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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.

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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## Voice Of Thinking Americans

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George P. Dietz, Editor & Publisher

# POSTSCRIPTS

by  
Revido P. Oliver

## ACQUIRED INTELLIGENCE DEFICIENCY

A special report on Acquired Immunity Deficiency has been compiled by Drs. David A. Noebel, Wayne C. Lutton, and Paul Cameron, and published by Summit Ministries, P.O. Box 207, Manitou Springs, Colorado (\$3.95 + \$1.25).

The booklet is essentially some 130 pages of classified quotations from many sources, including a large number of men of known scientific accomplishment, on the physiological and social effects of the ever growing epidemic, with notices of the propaganda that is being used to defer public recognition of the imminent peril until it is too late to avert a total collapse of American society into chaos. The scientific opinion cited all confirms the gravity of the epidemic as I have reported it several times in the pages of this periodical.

The quotations that are authoritative make this a very useful book. Some of the editors' recommendations are sound common sense. And one finds here and there a rather astonishing bit of information, e.g., that the Public Health Service in the District of Corruption has not classified the now epidemic infection as a "communicable disease." That is surprising, not because one supposes that the bureaucracy that promotes the poisoning of water supplies with fluorides would show any compassion for the American people, but because it has thus gratuitously shown how viciously corrupt it is.

Unfortunately, the text begins with quotations from the Jew-Book to prove that male homosexuality should be forbidden because old Jesus said, "Mustn't do or Papa spank." And we are told that we gotta "reaffirm" the "Biblical creative order"—a phrase that will remind everyone of the shysters and hallucinés who are manufacturing "creation science" and prating about "Holy Shrouds" to shore up a grotesque superstition that is now, in its latest reformations, proving its virulence as the

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poison that destroyed the spiritual immune system of our race.

Many readers will junk the booklet when they come to "Leviticus" on p. 9, if they did not do so when they saw on p. 7 the opening quotation from "Mark" (i.e. a god's spiel attributed to a certain Marcus and so really anonymous, just as it would be if it were attributed to an otherwise unidentified Bob). Readers who are understandably repelled by this nonsense may never go on to the useful parts of the booklet.

The utter absurdity of this appeal to Yahweh & Son, Inc., and the "Judaean-Christian ethic" is shown by the fact that since the Fathers of the Church first put over their great promotion, the Christian clergy have always been the principal practitioners of male homosexuality, and this fact was so notorious that the learned Jesuit scholar, Jean Hardouin, came to the conclusion that homosexuality had been *invented* by the Christians to foster monasticism and encourage priests to celibacy, and that all earlier records of the perversion had been forged by Christians to provide precedents for their innovation in sexual morality.

Some of the early Christian sects, notably the Carpocratians, made male homosexuality a condition of spiritual perfection, and so, in all probability, did the precursors of the Christians, the Essenes. By a nice irony, this booklet takes off from a quotation from the gospel of "Mark," which in an earlier version, to which I have frequently referred in these pages, unmistakably implies homosexual conduct in the Jesus it describes as showing practically naked young men the way to Salvation in the dark. Although that tale was censored by the Fathers of the Church even before it was selected for inclusion in the collection called a "New Testament," some of its homosexual flavor survives in the contempt for women expressed by its Jesus. And one could fill a volume with evidence of the close connection between the Jewish cult for *goyim* and sexual perversion.

Fortunately, it would be a work of supererogation to cite historical evidence at a time when every week there transpires news of large sums of money paid out by various Christian churches to halt prosecution of their salvation-salesmen, who have been bringing children to Jesus in bed. The holy men's fancy turns mostly to boys near the age of puberty, but some have been convicted of raping children of four and five without committing the sin of sexual discrimination. (On Talmudic authority for this sport, see the late Elizabeth Dilling's *The Plot Against Christianity*, which has been reprinted, with some

editorial changes, under the title, *The Jewish Religion: Its Influence Today*, by the Noontide Press in Torrance, California.)

The cream of the jest, however, is that Summit Ministries, the publishers of this booklet, are a branch of a college founded by a fat hokum-peddler, commonly called Silly James Hoggis, whom many of my readers will recall from the time when he practiced patriotism as a lucrative adjunct of his soul-saving business. The Man of God evangelized with sodomy the young men sent to his Bible college by their gullible Christian parents, occasionally including females for variety in his holy ministrations, until a particularly crude indiscretion precipitated a public scandal, and he was expelled from his college by its trustees. One sympathizes, of course, with an institution that is trying to live down its scabrous past, but the fact is a sufficient commentary on its claim that the tall tales in the Bible in some way inhibit sexual perversion.

Homosexuality has been made so fashionable by the public schools and "educators" whose principal concern is to incite children to copulate early, often, and indiscriminately, thus inculcating the Christian ideals of "Equality" (in proletarian degradation), "All Mankind" (of bovine anthropoids), "One World" (of mindless mongrels), and the evil of recognizing the biological fact of race (which would annoy God's Master Race). The "Liberals'" superstition, it is true, dispenses with the spooks of Christian mythology, but that is merely because such supernaturalism would make ridiculous their pretense that they have a scientific basis for their cult. Intellectually, they are on a par with the "creation scientists," with whom they will join forces, if that should seem expedient.

If there is to be any effective opposition to homosexual degeneracy, it must be based, not on the unbelievable mythology which so impaired the Aryan mind as to make the clergy's favorite vice fashionable, but on the rational basis of biological facts joined with the emotional appeal of loyalty to our endangered race. There is, however, a strong probability that reasoned opposition will soon be made unnecessary when the epidemic consequences of the combination of male homosexuality with the basic Christian doctrine of racial equality are made manifest by fifty thousand or a hundred thousand corpses. Perhaps it would be more practical for us to decide what the intelligent remnant of our once dominant race can and should do when all Hell breaks loose.

## WHAT JESUS SAID

Under the rubric, "Evangel for Bibliophiles," in the May issue, I mentioned the activity of a committee of learned holy men who are threshing the Christian gospels to separate the grain of what old Jesus really said from the chaff of statements put in his mouth by forgers. I now learn from *Christian News* (7 April 1986) that the men of God, by a vote of 16 to 13, certified the authenticity of a parable quoted in the "Gospel of Thomas," which they cite from a translation that I have not seen. I have added within brackets a translation of one phrase that seems clearer to me.

The Kingdom of the Father is like a certain man who wanted to kill a powerful man. In his own house he drew his sword and stuck it into the wall in order to find out whether his hand could carry through [=to assure himself that his hand would be unfaltering]. Then he slew the powerful man.

The "Bible scholars" offered no exegesis of the parallel thus drawn between Yahweh's realm and a stealthy assassin.<sup>1</sup> It is certainly in keeping with the bandits' morality of the "Old Testament," and one can see why the comparison would have seemed natural to a Jewish goës and rabble-rouser.

If you are interested, you will find the passage is paragraph 102 in the usual paragraphing of the "Gospel of [=according to] Thomas." The purported author, whose full name is given as Didymus Judas Thomas, claims to have written down the "secret words" spoken by "the Living Jesus," and his work is not to be confused with the much earlier "Gospel of Thomas the Israelite," which was one of the earliest of Christian gospels, probably composed around A.D. 150, and devoted to the miracles that Jesus performed in his infancy and early childhood.

1. Nicholas Carter, in his vivacious account of *The Late Great Book, the Bible* (available from Liberty Bell Publications) quotes from some "modernized" versions of Holy Writ prepared by clergymen who think that a "contemporary idiom" will attract customers. To save those soul-savers trouble, I offer a corresponding version of this parable: Yahweh's New Jerusalem is like a hit man who is going to bump off a rich guy. He checks his gat to make sure it's loaded and ready for action before he leaves his house. Then he pumps the rich guy full of holes. Go thou and do likewise, Izzy.

The author of this gospel of "The twin Judas the twin" ('thomas' is the Aramaic word for 'twin,' and thus the equivalent of the Greek *didymos*) undoubtedly intended to attribute his composition to the apostle who is mentioned in the tales in the "New Testament" and whose later adventures are related to the "Acts of Thomas," one of the best-known of the many gospels that were excluded from the collection. He wrote in Greek, and considerable fragments of his Greek are preserved in papyri of the very late Third and early Fourth Centuries that were found at Oxyrhynchus and published in the famous collection of those papyri, but the complete text of his work was preserved only in a Coptic translation that was found, together with many other gospels, at ancient Chenoboskion, about sixty miles south of Luxor, reportedly in 1945. This text was edited and translated by Professor Jean Doresse (Paris, 1959) and an English version may be found as an appendix to Philip Mairret's translation of Doresse's *The Secret Books of the Egyptian Gnostics* (New York, Viking, 1960).

The passage which the holy men have declared authentic is found only in the Coptic. Its authenticity obviously lends great authority to the gospel that contains it, and I hope the holy men will not long keep us in suspense about a miracle and a revelation that should be of great interest to our contemporaries.

At the very end of this gospel (paragraph 118) the apostles, headed by Peter, want to throw out of the room a woman named Mary, who is clearly not the mama and is probably the other Mary, who seems to have traveled with Jesus and in some gospels is identified as his mistress. Peter points out that Mary is just a female and so obviously can't be "worthy of life," with the implication that females do not have souls. Jesus solves the difficulty by transforming Mary into a man, thus equipping her with a "living spirit," and he promises that women who are converted into men will be admitted to the Kingdom of Heaven, obviously to the exclusion of all others.

Now I do not know whether this divine revelation qualifies as good news (eu-angellium) for True Believers. It will probably please Feminists, who, ashamed of their sex, like to regard themselves as defective men, and will probably be delighted by the prospect of completing their metamorphosis with help from the Saviour. On the other hand, there must be many men who aren't attracted by an all-male Heaven and still less by the prospect of associating with the kind of male who will enjoy being there. All things considered, they will probably decide, as

did the author of the delightful Twelfth-Century romance, *Aucassin et Nicolette*, that they would much rather go to Hell where they will have charming and interesting companions, "fine ladies and gallant men."

\* \* \*

## TWO KINDS OF COURAGE

My review of Donald Day's *Onward, Christian Soldiers* in *Liberty Bell*, January 1983, requires correction at three points.

When I wrote, I did not know that Day's book, in a more complete form, had been published in Sweden in 1944. The parts missing in English were translated from the Swedish version by Paul Knutson in "The Rest of Donald Day," *Liberty Bell*, June 1984, and reprinted as a separate booklet.

In his introduction to *Onward, Christian Soldiers*, Walter Trohan reported that he had vainly tried to obtain for Day a modicum of justice from an editor of the *Chicago Tribune*, who refused because he was "preoccupied with his own great man image." I naturally took this to be a reference to the famous Colonel Robert McCormick, the owner and publisher of the *Tribune*, which was the foremost American newspaper during his lifetime, although under his successors it so deteriorated that today it is little better than its competitor, the *Sun-Times*, which is now owned by a Jew named Murdoch. Colonel McCormick was naturally proud of his accomplishment and justifiably thought of himself as a great man in an age of pygmies, and it seemed to men who had been associated with the *Tribune*, as it did to me, that Trohan's phrase must be a reference to McCormick, and that the chronological difficulty was simply the result of a printer's error.

Investigation, however, showed that Mr. Trohan was still alive, although the person who answered inquiries about him in the offices of the *Tribune* seemed not to know it, and Mr. Trohan said that he had referred to one Donald Maxwell, who inexplicably became an editor of the *Tribune* after the death of the Colonel, and who, strange as it seems, did cultivate a "great man image." Well, Pekinese never mistake themselves for Great Danes, but human beings have imaginations that can do unbelievable things for them.

In my review, I quoted the late Westbrook Pegler's disparaging remarks about Colonel McCormick, whom he accused of

"cruelty to Donald Day" and of being "a pompous fraud," with the implication that he was subject to blackmail by the alien government in Washington because the files of the Army contained a record of cowardice. That may be a more serious error.

A friend has written me about a purported biography of Colonel McCormick recently published at Carpentersville, Illinois, *Poor Little Rich Boy*, by Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Veysey, who were at one time on the staff of the *Chicago Tribune*. It is, my friend says, an odd book and omits some very important episodes in the career of its subject, containing, for example, no mention of Donald Day and no mention of Colonel McCormick's close and trusted associate, the late Frank Hughes, the author of *Prejudice and the Press* (New York, Devin-Adair, 1950), a fundamental study of the corruption of the American press at that time. My friend believes that what happened to the *Tribune* during the "near anarchy" that followed the death of its renowned publisher "would make Watergate look like the theft of an eraser from a kindergarten classroom," and that the odd omissions in the new biography conceal clues to a major scandal.

The biography does contain mention of an incident that may be the source of Pegler's remark. It appears that when Colonel McCormick in 1915 visited, as an American observer, the front lines in France that were being defended by the British Army, he was escorted by Field Marshall Sir John French to a position near Arras that was being held by a detachment of the celebrated Coldstream Guards. When the German artillery began a heavy bombardment of that position, the British officers were astonished to see the tall American colonel bolt for cover. Mr. and Mrs. Veysey quote Colonel McCormick's account of the incident, without indication of their source:

I was very much afraid. I did not resist by a very large margin my desire to ask my conductor to move to a safe place. This confession is not easy to make, but is put down with the hope that other boys will be instructed in courage as I never was. I never did learn to enjoy the crash of shells nor was I overwhelmed with a desire to rush into a shower of machine-gun fire. But I never again approached the point of disgracing myself on the firing line. Physical courage varies with the individual but can be improved, like piano playing and polite conversation, and is a more desirable accomplishment for a man than either. We in America have got to teach courage and not cowardice.

The confession, evidently made publicly in writing or in a radio broadcast, does evince one kind of courage. If this is all

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that Pegler had as a basis for his implication, he was wrong. A man cannot be blackmailed for what he has publicly admitted.

The question whether Colonel McCormick did or did not secretly give some support to his greatest foreign correspondent after the latter was marooned in Finland by the crypto-Jewish government of the United States remains unresolved. It is, of course, possible that the Colonel did arrange to have money sent to Donald Day, necessarily through devious channels, as Mr. Hughes believed, and that the remittances were intercepted by amateur or governmental thieves.

\* \* \*

### IN THE SLUMS OF ACADEME

According to a despatch from the United Press, published in the *Portland Oregonian* on 16 April and doubtless other newspapers, a jury in Atlanta awarded \$2,500,000 to a young woman, formerly an instructress in the University of Georgia, who was fired from her untenured position because she objected to the almost universal practice of diploma-mills, which hire big hunks of muscle, chiefly Black bucks, to advertise the joint by winning athletic contests, although the animals are functionally or entirely illiterate, and then forge academic records to make them seem eligible for what is called "amateur sport" in a bad joke at which some members of the public are too naive to laugh.

The verdict against the University brought to public attention some interesting details about such slums and the vending of fraudulent diplomas, which is one of the largest and crookedest businesses in the United States. One little shyster on the faculty denounced poor Miss Kamp for being so "provincial" as to think that there was any place for honesty in the pseudo-academic racket. It is quite true that if she had not been a young teacher, holding the lowest rank in a university, she would have had sufficient experience to see that there was no such place, except in the reactionary minds of a few old fogeys and of stupid romantics who still believe in learning and culture, although they live in a modern Judaized world.

Although Miss Kamp made twenty-three calls and wrote two letters before taking action, she was never admitted to the august presence of the head goon, who has now been forced to resign. He is reported in the press as having defended the

University by saying, with childish solemnity, "If the 'athletes' leave us being able to read, write, communicate better, we have not done them any harm."! Years ago, I knew an attorney who had acquired a reputation and fortune by defending persons accused of crime. He once told me, "You cannot believe, you could not imagine, just how God-damned *dumb* those moral idiots are."

It is pleasant to see the University of Georgia get a small bit of what it deserves, but we must not lose our perspective. It has been decades since any reasonably intelligent observer could have illusions about the very expensive publicity stunts staged by the big diploma-manufacturers and called 'athletics,' appropriating a name given such contests when they were carried on by undergraduates for their own amusement and at their own expense, without interference or meddling by the college, which in those far-off days was an educational institution, privately endowed, and not a bleeding cancer on the treasury and taxpayers of a state or other political unit.

The real corruption of the universities is not in their dishonest advertising stunts, but in their dishonest and fraudulent classes, in which putrid propaganda is purveyed as "science" and "scholarship." But that is an entirely different subject.

Commenting on the scandal in Atlanta, Dr. Robert Kreiser of the American Association of University Professors suggested that "the enormity of the situation at the University of Georgia is only the tip of the iceberg," and there are rumors of investigations of the many institutions that are equally corrupt. If the investigations take place, they will probably produce tons of spoiled paper, endless gabbling, and limitless lying, but no real result.

This particular aspect of the 'educational' slums that taxpayers finance is likely to be corrected soon, but not by a sudden outbreak of honesty. One has only to project the probably ineluctable future of a bankrupt, demoralized, and besotted nation, now occupied by its implacable enemies.

The academic goons had better make haste to profit as much as they can from the fatuity of the populace while the boobs still think they are prosperous. The Ice Man cometh.

\* \* \*

## EVERYTHING NORMAL

Although American Conservatives hope to restore the American Republic, they generally oppose change in all other matters, and hold steadfastly to their old faith in "democracy." They must therefore derive satisfaction from the assurance that all is normal in their own ranks.

Last year the Ohio contingent of Colonel Roberts' Committee to Restore the Constitution seceded from the parent organization but continued to use the name until it was enjoined by the courts from so doing. The dissension was over questions of policy and strategy. Now the Illinois chapter has either defected or been eased out. It is not clear why, but there is a rumor that the initial disagreement was over the relative merits of two brands of Jesus.

The minuscule Populist Party was organized so late in 1984 that the electoral laws of most states made it impossible for a new party to obtain a place on the ballot. Now, according to the widely-circulated weekly newspaper, *Spotlight*, the Party has multiplied itself by fission, having been sundered by diverse opinions about the proper use of its accumulated treasure. Needless to say, the schism was followed by reciprocal recrimination. And, furthermore, also according to *Spotlight* (12 May), the Party's National Chairman is trying to avoid paying a judgement of \$274,000 rendered by the courts against him and in favor of a lady whom he diddled with a scheme to establish a new hospital in her home town.

And so it goes, just as it has gone for the past thirty years and more. Everything is normal, and there is nothing for you to worry about—assuming, of course, that you have made arrangements to escape from the United States and its future.

\* \* \*

## MORE FUSTIAN

I have just received a new book, published by Eisenhower's "American Assembly" at Columbia University, and entitled *East-West Tensions in the Third World* (\$16.95; paperback \$6.95). It is edited by Marshall D. Shulman, Director of the Averell Harriman Institute, also in Columbia, who, with six other academicians, verbosely ponders all sorts of knotty problems about lots of "tensions" in both hemispheres. Need-

less to say, the authors pile up mounds of data, but never venture to mention the real causes or to consider the fundamentals. They make me think of physicians who try to treat smallpox by counting the pustules on a victim's face, measuring the distances between them, and devising salves and powders to cover them up.

I need not add that the book will be to "Liberal intellectuals" what catnip is to cats.

\* \* \*

## AN AMERICAN TRAGEDY

On a day in 1986 that I shall not specify, a singularly perspicacious and devoted American died. I know no one man who did more to avert the doom of our nation and race. He died at an advanced age, embittered and lonely.

He was a man of means and spent generously on behalf of a thankless and perhaps worthless people. Since I was probably the only acquaintance who shared his opinions and never asked him to subsidize anything, he accorded me a measure of confidence.

He was a man of keen discernment. He may have been the first American to perceive what was at stake when John Dewey's gangsters began the liquidation of the nation's finest educational institution, the one-room schoolhouse, in which a small number of children of varying ages were treated as individuals, not made into problems, were taught the rudimentary elements of our culture, not indoctrinated with subversive fictions, and the younger learned much from hearing the older pupils recite.

In the 1930s there was a good deal of controversy over the nugatory question whether or not John Dewey was a Communist agent; the real question was the insoluble one whether or not, in the adytum of his own mind, he knew that he was. Few perceived the consequences, and in the minds of the planners, the purpose, of hauling children around in buses to get them away from the influence of their parents, herd them into masses in which they would associate with the dregs of mankind, subject them to "counsellors" expert in unhinging the human personality and making psychiatric cases out of normal children, and replace the rudiments of humane literacy with poisonous piffle of a "social science" that would induce proletarian squalor. Even when educasters like George Sylvester Counts

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began to talk openly of "building a new social order," and the boob-hatcheries were known to inject into the minds of their young victims the Jews' "One World" pus, bovine Americans blinked uncomprehendingly and took pride in how much they were being taxed for new school buildings.

Wellington said that the Battle of Waterloo was won on the playing fields of Eton. America was lost in the play pens of "progressive" schools.

The man of whom I speak resisted strenuously the advance of institutionalized barbarism, but in an ochlocracy (called 'democracy' by a cunning perversion of language), the unthinking masses are easily herded to the polls to vote for their own enslavement.

He took great pains with the education of his own children, devising means to counteract the insidious effects of wealth by giving them some of the responsible work that children on farms did as a matter of course in the 1920s and 1930s, and he sent them to Christian schools and colleges, which supposedly were less corrupted with proto-Communist "intellectual" bilge. But here, too, he failed.

He was one of the very few Americans who were concerned about the future of their nation, and while the others were gabbling about Communism as a fallacious 'ideology,' he saw that the nation had been attacked by a swarm of venomous parasites, who used various 'ideologies' as poisons to anaesthetize and paralyse their victims.

In his youth he perceived the absurdity of the grotesque superstition called Christianity, but in the 1920s and 1930s it seemed to be a waning cult of irrationality that would gradually fade away, except, perhaps, among the very lowest classes. In the meantime, however, it seemed not only innocuous, but useful as a crutch for the psychically lame and feeble, who do not have the spiritual strength to stand alone in a pitiless universe. The religion, furthermore, had been injected into the tradition of our Western civilization, which, however, had neutralized some of the poison of the alien hoax, and had made it ostensibly consistent with our racial morality. If the great tradition was to be saved from the attacks of our race's eternal enemies, it seemed most feasible to defend that tradition as a whole and without trying first to purge it of a potentially dangerous but seemingly quiescent infection. Furthermore, Christianity, although invented by Jews, professed inflexible hostility toward the parasitic race, and was advertised as a

prophylactic against Jewish poisons, including Communism, of course.

It was reasonable, therefore, to assume that the superstition, which still had influence over the masses, could be used effectively in defense of our civilization and race. Even in 1969, when I wrote *Christianity and the Survival of the West*, I still entertained hopes that Christianity would contribute to our cause or, at least, not be an impediment to the survival of our race and to the recovery of our country, which then seemed possible. And as late as 1978, when I authorized the second edition, although I saw that Western Christianity had been liquidated, except in a few and politically insignificant enclaves, I had not yet realized that the Jesus-hokum was becoming once more what it had been in its origins, a major and potent weapon in the hands of our enemies.

I shared, therefore, the opinions of the man of whom I am writing here. In the late 40s, 50s, and early 60s, he attended the annual or special meetings of most of the many patriotic organizations, attending some of them inconspicuously in person, but most of them by sending an agent, a kind of private detective, whose responsibility was to observe and report objectively. And at all of those meetings, Christianity was taken for granted as the indispensable basis of a patriotic movement, although with varying degrees of explicit affirmation. When the Birch business attracted public attention, he met Robert the Welcher and recognized, as I had not, the man's duplicity.

I do not know how much money the man lavished on support of the "crusades" and "leagues" of the various dervishes who professed patriotic purposes and open or implicit resistance to the Jewish occupation of the United States. In all of these he was bitterly disappointed, not merely by the futility of the effort, but by the character of the holy men, whose lack of intellectual and financial integrity was matched by their personal habits as either homosexual perverts or as so mulierose they could not be trusted with young women as pupils.

The destructive force of the Jesus-business became obvious only when the Jews used their boob-tubes to promote howling dervishes who added histrionic talent to the evangelical techniques for neutralizing the neocortex and exciting the limbic substrate of the brain to induce wildly emotional irrationality and hypnotic conviction. The amazing success of these highly skilled con men in enthralling mentalities that had been weakened in the public schools soon made it clear that, however

kindly one felt toward some minuscule enclaves, the only defence against our enemy's refurbished weapon was to expose the absurdity of the superstition they had foisted upon our race so many centuries ago, a kind of spiritual "AIDS," which had sapped and was destroying our racial immune system.

Recognizing this, and finding at the time no organized attack on the Judaeo-Christian blight, the man distributed I know not how many copies of such works as William Gayley Simpson's *Which Way, Western Man?* and Robert Klark Graham's *The Future of Man* to intelligent persons who seemed receptive. Especially for the latter, he had access to a large number of men of scientific training to whom his favor was important. In almost every instance, the result was like lighting the fuse of a wet firecracker. Most of the recipients, if they read the books given them, confessed that the arguments were irrefragable, but pointed out that it was tactless or hazardous to say so in public.

It required courage to attack the Christian myth because the man's wife, of whom he was very fond, had from childhood been addicted to the psychic narcotic. From the cradle, she had been told about Santa Claus and Jesus, and that she must be a good girl to deserve the favor of both. But soon she was told, "Aunt Mamie gave you the doll-house; this beautiful doll is from Aunt Susan and that one from Cousin Thelma; and Uncle Osbert gave you the tricycle." That ended one imposture on her credulity, but the other was continued by constantly assuring her that sweet Jesus was floating around somewhere overhead, was keeping a loving eye on her, listened sympathetically whenever she talked to him in the proper way, and would expunge her sins whenever she said "Pretty please!" with contrition. And although the imaginary Big Daddy never gave any visible or palpable sign of his existence, and never did anything for her, she grew up with the habit of imagining him as her supernatural confidant and protector, who would eventually welcome her to his joyous Heaven for an eternity of unmitigated felicity.

Christians think it a pious duty to distort the minds of their children, just as some savages distort the skulls of their offspring by compressing them with splints when the bones of the head are still plastic. This abuse of children is sometimes so effective that one not infrequently encounters mature men who are highly educated and possess a keen critical faculty they apply to scientific or historical problems, but maintain their illusory dependence on the omnipotent spook of whom they were told

in infancy and of whose existence they have no valid evidence whatsoever. And some Christians who come to their senses in adult life are like Byron's Prisoner of Chillon and pine for the dungeon from which they were liberated.

The result of the inevitable clash of beliefs was dolorous indeed. The wife deplored her husband's open apostasy from her divine familiar and naturally hated the vile wretches who, inspired by Satan, were luring him to a damnation in which he would be broiled on a redhot griddle forever and forever.

His children, who were generally respectful with their eyes on the will, professed, perhaps hypocritically, the Jesus cult, and, horrified by his lack of veneration for God's Own, privately called him a crackpot and showed their filial devotion by expressing to their friends a hope that it would not be necessary to have him confined as insane.

The efforts on which he had concentrated all his interests for decades had failed totally, and each day he watched the American people rush mindlessly ever faster to their doom. It is becoming ever clearer that the Christian shamans are about to begin an intensive campaign, shaking their fetishes and yelling their Jesus-jargon, to inspire their "Moral Majority" of dupes to help drive the boobs into the trap they made for themselves. Then the Jews, who have finally got their "Genocide" hoax enacted by the Senate they bought, will begin open terror, such as they are now using in Canada, to teach their Aryan curs to heel when their masters speak. Americans can see in the vicious persecution of not only Keegstra and Zündel in Canada, but even of Christie, the attorney who dared to defend men guilty of the crime of not believing whatever they are told by Yahweh's Master Race, and in the supine degradation of the pavid Anglo-Saxons who once had Canada as a country of their own, a neat example of what they will soon undergo—and richly deserve.

The man to whom I pay this final tribute ended his days in the blackest despair, convinced that Americans had become so imbecile that there was no hope for them, and that he had wasted the greater part of his life on efforts to save a people that no longer had either the will or the intelligence to live. But what was most painful of all was that he was isolated. As he often told me on the telephone, he had no one to whom he could talk about anything that really mattered. And then he died.

## WHO CREATED THE JAPANESE?

As everyone knows, the Japanese are a Mongoloid (Mongolian) nation who differ markedly from others of that race in culture and mentality, and, to some extent, even physically. In "The Yellow Peril," I mentioned some characteristics of that remarkable people who, if they succeed in attaining hegemony over other Mongolians and preserve themselves from Jewish infiltration and parasitism, may well take the place in the world that our race held until it succumbed to the suicidal mania inherent in a religion contracted from Jewish proselytists.

During the past two decades, some younger Japanese scholars, notably Atsuhiko Yoshida and Taryō Ōbayashi, have sought to ascertain the origins of Japanese culture, and they have reached the unexpected conclusion that those origins go back to an incursion and conquest by a band of mounted Aryan warriors in the later part of the Fourth Century. (They use the Japanese equivalent of 'Indo-European,' a term that I would restrict to linguistics, while 'Aryan' is the obvious ethnic term for the race whose native language was primitivé Indo-European.)

In the oldest Japanese quasi-historical traditions and myths they found clear traces of the tripartite structure of thought that is distinctively Aryan and evident in everything from our fairy tales to Hegel's formula of thesis, antithesis, and synthesis. Starting from that basis, they found a very considerable amount of evidence to support their view, although the probative archaeological finds come, thus far, from Korea rather than from Japan itself. Even the most noteworthy distinguishing characteristic of Japanese culture, bushidō and the knightly code of the Samurai, may be traced to the Aryan élite that ruled Japan until it was racially absorbed by the native population.

The results of the Japanese research are summarized in the Fall-Winter 1985 issue of *Mankind Quarterly* by Professor C. Scot Littleton, who has himself contributed to the investigation. He shows that the Aryans who invaded Japan from Korea were most probably Alani, a tall, blond, probably Nordic people of ancient Sarmatia, who spoke the Iranian variety of Indo-European, of which the classic form was Old Persian. Their language, clearly Iranian and no more corrupted than modern Persian, persists in Ossetic, the speech of a remnant of the Alani in the Caucasus, who gave the Czars of Russia no little trouble and

have even survived, precariously, the Judaeo-Communist seizure of Russian territory.

The Alani were a vigorous, often nomadic, people who had the Aryan love of horses, and who contributed to our history until they were absorbed by other peoples, some cognate, some racially alien. Some Alani allied themselves with the Huns and Mongols and probably provided genetically the military and organizational talents of those once feared nations. They supplied the Aryan constituent of the Hungarians. Some Alani reached Spain after the Fall of the Roman Empire and mingled with the Vandals. Others were dispersed through Europe, and Professor Littleton has traced to the Alani a large part of the Arthurian tradition, the cycle of narratives which so clearly attest the instinctive nobility that entitles our race to be called *āryas*.

\* \* \*

## POLITICAL PORNOGRAPHY

A little more than twenty years ago I made a survey of the means of propaganda available to "conservatives," including, of course, novels and short stories, a channel that is generally overlooked by the earnest folk on our side, although it is effectively used by our opponents and enemies. I could write you a veritable dissertation on the highly successful use, during the past two centuries, of narrative fiction as a capsule to administer propaganda to readers who will not be aware of what is done to them in their unguarded moments.

I naturally considered the use of what would have been called pornography at that time, I mean stories of about the type of D. H. Lawrence's *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, with perhaps, a little more literary polish and a few touches from the anonymous *Way of a Man with a Maid*. (That, of course, was before really pornographic films and video-tapes became commonplace in American homes.)

I was right about the carrying-power of the vehicle, and it is to be noted that in the following decades the only periodicals of large circulation that dared to print articles unapproved by our rulers were precisely some of the major pornographic journals, of which "conservatives" were busy deploring the presence on the newsstands. *Penthouse*, for example, published the first description of the Jews' sport when they killed the American

seamen on the *Liberty* while their accomplice in Washington prevented the U.S. Navy from spoiling the predators' fun. The same periodical published in 1980 a lucid analysis of the Federal Reserve swindle and accurately predicted what the pirates were then about to do and have now done. Colonel Fletcher Prouty's exposure of the vast apparatus of professional assassins and enemy agents that the dim-witted taxpayers finance as the C.I.A. formed a long series of articles in *Gallery*. Both publications, of course, were well established and had assured circulations in the millions before they dared show interest in helping Americans survive.

That such periodicals still have a potential that annoys our enemies is obvious from the antics of the con men who run the "Moral Majority" racket.

In 1964, however, I concluded that the proposed means of propaganda could not then be feasibly used on our behalf. Of my reasons for reaching that conclusion, the cardinal ones were (1) I foresaw that the ruling power's courts would zealously protect pornography that pleased the Jews, while using the then existing laws to destroy any effort that was likely to benefit "conservatives" and "rightists;" and (2) that "conservatives" who might be asked to finance the initial stages of such an operation would have fits if it were suggested to them.

Whether it is still possible to use the erotomania of the American public for political purposes, I do not know. An attempt has been made by a former Professor of Economics, Chris Munsun, in a novel, *The White House Sucks*, published by Dare-Co (P.O. Box 27164, Los Angeles, California; \$8.95 post-paid).

It won't work. First of all, because its 518 pages have been reproduced from copy on a typewriter with the elite type called "Prestige" by I.B.M., single-spaced, at ten letters per inch, justified by a quite ordinary computer, and then reduced photographically by about 50%. One sympathizes with the need for economy, but only the most avid and probably salacious interest will hold a reader after the first few pages have wearied his eyes. The second reason is that when fiction is an effective vehicle for propaganda, the political implications must seem only incidental and ancillary to the narrative, not its overt subject.

The protagonist is a middle-aged Professor of Economics who is adroit in the use of computers, has been awarded a Nobel Prize, and, although an honest man, has, through an

extraordinary but not absolutely impossible conjuncture in politics, been elected President of the United States. At least in his opinions, the protagonist obviously resembles the author, but you should not infer that you will read an analogue of "Baron Corvo's" *Hadrian the Seventh*.

The professor-become-president goes to Washington and is installed in the White House, under the surveillance, needless to say, of a disguised agent of the C.I.A. From the big alligators in the Dismal Swamp by the Potomac, he learns much about American government, and from a typically "liberated" career woman, he learns much about the more exciting subject of sex.

I won't tell you what happens, because, in spite of my *caveats*, you may wish to read the novel, which is not uninteresting, although it is written in the kind of bastardized English that is being made standard by the schools ("he was taller than her," "they work like he does"). I will only suggest for your consideration two apothegms. The first, by the gentleman who uses the pseudonym "General R. Never," is, "A people deserve the government they permit." The second is the shrewd observation by Lincoln Steffens, "The American people will never stand for an honest government."

\* \* \*

## HORSE SENSE

Our racial history begins when Aryan warriors, astride their steeds, rode out of the misty dark of an unrecoverable past. And the destiny of our race was indissolubly dependent on horses in both war and peace until cavalry was relegated to an auxiliary function in the First World War and the horse was completely superseded in all his services by the total mechanization that accompanied the Suicide of the West.

It is no wonder that the early Aryans attributed to their horses a quasi-magical power that had in it something of divinity. That is apparent in our religion, from the *asvamedha* rite in India, the Great Sacrifice which could be performed only by a *cakravartin*, a universal emperor whose authority it solemnized and sanctified, to the horses sacred to Odin and Freyr among the Norse, and the sacrifices in which the magic of the *vingull* clearly reflected a belief that underlay the Indian rite.

It is also no wonder that we Aryans characteristically are

fond of our horses and that no zoölogist can convince us that our favorite horse is not fond of us. We feel a particular indignation at cruelty to horses and it would be for us a profanation to eat the meat of so noble an animal. We are unashamedly sentimental about horses. A ballad of the early West celebrates a cowboy who, caught afield in a blizzard, almost reached home, but was found "with his hands frozen to the reins" because "he could not leave old Dan."

And years ago, when an actor who had attained some celebrity as a cowboy in the cinema sneered at people who became sentimental about horses, which are only dumb brutes and should be used like inanimate things without compunction, as he had used his, I was not greatly astonished when the late Jack Moffitt, who knew everything about Hollywood, informed me that the actor belonged to the race which, as is obvious from the tales in the Jew-book, instinctively dislikes horses and prefers asses.

It is not a coincidence that, among the peoples of the Semitic race, we feel the greatest affinity to the true Arabs of the desert, who loved their horses and had a code of *chivalry* not greatly unlike ours. Horses naturally play a large part in Arabian tradition, as in ours, and one Arabian tale of heroism has been enshrined in the luminous prose of Lafcadio Hearn's "Rabyah's Last Ride." Rabyah, a renowned fighting man, alone held a pass against his enemies to protect the flight of his women to safety. He received his death wound, but died on his horse, knowing that the marauders would fear to approach him too closely.

Over the black desert of the sky slowly moved the long white caravan of the stars; and the night waned. But dead Rabyah still sat upon his mare; and the beautiful mare stood as a graven image standeth, for the love of him.

The Arabs developed one of the finest breeds of horses, and Arabians have always been prized highly. It is to the honor of our race that although the horse is no longer pragmatically useful, we have retained, most of all in England but also in this country, our inveterate liking for the animal who was our companion and faithful servant throughout all our rise to greatness. Even when I was a boy, fine Arabians were bred for their

own sake, and in recent years the breeding of Arabians has, unfortunately, also become a lucrative business for the rich.

The March-April 1986 issue of the handsome *Aramco World Magazine* was entirely devoted to "The Arabian Horse," and includes an article on the breeding of such horses in Europe and the United States. There is one significant report of the effect of environment on animals whose excellent qualities are, of course, genetically determined (as are the qualities of human beings, although the Christian-"Liberal" superstition blindly denies that obvious fact).

Experts are coming to the conclusion that "the very success of the Arabian in market terms" is having a deleterious effect on the horses: "when wealthy owners lavish food and comfort on them—to protect their investment—the horses that once lived on the spartan food of the desert will lose the very qualities that distinguished them." There is also a likelihood that since owners who "focus on their investment" do not spend time with their horses and do not ride their mares at all, "the Arabians, which have traditionally enjoyed and needed human companionship, will begin to lose their famous gentle dispositions"—and, of course, their loyalty to their masters.

One needs only horse sense to see the analogy to, and lesson for, our species of mammals.

\* \* \*

#### THE SPECIAL OFFICE BRIEF

My older readers will remember the very valuable *Intelligence Digest* that was published by Kenneth de Courcy until he gravely offended the rulers of the world and was hustled off to prison for having believed what he was told about Kenya by the government that was then in power in Britain. The successor to that publication is the *Special Office Brief*, now published in Ireland, evidently for security from harassment by the present government of Britain, by Kilbriain Newspapers, 52 Merton Square, Dublin. You may subscribe to the fortnightly journal for \$500 per annum, or, if you also want the special reports issued twice a week, you may have both at the bargain rate of \$3000 a year.

I am afraid I cannot promise you your money's worth. I have looked over some of the fortnightly issues. So far as I can determine from the issues I have seen, the *Special Office Brief* October 1986

does not have the sources that made the *Intelligence Digest* so valuable, confidential reports from former British intelligence officers who, as civilians, were stationed throughout the world as representatives of British businesses. It may be that the British government's planned destruction of British industry has already gone so far that few such experienced observers are left, or it may be that the new publication does not command the patriotic confidence of the old.

The new publication, oddly enough, continues and even augments what was the principal weakness of Kenneth de Courcy as editor, a tendency to talk about the "Risen Christ" and the "Almighty Creator," and what he (or they) are going to do to the wicked infidels when he (or they) get around to it. The issue for 12 May assures us that "it is not possible to challenge the predetermined design of History" because "He [presumably Jesus's almighty dad] does not allow fundamental and ultimate insolence to prevail," and the editor implies that the "Creator of the Universe" stealthily tampered with the structure of the Russian nuclear powerplant at Chernobyl to teach Gorbachev a lesson with a big and resounding bang. If we don't want the aforesaid Creator to raise Hell with us some dark night, we've just got "firmly to stick to the old rugged cross where amazing grace abounds."

Now although the *Scientific American* for July 1986 reports (pp. 67 f.) opinions of technicians who believe that the powerplant at Chernobyl was as well-built and safe as any in the United States (and I needn't tell you what that means), what worries me most now is what the old rugged cross may do to a man's understanding of history and his perception of present reality.

So, if you have already made out your cheque for \$3000, I suggest that you get a good night's sleep before you mail it.

\* \* \*

## TOURIST ATTRACTIONS

It is reported that Americans are not gallivanting around Europe this summer in the numbers expected, and the newspapers would have us believe that the cause is fear of "terrorism" by the Semitic peoples of the Near East who perversely do not submit to Yahweh's Master Race, although a better reason is the slight economic stringency that foreshadows the planned

economic prostration of this country and of the boobs to whom it once belonged. There is, however, news that may increase the flow of sightseers to the British Isles, at least.

Tourists who are willing patiently to hang about one of the shabbiest districts in London may get a glimpse of old Jesus, who is now hiding out in that run-down area. He was seen there last year, dressed like a cleaned-up 'hippie,' from his crocheted hat to his skin-tight white pants. He went back into hiding, however, until a female journalist from South America spotted him in a restaurant or tavern on Brick Lane. He was to have been produced for a press conference in that hang-out on 22 July 1985, but the waiting reporters drank spirits instead of beer, and that stirred up the forces of evil, so the conference was postponed *sine die*.

Jesus's public-relations man is Benjamin Creme, a British painter, said to have produced some pictures that are to be seen in British art galleries. He was devoted only to his art until 1959, when, he says, he "was contacted by one of the masters, a group of very evolved men who live in the Himalayas, the Andes, and the Gobi Desert." They probably introduced him to some of their pals on other planets, for he "met people not from this earth."

Creme explains that Jesus has turned up at this time "because of the polarization of rich and poor nations and the imbalance of resources" which "will only be solved by a principle of sharing." Jesus is hiding out while Creme creates "a climate of hope and expectancy," but He has already manifested His power by having Creme's broad-faced phiz reproduced in full color on a page of the magazine section of the Sunday edition of the *Daily Mail* (London), 11 May 1986, and I am sure He has also stimulated the market for Creme's "powerful work in oil."

While Jesus is dodging about the back streets of London, his mama is playing tricks in southern Ireland, where, as I reported in the June issue of *Liberty Bell*, plaster images of the Virgin began to shake and shimmy in February 1985. I learn from the *Irish Echo* (New York City), 14 June 1986, that a journalist named Harry Daley, who lives in Lynbrook, New York, hied himself to Ballinaspittle to watch the image of the Blessed Mother that somehow won the popularity contest among the cavorting statues. And, by Jove, he and his "future daughter-in-law" and some friends all saw the Virgin's effigy jerk and twitch. He's sure "a genuine religious experience" is taking

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place, no doubt by "divine intervention," at Ballinspittle and elsewhere, and he reports some "miracles," which, however, do not differ from the commonly observed cures of psychosomatic maladies by intense emotion. Daley will market his observations of jittery images in a book entitled *A Call To and From Heaven*, which will be published later this year.

Daley may be considered an expert on the Virgin's eccentric behavior. He has already published a book entitled *Miracle at Garabandal*, which, according to *Irish Echo*, recounts the revelations the Virgin vouchsafed to four young Spanish girls in a long series of interviews with them, all conducted in the furtive manner that shy Mary always adopts, between 1961 and 1965. So far as I have heard, that was the first of Mary's clandestine appearances in the Iberian Peninsula since 1917, when she stealthily confided cosmic secrets to Portuguese peasant girls near the small village of Fátima (which bears the name of Fātima, the daughter of Mohammad). The secrets the Virgin told those young girls, presumably because she was too timid to accost adults and couldn't trust her son's vicar in Rome, are still keeping True Believers agog as they try to figure out what Mary meant or to guess what awesome secrets have been suppressed by the Church for the past seventy years. Whether the Spanish girls can create as much of a stir remains to be seen.

As is well known, when some girls reach puberty and early adolescence, they become endowed with great psychic powers, which enable them to play with fairies, rouse *Poltergeister* to activity, and make other ghosts rap on tables to astound stupid adults. It is doubtless the peculiar sensitivity of such girls that makes Mary slip up to them on the sly, when she is sure no one is looking, and confide world-shaking secrets to them.

I also learn from *Irish Echo* (31 May 1986) that the elusive Virgin has blessed the promoters of the airport at Knock in County Mayo (not, please note, the Knock in County Clare, which would provide easy access to Asdee, where, you will remember, Mary inaugurated her present policy of making her plaster effigies jump and jerk, with, perhaps, some help from a pubescent Irish lass named Elizabeth Flynn). The Irish state has spent between two and three million pounds on the airport, for which there was little use, but now the pious corporation that flies to Portugal each year in Boeing 707s thousands of the Faithful, eager to gawk in awe at the spot near Fátima where the Virgin surreptitiously told her secrets to the adolescents,

will stop at Knock to give the pilgrims a look at what Mary can do in Erin. This will give "a tremendous boost" to the airport and to the shrine of Mary in Knock, and religious zeal is already planning hotels that will be built to accommodate the pilgrims while they pay their respects to the Irish Mary before going on to visit the scene of her more famous Lusitanian appearance.

Thus does God's mama bless international coöperation!



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# HAMMERING THE U.S.

by  
Jim Taylor  
(Foreign Correspondent)

Mr. Armand Hammer, chairman of Occidental Petroleum, the world's largest independent oil company, is always praised in the U.S. press as an outstanding, very patriotic, American businessman. News stories and editorials follow his every move. Many writers maintain that he can exert more power in foreign affairs than the President. He flies about the world in his own custom-built Boeing 727. A new title has been bestowed upon him by the friendly American press of being "the world's wealthiest doctor." Yet he is a doctor who never treated any patient or wrote a prescription. Now worth over a billion dollars, he forsook medical practice and made his fortune on hooch, Angus bulls, the misfortunes of a Russian Czar and doing the bidding of the Communists.

Mr. Hammer's "home" is said to be his elaborate flying bedroom-office, done in mahogany splendor. He calls this plane "Oxy 1." Most of his critical business conferences are held aloft as he skirts the world. He flies over 250,000 miles a year aboard his nine-million-dollar aircraft. And his telephone bill runs over a half million dollars per year.

There is no doubt about Mr. Hammer being a very powerful individual. That's not the part of his publicity campaign I want to correct. The part I want to change is the public opinion in this country that this billionaire is an "American" businessman with American interests at heart. Because of a propaganda splurge in the press, many Americans believe that Mr. Hammer is helping the U.S.

Let me give you some facts. Mr. Hammer amassed much of his fortune by aiding the Soviet Union—not the United States of America. Even today, most of his "business" trips are either to Communist China or the Soviet Union. Early in his career, he alone saved the Russian Communist revolution from going broke and out of business.<sup>1</sup> Had it not been for this gentleman,

1. [As is well known, the Bolshevik capture of Russia by Lenin and his horde of Jewish henchmen in 1917-18 was instigated and financed by

the Soviet Union as the world's top Communist power, would not even exist. Nearly all Communist nations welcome him as the best foreign friend and saviour in history. Also, the fact that the U.S. press never prints that Mr. Hammer is a Russian Jew, although an American citizen, misleads readers. As I have mentioned before, privately circulated Jewish newspapers and the press of Israel never refer to him as an "American" businessman. They always describe him as a Jewish businessman, which is correct. I do not mean to imply that Mr. Hammer is not an American citizen, at least technically. He holds an American passport. But being a patriotic American means much more than merely being born in this country and traveling about the world using an American passport.<sup>2</sup> Alger Hiss has an American passport. So did Julius and Ethel Rosenberg. But I never considered them anything but convicted traitors. I never considered them as good Americans.

Mr. Hammer claims a special relationship with Communism. And that is very true. No "foreigner," other than Mr. Hammer, ever became a personal friend and adviser to Vladimir Ulyanov, alias Lenin, and to the man of steel, Iosif Dzhughashvili, alias

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the great Jewish bankers in the United States, France, Sweden, and Germany, of whom Jacob Schiff was merely the most notorious. Most of the money probably was taken from the American people. The point here is that the Jewish régime in Russia, once established in power, could not have survived economically without technical, industrial, and agricultural subsidy from the United States. Hammer arranged for that. Thus it was he who preserved the empire of the enemies of mankind for our future destruction. —Editor.]

2. [According to the British periodical, *Private Eye*, 15 November 1964, Hammer does not need a passport when he enters the Soviet Union, where he is always received with honors as a benefactor or, perhaps, one of the bosses. The British became interested in Hammer when Prince Charles, the partly Jewish heir to the British throne, wanted the Communist billionaire to act as godfather at the christening of Charles's son. The infant, by the way, was duly circumcized by a Rabbi to fit him for the eventual succession. *Private Eye* published notes on Hammer's career, beginning with the time that Hammer's father worked with "Lenin" in the Bolshevik underground conspiracy before the Revolution of 1917-18; after ten years in the conspiracy, "it was arranged" that the elder Hammer emigrate to the United States and there found the Communist Party of America. The magazine states that Hammer owns, among other things, the world's largest coal mine, which is in Communist China and for which he paid \$230,000,000, and in the Soviet Union, a pipeline for ammonia, for which he paid \$900,000,000 out of his profits from the eighteen-billion-dollar concession to exploit Soviet gas and oil given him by Brezhnev. —Editor.]

Stalin. What other "foreigner" was ever given a palace in Moscow to live in by the Communist government of the Soviet Union? And live well he did, off the Communists. He and his brother Victor lived in splendor during the post-revolutionary days in Russia, protected by both the authority of First Comrade Lenin and the bayonets of Leon Trotzky's soldiers.

Julius Hammer, his father, was the Russian Jew who founded the American Communist Party. Like father, like son! The younger Hammer first went home to his war-ravaged Soviet motherland while waiting for his internship at New York's Bellevue Hospital. "I decided to go to Russia to help fight," said Mr. Hammer, at the time. A typhus epidemic hit Russia and he took a surplus U.S. Army field hospital and drugs to the wind-swept Ural Mountains. To the famished Soviet Communists, he offered a million bushels of American wheat for furs, hides and caviar. The Soviets agreed to this exchange and Lenin summoned Hammer to his office. The year was 1921.

Mr. Hammer recalled, "Lenin rose from his desk and came to meet me at the door. He was a stocky little man, about five feet three inches, with a large dome-shaped head, wearing a dark gray sack suit, soft-collar shirt, and a black tie. His eyes twinkled."<sup>3</sup>

Lenin told Mr. Hammer that Communism was not working and wouldn't last much longer unless some businessmen (capitalists) could help him save it. Lenin then offered Mr. Hammer the vast supply job of being Communism's business agent. And he has been untiring in his efforts to preserve the evils of Communism right down to today.<sup>4</sup>

3. [Hammer, in an interview published in the Soviet propaganda magazine, *Soviet Life*, April 1985, said that when he was invited to the Kremlin, "Lenin seemed superhuman to me, an extraordinary, merciless, fanatical, cruel, and cold person. That turned out to be all wrong; it was as easy to talk with Lenin as with an understanding friend whom you trust implicitly." Since Hammer was a Jew and Lenin was a half-Jew, half Tatar, there was, no doubt, a deep spiritual affinity that doubtless promoted reciprocal understanding. On the joyous butchery of civilized Russians by the Bolshevik Jews, see the example quoted in Paul Knutson's article in *Liberty Bell*, May 1984, pp. 16 f. Hammer calls Lenin "undoubtedly a statesman of the highest order," and shows that there is no opposition between "the proletarian revolution" and international capitalism. Of that there can be no doubt, since both are Jewish devices for subjugating mankind. — *Editor*.]

4. [According to an unverified rumor, Hammer served as the intermediary

Mr. Hammer told the press recently, "This historic meeting with Lenin cemented my abiding faith in the value of top-level summitry of trust-building between bosses of the superpowers." I'm not sure what he meant by that statement because, at the time, Russia was no superpower but merely a vast economic and political failure relegated to certain doom. But Mr. Hammer saw to it that Communism did not fail. His statement sounds as if he considered himself the "boss" of the United States. I don't know what else he could have meant by it.

Mr. Hammer took complete charge, according to his own words, of everything in his beloved Soviet Union except the military. He alone represented all 38 American companies then doing business with the Russians; including U.S. Rubber, Parker Pen, Ingersoll, Rand, Underwood and Allis Chalmers.<sup>5</sup>

Mr. Hammer likes to brag about also gaining the concession for a giant asbestos mine in the Urals, where he created one of the world's largest pencil factories. To accomplish this, he says that he stole the vital expertise and technology from A. W. Faber's ultrasecret German pencil-making operations. He then smuggled plant parts out of Germany and into the Soviet

in arranging for the American people to spend \$300,000,000 on the construction, by engineers of the U.S. Army, of a paved expressway extending for three hundred miles from a point in the southern part of the Soviet Union into the heart of Afghanistan. The highway was built, of course, in preparation for the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan. Most of the tanks and trucks that transported Soviet troops and equipment over that highway into Afghanistan were built in the world's largest factory of motorized vehicles, which was built for the Soviet by American engineers on the Khama River in eastern Siberia. The construction of the highway was disclosed to the American people by Ron Paul, then a member of the House of Representatives; that will explain why he is no longer a member of the Congress that the Jews now own in Washington. — *Editor*.]

5. [According to Hammer, *Soviet Life*, loc. cit., Henry Ford was one American business man who spurned the immense profits that he could have made by cooperating with the Bolsheviks, and he was unmoved by Hammer's threat that if Ford refused, he (Hammer) would see to it that not one nut or bolt made by Ford would ever be imported into the Soviet Union. Henry Ford was not only a great industrialist but a patriotic American and an intelligent Aryan, as may be seen from the four volumes of his famous work, *The International Jew* (available from Liberty Bell Publications). Since Hammer opened the way, American business men have proved they are without a scruple of loyalty to our nation; today, more than six hundred American corporations maintain representation in Soviet Russia to profit from the decline and impending fall of the United States in preparation for the One World of universal barbarism and slavery under Jewish ownership. — *Editor*.]

Union. These illegal acts do not comprise my idea of what an honest businessman does for success. But I leave it entirely for readers to decide the moral issue for themselves.

"Russia could not produce pencils that would write, and Lenin had decided that everyone should learn to read and write," said Mr. Hammer. "Imported German pencils cost 50 cents in Russian stores. We brought the price down to five cents," he continued.

To this day, Mr. Hammer remains fond of pencils. He carries an old one wherever he goes to jot down his unreadable impressions and details of business conversations.

The Russians called Armand Hammer a genius. But after his close friend Lenin died, Josef Stalin assumed power. He put up with Mr. Hammer for a while but thought that Russia could do everything itself and did not need to do business with foreigners. Thus Mr. Hammer's position in Russia became fragile, at least temporarily.

By this time, Mr. Hammer and his brother Victor had acquired a huge fortune in the form of a large cache of Soviet art treasures by paying low-value kopeks on the ruble market for the famous Fabergé eggs and the valuable vestments of the Russian Orthodox Church, the splendor of a lost régime.

This collecting, a hedge, as it were, against political disfavor, was to become an obsession, the germ of one of the world's greatest private collections of art. Whatever Mr. Hammer was, he wasn't dumb. He realized that once his protector Lenin was gone, he might find himself not as valuable to the Soviets. So he prepared for this eventuality.

Seeing the political winds now blowing against him, Mr. Hammer prepared to leave Russia. When Stalin said, "I don't trust any Jew, American or Russian," Mr. Hammer made a fast exit, with his art, the contents of two large homes in the Soviet Union, and, of course, his Russian wife, Olga.

However, this good, old, "American" patriotic businessman was not yet finished with the Russians. Instead of returning to the U.S., he set up shop in Paris. He began buying up Soviet notes of credit at international banks, with the help of the Rothschild family, for a mere fraction of their face value. He made millions, because, as he said, Soviet credit was a safer bet than the American stock market. And he was proven correct on that too. The year was 1929.

He and his brother then returned to the U.S. and built another tremendous fortune by mass-merchandising Czarist

treasures he had sneaked out of Russia. This gigantic success prompted him to open the Hammer Galleries in New York.

Next he went into the whisky trade by buying up surplus Maine potatoes and blending them with grain alcohol. It made a tasty concoction and was cheap to boot. Another fortune!

Using his potato-mash residue as a nutritious cattle feed, he then bought a herd of Angus beef cattle. In time, he built the world's largest Angus herd. It contained a world champion bull named Prince Eric.

Then Mr. Hammer bought the Mutual Broadcasting Company, engaging columnist Walter Winchell and singer Kate Smith under contracts.

His friendship with the Soviets was renewed when Stalin died and he made another 20 million dollars in a deal whereby the Russians received fertilizer and his Occidental Corporation received raw ammonia, potash and urea.

Mr. Hammer has been married three times and divorced twice. His first wife was a stunning Russian beauty named Olga von Root, the high-born daughter of a Czarist general. He met her during his first visit to Bolshevik Russia in the early twenties. He took her to Paris and later to a fashionable Fifth Avenue apartment in New York.

His second wife was Angela Zevely, who loved parties on his yacht, the *Shadow Isle*. But she had a severe drinking problem.

The third wife was Frances Tolman, who said she read about his divorce in the *Police Gazette*, of all places. She then wrote him and asked if there was anything she could do. It turned out that there was. He married her and moved to her home in Los Angeles. She was not like the other wives because she had her own fortunes and many great impressionist paintings. She still travels with him to the Soviet Union and Communist China as he "assists" these two fine Marxist nations at the expense of the safety and security of the United States of America.

Now Mr. Hammer admits that he has a special link to Communism but states that he is not actually a Communist, like his father.

Well, he may not carry around a card stating that he is a member of the Communist Party; there is, however, the old belief that anything which walks, acts, and talks like a duck is a duck.

In addition to his intimacy with the rulers of the Soviet Union, Mr. Hammer is highly-regarded by the Israeli war crim-

inals who run that Zionist state. He was the only visitor whom former Prime Minister Menachem Begin would see after the latter's wife died. He was in seclusion so far as all other visitors were concerned.

I repeat that the trained U.S. press and the White House regard Mr. Hammer as a great "American," despite the fact that he saved Communism for his friend Lenin and today is considered the best friend that Communists have anywhere in the world.

His life story reveals that he helped himself and he helped Communism. But nowhere in it can I find that he ever did anything to help the United States of America.

If it had not been for Mr. Hammer, there would be no Communist Soviet Union today. For this, should we thank him? □

## THE NORDIC PRESS

### NATURE SETS THE MONARCH'S COURSE

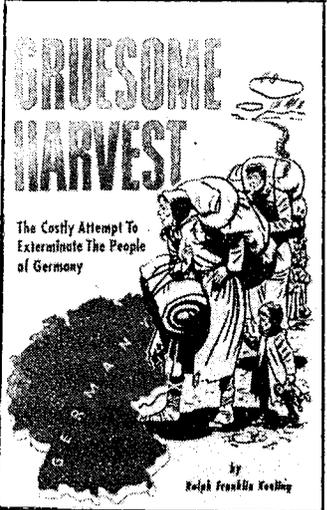
Nature presents a world of wonder which ever unrolls before our eyes. We can marvel at the simplicity of a grazing herd, or lay back on a sunny bank to watch the play of light upon the trees and mark the passing of the mighty cloud ships sailing across our heavens. On a starry night we may contemplate the vastness and wonder of that infinity of space extending from our tiny view into a dimension of time and space which our minds cannot grasp. Yet, the mighty force which created that vastness also created each of us. It performs its wonders in ways not known to man and we are fools to believe we can tamper with its workings.

Consider, for a moment, the life cycle of the monarch butterfly (*Danaus plexippus*). These colorful creatures of the insect world winter in the fir groves located northwest of Mexico City. As the earth tilts its northern axis in a more direct line with the sun's life giving rays, spring arrives in the north with summer following close behind. The monarch, in great flights, leaves its winter home to travel northward into the United States and southern Canada. As summer turns to autumn the monarchs wing homeward to winter, and another annual cycle is completed. The monarchs have been doing this migration for more years than we have been on this continent and, unless man destroys their habitat, as he is in the process of doing, will continue the cycle. Well, many species of the animal kingdom migrate, not too unusual for the monarch to be amongst them. But think for a moment of the cycle from the racial view.

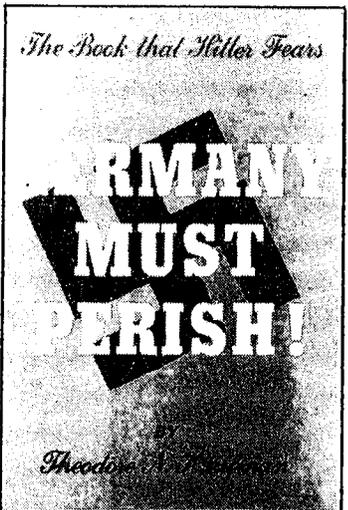
The life span of a monarch butterfly is, perhaps, five weeks at the outside. The monarchs which leave the winter groves know not where they are going nor do they know their destination. Unlike some larger creatures, they have no knowledge of the route they will travel nor the goal they seek. Those monarchs returning to the winter groves are several generations removed from those who left, yet, the monarchs make the journey, and they return, in an apparently endless cycle. Woven into the

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genetic matrix of the monarch is the route, the goal and the purpose of that annual migration. Nature has fixed it permanently in each successive generation, and we can but marvel at the wonder of the process which mandates its continuation and but guess at the means by which it has been accomplished.

The monarch is a tiny insect. It is not outstanding amongst the creatures of this earth, yet, due to its relatively short life span, we are permitted to observe in it a cycle of continuity which can only be completed by generations in advance of the contemporary one. A force far greater than any man can muster or control has formed the matrix. Such inherited characteristics are observable in all creatures. Instinct is what we call these traits and all are linked to the survival of that particular species. For the most part man has not attempted to tinker with the genetic structure of the world about him, though "genetic engineering" is now upon us as the great motivating force of our time, profit, seems to lie in that direction.

The genetic engineers who would change the human species are termed "integrationists." It is they who seek to tamper with the genetic pools of mankind by cross breeding of the races. It is they who maintain we are all "one," and the only difference we can find between the negro and the Aryan is skin color, texture of the hair, and, perhaps, a few other superficial differences. Inside, as their religion tells them, we are all one. We are all created by the same anthropomorphic deity in his image. Humans, they feel, are something pretty special on this planet for the Creator not only made them, he also watches over their every move, and by various supplications, bribes, and tricks humans can cajole this god into granting them sway over their physical environment.

Nothing, of course, is farther from the truth. Man is moved by the same mighty force which decrees the flight of the monarch. That we do not know the purpose of human existence in no way rules out a genetic matrix which guides our destiny. Man's earliest histories record the existence of the races of mankind as we know them today. Each race has its own genetic stamp, its own genetic destiny, and none living can know the ultimate fulfillment of any of man's many genetic pools. We can, however, be certain the imprint of that marvelous creative force has given us a path, and intends we follow it to its end.

The breeding of persons from dissimilar genetic pools does produce offspring. We can mate with persons of other races. But what becomes of the unity, the genetic harmony of the resultant

offspring of a racially mixed couple? It is probably destroyed. That golden chain of evolutionary progress is severed and the resultant child manifests a variety of emotional and physical problems not apparent to a similar child of genetic purity. To attempt to produce a cross-breed (down-breed?) human population is a crime against the natural order which mankind would most likely not survive. Certainly the survivors, if our species should continue, would be on a far different genetic course than we Aryans today.

The German philosopher, Friedrich Nietzsche (1844-1900), wrote of the "Superman." He envisioned the ultimate fulfillment of our genetic potential in a human population far superior to today's. The intelligent use of our genetic resources would see, Nietzsche felt, a continuing advancement of the human population, both in physical and mental capabilities. Such an advancement is, of course, available to each race, not just the Aryan. Nietzsche's concepts were deliberately distorted by those who were opposed to the National Socialist experiment in Germany in that flickering moment between 1933 and the outbreak of World War II.

Contrary to the continuing propaganda against the National Socialists, their goal was the betterment of the physical life of their Germanic branch of the Aryan family. Their leader, Adolf Hitler, sought to restore control of the resources and wealth of the German nation to the German people, with the ultimate goal being the continued progression of their genetic pool towards what ever potential nature has decreed.

The ability of those ousted from control of the German resources to influence other peoples and nations led to the catastrophic slaughter of Aryans which supposedly ended in 1945 but continues to this day. A concerted effort has been successfully made to deny the Aryan the right for racial exclusiveness and each ruling government of all Aryan nations, save Iceland alone, encourages and promotes the pollution of the Aryan gene pool by interbreeding with imported racial stocks. The genetic mixing is with peoples who have no concept of either the Aryan spirit or his world-view which incorporates the upward evolution to the natural destiny which is fixed within us. Aryan man has always lived for tomorrow. We see in our children the hope and challenge for our Folk and only by insuring that each successive generation is given the soundest portion of the available genes in our pool can we begin to feel the goal will be attained. Aryan adults protect, maintain and, if

possible, improve the genetic pool, and then bequeath it to their heirs.

Man does not stand apart from nature. The imperative which directs the flight of successive generations of monarch butterflies guides us, too. As no one could seriously contemplate the cross-breeding of the monarch with the blow fly, then why do we permit the cross-breeding of the Aryan with the negro or any other stock not of our people? They have their destiny, as we have ours, and it behooves all races to pursue that destiny which leads to the Superman as Nietzsche, Hitler, and other visionaries of our Aryan race saw in nature's majestic purpose.

\* \* \* \* \*

### IRELAND'S "TROUBLES"

The Aryan's goal is to never again fight a war where one must wear a uniform to determine the identity of the enemy. We will know our foe by his dark skin, his murky eyes, and his depraved life. We will know our brother by his fair skin, his clear eyes, and the nobility of his life.

Today, as one travels through Ireland, or Ulster, as the case may be, the heart is filled with gladness as the Aryan seed, the fair sons and daughters of the Celtic branch of our Aryan race, till and work their lovely land. Here, if anywhere today, should be the harmony of racial unity, the peace and understanding of love and genetic heritage uniting all in a common bond for their common good.

Rather, we find strife, killing, mistrust, as the people of the north and south of Ireland turn upon each other. And for what? The people of British Ulster worship the Jew god in a manner different from the people of the south who live in the Irish Republic.

What can better illustrate the futility of Aryan man bearing the dead, decayed burden of the Hebrew religion than this? Two stalwart branches of our not too sturdy Aryan tree fighting and killing over the proper means of worshipping the Jew god. The Jew god which has kept Irish fortunes tied mainly to the goals of Rome. The Jew god which has kept the potential of these dynamic Aryans in thrall while the black clad maggots of Rome pick the carcass.

Ulster, too, has its clerical madmen who wield some imagined

sword of Hebrew power, decreeing they alone can set the path for the British feet of the Ulstermen to trod. Both protestant and catholic revel in the blood of the fallen while publicly decrying "the troubles."

What magic draught of poteen could we slip between the lips of the Irish to give them the clarity of sight to see the futility, the uselessness of their fight? Ireland today is but a microcosm of the fratricidal wars of this Twentieth Century which has seriously drained the best from the Aryan genetic pool. The fight to attain a dominance for one or the other aspect of the same Hebrew god of hate and vengeance leaves both depleted. Ireland could be the blooming, growing focal point for the Aryan cause, for here, in relative isolation, lives a people of a purer racial stock than most peoples of Aryan blood today. They have the means of lighting the torch for others to follow, to provide the needed leadership in the racial cause, but instead, they bicker over the Hebrew destroyer who has done more to decimate the Aryan blood and will than any enemy who has ever met the wrath of the Aryan in battle.

The Emerald Isle was freed of snakes by one called St. Patrick, but the snake of the field was replaced by a far more deadly serpent which has, from that time until this, sapped and destroyed the will and efforts of the Irish as they serve an alien god conceived by the perverted minds of the desert scum we call the Jews. There can be no liberation of the Aryan until the curse of the alien belief is lifted from us. The sign of the Aryan is the Hammer of Thor, the Siegrunen, the Swastika, the Spear of Destiny, if you like, but never the sign of the fish, nor lamb, nor cross of shame. As the Irish snivel and kill over the Hebrew calamity, yet another chink is rent in the armor of our race.

\* \* \* \* \*

### DEMOCRACY OR ARYAN SPIRIT?

The power of a repeated word or phrase to become a part of our mental process is well known. Take the word "democracy" as an example. We hear it each day on news broadcasts, telecasts, and we read it in our newspapers and magazines. We have almost come to the kneejerk response expected of us, for most in the United States have come to feel the reigning deity in the Heavens bestowed upon the United States a Democracy!

Nothing is farther from the truth. The word "democracy" is to be found in neither the Declaration of Independence nor in the Constitution of the United States. What was established for the separate states, once considered to be sovereign prior to an internecine war which ended in 1865 at Appomattox Court House, Virginia, was a republic. Briefly, the people were represented through their elected representatives in the House of Representatives and the Senate of the Federal government.

This is still the legal form of government. Now, what is all of the drivel about a democracy? A democracy is an unwieldy form of government in which each citizen or person deemed to be qualified to vote, votes upon each issue facing that particular group or government. A democracy insures the majority will prevail. If the majority of the electorate vote to insure a white government, then a white government it will be.

Now comes the deliberate obscuring of the meaning of the word, for we find "democracy," in some strange transformation, has come to mean the protection of the minority over the majority—a complete reversal of the meaning of democracy. We have been told democracy means the white majority must give way to the minorities which have unwisely been let in and allowed to flourish in the United States. We are told, to have this precious "democracy" we must forcibly integrate our schools, our places of recreation and worship, even our bedrooms, so the "downtrodden" masses can share this wonderful country. If we did, in fact, have a democracy, would it not be appropriate to call the electorate to vote on such issues?

The only such "democratic" device now prevalent in most states, is the referendum. A referendum is a question or issue which appears on the ballot at an election and the electorate is given the opportunity to decide the issue. There is a concerted effort in all states to remove the referendum procedure and then all matters will be decided by the elected representatives in legislative session.

How, you may ask, is it possible to continually use the term "democracy" to refer to a form of government and a principle soundly rejected by the Aryan founders of our country? It is the continued misuse of the word in all forms of the media of information dissemination as well as the deliberate lack of any meaningful course of historical instruction in the schools. History and government classes have, for the most part, been absorbed into a misty area known as "Social Studies." The Social Studies classes are the primary vehicle for the brainwash-

ing of the grade school children. It is in "Social Studies" they learn of democracy as meaning lack of any sort of intelligent decision concerning preservation of the Aryan race. They learn "democracy" does not mean a government of the majority, but is, rather, a government by the minority. "Democracy" dictates the highest academic level be that attainable by the lowest intelligence. Social Studies tell them a Communist fellow traveler and womanizer like Martin Luther King, Jr. (real name Michael King) is more suitable for their study and admiration than the Aryan founders of our nation.

Democracy has come to mean just about anything the manipulators wish it to mean. We are with Alice in Wonderland, where meaning is given or taken away from a word or concept at the whim of a despotic arbitrator. Once we were all to have our "quota" of blacks, wetbacks, etc., etc., until, just until it finally dawned upon the Chosen Ones that a quota system would be the end of their privileged positions. Can you imagine a quota limiting the number of Jew lawyers, doctors, television-movie-news workers? The "quota" died. The only concept which is not open to manipulation and distortion by the ZOG mind control propagandists is that within each Aryan breast.

The word meaning may vary from moment to moment. The ratio of downbreeds to Aryans will change from month to month, the avenging angel called "AIDS" will continue to strike, and the Aryan man and woman will cleave to one another forming pockets of sanity in a world of degeneracy. We will not trust to the power of a word, for we have the power of the spirit, the unbreakable bond of Aryan blood, our genetic treasure which alone will see us through these days of cultural disintegration. The power of the purity of Aryan blood will be the cleansing agent which will sweep aside all of the deceptions and corruption of the Jew and will leave us free, if we but let it, to face the future with the honest knowledge we shall, as a race, survive and prevail. As the followers of the Siegrunen said, "Meine Ehre Heisst Treue!"

So be it with the Aryan today. Loyalty to our Aryan race above all else is our honor and our salvation. Democracy can descend back into the gutter from whence it emerged.

## JUDAEO—CHRISTIAN—ISLAMIC?

Yes, Judaeo-Christian-Islamic is the correct linkage if one is to put the Levantine religion in its proper perspective. Christianity and the Muslim faith are both branches of the same religion. The religion of the Jew, the Christian, and the Muslim, all proceed from a common ground. The Christian has taken the religion of the Jew and adapted it to the coming of a Messiah called Christ, the Muslim has taken part from both its predecessors, Judaism and Christianity, and added its Messiah, Muhammad. They all produce the same irrational world view in that they place man above and apart from nature.

To accept the current practice of linking all that has occurred in Aryan civilization as being Judaeo-Christian, then, by the same logic, all that has occurred in the Muslim world must become Judaeo-Christian-Islamic. The child cannot deny its parentage. And, for the Aryan, it is well to look at the complete trilogy of Judaism, Christianity, and the Islamic faith. The Jew anticipates a savior who is to arrive to place the Jew upon the temporal throne holding dominion over all mankind. The Christian has recognized a Jew named Jesus as this Messiah and abandons any claim to domination in the temporal world as the Christian's dominion is that land beyond the gate of death. The Muslim, being a bit more practical, proceeds to live in this world, recognizing a particular elevation for those who follow his creed and being assured of an eternity of sensual bliss in the Paradise to come. Each of the three accept their unique status in this life as a gift given to them by their God. God is a super-human entity in an imagined land in the sky who looks down upon the creatures of this earth and gives special guidance and favors to his chosen ones—being, of course, those who have created this deity in the first place. By placing the followers of this god outside the providence of the natural forces, which guide all other aspects of the universe, the Judaeo-Christian-Islamic trinity has produced a bumper crop of fanatics.

The Jew does not concern himself with a hereafter but concentrates upon triumph in any way possible in this life. There is no Jewish ethic save gain and domination. The Christian, who has adopted the sign of the lamb, the fish, and the cross as the temporal representation of his faith, becomes the ready "fish" to be hooked, the "lamb" to be shorn and his carcass then nailed to the "cross" of Jewish servitude. The Christian accepts this as his God will reward the meek in the world to come. The Muslim, being a bit more realistic, accepts

a standard of living for the followers of his particular Messiah, damns all who do not believe as Muhammad dictated, and then proceeds to revel in the sensual pleasures of the spiritual flesh which is the reward given to those who keep the faith in this life. To be a true believer in any of the three is to become divorced from reason by the displacement of ones life, family, and culture from the realities of the natural world in which we must exist.

One definition of religion is that it is man's attempt to answer the unanswerable. Once you accept that definition, then you can understand that whatever temporal understanding we are able to come to with the world about us, it is still incomplete. Every door of knowledge, every advancement of science which mankind has achieved has only shown new areas of challenge and wonder beyond the horizon. We live in a universe which is continually unfolding as our ability to understand it increases. The storehouse of man's knowledge is not some superstitious double-talk handed down in a Bible received from the great God in the sky, but rather the accumulated information, and its interpretation, which is stored in the great libraries of the world and which has guided the advancement of most of mankind.

One must say "most" as the true follower of the Levantine religions does not accept the findings of the scientific community for the holy book or books of his faith have "The Word" just as received from the creator. Fortunately for Aryan man, the practicing scientist has been able to place the dogmatic absurdities of Biblical doctrine on the shelf and proceed with his investigation into the marvels of this universe in which we live, of which we are a part, and in which we will continue as a race only so long as we abide by the rules of nature.

Aryan religions were ones of acceptance and love for the natural world. The Aryans walked hand in hand with the forces of nature, and did so until the alien faith of the Jew was forced upon them. The Aryan faith was not only a higher ethic but also an honest acceptance of man's role in the universe. The stirrings of the Odinist faith today is, perhaps, an awakening of the Aryan spirit to its ancient values.

No, our Aryan institutions and beliefs are not dependent upon the Jew religion, we owe nothing to the Levantine concepts, save the identification of the entire family. Don't let the distorters off—insist the entire family be identified—Judaeo-Christian-Islamic, and to use a biblical quote, "by their fruits ye

shall know them!"

\* \* \*

## THE FIRST STEP

You and I look at the weight of government opposition to the Aryan, frustration and despair seem about all left open to us. Some, from a desire for an immediate end to discrimination against the Aryan, seek redress in acts of criminal violence. Our splintered ranks seem incapable of organized, concerted effort. Too many who would pose as leaders of this or that faction of our racial cause produce nothing but impassioned pleas for money, something we all could use!

Rather than wring one's hands while shedding bitter tears over what might have been, let's get to work! Let each of us take that first step towards regaining our racial pride and control over our own destinies and resources. Let each of us stand upright and become Aryan warriors fighting to regain our birthright.

That first step is not difficult, and it is the one which will lead us to victory. Each Aryan, man and woman, must live as an Aryan. Each must conduct their daily affairs in such a manner that there can be no doubt as to their fitness to lead their family, friends, and neighbours from the morass of "democracy" in which we are sinking.

How does an Aryan warrior live? The warrior takes up the weapons available to defeat the foe. In most cases, each of us can use the first weapon available to us starting this day—we can associate with people of our own race. In the market place, in the schools, in the military services, and in the offices of government we will be thrust into contact with those of other races. Our only weapon to be used today is avoidance. Seek out the Aryan, if possible, and conduct your business with that person. In your personal life, associate only with Aryans. What ever your circle of friends, exclude those who are not of Aryan blood. If you belong to a lodge or social club which has members of other races, resign.

The Aryan's first weapon, then, is the sword of exclusiveness. Swing this sword of destiny against those who stand in the way of Aryan life and blood. The second Aryan weapon, also readily available, is the shield of economic boycott. Aryans patronize Aryans. This will be a challenge as the market place is

full of aliens. There are Aryans engaged in all professions and trades, it is up to you to seek them out. Avoid those foods on your market's shelves which bear the "K" or the circled "U" which shows the manufacturer has paid a tax to the Jew. A tax which the manufacturer will recoup just as soon as you pay the purchase price. Look carefully at the products which you buy—some food processors have not paid the extortion money and theirs are the products Aryans buy. Use the Aryan dentist, doctor and, if needed, attorney. Vote only for the Aryan candidate and attend only an Aryan place of worship.

Thirdly, we come to your shining suit of armour. This is your example of the life which the Aryan warrior must live. The Aryan keeps faith with those of Aryan blood. The Aryan leads a life attuned to the forces of nature by abusing neither the body nor the mind with drugs or alcohol or by the use of foods laced with the vast array of chemicals designed to prolong the shelf life of the product to increase the profit of the processor. The Aryan warrior will seek out family members and friends to discuss the means at hand to combat the forces ranged against us. Tell each they, too, have sword, shield, and armour readily available.

As your circle of Aryan warriors becomes united in outlook, suggest weekly gatherings at a home or for a back yard picnic to discuss the problems at hand in school or community. Those who are parents must become active in the activities of their children's school. Through such groups as the PTA a small group of Aryan warriors can wield a great deal of influence by examining and rejecting those text books not suited for Aryan children. We have charged the public educational institutions with the task of educating our children by providing them with the basic tools needed to function as adults in our society. We want them to read and understand the English language, to be able to write that language, and to be able to handle the mathematics associated with every day life. We want them to read and to understand the history of our nation and the documents of government, and to know how the government functions and how those governmental officials come to power. We do not want Aryan children indoctrinated with an alien doctrine of "democracy" which is designed solely for the purpose of destroying the Aryan as a race and the destruction of the institutions which the Aryan has created for the government of Aryans.

The young men and women warriors should be the active

leaders of the youth activities. The Scout Master, the Den Mother, the leader of the neighborhood playground activities, should all be Aryans. If our talent is music, lead them in Aryan songs, direct their musicals, lead their activities into productive paths. The child follows the examples of those adults who are the leaders of his activities. Each Aryan will make certain those activities are directed towards Aryan goals, not the degenerate activities and music of our down-breed culture of today.

The battle cry of the Aryan warrior is, "Blood and Soil!" Blood for the purity of genetic inheritance which will insure the Aryan continues the upward evolutionary process intended by the forces of nature which created the Aryan and led the Aryan into the 20th Century. Soil as a recognition that the Aryan is an integral part of the great natural scheme of the Universe, and we honor that force by living in harmony with our surroundings and husbanding the natural resources available to us.

As the Aryan warrior again lives a life devoted to race, reactions will sharpen. Those not of Aryan blood will become immediately recognizable. The work produced by each Aryan warrior will be the best which that individual can produce—be it for the market place or for the home and family. The Aryan warrior will recognize the forces and ploys used to subvert Aryan life. The Aryan mother fights for her right to maintain a home and family circle in which the Aryan child can be nurtured into adult life. The Aryan father fights to insure that family is the most precious thing in his life, for their well being and survival are his sole reason for being—he must provide the security needed by mother and child so the long maturation period of the Aryan child can be filled with love and security. Nothing is more sacred to an Aryan than the wedding vows which commit the Aryan warriors, male and female, to their most honored duty—producing Aryan children for the continuation of our race.

Aryan's will remember, it was not until Christianity came into our northern lands that the woman was considered subservient to the man. In our ancient world the woman was equal to the male in every phase of life. Each was given by the creator different roles, but neither considered the family or its protection as anything but their highest duty and obligation. Both male and female fought to preserve the Aryan family, as we must today. No one in this world will take up the Aryan cause for us, Aryans must do it or it will not be done and our descent into the abyss of racial suicide will accelerate.

Outlined here is just the first step in the awakening of the Aryan to the spiritual and genetic destiny which beckons. As the Aryan family becomes the Aryan community, additional battle tactics become possible. The forces of ZOG, the Zionist Occupation Government, now entrenched at all levels of our Aryan lands, can be voted from office. First at the district, then city and state, and, finally, national levels. When the Aryan is united in a will to regain control of the Aryan destiny and resources it will be too late for ZOG to attempt to use force, for the elements of ZOG coercion will be in Aryan hands. The police and military will once again be under Aryan control.

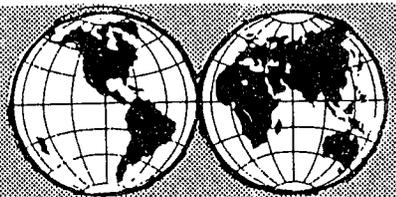
Rather than despair, rejoice, for the road ahead is open and beckoning to the Aryan warrior. Certainly it is a rocky road and the first steps will be difficult, yet each successive step will make the next one easier. You are not alone! Other Aryans are waiting and as they see you leading by example, they, too, will take up their own sword of racial unity to destroy those who have sought to end the upward and continued course of Aryan life and genetic continuity. As our numbers grow, so too will our abilities to organize, and the fruits of our efforts are none less than continued life, for each of us, for our children, and for their children on into the shining future.

Sounds too easy, eh? You just try it for one week. Before you take any course for the week's trial ask, "What is best for my Aryan folk." Follow that path. After each day examine your progress. Determine how you could have done more for your folk and then resolve to do better on the following day. At the end of the week you will be amazed at your progress and how your life is regulating to that great beat which nature intended you to follow. For week number two, certainly continue your previous week's efforts, but in addition, convince another Aryan to do as you are doing. They, in turn, will recruit others and the circle will widen about you. Soon the Aryan circle which you have created will touch others until we have a global Aryan community.

The Aryan warrior must stand upright, and, by throwing off the ZOG concept of "democracy," again control the Aryan present and future in harmony with nature. Blood and Soil! Aryan, Awake! □

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## MYTHS THAT WILL DESTROY SOUTH AFRICA

*"A lie travels round the world while Truth is putting on her boots"*  
— (C.H. Spurgeon : Truth and Falsehood)

South African voters have demonstrated, first by their votes in a referendum, then in their "reforms", that they have been convinced that they have no option but to surrender, to change the political pattern of South Africa to suit their enemies. This is a triumphant victory for those who wish us ill, a perfect example of a successful psychological war.

For consider: South Africa has the best and the most experienced anti-terrorist troops in the world. They are undefeated in battle, and are unlikely ever to be. We fight from the strong position of interior lines of communication. South Africa has ample supplies of food, enough to feed herself and yet leave a large surplus for export. She has a large and powerful industrial base. She has unbelievable mineral wealth. In the White population are to be found enormous reserves of technical skill, of expertise and of energy. Yet South Africans have been led to believe that they have no option but to yield to "world opinion" and to introduce "reforms" dictated by and designed to help their enemies.

How did our enemies bring about this incredible belief? They did it by the constant, unwearied and incessant repetition of a series of myths and half-truths. From every forum, from every channel of communication, from every important nonentity who spoke on the subject, South Africans heard one or another of the myths which will lead to our undoing. Ample money and, in consequence, first-class brains are available to our foes. To these must be added the ready and sympathetic assistance of every form of communications medium and of our own

liberals. The myths are numerous. They are skilfully selected, so that each may choose the one which appeals to him most. Like a grenade thrown into a crowded room, there is something for everyone.

Let us examine a few of the choicer myths which castrate South Africans politically and psychologically.

## THE MYTH OF THE AFRICAN GIANT

This myth tells us that we are opposed by about fifteen million Blacks, all implacably hostile. This being so, we must of course surrender, mustn't we? Let us examine the African Giant a little more closely. But first, and in passing, let us note that fifteen million zeros add up to zero. The first thing we learn is that a million and a half of these Blacks are foreigners. Only about 350 000 of them are here legally. If myths were true this would mean that a million and a half Blacks, all allegedly hostile and hating us, have trekked for thousands of miles to enter our country illegally in search of work. In spite of the fact that they allegedly dislike us so, these illegal entrants do their very best to avoid eviction. None of these foreign Blacks wants the White man to surrender. On the contrary, he is in deadly terror that we will surrender. The foreigner knows that the local Blacks hate him and will turn on him if the White man ever loses control. He is in fact anxious to support us if we will let him.

Of the remaining Blacks, at least two-thirds must be women and children: hardly a daunting obstacle. From the balance of men remaining must be deducted the tens of thousands serving in the Army, the Police and the central, local and homeland governments. These all have a strong desire to see the White man firmly in control and seem to bear him no ill-will. In addition, there are the vast numbers employed in commerce, industry and domestic service. Like the others, these only want a quiet life and the chance to get on with their lives. Suddenly the African Giant begins to look decidedly puny, not the all-powerful colossus described by the myth-makers. In fact, it is not a giant at all, but merely a loud-mouthed, bad-mannered and ill-tempered baby which cannot even feed itself.

## THE MYTH THAT SOUTH AFRICA IS BROKE

Economic arguments are weighty, so this is one of the more popular myths. Let us begin by noting that very few people know South Africa's real financial position. It is their duty to keep silent about what they know. Yet somehow everyone knows that South Africa is broke. How do they know? We are never told. It is true that the country is probably short of money. If we will insist on running a welfare state for the Blacks, keeping a large proportion of the Coloured population on the dole, appointing, housing and paying completely unnecessary Coloured and Asiatic Ministers of State while we fight a terrorist war, then we will be short of money. The remedy is obvious. This is a far cry from being insolvent. Yet we know that our country produces vast amounts of food, that we have the world's biggest gold mines, that we turn out huge amounts of manufactured goods. In addition to this, the United States Commerce Department reports that South Africa has 83.6 percent of the world's chromium, 80.8 percent of all platinum, 70.8 percent of all manganese and 47.1 percent of the world's cobalt. Further, it processes or ships the cobalt mined in Zaire and Zambia, which accounts for 31.5 percent of the world's resources.

All these immensely valuable products are exported all over the world, and earn us vast wealth. So how are we broke? Short of money due to political imprudence and governmental waste, yes, perhaps. But broke? The idea is ridiculous.

## THE MYTH THAT SOUTH AFRICA HAS NO FOREIGN CURRENCY

This is another economic myth, very popular and enormously effective in sapping our resolution. A moment's reflection will tell us that the amount of foreign currency available to South Africa is known to the Treasury and to nobody else. Yet somehow everybody knows that we have no foreign currency. How do they know? They don't! They repeat the myth because it sounds reasonable.

It is certain that we are short of foreign currency: but so is every other country in the world. Yet a glance at the advertise-

ments and at the goods on display in shop windows will convince anyone that we must have some of this precious currency, because all sorts of foreign goods are available. This unwelcome blast of common sense is always countered by the reply that, of course, some currency must be allocated to sustain morale. Whose morale, apart from that of the shop-keeper, is sustained, and how? No answer!

Yet we know that from 1980 to 1983 South Africa supplied the United States with 61 percent of its cobalt, 55 percent of its chromium, 49 percent of its platinum, 44 percent of its vanadium and 39 percent of its manganese. Yet we are said to have no foreign currency. Would the myth-makers have us believe that we sell these valuable commodities for cowrie-shells?

We are never told why we must have foreign currency, simply that we must have it. Yet our country does not need the blessing of the international bankers to survive. Our country is, as we realise if we pause to think about it and ignore the doom-sayers, large enough and rich enough to be virtually self-generating so far as capital is concerned. We can get along without foreign investment. In fact we would probably be better off with fewer international ties, not more.

We have foreign currency. It is true that we would like to have more. So would every country in the world. The tale that we have none is a myth, designed to destroy us.

## THE MYTH OF WORLD OPINION

This myth tells us that there is such a thing as "the world community". This community, runs the myth, links in close communion the Oxford don, the lately reformed cannibal in Gabon and the Papuan head-hunter. All of these disparate people, say the myth, hold opinions in common. These add up to form "world opinion" which, the myth assures us, is irresistible. Once you have "world opinion" against you, say the myth-makers, all you can do is surrender. South Africans apparently think that this is true, judging from their political actions.

Yet to the dispassionate observer it is clear that world opinion is hostile only when dealing with Whites. To Whites, and to nobody else, "world opinion" is implacably hostile. Obviously,

you cannot placate the implacable. In fact, it is their attempts to do just this which have brought South Africans to their present plight. Trying to placate the implacable led to Rhodesia becoming Zimbabwe.

When two or more races live in one country, as in ours, there is only a limited number of solutions to the problems which arise. The solutions are three in number: complete racial integration as in Britain, America and the former Portuguese colonies: the South African solution of *apartheid* or separate development of the races, and finally the wishy-washy compromise which Rhodesia attempted before she collapsed. There are no other solutions. All these solutions have been tried. All are condemned by "world opinion". It seems reasonable to conclude, therefore, that the attack is not on the institutions of the White man but on the White man himself. No other explanation fits the facts. This being so, if they wish to survive South Africans have no choice but to ignore "world opinion". They must treat it as the figment of the liberal imagination which in fact it is, and act solely as their own interests dictate. The complete impotence of "world opinion" will then be amply plain.

In any event, it is not true that "world opinion" is universally hostile to South Africa, or to the White man. The day after the Rhodesian Declaration of Independence, Friends of Rhodesia societies sprang up throughout the West. They were anxious only to know what they could do to help the Rhodesian Whites. Those forming the Friends of Rhodesia belonged to the "world community". They still exist. Given the opportunity, they will help us. All that we have to do is to convince them that we mean to rule our country.

### THE MYTH OF RACIAL DISCRIMINATION

It is a burning hatred by Blacks of racial discrimination, say the myth-makers, which is the cause of political unrest in South Africa. The spinner of myths never explains just how this alleged hatred makes the terrorist maim and torture his own people. This is one of the most dangerous of the many myths devised for our destruction. It is a complete and utter lie. Terrorists are terrorists, not because they hate racial discrimination, but because being a terrorist is fun — until, of course, the Police or the Army shoot him. Being a terrorist allows a Black

to commit treason, murder, arson, rape, theft, looting and to indulge in the most inhuman cruelties. All these activities appeal strongly to the Black, and to many others too. This is the terrorist's real motivation, not a hatred of racial discrimination as he pretends. He daily, unthinkingly and very sensibly, practises racial discrimination in his own society.

Terrorists act in the bestial way that they do not because they hate discrimination, as their apologists and the myth-makers tell us, but because they are Blacks acting like Blacks.

As regards discrimination, we may note that the inability to discriminate is one of the characteristic symptoms of feeble-mindedness. Ask any alienist.

South Africans should by now have learned that in the view of "world opinion" only the White man ever practises racial discrimination. What in other races looks to us like racial discrimination is in fact nothing of the sort. Ask any apologist, myth-maker or social scientist. It is merely, they explain, a perfectly natural "legitimate aspiration" or "the inevitable result of years of colonial exploitation." But it is, of course, never ever racial. Racialism is for the White man alone. Yet knowing this the South African allows himself to be talked into feeling guilty about laws and attitudes which are vital to his survival. The myth-maker hates South Africans for their honesty and their admission of the inadmissible: that races differ, that the differences are genetic and ineradicable, that free men are not equal and that equal men are not free. It is this hatred of the truth which lies behind the myth of racial discrimination.

### THE MYTH THAT "REFORM" AND "POWER-SHARING" CAN WORK

This myth assures that Blacks, Coloureds and Asiatics can combine with Whites to form a government acceptable to White men. The myth goes on to assure Whites that they will receive fair and equal treatment from such a government. This is so, they say, because "world opinion" and a new and wonderful constitution will ensure it. To expose this myth as the rubbish which it is, one need only ask oneself precisely what punishment will be inflicted, and by whom on a Black-ruled Azania practising White genocide. For that matter, what punishment

will be imposed, and by whom, on a Black-ruled Azania which slaughters Asiatics or Coloureds, or indulges in tribal fighting? The only rational and truthful answer is "None, by anyone." The question is of more than academic interest, because this is precisely what will happen if the White man loses control, or hands over power.

Once South Africa has become Azania and has joined the United Nations and the Organisation of African Unity, does anyone seriously suppose that any sanctions at all will be imposed on her as she butchers the surviving Whites, Coloureds and Asiatics? There will no doubt be a few tut-tutting editorials and speeches all redolent with tolerant understanding of the "African viewpoint". All will be quick to explain massacres of the Whites as a natural reaction to colonialism, but that is all. This will be cold comfort for the White South African who is being hunted like a buck.

The myth that the "world community" will ensure respect for guarantees for minorities and for constitutions conveniently ignores the fact that others before us have had guarantees. They availed them nothing. In Kenya the guarantees lasted for three months. In Zambia they lasted just twenty-four hours. South Africa had American guarantees when she went into Angola recently. Much good they did her, you will recall. But if we hand our country over it will be different this time, runs the siren song of the myth-maker. Judging by their political actions, South Africans seem to believe this myth. Some of them probably, and with equally good reason, believe in the Easter Bunny and the Tooth Fairy.

#### THE MYTH THAT WE CAN HALT COMMUNISM IN AFRICA

This myth is popular with the pseudo-intellectual "global thinker", the half-baked member of the intelligentsia who sees himself as a poor man's Bertrand Russell. He likes this myth, because it lets him pontificate as one who thinks on a world scale, not merely as a parochial South African. This myth runs that, in some mysterious way, if we will but accept Black rule we shall "halt the march of communism in Africa". Because of this, though we are never told why, the myth says that we must surrender. Yet a moment's thought will show that the place to halt communism is in Moscow, not Pretoria.

Another moment's thought will tell us that only Britain and America can "halt communism". South Africa cannot do this. We know that these two countries never have and never will do anything to hinder, far less to harm communist Russia. It is obvious that behind the scenes those who rule the rulers of Britain, America and Russia are the best of friends. We learn from the Economist newspaper that in 1985 Russia borrowed an extra six billion pounds from Western banks; extra, that is, to her normal borrowings from the West. This money was borrowed from an allegedly hostile West.

The aims of Britain, America and Russia are identical: the destruction of the White man in Africa. Britain and America are not at odds with Russia. In fact, as the Zulu saying has it, they are rock-rabbits from the same kopje.

#### THE MYTH THAT WE CAN SHARE POWER

This myth, particularly popular with politicians and businessmen, tells us that the White, the many Black races, the Coloureds, the Muslims and the Hindus can between them rule South Africa in a way acceptable to all. All that is necessary, according to the myth, is that there should be "democracy". By this is meant that everyone must have a vote.

The myth-maker is undeterred by the fact that South Africa contains at least a dozen Black tribes each of which detests the others and is prevented from attacking them only by the White man. Nor does it bother him that the Muslim dislikes the Hindu, who in turn hates him back. Both loathe the Coloured, who despises Black, Muslim and Hindu. In the Cloud Cuckoo-land of the myth-maker fifteen million Blacks, three million Whites, and a few hundred thousand Coloureds and Asiatics will be able, so long as each has a vote, to agree on a just solution to any problem submitted to them. Further, the myth-maker would tell us that this Utopian state would be attained without any race imposing its views on or dominating another. South Africans seem to believe this nonsense. At least they listen to it without bursting into laughter.

Nor does it worry the myth-maker intent on power-sharing that the relatively small White population generates almost all the revenue of the State. A little is contributed by the Indians,

the Coloureds cost more than they pay in taxes while the Black man is, as usual, incapable even of feeding himself.

As if enough difficulties had not yet been listed, the White man tends to think and to plan in terms of about 25 years. The Black, so far as he can plan at all, does so in terms of about three months. The Coloured is generally notoriously feckless. The mental processes of the Asiatics are, to adapt Churchill's phrase, an enigma wrapped in a mystery. None of these weighty difficulties deters the myth-maker intent on sharing power for a moment. Let power but be shared, he assures us, and all will be well. White South Africans, to judge by their recent political actions and by the fact that they have not thrown out their present government intent on sharing power, agree with the myth-makers. Lunacy could hardly go further.

### THE MYTH THAT OTHER RACES WISH TO SHARE POWER

The myth-maker tells us that one of the chief causes of our troubles is that the White man will not accept the hand of friendship allegedly extended by the Coloured, Asiatic and Black communities. According to the siren song of the myth-maker, all these people love us. It is we who stubbornly and wrong-headedly refuse to love them back. So we are told. Yet already the newly created Coloured and Asiatic Ministers, together with their people, have shown that they have little liking for us. Certainly they feel no gratitude to the White man for the concessions to them which he has made. In addition, it is clear that there is no love lost between the three racial groups mentioned. The Blacks loathe everyone, including the Whites. Both the ANC and SWAPO have the firm support of the Organisation of African Unity. This fact is of course well known to our rulers and our myth-makers. In its published Programme of Action, the O.A.U. says *inter alia*: "We cannot compromise with any White government, extreme or liberal, or agree to multi-racial nonsense. We are determined to destroy all traces of White civilisation. The rivers of the South are to run red with the blood of the White tyrants and their children." You can't say that isn't frank, can you? Our government, the governments of Britain and America and of the USSR, to say nothing of the myth-makers, know this Programme of Action well. They just don't tell us about it.

Sam Nujoma of SWAPO, beloved of the media and of our own liberals, has several times quoted this passage publicly and with approval. Contrary to what the myth-makers say, he does not intend to create a multi-racial country, he intends to create a Black one.

Another darling of the Left, of the media, of the "world community" and of the South African businessman is Nelson Mandela. He is rivalled in popularity with the media only by his wife Winnie, a strong contender for the title of The World's Sweetheart. South Africans are endlessly told that they must free Mandela, consult with him, include him in government "at the highest level". Our big business men ask for his release and for his acceptance by us as a Black leader.

Nelson Mandela is not the wise, tolerant and omniscient father figure depicted by the media and the myth-maker. In fact he is a communist who was sentenced to life imprisonment for treason. He is committed to violence in the attainment of his political aims, as befits a Marxist-Leninist, and has always refused to renounce the use of violence. At his trial he said: "I have dedicated my life to end White domination. It is an idea I hope to live to see realised. It is also an idea for which I am prepared to die." For the White to attempt to share power with such a man would be utter lunacy. On his own admission Mandela does not intend to share power with any other race than his own. Yet the myth-maker insists that we must involve him in our "reforms", that he will help us in making a multi-racial society.

Another self-chosen Black leader who commands the almost hysterical adulation of the liberal, the White businessman and the politicians is Bishop Desmond Tutu. It is almost obligatory to add after his name "Winner of the Nobel Prize". Tutu has never concealed his overt support for violence in bringing down White rule. The Bishop does not pretend that he intends that South Africa shall have a multi-racial society, as the myth-maker pretends that he does. Bishop Tutu intends to create a Black society. The men named above all hate Whites. They have said so. They do not intend to build a multi-racial state in South Africa. They intend to build a Black state in Azania. The myth-maker knows this. Yet he presents them as supermen. In spite of the known views and records of these men the Whites

apparently accept the myths. Not for nothing are we warned that those whom the gods wish to destroy they first make mad.

### THE MYTH THAT RACIAL EQUALITY IS POSSIBLE IN SOUTH AFRICA

The myth-maker tells us, and we apparently believe him, that there can be "democracy" in our country on the basis of "one man, one vote". A glance at the facts will show this up for the lie which it is.

The White population is about 4.8 million, of whom 1.9 million are English-speaking. The Indian population, both Muslim and Hindu, totals 890 000. There are 2.8 million Coloureds. The Black population totals 24.1 million, of whom 13 million live in the White area.

Because he believes in the possibility of a multi-racial society and the mystic power of the ballot-box the myth-maker holds that this racial mish-mash can, by use of the vote, solve all our problems without oppression or the domination of one racial group by another. Yet it is axiomatic that when a man is given a vote he will use it as his own interests dictate. Can any White in his senses imagine a Zulu, a Xhosa, a Coloured or an Asiatic giving a single damn about the interests of the White? The myth-maker can. He urges us to hand ourselves and, what is more important, our wives and children over to the tender mercies of people who make no secret of the fact that they hate us.

Traditional methods of rule, all based on racial characteristics, differ widely. Muslims have always had an authoritarian system of rule. The Hindu tends to devolve decision making to groups of five elders. The African has always been ruled by his chiefs and tribal elders. None of these races traditionally choose or use universal suffrage as a tool of government. Yet the myth-maker would have us believe that if we will only give everyone a vote they will somehow be inspired to use it selflessly for the good of all. It is not a view supported by the known facts. Yet the White voters seem to think that it can be done and that it will be so. Otherwise they would have drawn back from "reform", kicked out the reformers and returned to the way set out for them by such great men as Dr. Verwoerd. These men saw

plainly that safety for the White lay only in racial separation. "This is the way: walk ye in it."

### THE MYTH OF INEVITABILITY

This is one of the myth-makers' greatest successes. One hears on all sides that: "It is inevitable," "It is too late," Things have gone too far to stop," and so on. This myth has probably done more than any other to sap the resolution of the White man. Yet it is a myth, and nothing more. Black rule is NOT inevitable. Only death is inevitable. Anything else depends on you.

If the present gang of trucklers, time-servers and in many cases, just plain traitors continue in power, then our defeat and eventual Black rule are probably inevitable. Get rid of them, and what becomes almost inevitable is not Black rule but White survival and prosperity. This can only be achieved through the electoral process. In our system of government Parliament is supreme, not the myth-maker. To save the White man, two things are needed: a Parliamentary majority of one man plus a lot of resolution. Fifty percent of our Members of Parliament plus one man will suffice to undo every "reform", to give us back our country and to guarantee a future for our children.

A good start would be to banish from public life every politician, academic and businessman who has ever referred to "the South African problem." We have not problems to solve: what we do have is a war to win. It will not be won by little men who prate of "problems" when they should be thinking in terms of racial survival. When the war is won, when a White government ruling with White interests in mind sits in Pretoria we will find that most of our "problems" have vanished.

If the Whites will but rouse themselves, it is not yet "too late". It has not yet "gone too far". It is not yet "inevitable". We repeat: Only death is inevitable. Anything else is up to you.

# THE BLESSINGS OF TERRORISM

by  
*George E. Pittam*

Nothing has served the aims of the Reagan administration as have so-called acts of terrorism. War is desperately needed, not just to deliver to the Israelis the tremendous wealth of the Middle East, not just to solve the economic crisis facing Americans and the world bankers, not just to distract attention from the corruption and treason in the very top offices of our federal government—all this but much more. The time has come for finalizing the long sought aim of population reduction and total global control of all remaining human beings.

Step by well-planned step, all of the nations of the world have, in varying degrees, been brought under the control of the interlocking consortium of the international banking establishment, the Communist apparatus, the government of the United States and, over all, the Zionist network, and financed by those who have the most to lose, the citizens of America.

Foreign "aid" was designed and operates as foreign control, exactly as has been accomplished by domestic "federal aid." By these unconstitutional and criminal devices, research and productivity in targeted nations have largely been curtailed because it has been so much easier and, temporarily, cheaper to obtain products from America. As a result, America's vast marauding military and diplomatic forces cover the whole world not policed by the cooperating Soviets. By these and other undermining tactics, America's rulers have conspired to destroy every government potentially capable of resistance. Ferdinand Marcos defied the world bankers. Now, that nation, added to a very long list of America's betrayed former friends, is no longer a threat to Marxist exploitation of that area within reach of the Asiatic faction of the Communist network. Targeted, now, are South Korea, Taiwan, South Africa, Chile, and, of course, all of the nations of the Middle East coveted by the Israelis, starting, now, with Libya. Failing in earlier efforts to entice Qaddafi in a military confrontation, the Reagan gang, under strict management of the Zionist

Order, invented evidence of Libyan involvement in "terrorist" activities. "Terrorism," in controlled press parlance, does not, of course, include countless Israeli murders of Palestinians, the U.S. supported invasion of Lebanon, and the indiscriminate slaughter of thousands. These atrocities are labeled "retaliatory strikes," "preventive expeditions," "Operation Peace in Galilee," or defense of Israel's ever advancing borders.

Wanton killing of innocents, aggressively practiced by the United States and Israel or in defense, is deplorable—but who are the innocents? Are they the U.S. marines, deliberately made defenseless and placed in Beirut as sacrificial bait? Yes. Are they civilian airline passengers? Certainly. Are they American service men returning from Mid East "peace-keeping missions"? Yes, they are the unknowing pawns of a corrupt and vicious government, but they, as well as the airport and other such casualties, whether victims of retaliating Arabs or of MOSSAD or CIA plotting, well serve the purposes of justifying invasion and annexation of all of the lands coveted by the Zionists.

And what are the defenses? Despite transparent rhetoric, collaborating Russia will take no effective action in defense of those they pretend to support and no coalition of Arab nations can mount more than suicidal resistance to the massively superior technical and military might of the United States and Israel. So what is their alternative? Can it be other than sabotage and assassinations?

Only patriotic or religious fervor can prompt suicidal assault, yet there are countless among the exploited Arabs who volunteer their services for such missions. American and Israeli pawns fight out of fear of disobedience to their masters. That situation will not change unless and until those masters have been removed. As previously stated, the aggressive acts of those who manage our president are designed to promote wanton killing as excuse for military raids to promote more such killing, then assassinations of popular political figures to quell all remaining resistance to open warfare. □

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