitioned for political asylum, most recently on August 29. Although the dissemination of Nazi material is not illegal in Denmark, Danish officials backed the German extradition request on the grounds that Lauck's activities would be punishable under the country's laws against racist incitement.

The Danish Ministry of the Interior announced on September 5 that Lauck's second petition had been rejected and, with no further means of legal recourse open to him, that he would be turned over to German authorities. To avoid the possibility of extremist protests, no date for the extradition was announced beforehand. If found guilty of distributing Nazi propaganda, Lauck could face up to five years' imprisonment in Germany.

From *The Week in Germany*, published by the
German Information Center, 950 3rd Ave, New York NY 10022
Phone: 212-888-9840

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Sir:

I have just read the compassionate, concise, lovely story of Mr. Heinz Weichardt [in *Liberty Bell*, August 1995]. What a Joy and pleasure to read his views. What a gentleman he must be. Thank you for publishing the material.

Best wishes,
Dr. J.V.N., Pennsylvania

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Dear George,

"Under Two Flags" [August LB] is the single most important article I have ever read that deals with Germany of the Third Reich. Please find enclosed \$30. for 10 extra copies of this most important issue.

The work you do, George, is so vital. How we do appreciate your sacrifices and devotion to that work. Although I find Robert Frens a good writer and one who can write with humor, I find his attacks on revisionists to be very disturbing. He is very wrong in this regard—wrong and harmful.

A man I have always held in the highest esteem is J.B. Campbell. I would like to correspond with him. Please read my note to him and mail it on again. Thanks! I never thought five years ago (before my 3 1/2 years of research) I would proclaim Adolf Hitler the greatest man of the century (ever?) in 1995. Strange what truth does.

E.H., Arkansas

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Dear George:

Enclosed is a check to renew my subscription and the balance for extra copies of your last issue, "Under Two Flags" by Heinz Weichardt. This is one of your very best issue, and you have had a lot in the past.

This is a must in setting things right with Hitler and Germany. Every damned politician should have to make a book report on this article. We don't have one senator or congressman in Washington that would make a pimple on Hitler's ass.

So long,
C.C., Idaho

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P O Box 242
LYDENBURG
REPUBLIC OF SOUTH AFRICA 1120

15th May 1995

@Body Flush = Dear Friend

It is difficult to write to someone one doesn't know and even more so when an introductory contact includes a request. But as we share the same outlook on life, we feel ourselves free to avail ourselves of this opportunity.

You know that South Africa is now being governed by a communist regime. We had tried for many years to prevent this but had witnessed at last how others surrendered our country at the polling booth, thus plunging us into this situation with them. Everything we and our forefathers have built through the years is now inundated by them. It is difficult to describe the

present situation for fear that you may think us guilty of exaggeration.

In order to survive and maintain our identity as a Boer Nation we now have to build something for ourselves, our children and future generations.

So we have founded our own schools to prevent our children from receiving their education in mixed government schools in which race, religion and culture face extinction. Standards in government schools are already very low and will deteriorate to such a level that qualifications obtained will be worthless. Moreover, children thus educated will become people without identity—just a grey mass. In our own school, The Lydenburg School for Christian and Nation's Own Education these problems have been eliminated and it is going very well.

But we can't provide schools only. We also are left with no choice but to build our own hospitals and old age homes as well. Once again government hospitals are filled with uncultured people, bringing about appalling conditions unacceptable to civilized people.

For these reasons we ask you for assistance. Financially we can neither build nor equip a hospital. So we appeal to you for help as we are sure you understand our need. Moreover we are just a few people who have to carry this financial burden and without your help such projects simply can't be attained.

We shall be most grateful for financial aid or, just as welcome, donations of hospital equipment which here with us is not only very costly but practically unobtainable.

We hope and trust that you will come to our aid or put us in contact with people who are willing to help. Being so much in need of your help, we are eagerly looking forward to hear from you. Please reply to the secretary not mentioning the school's name as it might be intercepted.

Thank you very much in anticipation and we also wish you may receive courage in your own struggle as we know that your and our struggle is a worldwide one.

A. E. BOTHA, SECRETARY

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Dear Sir:

Some ask me, "Why are you so bitter about your country? Why such antipathy towards the Jews?" I give you my answer given them.

I am bitter that the country of my birth has been altered beyond recognition by an alien virus that my fellow white, Aryan American failed to recognize; still fails to recognize; has yet to combat.

The white American male allowed the control of his nation to slip out of his hands; he allowed himself to be duped into giving up huge hunks of

his heritage; to be siren-sung into accepting the unnatural lie of racial equality and the brotherhood of man; to be hornswoggled into accepting the hairshirt of an irrational "guilt" complex; to be humiliatingly insulted by erotic-crazed, hearth-hating feminists; to appear a weak-willed, cowardly type no longer capable of self-discipline much less the disciplining of others; a helpless nerd before the tyrannies of the minorities; a man unhooked from volkish moral moorings; a man who is a rotten remnant of a once great and proud race; a race that demanded for itself cohesion, honor, separation and supremacy. A race of truth and nobility.

I have seen with my own eyes the gruesome metamorphosis of the white male and female during my seventy-one years. I have seen their decadent rush to hedonism, miscegenation, situation ethics and nihilism. I see a race destined for extinction; a race absorbed into a sea of mud if the present trend continues in this geographic zoo called the USA.

I have seen a government of the people become a government of ridiculous, people-destroying laws. A tyrannical government of corrupt politicians headed by a buffoon; a government in thrall to an alien race; a government of heavily-armed agencies who jack-boot their way into citizen's homes. A government to be feared. A government that is feared.

Why am I bitter toward the Jews? Well, friend, they have been the brains, the money, the will, the direction behind the disasters described above. They are the absolute, usurious ultimate in the finessing of finance...and have been for 2500 years. They are a race, a culture unto themselves. They are a global tribe of socially sophisticated solidarity. Throughout the diaspora to the present day, they owe no true allegiance to other than themselves. Unlike the Chinese, a gifted people who are content to live in foreign countries without striving to alter the mores or governments of their hosts, the Jew, although invariably a tiny minority, insists upon uprooting the culture of the host country and replacing it with his own degenerate one. He achieves this by shoving, pushing and pulling his cohesive clansmen to the top of government, media and markets. He is organized; his host people are not. His abundance of money, generally gleaned from his hosts, helps grease his climb aloft. He brags that he is like cream; always rising to the top.

Like a deadly swarm of locusts, the Jews swept out of the east into Germany during the nineteenth century and after their failed Bolshevik revolution in Russia of 1905. Immediately, they began their gnawing campaign against all things that were German. Although they numbered little more than 1% of the total German population, by the time of Hitler's rise to power they owned one third of the real property in Germany. This they had bought from starving Germans during the terrible inflation of the

early twenties. They heartlessly bought those properties at ridiculously low prices with hard money sent them by their tribal kin residing in New York. They dominated the Weimar Republic. They dominated the media of Germany. They denigrated all things historically German, as they are doing to historic heroes of America today. They even ridiculed the memory of the fallen German soldiers of WW I.

They made up more than half in number of lawyers, doctors, stock exchange figures, even the chamber of commerce in Berlin. They dominated the book publishing houses so that books they did not wish published were not published.

The German people were aware of this cancerous mass within their borders. Hitler promised to rescue Germany from the fatal embrace of the international bankers, almost invariably Jewish, and he did. But, Roosevelt restored that choking embrace for the Jews with the use of American soldiers who he even conned, with lying propaganda, into exacting the terrible vengeance against Germany that the Jews demanded. After all, vengeance is sweet to a tribe whose motto is: "Never forgive, never forget."

Germany of the 20's is where America of the 90's is today. Who owns the TV networks here? Who owns the film industry? Who owns the publishing houses? Who owns the banks that make up the Fed Reserve? Who is the Chairman of the Fed? Who are the Cabinet heads? What two justices has Clinton, the "yarmulke kid," added to the Supreme Court? Who owns *Time*, *Newsweek*, *US News & World Report*? Who owns all the major newspapers of this country? Who has the largest PAC in the USA? Who brought about the end to segregation? Who spark-plugged the Civil Rights Acts? Who changed our immigration laws to let in the "mud" peoples? Who claims an impossible holocaust? Who claims their suffering is all that matters? Who whine at the slightest criticism of themselves? Well, friends, the answer to all those questions and more is: *the Jews*. Yet, they are only 3% of our population. Their insatiable greed will be our strongest ally in the coming great struggle that looms a time line away.

So...that's why I'm bitter. Aren't you, fellow Aryan?

...Truth, Honor, duty, folk...

E.H., Arkansas

✠ ✠ ✠

Dear Mr. Dietz:

I found the article "Under Two Flags" (August LB) quite interesting reading which furnished some valuable historical insights, but it is marred here and there by factual errors. Example: *Germany Must Perish* recommended *sterilization*, not starvation, as a method of genocide of

Germans (page 52). Weichardt was perhaps thinking of the Morgenthau Plan, which Roosevelt initialed in September, 1944.

In any event, I noted a statement in J.B. Campbell's "Introduction" with which I agree strongly: "Lately there has appeared in this journal a peculiar contempt for Historical Revisionism. The latter has undeniably been slashing and chopping the roots of contemporary Jewish power....." (page1).

Charles Weber

✠ ✠ ✠

Dear George,

It was good to talk to you on the phone. As per our conversation, I would like for you to mail me four additional copies of the August LB. The long article by Heinz Weichardt is not only to the point, but describes the times before WW2 in Germany really honestly and truly indeed and for this this man does deserve our recognition. I must admit here, Heinz Weichardt was a lucky fellow indeed, for he did not experience the bitter end of the war and its aftermath. Still he gave us an unbiased account and for this we must be grateful to him.

It must be mentioned here, his observation that no National Socialist would ever desecrate the Germanic symbol by smearing the swastika on odd places, is quite correct. I myself have seen swastikas displayed in museums from ancient Roman times as well as some North-American Indian swastikas, created by their silversmiths. That is why I do wonder who smeared those swastikas in red on walls, synagogues and other places...

With best wishes,

E.G., Maryland

✠ ✠ ✠

Dear Mr. Dietz:

Time has taken its toll on this old timer which has resulted in my having to curtail my reading. This has necessitated cancellation of many of my periodicals due to the limited time allotted to me for reading. Unfortunately this includes the excellent *Liberty Bell*.

In leaving your mailing list I would like to point out that *Liberty Bell* provided my research with a new outlook on WW II and numerous cultural changes witnessed in its wake. Particular note is made of one of your contributing historians, Dr. Charles E. Weber, Ph.D. who is Chairman, Committee for the Reexamination of the History of the Second World War. I regard Dr. Weber as the Western Hemisphere's Ivor Benson and look forward to the day when his various Bulletins are presented in book form.

Through Dr. Weber and the *Liberty Bell*, the truth will out. I save what little sight I have left for that landmark publication.

With this Mr. Dietz, I thank you for your contribution to my own knowledge and offer my personal congratulations for a job and effort well performed.

Fraternally,
H.E.W., M.D., Maryland

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Dear Mr. Dietz:

I thought the August *Liberty Bell* very good. I shall enclose a check to cover ten copies. I shall send them to some people I know; some still brainwashed into believing the tale of the 6 million.

Thank you,
Mrs. M.K., Oregon

✠ ✠ ✠

Dear Editor:

Congratulations on the Jordan piece in the latest [September] issue. It has strengthened my resolve to take a stand in the very near future in my own newsletter. Many thanks for a top journal.

Molly Gill, Editor/Publisher
The Rational Feminist,
10500 Ulmerton Rd #726-202
Largo, FL 34641

✠ ✠ ✠

The 9/95 piece by Colin Jordan is right on the mark. *Christianity = Death*.

H.A.T., California

✠ ✠ ✠

Dear Mr. Dietz,

...Miss Dr. Oliver's Postscripts very much. — Enjoyed "Under Two Flags."

Mrs. C.A., New York

✠ ✠ ✠

Dear Mr. Dietz:

I was a civilian war worker at Boston Navy Yard from mid 1940 to mid 1943. Some time in mid 1941 the destroyer *Kearney* was being used against

the German submarine fleet on the orders of Franklin D. Roosevelt and was hit by a torpedo beside one of the boiler rooms. The keel was not broken, so that although the whole starboard side of the ship was opened up, it did not sink, and was gotten to the harbor of Reikjavik in Iceland where it was temporarily patched over. It was then brought to Boston Navy Yard.

I was working on a destroyer tied up to a dock, another destroyer was tied up outboard to that one. I hadn't noticed its identity. Just at dusk I was working on the main deck and saw men carrying white objects across the deck of the ship that I was working on. The white objects were the enshrouded dead being taken off the *Kearney* after the wreckage inside the ship had been removed so that the workmen could get to them.

I remember standing in the doorway of the deck house and cursing the treasonous, murderous Roosevelt till the air must have been blue all around, thinking of how he would be gloating over this! This still seethes in my memory after fifty years.

There were many Jews who made it no secret that they were working in the Navy Yard to escape the draft in their war. It was reported in the newspapers at that time that some Jew doctors were supplying medicine to Jews so that when they had to report for the physical examination for the draft it would appear that they had heart trouble, and so they didn't get drafted. Many of us would have loved to throw them overboard!

Of course it is now known that Roosevelt had sent a secret ultimatum to Japan designed to leave Japan no choice but war. He got caught red handed at that one, and a summary of the content of his ultimatum was splashed across the front pages of the Boston newspapers. I well remember how I read it to the other man who stayed at the rooming house with me. He commented, "This means war tomorrow." I agreed. It was indeed "A day of infamy" on the part of Roosevelt and his manipulators who brought it about.

I worked at Pearl Harbor Navy Yard from mid 1943 to the end of 1944. While there I met several of the "old timers" who had been there some time before the "blitz." They all agreed that they had never seen so many ships at Pearl Harbor before, and thought that they had been ordered in there to be used as decoys.

Retired war worker,
K.C., New York

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Dear George,

Enclosed please find a note received from Thies Christophersen. Since he was ousted from Denmark his illness is worse. It is a shame that the

insurance is not covering him. And it is twice the shame that he finds himself forgotten.

George, I am sending you this letter not knowing whether you already know this or not. But just in case that you are unaware of it, and that you may want to help change his present outlook, I decided to send you the latest news from him.

Someone like him and yourself, should such misfortune ever befall you, should never be forced having to face the future without all the help from everybody that ever fought for Deutschland...having let such persons carry the biggest load while leading them.

I hope that I'm presenting this issue in the sense it is meant, and understood as such.

Mit deutschem Gruss, sincerely yours,
H.H.B., New York State

Correspondence and contributions are urgently needed and should be sent to Thies Christophersen, postlagernd, CH-2552 Orpund, SWITZERLAND.

DOES THE WEST HAVE THE WILL TO SURVIVE?

That is the obvious question posed by Jean Raspail's terrifying novel of the swamping of the White world by an unlimited flood of non-White "refugees." But there is also a less obvious and even more fundamental question: Must Whites find their way to a new Morality and a new spirituality in order to face the moral challenges of the present and overcome them? *THE CAMP OF THE SAINTS* is the most frightening book you will ever read. It is frightening because it is utterly believable. The armada of refugee ships in Raspail's story is exactly like the one that dumped 150,000 Cubans from Fidel Castro's prisons and insane asylums on our shores in 1980 — except this time the armada is from India, with more than 70 times as large a population. And it is only the first armada of many. If any book will awaken White Americans to the danger they face from uncontrolled immigration, it is *THE CAMP OF THE SAINTS*. For your copy (Order No. 03014) send \$10.00 plus \$1.50 for postage and handling) to:

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Pass along your copy of *Liberty Bell*, and copies of reprints you obtained from us, to friends and acquaintances who may be on our "wave length," and urge them to contact us for more of the same.

Carry on the fight to free our White people from the shackles of alien domination, even if you can only join our ranks in spirit. You can provide for this by bequest. The following are suggested forms of bequests which you may include in your Last Will and Testament:

1. I bequeath to Mr. George P. Dietz, as Trustee for Liberty Bell Publications, P.O. Box 21, Reedy WV 25270 USA, the sum of \$ for general purposes.

2. I bequeath to Mr. George P. Dietz, as Trustee for Liberty Bell Publications, P.O. Box 21, Reedy WV 25270 USA, the following described property for general purposes.

**DO YOUR PART TODAY—HELP FREE OUR WHITE
RACE FROM ALIEN DOMINATION!**