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

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

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

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

George P. Dietz, Editor & Publisher

POSTSCRIPTS

by
Reville P. Oliver

HITLER & YAHWEH

It is not remarkable that so many Christians are taken in by the Jews' Holofoax. They have grown up reading in their Bible all sorts of tales about absurdly improbable or physically impossible events, and believing them or trying to believe them. Their perception of reality and common sense have been fatally etiolated or completely paralysed. One wonders why they do not believe the stories about Cinderella, Little Red Riding Hood, and Aladdin.

What is astonishing is that they evidently can keep their Christianity and their faith in the Holofoax in separate compartments in their minds and never relate one to the other. Even their clergy, who are supposed to have been educated in the Faith and to be able to think in religious terms, seem never to have made a connection between the two things. At least, I have never heard of a Christian minister who, believing in the "Holocaust," extolled Adolf Hitler for his great and godly achievement, and from his pulpit invited his congregation to thank their god for having inspired his German hero.

The holy man feels certain that Hitler parboiled or gassed or incinerated or vaporized six million sweet Sheenies—or sixty million, it doesn't matter. Very well. But what happened then? Berlin was not engulfed by an earthquake. Frogs did not pop out of every tuft of grass in Germany. Children born to German women at that time were not strangled in their cradles. The German armies were not laid prostrate by the Angel of Death. And the sun did not hide his face in horror or rush back eastward, leaving the land in perpetual night.

Surely those facts, admitted by everyone, including all the Jews, should make even a Christian theologian start to think. According to his Holy Book, in the truth of which he must implicitly believe because it is the only basis for his business, old Yahweh spent four thousand years watching over and cherishing his pet tribe of barbarians and helping them swindle and plunder civilized nations. He hypnotized a King of Egypt so that he could afflict the

Egyptians with every kind of plague and suffering, and murder their newborn children, just to amuse his darling predators. He taught his People how to swindle and rob the Egyptians, and then he suspended the laws of nature to help them escape with their loot.

When his Chosen were butchering the ancient Palestinians and stealing their country, he even made the sun stop in its tracks to give the marauders more daylight so they wouldn't have to stop massacring the rightful owners of the land. When the Assyrians wanted to clean out a nest of bandits in one of their provinces, he slew the entire Assyrian army overnight. Whenever his barbarians got into trouble, old Yahweh was Johnny-on-the-spot to protect them with every kind of miracle.

Now, given Yahweh's record, which Christians believe indubitable, you can see the problem. When Hitler was trying to clean up Germany and exterminated six million or six billion of Yahweh's Yids, Yahweh did absolutely nothing—did not even give a sign of life. Surely a Christian shepherd must wonder about that, and wonder how he can explain it to his sheep.

Christians, of course, have a ready explanation. According to the belief universally held by Aryan and Semitic Christians from the inception of the cult late in the Second Century until about the middle of the Twentieth, Yahweh, who, on the record, is the most irascible of all gods, lost his temper when the Jews rejected his only begotten son and persuaded the Romans to crucify him. He accordingly transferred his favor to the more civilized races whom he had theretofore persecuted and exploited for the benefit of his Chosen, and he told his former darlings, as is confirmed by some passages in the "New Testament" and the virtually unanimous testimony of the divinely inspired Fathers of the Church, that he was going to punish them until they came to their senses and apologized to his immortal son for having killed him.

Since then, for twenty centuries, old Yahweh gave his Yids hints from time to time to remind them of their guilt, but they remained obdurate, thinking that all they had to do was to continue to mutilate sexually their male offspring, even though Yahweh had said that he had lost his taste for sacrificial foreskins. It is no wonder that after twenty centuries of unprecedented forbearance, Yahweh lost patience and decided to teach the barbarians a real lesson. So he inspired Adolf Hitler, a Christian hero in spite

of himself, to give the ubiquitous Yids a taste of what is in store for all of them, if they don't repent pronto.

This explanation, furthermore, should commend itself to all good Christians, and indeed to all purveyors of "Holocaust" stories, because it makes those stories plausible, as no other interpretation can. The tales told by Yiddish survivors all describe acts that are flagrantly impossible by the ascertained laws of chemistry and physics. It follows, therefore, that the extermination was carried out in violation of the laws of nature, i.e., miraculously and by divine intervention. We need no longer question the testimony of even the survivor who saw Germans exterminating little Kikes by just touching a match to them, whereupon the greasy infants blazed like pitch-pine torches. With God, all things are possible. We need not even wonder at the multitude of survivors who watched, undisturbed, while their poppers and mommers and cousins and aunts were being exterminated, but were so oddly overlooked by the methodical Germans, whose attention to detail is proverbial. Yahweh made them invisible and so preserved them to bear witness to his miraculous vengeance on their perverse and ingrate race.

It follows, therefore, that Hitler was doing the Lord's Work in accordance with the Lord's Will, and I shudder at the perverse impiety of Christians who fail to honor him as a Man of God and to praise him in their litanies. Catholics and Lutherans, indeed, could recognize him as a saint, every bit as good as Peter and Paul, and they could give zest to their religion by building new churches consecrated to St. Adolf. And that, incidentally, would show the Neo-Nazis their failure to understand the True Religion and would make them desist from their blind incredulity.

Now all this is what simple logic and faith requires of all Christians who retain what was once the unquestioned faith of all True Believers. I simply cannot understand why they are now so impious as to believe in the "Holocaust" and yet fail to draw the obvious conclusion that their religion imposes on all who think about it.

The foregoing considerations apply, of course, only to traditional Christianity, and not to the heresy recently promulgated by the high-powered con men who continually fleece the suckers of millions with their posturing and vulgar oratory over the Jews' boob-tubes. They claim that Yahweh still loves his predatory barbarians, having overlooked such a trifle as their lynching of his

only begotten son. And they threaten feeble-minded Americans with divine vengeance, if they fail to believe whatever Jews say or to venerate every hair on the head of every one of God's Own. But they face the same facts.

The satanic Germans incinerated six million or billion of God's Darlings and reduced them to holy smoke, but old Yahweh didn't do a thing. The Jews themselves had to use their scabrous puppets, Roosevelt and Churchill, to stampede hordes of Aryan nitwits against Germany, while old Yahweh didn't bother to perform even a teeny-weeny miracle to show that he was still interested.

Now the only logical conclusion for the big-time salvation-hucksters to draw from the events in which they claim to believe is that old Yahweh is either dead or has decided that the earth isn't much fun and has gone off to some livelier planet in some galaxy thirty or forty million light years away. It is obvious, however, why they don't draw that necessary conclusion: it would spoil their swindle.

So we are left the problem that real Christians seem impiously unwilling to face.

Now it is to the honor of the Jews that some of them are not so voluntarily obtuse. I learn from an article reprinted in *Christian News*, 6 June 1988, that many "Jewish fundamentalists," headed by a Rabbi Kook and his disciple, Rabbi Menachem Kasher, celebrate the so-called Holocaust because it was the means whereby "God instructed His people that the Emancipation, in which so many Jews had placed their hopes for equality in a democratic Europe, would not provide Jews with an escape route from the burden of their Covenant. Thus the Holocaust is seen as God's way of coercing His chosen people back to the Holy Land and convincing them of the urgency of its complete reunification." (Obviously, the "reunification" is to be procured by exterminating all the Palestinians again, just as at the time of the first invasion, as described in the Jew-book.) Kasher and his fundamentalists "interpret Arab-Israeli wars as part of the redemption period of the Messiah Son of Joseph, during which 'miracles are shrouded in natural events.'" They think it likely that "two much more terrible wars lie ahead before the appearance of the Messiah Son of David."

Now, whether or not you agree with those Jews or like them, you must respect them for having thought logically about their "Holocaust," as Christians refuse to do. They, too, can justify the

absurd tales of the Jews in the survivor-racket by supposing that Yahweh permitted miracles to facilitate the extermination of six million or six billion Sheenies, by which he instructed the rest of his Chosen to high-tail it for Palestine and slaughter the Semites who perversely want to go on living in their own country. Thus Hitler again must appear as the (perhaps unwitting) servant of the Lord, the "scourge of God," by which Yahweh chose to whip his darlings back to the place in which he wanted them to be. As a doer of God's Will, he is certainly above reproach, and I hope the Zionists will show him condign gratitude and honor.

As for the oddly recalcitrant Christians, I can offer them an alternative solution, which many of them may prefer. It is part of their religious doctrine to believe that the Yids will eventually accept their Jesus and thus be reconciled to old Yahweh. Well, that prophecy seems likely to be fulfilled.

If the Jews, having infected our race with the lentivirus of Christianity, which, after fifteen centuries, has reduced it to the present state of mental palsy, in which Europeans and Americans moronically acquiesce in the flooding of their countries with anthropoid garbage and racial enemies—if the Jews succeed in exterminating the hated Aryans by drowning them in a fetid mass of mongrels, they will owe their victory and their undisturbed possession of the world Yahweh gave them to Jesus, the would-be christ whom they rejected as a failure and impostor. They will thus have to venerate him at last as an emissary from their god, sent to procure his Chosen People's eventual triumph over the hated *goyim*, and so they will belatedly worship him as the true Messiah, Son of David. Thus the prophecy will be fulfilled and the Christian faith in it fully vindicated.

But even according to this scenario, the Christians are obligated to venerate Hitler, who, by his wonderful Holocaust, divinely inspired and miraculously carried out, made it possible for God's Chosen to paralyze the last vestige of intelligence in the Aryan boobs and thus achieve their final triumph and the annihilation of the race they have always hated above all others. Hitler will not, of course, deserve the rank of Jesus, but he must be recognized as a kind of auxiliary messiah, must he not?

This interpretation, by the way, also offers the big-time hokum-hucksters an opportunity to escape from the logical dilemma, which I pointed out above. They can say old Yahweh planned

it that way all along, and that should wow the millions of suckers who watch them on the boob-tubes and simper mindlessly.

As for believing Christians, it remains to be seen, of course, whether they are still capable of a modicum of logical thought

THE LATEST ON JESUS

In *Liberty Bell*, October 1986, I reported that old Jesus had come back to earth and was hiding out in the frowsty purlieus of London's East End, having disclosed his identity only to a fourth-rate British artist named Benjamin Creme. Jesus was to have been interviewed by the press in a tavern, but he missed the engagement because some of the journalists had been drinking and had unseemly thoughts.

Now I learn from the *Denver Post*, 24 November 1988, that Apostle Creme was in Denver to spread glad tidings. He says that Jesus has already appeared on television several times, suitably disguised, and is getting ready to make a dramatic appearance *in propria persona*. The stock market will crash before the end of April 1989, and then all Hell will break loose, preparing mankind for the Day of Declaration, when old Jesus will throw off his disguise, announce that he forbids nuclear warfare, and bless the whole world with oodles and oodles of brotherhood and "sharing."

Jesus has evidently been studying Sanskrit while he was holed up in the East End, for he now says he prefers to be addressed as Maitreya ('the friendly one'), although, in keeping with the doctrine of the Hindu Vedanta, he adds it doesn't really matter what you call him.

The *Christian News*, 12 December 1988, reprints a manifesto issued by Jesus under his new name, Maitreya the Christ, doubtless through his chosen mouthpiece:

"I am the Creator of the Universe. I am the Father and Mother of the Universe. Everything came from Me. Everything shall return to Me. Mind, spirit, and body are My temples for the Self to realize in them My Supreme Being and Becoming."

You will note that old Jesus has not only gone ecumenical, but has taken over the act of Brahma, which (Brahma is neuter) regularly every 8,640,000,000 years extrudes the Universe from Itself, lets Its creation gradually decline during half of that time, until It reabsorbs everything into Itself. Then It snoozes for 4,320,000,000 years, until It wakes up and starts the creation busi-

ness' all over. But when you consider that spacious chronology, doesn't it seem that Jesus-Maitreya is rushing things a little?

What's more, in the style of his boasting manifesto the Christ has imitated the pronouncements made by most of the Egyptian gods when Egypt was flourishing, e.g.:

"I am the great god who gave birth to himself, even Nu, who created by his name the Divine Substance as a god. I am he who is not driven back among the gods. I am Yesterday; I know Tomorrow." e.q.s.

Or, if you want some real syncretism and theocracy, try this one:

"I am the Great One, son of the Great One. I am Fire, the son of Fire. I am Yesterday, Today, and Tomorrow. I shall be born a second time. I am the Soul who created the gods.... I am Osiris, brother of Isis. I am Orion. I am Anubis. I am Horus. I am Tem. I was in the birth-chamber of Osiris. I was born with him [*sic*]. I renew my youth. I am the girdle of the robe of Nu. I rescued the Eye of Ra when it grew dim. I judged Set. I turned night into day." e.q.s.

So it seems that Jesus-Maitreya, who is Christ (i.e., King of the Jews), has been dallying with the mysticism of both India and Egypt. Now all this raises knotty problems in theology, which I cannot pretend to solve. You might ask your favorite holy man to explain it all to you. And you'd better do it before the end of April, when things begin to happen. You may not have a chance after that.

ON TACTFUL TACTICS

I have just received a letter from a man whose name you would recognize, who earnestly warns writers for *Liberty Bell* that "Every time you use the word 'Aryan,' you lose friends, due to the brainwashing of most Americans.... If they see the word 'Aryan,' they don't read any further." That is doubtless true.

Over the years since I first began to write for this periodical I have from time to time received admonitions that a writer should never mention races, because the American boobs have been conditioned to wax irate at a suggestion that they may not be the lowest form of anthropoid life; that one must never mention Adolf Hitler with approval, because the boobs have been trained to bite when they hear his name; that one must never speak unflatteringly of God's Race, because that makes the boobs clap hands over

their ears and run away in a panic; that one must never speak ill of "democracy," because Americans dote on it; and that one alienates readers by denouncing Reagan or any other individual, because that is impolite and "we should attack ideas, not men." In short, a prudent writer on our side should make what he writes even more insipid than the average column by a syndicated pundit in the newspapers.

I have been advised that by designating male homosexuals as perverts, I offend some persons. I write English and I refuse to use the argot common in low-grade brothels and newspapers, in which prostitutes of one kind or another do not hesitate to prostitute the word 'gay.' It is true that there are English words which designate homosexuals, such as 'paederast,' 'sodomite,' 'catamite,' 'pathic,' etc., but all such words in good usage imply in an individual certain specific tastes and practices which are not found in all male homosexuals, so that 'pervert' seems to be the only inclusive term.

I am aware that certain individuals who make valuable contributions to what is called the "right wing" are perverts. I recognize their contributions without prejudice, and although I cannot understand them, I can think of adequate explanations for their conduct in terms of contemporary society, whether or not they are Christians. I do not reject their service to our cause, but the inescapable fact is that, unless they are genetically defective and represent an heredity that should not be continued, they represent a vice that is now actively promoted by schools and government precisely because it, to the extent that it becomes prevalent, hastens the desired extinction of our race. That is a fact of which we must not lose sight, whatever our attitude toward what is biologically a perversion.¹

I have received a number of earnest warnings that to subject Christianity to historical criticism and sarcastic comment inevitably "turns off" a large potential readership, and, worst of all, is so

1. The social aspects of the phenomenon deserve careful consideration, especially with reference to the behavior of many species of higher mammals when they are held captive in zoos.— I will report the opinion of a man who has long observed the "right wing," that a certain kind of male pervert is the most desirable recruit in "activist" organizations, since such men, who are "tough" and ruthless by nature, have made themselves expert in karate, judo, and similar exercises, including the techniques that British experts taught participants in "French Resistance" during the war of 1939-1945, who learned how to kill efficiently without using weapons or leaving clues to their identity.

"divisive" that it amounts to sabotaging all efforts to resist the Jewish occupation and control of the country that once was ours. That is indeed a serious charge, but I note that all such warnings come from persons who modestly avow that only they and the members of some sect or coterie are *really* Christian, while they frankly admit that 95% or 99.9% of all the Christians in the United States have been fatally misled by their dervishes about the true tenets of the religion they profess and have thereby become instrumentalities of our enemies.

The authors of these admonitions differ about what should be done. Some counsel prudent silence about religion, apparently in the hope that the 95% or 99.9% of Christians will somehow desert their Pied Pipers and rally to the support of our race of their own accord. That hope seems to me to be utterly illusory. It is tantamount to launching a frontal attack in battle while ignoring a large army of enemies on one's flank.

Some advisers urge that we limit ourselves to denouncing the hokum-peddlers who are forever yelling that "anti-Semitism [!] is anti-God," and to showing how false is their claim; but that would necessarily involve trying to flit lightly over the quicksands of a theology that has no basis in historical fact. Others contend that our only hope lies in purging Christianity of its many false doctrines and restoring the "true" Christianity, which is known to the counsellor either by personal revelation from Jesus, which will not persuade persons who have received quite different revelations from that oddly inconsistent and changeable authority, or by the theology of his little cult, which, like all theologies, is based on a selection of passages in the Christians' Holy Writ which are to be taken as authoritative, despite the many other passages in the same collection that unmistakably contradict the ones selected. But that would leave us embroiled in polemical controversy with all but the votaries of some one little cult, and that would be as fatally "divisive" as any alternative policy.

So every advice to "go easy" on Christianity would, in one way or another, land us in an impasse. It is, however, quite true that, as my well-meaning advisers insist, what I and others write about Christianity in the pages of *Liberty Bell* is "divisive" in the sense that we bitterly offend Christians who are inclined to favor efforts to preserve our race and regain possession of the United States and are therefore potential allies.

It is the tacit premise of all who write to advise me that it is the purpose of *Liberty Bell* to sponsor a mass movement. The publisher assures me that is not true.

He believes that there is a place for a periodical that will state clearly and without mitigation or euphemisms the realities of our present situation, however grim that may be, for the information and consideration of persons who may hope to cope with it by some feasible course of action. So uncompromising a journal will necessarily appeal only to a minority, but that will be the minority of which some members may possibly be able to lead a movement that will have a chance of success.

It is quite true that any man who would lead a mass movement must make many arduous and painful decisions about the policies that will give him the greatest chance of victory. It is imperative, however, that he make them with a full awareness of the realities with which he must deal; otherwise, his failure is assured. It may well be requisite for him to enlist followers by doing his best to temper the cruel wind for shorn lambs and to avert by skillful compromises or evasions possible causes of disruptive dissension or premature despair. To do this effectively, however, he must first of all not delude himself; he must know what he is doing. He may have to be less than completely candid in what he tells his followers, but that is often regrettably necessary in practical human relationships.

A general, for example, may deem it best to encourage his troops with a prospect of certain victory, but when he does so, he must himself be fully cognizant of the enemy's forces and resources; if the situation is a desperate one, he must know the facts that he conceals from his men, for if he does not, he and they will inevitably be routed in an irretrievable defeat. If he has battalions of doubtful courage or loyalty, he must assign them to positions in which the outcome of the battle will not depend on them.

If I were writing for an organization led by a man in whose sincerity and understanding I had confidence, I would accept his judgement about what it would be best not to say, and although I would never make a statement that I did not believe to be true, I would not take exception to misleading or outrightly mendacious statements made by my colleagues of which he did not disapprove. And I would take care not to quarrel with them for any reason. That, I think, is the loyalty that one owes to any leader of a political movement. And that, I mean to say, is what I would do if

I were forty years younger and chose to associate myself with a political organization. At my present age, I would simply refuse to undertake so trying a function, for there are many better ways of employing the little that is left of my life.

Since the publisher of this magazine wishes me to do so, I have undertaken to present in these pages my best estimate of the facts of our present plight. I have no illusion of infallibility—that is a luxury that can be enjoyed only by those who are favored with revelations from omniscient spooks—but I try to state candidly the facts as I perceive them and the inferences and deductions that are logically to be drawn from them. And I try always to remind the readers of the historical antecedents of the present, for a given situation can be estimated accurately and understood only in terms of what caused it.

Christianity is a superstition which, I believe, was always deleterious to our race, even in the early centuries in which it was not patently incredible; it now so flagrantly contradicts the scientifically ascertained facts of physics, astronomy, geology, and biology that no rational and educated man can believe it, except by deliberately letting his reason be overruled by irrational emotions; and its scabrous history shows it to have always been an imposture contrived by hallucinations, forgery, and calculated mendacity. It is now being used by fakirs and shamans to befuddle our people and ensure the doom of our race. I believe that our only hope lies in destroying the enormous hoax and the baleful fascination it exerts over the gullible masses, its victims.

That does not mean that if a man who sincerely holds to the doctrine of some Christian sect makes an effort on behalf of our declining race, I will not respect him, admire his courage, and gladly accept his coöperation in our common purposes—it was indeed for such coöperation that I ventured to hope when I wrote *Christianity and the Survival of the West* in 1969, long before the electronically instigated epidemic of mindless fanaticism that is so large a part of the religion today. I shall respect his efforts, but with a foreboding that his faith may make him count on supernatural support or on a loyalty among his followers that will be wanting in a crisis.

If any man is sure that he can found and lead an effective movement on behalf of our race by professing Christianity while dissembling his knowledge of the religion for the sake of such precarious support as he may win from some dissident Christian

sects, I shall wish him well, and I hope that he will profit from some of my most sardonic comments on contemporary cults, which illustrate the mentalities with which he must deal. He may succeed, but if he does, I shall be tempted to believe in miracles after all.

AVALANCHE IN THE ALPS

Americans have always thought of Switzerland as an isle of security in the heart of Europe, and a very considerable number of them rely on that country's unique financial system to preserve some of their capital from the exactions and depredations of the task-masters of international crime, to whom the boobs subjected themselves by permitting enactment of the White Slave Act, officially called the Sixteenth Amendment. They should particularly perpend the astonishing transformation of the Swiss Federation in recent years.

Americans who visited Switzerland in the late 1940s and remained long enough to form some opinion of the nation—the better part of a year, at least—were impressed, not always favorably, by the character of its people. The Swiss were proud of their sturdy independence, which they guaranteed by legally requiring every able-bodied male to undergo military training and to have a rifle and, preferably, other firearms always at hand and ready for immediate use. They were proud of their Confederation, which both united the nation and granted to each of the twenty-two cantons more autonomy than was enjoyed by American states. They were proud of the legend of William Tell, who refused to doff his hat before an Austrian overlord, and of the Lion of Lucerne, the magnificent sculpture that commemorates the loyalty unto death of the Swiss Guards who were massacred in the Tuileries in 1792 because Louis XVI, his mind mazed by Christian hokum and the babbling of “intellectual” advisers, did not have the fortitude to be King of France.

The Swiss, having successfully remained aloof from the Suicide of Europe in 1939-1945, complacently felt a sense of great superiority to the nations that had foolishly destroyed each other in that insane conflict. Their attitude of cold indifference to the rest of the world was a little tempered by sympathy for Germany, blent of admiration for the Germans' heroic defense of their country against the rest of the world and compassion for their suffering at the hands of the ferocious victors. The Swiss felt an

amused contempt for the Italians and the Mediterranean peoples generally, and a particular dislike of Americans, whose humptious self-righteousness during their War to Save the Soviet was especially resented, while some educated Swiss remembered that the American itch for meddling with other peoples' business had been first manifested in 1852 by an insolent demand that Swiss cantons be deprived of their right to exclude Jews.

All other nations, even the uncouth Americans, were free to base their espionage apparatus in Switzerland, so long as they paid handsomely, confined their operations to the territories of other nations, and did not try to elude the surveillance of the Swiss intelligence service, which prevented them from spying on Switzerland.

Everyone in the world was invited to place his money in the Swiss banks, in gold, if he wished, enjoying the security that was given by the nation's sound currency, the integrity of its bankers, and the law which gave depositors a guaranteed privacy unique in the world, with the perfect anonymity of the famous numbered accounts.

Some Americans described the Swiss as “clannish,” resenting their general attitude of aloofness toward foreigners, who were always welcome to stay in Switzerland so long as they spent money freely, but were rigorously excluded from economic activity and usually from social intercourse also. The Swiss sometimes described themselves as “the hotel-keepers of Europe.” Foreigners in the country were like the guests in a first-rate hotel, given what they paid for, a professionally impersonal courtesy. An American student complained that he had been in Switzerland for more than a year on a fellowship and had not made a single friend, even in the loose collegiate sense of that word, and had not seen the inside of a Swiss home or become acquainted with a single Swiss, for even university students of his own age retreated behind a barrier of impersonal and almost business-like politeness.

There may have been some justification for the charge that the Swiss were “materialists,” for although Switzerland had produced great artists, such as Böcklin, and great scholars, such as Burckhardt, national life was dominated by business and most individuals seemed to find content in good food and physical comfort, while the social criterion was money and decorously established prosperity, not culture.

Religion was of no real importance; some individuals felt a personal preference for one or another kind of ceremony that was a matter of tradition rather than faith, but the nation as a whole was indifferent to beliefs about the supernatural, which, after all, had nothing to do with the operation of the factories on which the nation's commerce depended. The grotesque theocracy of Calvin at Geneva was remembered with a laugh or with the pertinent observation that the Swiss character soon reduced it to the genial rule of a patrician order, who made the city an intellectual capital in the Eighteenth Century. The Swiss took a certain pride, as in possession of a rarity, in the presence in their country of the oldest Protestant sect, the Waldenses (Vaudois), who had their origin in the Twelfth Century, had stubbornly survived innumerable persecutions, and, although they had found their principal refuge in the high valleys of the Piedmont, south of the Alps, now maintained their small congregations in Switzerland, where tolerance made them immune to the harassment they had suffered from the Italian government.

The Swiss were a polyglot nation. Every educated person was fluent in both German and French, had a working knowledge of English and Italian, and might also speak Romansh, which had been recognized as a fourth official language in 1937 and given a factitious parity with German, French, and Italian. One peculiarity was the persistence, even among educated people, of familiarity with a local patois, such as Bernish, which is said to be a dialect of German, although native Germans say it is as unintelligible to them as it is to all mortals who did not grow up in the region around Berne. The Swiss were cosmopolitan, in the sense that they had a tolerant familiarity with the vagaries of many nations, and also intensely nationalistic, confident of their superiority to the rest of the world.

Americans who knew Switzerland around 1950 or in the following decade were certain that the nation had a stability that would endure far beyond the foreseeable future without essential change. That Switzerland is now gone, like a hamlet in the Alps, buried by an avalanche.

The once proudly independent nation is now a province of the World Conquerors, the Masters of Deceit. The recent stages of Swiss degradation and servitude can be traced in the files of that unpretentious little periodical, the *Courrier du Continent*, published by G.-A. Amaudruz in Lausanne.

It is obvious that the brains of the Swiss have been rotted by the Jews' favorite poison, humanitarian swill. The nation that once held all foreigners at arms' distance has now been overrun by swarms of "refugees," niggers and wogs, anthropoid vermin imported with the blessing of rabid holy men and simpering female sentimentalists, who seem to welcome their own eventual enslavement by hordes of mongrels, come to produce the situation so vividly portrayed in Jean Raspail's *Camp of the Saints* (available from Liberty Bell Publications, \$9.50 postpaid). And, as should now be obvious to everyone who is willing to use his mind, the importation of such creatures, whether as "refugees" or under some other patently spurious pretext, is part of a global plan to exterminate Aryans everywhere. (Cf. the article by Ivor Benson in *Liberty Bell*, April 1988, pp. 13-20.) A nation that permits such an influx is obviously no longer fit to survive.

How completely the Jews now have their claws about the necks of the Aryans in Switzerland was shown by the case of Mme. Mariette Paschoud, who, an instructor in the state schools, dared to express doubts about the Sacred Sheenies' absurd Holofoax. The Swiss were horrified that a lowly Aryan should dare to question a Holy Lie, and the woman was hounded from her tenured position. When the distinguished Professor Faurisson wanted to come to Switzerland to testify about the Hoax on her behalf, he was refused admission, since no Swiss should have the mush in his skull disturbed by facts. And now, according to the *Courrier*, November 1988, the Jews say they are worried because the wicked woman's husband holds a governmental position; they say that Switzerland's fair name as an "humanitarian country" is blemished by the employment in an official capacity of a man who did not murder or, at least, divorce a wife who sinned against God's Race. A courageous Swiss replied that the Federal government is not at the orders of the Kikes' Defamation League, but don't assume that he will not suffer for his audacity.

From the same issue of the *Courrier* I learn that Henri Riques and his publisher, Pierre Guillaume, were expelled from Switzerland and forbidden to return because they had permitted themselves to be interviewed by the press in Geneva. The police who expelled the two gentlemen claimed they had sinned by mentioning Mme. Paschoud and thus "intervening in Swiss affairs," but according to M. Amaudruz, who was present at the interview, that was false. The lie will show you how Jewish morality has

infected even the Swiss police. It is likely that MM. Roques and Guillaume would not have been allowed to enter the country, had their names been recognized at the border. Switzerland, with a tender Christian concern for "all mankind," now welcomes Jews, niggers, wogs, perverts, degenerates, drug-addicts, drug-vendors, and the bandits of international finance, but it cannot tolerate Aryans who are so prejudiced that they do not worship Yahweh's Yids.

Perhaps I should remind the reader of the character of the men who were run out of Switzerland. Henri Roques, an engineer whose age was reported as sixty-six, decided to seek a doctoral degree in the field of Humanities at the University of Nantes, and for his doctoral dissertation he chose a critical study of the testimony that the Jews extorted from a frightened German by threats and perhaps torture, doubtless promising to spare him as a reward for his perjury, after which, as is the custom of the predators, they disposed of him so that he would have no opportunity to retract his lies. Readers of the fundamental work by Professor Butz, *The Hoax of the Twentieth Century*, will not need a discussion of the thoroughly discredited and self-contradictory statements of Kurt Gerstein, who, at the behest of the Jews who had their claws about his throat, cheerfully swore to a wild assortment of chemical and physical impossibilities.

M. Roques made a detailed study of the various stories Gerstein told, from which the Jews select what they want for a given imposture on the credulity of the Aryans, whom they now despise for their venality and stupidity. The inevitable conclusion of such a study was that Gerstein was simply a liar and that there is no valid evidence for the existence of the famous gas chambers in which six million of God's Darlings were supposedly killed before they crawled into the United States to join in the occupation of their newest Promised Land.

M. Roques' dissertation was submitted to a panel of scholars of which Professor Jean-Claude Rivière was the Chairman, and they were so impressed by its meticulous accuracy, thorough documentation, and critical acumen that they not only approved it unanimously but added to their endorsement a special commendation, so that the University of Nantes conferred the doctoral degree on the candidate with the French equivalent of *magna cum laude*.

That was an event that made Americans rejoice that academic integrity survived in one part of the world, but the rejoicing was premature. The *apaches* who operate the French government for the Master Race foamed at the mouth at the thought that university professors should not be as corrupt as they were. They "revoked" the doctoral degree—they didn't think of revoking Dr. Roques' birth-certificate, too—and punished Professor Rivière by shamefully demoting him and officially censuring his colleagues.

Dr. Roques (as he should be entitled, because no set of thugs can cancel an academic achievement, any more than they can cancel a man's birth) found in M. Guillaume a publisher so courageous that he dared print the historical study. At last reports, the traitors who rule France are acting to suppress the book that offends their owners.

The same issue of the *Courrier* reports that the Jews announce that the Swiss Parliament is going to enact a law that will make doubts about the Holofoax or failure to venerate Jews a felony, doubtless to be punished more severely than trivial crimes, such as rape and murder. As the editor remarks, it is odd that the members of the legislative assembly had not been told they were going to enact such a law, which is thus far only a proposal made by a Kikess in a letter to the Federal Council. But it is likely that when the Jews crack the whip, their Swiss dogs will obey. It is ominous that the editor of the *Courrier*, who has resolutely published his admirably concise little periodical for almost a quarter of a century, unperturbed by Jewish threats, in the current issue (No. 297) asks for help in distributing it while there is yet time, "vu la menace d'une loi-muselière."

The very possibility that a law to muzzle Aryan dogs lest they divulge facts inconvenient to their Yiddish masters could be proposed in Switzerland will give you the measure of that once proud and independent nation's degradation and ignominy. Americans who have thought to place any of their resources in safe-keeping in Switzerland should take warning. In a nation so rotted, nothing can be kept secret from the world's ubiquitous parasites, and whatever the integrity of the bankers, American deposits in Switzerland soon will be, if they are not already, known to the Defamation League. And if the deposits have been kept secret from the vultures of Infernal Revenue, the knowledge can be used for blackmail or reprisal.

The Swiss can no longer boast of their independence. They surrendered without even a token resistance and are now in the plight of the Germans, who can at least remember with pride the valor and heroism with which they sought to maintain their independence against the crazed hordes of their own race who were stampeded against them. According to the *Christian Science Monitor*, 13 December 1988, Major General Otto-Ernst Remer, author of *Verschwörung und Verrat um Hitler* (reviewed by Dr. Charles E. Weber in *Liberty Bell*, June 1987, pp. 52-58; cf. February 1988, pp. 3 f.), is being prosecuted by the renegades who misgovern Germany for having given someone a videocassette that suggested doubts about the Holocaust. Yahweh's Chosen now feel assured that they have the Aryans of the whole world by the neck and can rub their faces in Yiddish excrement.

And finally, if you want a preview of what is in store for Americans, I note that *Notre Europe*, in its issue for October 1988, reports that a French court, sustained by an appellate court, has taken a four-year-old girl from her parents, on the grounds that her father has expressed National Socialist opinions. The court found that the child's character would be "perturbed" by contact with such a parent. What the French jurists mean, of course, is that the girl might not grow up to be a feeble-minded whore, as all Aryan females should be in the "One World" that will have its capital in Jerusalem.

MORE FUN

The contempt that Jews feel for the stupid Aryans, who are so gullible that they believe not only the big Holocaust but any little hoax by a whimsical tribesman, must be nearly infinite—and, I fear, justified. I gave a few examples of Yiddish *Spaß* in *Liberty Bell*, March 1988.

When the *Courrier du Continent* for February 1988 came to hand, it reported two noteworthy examples. One gave the conclusion of a panic in Holland, where the government, determined not to get in Dutch with the Jews, ordered a theatre in Rotterdam to close a quite innocuous play which, however, seemed to displease the Master Race. The next day the press screamed that vile Neo-Nazis had, in reprisal, kidnapped a forty-nine year old Kike, Jules Croiset, an extremely popular and prosperous funny man in the theatres, and what was more, many lovely Jewish families received vilely threatening letters from the secret Storm

Troopers, who were doubtless preparing to start stuffing Sheenies into gas chambers. The great horde of Jews in Holland began promptly to moan and wail about how awfully God's Innocents are always persecuted for their righteousness. The Minister of Justice in the Dutch government went into a frenzy, calling out the police to track down the horrible monsters who didn't love Yahweh's Masterpieces. Feeble-minded Aryans beat their breasts in public and begged to be forgiven for existing, while the editors of the newspapers tried to scream louder every day.

That was in November 1987 and for the rest of the year, as squadrons of police rushed hither and yon in a vain search for the malefactors, all of the Netherlands was in an agony of suspense and its good burghers quivered in fear lest a hair on a godly head be harmed by the elusive evildoers.

Worse was to come with the New Year. The Belgian police arrested the sportive Jules Croiset, who had kidnapped himself to a hideout in Bruges, from which he was watching the fun. He confessed that he had not only staged his kidnapping, but had written all the letters with which his imaginary Neo-Nazi gangs threatened to slay his holy compatriots. But the outcome merely proves how virulent is "Aunt-eye-see-me-tism" in the Low Countries, for, believe it or not, there were suggestions that the jolly boy should be prosecuted for his prank.

At about the same time, the State Procurator in the Italian province of Bolzano, at the foot of the Alps, a man whose name suggests that he may have superhuman ichor in his veins, had a fit when he noticed that the inhabitants, who still speak German despite all the efforts of the Italian government, were buying and often displaying German medals and insignia bearing the dread Hakenkreuz, the lightning-symbol of the horrible Schutzstaffel, or the Totenkopf of several famous regiments. That could portend only a revival of "racism," the un-Christian belief that Aryans were not created to nourish the world's parasites. He ordered the confiscation of all such damnable things in his province.

Then an Italian periodical, *Orion*, disclosed the delectable fact that the principal wholesale distributor of the forbidden merchandise is a Jew who imports it from the factories in Israel, where it is manufactured with dies that were stolen and asported by Jews after the defeat of Germany. Aren't God's People cute?

Now *Christian News*, 5 December 1988, quotes a tirade by the Reverend Andrew Weyermann of the Evangelical Lutheran

Church, who orated: "How many more times must monuments raised in redemptive memory be defaced? The violent re-emerge, brandish swastikas, and seem to rewrite history by smearing the word 'liars' on the monuments. How many more genocides must occur before the Lord comes to exterminate the unjust?"

As we all know, Christian shamans sweat with righteousness and drip with love for all mankind when they howl for blood, but I fear the Man of God will have to wait a long time for Jesus to pop out of the clouds and sate his homicidal lusts. He will learn that this is a do-it-yourself world.

One must, however, admire the Jews for their powers of self-control. Many of them, no doubt, watched the Reverend's waltz and heard him yell for scalps, but I will wager that not one burst into loud guffaws while in public.

MINI-HOAX ABORTED

The *National-Zeitung* (Munich), 4 November 1988, disclosed an amusing little *contretemps* in the German postal service, which had decided to issue a postage stamp that would make the stupid Aryans grovel a little more abjectly at the stinking feet of their Yiddish masters. Chosen was the picture of a holy synagogue wrapped in flames as it was destroyed in the awful *Kristallnacht* in 1938, when some Germans, too enthusiastically celebrating their liberation from their parasites, broke a few windows. The picture of the burning *Gotteshaus*, which is reproduced in the newspaper, would have made a quite picturesque postage stamp and might have impressed some dolts. The pious undertaking, however, was ruined by the Keystone Agency, which supplies photographs to German newspapers. In a bulletin to all of its subscribers the agency identified the picture as showing the synagogue burning after it was set afire by an incendiary bomb from British planes in a raid on 24 November 1943.

So, alas! the mendacious postage stamp could not be foisted on the German public, because it was impossible to blame the British barbarians, who, as the Principal Secretary of the British Air Ministry had boasted in a book published in 1944, had inaugurated the terroristic bombing of open cities and civilians in Germany to force Germany to bomb civilians in England and thus generate enthusiasm for Churchill's War—a war Churchill had contrived to please the Sheenies who were his paymasters. But surely there must have been horrible Neo-Nazis in the press agency that

spoiled the godly little hoax. German laws which forbid the lower races to question whatever God's Own choose to tell their victims will doubtless be tightened to prevent such intempestive disclosures of truth in the future.

ARE ARYANS OBSOLETE?

Our race has always reserved its highest admiration for personal courage and personal honor, which form our ideal of manhood. The great heroes of our race are warriors: Arjuna, Achilles, Horatius, Gunnar, Gawain, Roland.... In battle they slay the enemy hero (whom we also admire, e.g. Hector) in a fair fight or many lesser men who attack them simultaneously. They single-handed slay dragons, as do George, Beowulf, Siegfried.... Or they defeat supernatural forces by sacrificing themselves for their nation, as did Curtius, Decius And always they keep unblemished their honor, their integrity as warriors and men.

The Aryan hero is a pointed contrast to the Jew boy, David, who, when a warrior, Goliath, stands before his army and, in keeping with the old Aryan tradition (cf. the Horatii), challenges his adversaries to send a champion to meet him in a duel, sneaks up and kills him from a distance with a slingshot. That is like challenging a man to a duel with swords and then drawing a pistol and shooting him. It offends our sense of honor, and even the Jews thought it best to mitigate the offense by making Goliath absurdly accept a challenge from his puny adversary, but the unvarnished story corresponds to the ethic of a race that is practical and believes in killing an enemy efficiently and preferably by treachery, involving the least risk to oneself—a race that despises us for our romantic notions of personal honor and fairness even in combat.

The Aryan ideal is personal courage in hand-to-hand combat, preferably with swords. When missiles, arrows and bullets, become the major weapons, they are still preliminaries, so to speak, of a fight man-to-man. Even in naval warfare, Roman galleys or British ships-of-the-line, when the catapults and cannon have done their work, the final combat is typically by boarding. The Light Brigade at Balaklava rode against the cannon and sabered the Russian gunners. And during the two catastrophic World Wars, knighthood returned for a season with duels in the air.

We admire the great commanders who lead armies or fleets to victory: Alexander, Caesar, Napoleon; Don Juan, Nelson—or were

defeated with honor by overwhelmingly superior forces: Rommel, Von Spee....

The instinct of personal combat is in the blood of our males, when not degenerate, even in childhood. One of the delightful stories of "Saki" (H. H. Munro) deals with a silly woman who does not want her boys to play with toy soldiers and imagine war and slaughter, so she tries to substitute peaceful playthings, aldermen and parliamentarians and reformers like John Stuart Mill, who orate and vote instead of fighting, with the result, of course, that the healthy boys convert the figures and use them as soldiers in pitched battles.

Manhood for Aryans means courage and honor, and even in the terribly mechanized and dysgenic wars of this century there was still a place for virile fortitude and heroism. But we seem now to face a future in which our racial psyche will be frustrated and otiose—a future in which great wars will be won by scientists and technicians, who may be cowardly little weaklings, but will loose ballistic missiles and laser beams against which all personal courage will be vain and, indeed, impossible. So far as we can foresee, the spiritual force that made our race great and made us the masters of the entire planet before poisonous superstitions made us degenerate and moronic—that vital force, even if revived, will be ineffectual, powerless, and useless. Are Aryans now obsolete? □

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A RATIONAL RELIGION

by
Nicholas Carter

The human animal has but a brief interval of unmeasured time, an indefinite, but ever-running hour-glass, that will—as surely as the sun will continue to crown one horizon and dissolve into the other—run out. And then his place will know him no more; and all of his sighs and songs and furies, will *be* no more.

"I could be bound in a nutshell," mused a great poet, "and count myself king of infinite space, were it not that I dream."

Oh, those tantalizing dreams; those ever-erupting echoes motivated by longings deeply rooted in the primeval subconscious self: desires not always fully understood, not always spelled out in the all-too-often murky language of the conscious self; yearning visions more often than not dammed up, or subverted by, the thousand unnatural and negative shocks that our beings have been made heir to by religions and philosophies rooted in renunciation and self-hate, in fear, mysticism, and fate; or in a dreadful, mindless dabbling with psychedelic drugs.

Since we are *not* born in nutshells, since we *are* dreamers, we cannot exist without questions. We cannot live without seeking answers to questions. Just as it is the nature of the scorpion to sting, it is the nature of man to wonder. We are islands of wonderment in an ocean of questions. Among them:

How came this universe to be, and what is it made of? What is the relationship between mind and matter? Is knowledge empirically relativistic or is it abstractly absolutist? What is the measure of good and evil in the universe? Is man free to mold his own destiny or is he a mere straw in the wind? Is death the end of our existence? Is the human soul "personal" or immortal? Is there a God?

Only the philosophically-aware person—in the truest sense of the concept: an individual with an integrated view of life that is both rational and consistent, as opposed to the followers of the magicians of mysticism, who succumb to the rankest of superstitions, and the simplest psychological pacifiers—can begin to approach these questions. Only the thinker who looks by means of human reason for intelligible theories that apply to the world or the meaning of life can begin to find answers to these questions that truly relate to the "human condition."

Like it or not, the lifestyle of the individual is in his own hands. The course of a human life is marked out by the values he, or she, has chosen. Neither myth, nor mysticism, nor magic, nor warm-blooded feelings can truly assign value. Only cool-blooded rationalism can

enable the individual to make the decisions that will effect his personal life in ways that will be both fulfilling and enriching. "Whilst I study to find how I am a microcosm or little world, I find myself something more than a fearful fool mesmerized by a catalogue of simple-minded wonders." Thus speaks the eclectic human being in a world in which irrational certainty is invariably more comfortable than rational doubt—in which the most esoteric questions are invariably linked to the least objective solutions.

I am referring to the world of "faith."

From *Adae* (the ancestral reverential customs of the Ashanti and kindred peoples of Ghana) to *Zombie* (the faith of the "living-dead," those whose souls have been eaten by witches), thousands of religions shingle the metaphysical summits of the human species. Everywhere on earth, we find people turning to some version of a Supreme Being: a personal SUPER-parent who will provide them with comforting answers and easy salvation. From the grave Moslem worshiper in mosques, on housetops, and in the vastness of the desert; to the Hindu in his intricately carved temples, to the Buddhist before his flower-strewn shrine, to the Parsee before the sacred fire, to the Sufi or Yogi wrapped in mysticism, to the American Indian before the "Great Spirit"—a wide assemblage of God-seekers inhabit the world. Everywhere we see morality and reason subordinated to the beliefs of cults, denominations, and mysterious schemes that have survived down through the ages, or that happen to be contemporarily in vogue.

Even some scientists manifest a thirst for transcendence.

Is the universe a "cosmic computer"—a cellular automaton, as it were? Cellular automata can produce endlessly intricate patterns from the merest shred of a program; and that makes them very good candidates for computers of the cosmic variety. Ergo, a simple number—81, for instance—might be pinpointed via cellular automation, as possibly containing the secret leading to the origin of life. But what would a monstrous computational universe really tell us about the reasons for life evolving in the first place? Well—we could always conclude that some cosmic computer programmer set the whole works in motion for the purpose of determining this, that, or something else. But that would bring us back to square one, wouldn't it?

Sociobiology, on the other hand, propounds the revolutionary theory that plants and living creatures are like huge robotic devices that are employed by genes in order to reproduce themselves—genetic entrepreneurs, as it were. Ergo, the transmission of genetic information is the *raison d'être* of the entire system. Out of this theory comes the

evolutionary basis for coöperation and altruism. As a result of this "ruthless genetic calculus," we coöperate with each other, even to the point of sacrificing our lives if necessary, because a goodly number of our genes will be preserved. Are we really so mechanistic or robotic that our reasons for living and dying—regardless of the emotional and/or rational content of those reasons—are simply rooted in the preservation of our genes?

Other social scientists describe society as simply an "organism"—with life meaning nothing more than "unity." This "general systems theory" involves a fusion of evolution, information, and society, with the predetermination of life being to create more and better information—an "intention" of life that supposedly bears with it such moral imperatives as pacifism and ecological awareness. (And, no doubt, various and sundry other utopianistic commandments such as total equality, total happiness, and total sexual fulfillment.)

Consider, too, the crazy quilt of transcendentalism that exists outside of "organized" religion.

In this most advanced age of science and technology, East Indian faith-healers, New Age gurus, and scholarly apostles of the dictates of chance, carry the revolt against reason to countless thousands of Americans. What honest passion or ecstasy, what sense of life, what truthful desire, can be found in the First Church of Satan in San Francisco, where chickens are beheaded, naked women are used as altars, and phallic symbols are shaken toward each point of the compass for benediction; or in the throwing of the I Ching—that Chinese classic of cosmic gibberish; or in the simplistic mumbo-jumbo ("Rather than *propel*, the stars *impel*.") of astrology, wherein fate and character are supposedly explained by concentrations of burning gases out in space?

The newest "faith" is the so-called Yuppies' religion: the New Age philosophy. Common to many of its adherents are a belief in reincarnation, in astrology, in the miraculous powers of quartz crystals, in trance channelers, or mediums, individuals who claim to have the power to summon up voices from centuries ago. There are now New Age churches, radio programs, stores, tapes, newsletters, magazines, seminars, and classes, and jewelry containing "healing" stones. Mysticism running rampant!

But what of those of us who cannot accept the world of transcendentalism? Can there be more to religion than magic, mysticism, and miracles; more than spiritualism and supernaturalism; more than the occult, the uncanny, and the mysterious that has degenerated into mystification? Can we be "cosmic dancers" linked to nature rather than

SUPER-nature? Is there life after theism?

Without question, the answer is—YES! Contrary to theists everywhere, “religious atheist” is not, like “objective theologian”, an oxymoronic description. Religion can also be defined as a specific system of non-theistic reverential belief. That religion can exist without a belief in a personal God is Siddhartha Gautama’s great contribution to the world of metaphysics. In the sense that the Buddha was a non-theist, I am a non-theist. I am referring to the mortal Buddha—the *living* Buddha before all of the legends about him were absorbed by myth, and he was transformed into an unadulterated, virgin-born, miracle-performing, deity.

Uncompromisingly, the religion of Buddha (*budh* denotes both to wake up and to know) was atheistic, since he did not believe in the existence of a personal God (or even a divine Trinity) in control of the universe, or in a world that was created by, and was governed by, a single Supreme Being having human traits of intelligence and will in magnified form.

All concepts of a Supreme Being have their origins in the indoctrination of a particular “faith.” There is no difference in principle in the manner in which little children, or converts, are affected by conditioning to believe in the doctrines of Christianity, witchcraft, Communism, voodoo, Judaism, or any other system of belief. The hucksters of deism would have us believe that religious language refers to divine reality that exists in its own right, independent of our human desires and thoughts. It is safe to assume, however, that divine reality had absolutely nothing to do with the deification of Nero, the Buddha, the Dalai Lama, and even Hirohito and Mao Tse-tung; nor with the total acceptance of these counterfeit deities on a reverential level in typical doctrinal language by millions of people. Obviously, the concept of God is precisely what the deification-conditioned mind decrees it to be.

Understanding this rather simple psychological phenomenon better than most philosophers, Buddha sought a way of salvation with dependence upon a self-reliant ethical life as opposed to the blind dependence upon any kind of divine being. He scorned as futile all supernatural theories regarding cosmic ultimates; he was indifferent to the fashion of philosophical flight into mysticism and supernaturalism; and he ignored the trappings of organized religion: worship, prayer, sacrifices, sacramentalism, priests, scriptures. Priests were unnecessary because each person should work out his own salvation. Sacrifices were unnecessary because there were no gods to whom to offer them.

In the simplest terms, his primary concern was with the inevitable

consequences of human conduct. His “faith” was one of morality, self-appreciation, ethical individualism, and self-reliance—a faith with deep reverence for the universe; and an equally deep respect for *Dharma*, the Eternal Law of the universe. In Buddha’s understanding, the eternal Supreme Force of the universe replaced the creative Supreme Being. Rather than “force,” I prefer “substance”—the term cleverly used by Christians (“Three persons in One Substance...”) to embrace the concept of a Triune God, the mystery that three are one, and one is three. In essence, then, we are all persons of *one* substance—that of the Supreme Substance of the universe. We do not know whether the universe as we know it had a beginning—all Big Bang speculations to the contrary notwithstanding—or if it will have an end. From the standpoint of certainty, we know only that it is there, here, and seemingly everywhere.

Any interest in reincarnation on the part of Buddha was equivocal at best, for the reason that he did not believe in an *immortal* soul. After death, what? Reunion with the universe, as that basic matter of which we are composed is reabsorbed. Nirvana is reached. Oblivion is attained. There is eternal rest.

What of the soul, or personality that includes the mind, memories, and the propensities that have accumulated from a unique pattern of life experiences? Buddha surmised that the personality was not immediately extinguished at the time of death, but was slowly lost by degrees. The doctrine of *transmigration* is founded on this theory. But even for the brilliant Buddha, this was mere speculation without objective foundation. Some Burmese believe that the personality-soul forms into an invisible butterfly at the moment of death. Seeing a dead human being and a dead animal side by side, appearing as always, so strangely similar in death, and picturing invisible butterflies hovering over the corpses is, at best, imagination boggling—assuming, that is, that the Burmese see souls in all living things. If not, why not? The earthly human condition differs in degree but not in principle from the earthly animal condition. We eat, sleep, defecate, give birth, and even experience rapid eye movements (REM) when we dream, just like animals; and we cease to be with a similar kind of whisper.

Regarding death and the final dissolution of the personal soul, there is no test for determining if it is lost by degrees *after* quietus. Thanks to modern medical knowledge regarding diseases of the elderly, however, we can at least speculate about the degree of loss *before* death. Imagine a stop-action camera recording the total progress of Alzheimer’s Disease in a patient. The finished film would reveal the

slow but progressive disappearance of everything that composed that person's identity/personality/soul—leaving only a living shell with eyes that look but do not see.

Physically, spiritually, logically—where did it all go? Was it slowly deposited into some metaphysical receptacle somewhere? Did it slowly form into an invisible butterfly, as opposed to taking shape suddenly at the moment of a different type of death? Perhaps. But the dictates of logic point in an entirely different direction: That human soul simply ceased to be—just as the life of an engine ceases to be—or, as we say, “dies”—when a breakdown occurs, or when the source of power is interdicted.

Within the circle of the imposing universe enveloping us, not all is mysterious. Some of the questions that plagued our ancestors have been answered. Most importantly, we know that the Second Law of Thermodynamics—events in the physical world proceed spontaneously in only one unique direction—is neither schizophrenic (the law has only one face and only one bearing) nor surrealistic (the law never varies from day to day or year to year). Just as the *same* stream at any given point will never be exactly the *same* again, the *same* precise conjugation of atoms, molecules and bodily cells can never come together again to produce the *same* personal soul; nor can that *same* soul ever be reincarnated in conjunction with a different stream of atoms, molecules, and bodily cells, not only for the future as we see it, but for all eternity.

We know, too, that gravity, the speeds of light and sound, the compositions of earth, air, fire, and water, the change of the seasons, etc., never violate the law of identity. Apart from being deterministic but random—which explains the unpredictability of weather—the Supreme and *also* Moral law of the universe never plays magical tricks (miracles and wondrous predetermined acts) on Mother Nature and her flock of humans. We evolve out of one sleep to life; and we are reabsorbed into another sleep, *losing* only our personal souls, and *leaving* only the—WHY. And there's the rub. It isn't going *quietly* into that good night that's tough. It's going without answers. And this simple fact gives every stone-age witchdoctor and New Age guru the *hook* he needs to help him ensnare his share of the human species. Tragically, the human condition that we experience isn't enough for the human animal. With self-interest rooted in superiority and egotism rooted in arrogance, he declares that his uniqueness qualifies him for *immortality*. (“I think; therefore, I am divine.”) Curiously, some of these same presumptuous creatures preach that the *ego* “oozing like a secret sore,” and the *self* that “overlays and obscures the Infinite beneath,” must be eliminated,

before one can ever transcend creaturely existence and be transfigured by that “clear day of eternity which never changes into its contrary.” Rather than *life* being “out of joint,” these self-deluded fools are “out of joint” with life. In an attempt to shatter the bubble of the universe, they gamble all of their living currency on a strategy that has as its foundation a paranoid denial of the essential elements of the human condition: *rational* self-interest and self-esteem.

Admittedly, we are not only ignorant of many things, we are faced with the unchangeable fact that life chases death. Our perceptions regarding the essence of the human condition *can* be changed, however. We can stop whining like lonesome orphans looking for “the great heavenly companion who understands.” We can face the fact that for just as long as we refuse to take a moral stand against supernaturalism, we will never grow up. We may come of age as far as years and size are concerned; but we will never be *emotionally* mature. Greed for comfortable doctrinal retreats tend not to edification. We can work to develop the kind of courage and moral strength that will enable us to handle the feelings of guilt, fear, and uncertainty that leave us vulnerable to the witchdoctor's philosophy. We can begin to teach our children to revere the universe and the physical body rather than revering some magical creator of those substances; to appreciate the fact that not one single ordinance of the Supreme Law of the universe can ever be violated (smoking, drinking, using drugs, etc.) with impunity; to understand that for as long as they believe in *immortal* souls, they will never truly respect their *mortal* souls; and to realize that for as long as they worship some divine PAPA who will make everything right in the end, they will never truly take responsibility for their lives and their actions.

The impossible dream? Maybe. Nonetheless, I envision a future world in which honest, fearless human beings will raise their children to be as courageous and emotionally and morally sound as they are; a world in which people will be willing to accept their mortal material selves without the need to believe in immortal, non-material souls; people who will have the courage to traverse the razor's edge of reality, secure in the knowledge that even though they will die without pat answers to every probing question, they will have made the *best* of their lives *within* the bounds of rationality rather than *in* the bonds of superstition.

If an intelligent extra-terrestrial happens to visit our little planet in the sun before that day comes, and if he stays long enough to take a good look around, his telepathic response to his spaceship will probably be: “Beam me up, Zemclaw. This place is a child's night-mare.” □

PHILIPP JENNINGER'S SPEECH

Some Observations and Translations of Selected Passages

by
Charles E. Weber, Ph.D.

IN CONNECTION with a memorial observation of the 50th anniversary of Reichskristallnacht by the Bundestag (The western German legislative body) a speech was given by its President which attracted widespread attention in the world. Although such prominent Jewish leaders as Fürst and Wiesenthal were not inclined to find the speech offensive to Jews and although it contained not the slightest denial of the "Holocaust" material, Jenninger was forced, to his astonishment, to resign his very important position as a result of pressure from his fellow members of the Bundestag and from Israel. Ironically, Jenninger had made many trips to Israel and was a faithful minion of Israel.

The American press took some notice of the speech, typically with just a few short quotations. I, for one, was curious to know what sort of speech could have caused such an uproar and to see the original German text of the speech. After vain attempts to obtain a copy of the original text, I finally encountered it in the November issue of the important *Unabhängige Nachrichten* (Postfach 400 215, D-4630 Bochum, West Germany). The copy was postmarked 27 November but did not reach me until 14 January.

I was astonished when I read through the 5 1/2 pages which the text of the speech occupied. It was full of the contrition and self-flagellation that typify the position of officials of the Bonn government with regard to the history of the National Socialist period (1933-1945). Parts of it could have been written by the worst detractors of the German nation. There was, however a modest defense of Germans by a recitation of the earlier successes of the National Socialist government, which, Jenninger claims, seduced Germans into supporting a government which went on to commit crimes in their name. Otherwise, Jenninger interpreted German history in a manner unfavorable to Germans. His version of history was distorted by omissions, if not simply errors in some instances, some of which we shall point out below in connection with specific passages in my translation.

Jenninger's speech reminded me of a sort of joke which was

making the rounds in Germany after the war. It went something like this: Who is being toughest against former Nazis? The Russians? No. The French? No. The British? No. The Americans? No. Well, who then? The Germans themselves!

Indeed, Germans at that time were suffering from the results of an extremely painful, costly war fought while the National Socialist government had been in power. During this past decade, the Second World War, instead of receding in the awareness of the Germans, seems to be the subject of ever more intense self-recrimination on their part in all three German states, where there is hardly any really open debate about the events and causes of the war and the nature of National Socialism. The governments in Bonn, Berlin, and Vienna are eager to show the world how vigorously they can repress attempts at historical revisionism aimed at more objective versions.

Why has this self-recrimination intensified in recent years? One factor might be the natural friction between generations, amongst a number of factors. There are even instances where Bonn and Vienna have taken measures against foreign revisionists who have undertaken to save Germans from themselves as a result of a realization that the demographic and psychological decline of the German nation constitutes a harm to Western Civilization and to Aryans in general. In the case of the Bonn government in particular, there seems to be an overriding fear of a boycott of German export goods, a boycott like the one which was undertaken by Jews as early as 1933 and which could again have a devastating effect on the German economy, beset as it is already by an unemployment problem of some dimensions. Germany must export or starve, as it did during the first half of 1919 as a result of the continued Allied blockade.

Let us now turn to my translations of selected passages from Jenninger's speech together with some comments on them. Readers of the *Bulletin* [or of *Liberty Bell*] who wish to study a copy of the original German text should write to the Committee for the Reëxamination of History of the Second World War [or to Liberty Bell Publications, for copies of the Jenninger speech; please include \$1.50 for the copying cost and mailing]. My own comments on the following pages are identified by being enclosed in square brackets.

Ladies and Gentlemen! The Jews in Germany and throughout the world recall the events which took place 50 years ago today. We Germans also remember that which took place in our country a half century ago and it is good that we do this in the two states on German soil. This is the case because our history cannot be split up into good and evil and the

responsibility for the past cannot be distributed in accordance with the arbitrary geographical arrangements of the postwar era.

.....

That which transpired in Germany 50 years ago today had never taken place in any civilized country ever since the middle ages. [Jenninger contradicts his own statement by his later use of the Russian word *pogrom*, unless we assume that Russia was an uncivilized land in the nineteenth century.] And, even worse: the riots were not a matter of some sort of manifestations of a spontaneous popular anger motivated as usual, but rather an action thought up, instigated, and promoted by leading figures of the government. [This statement is perhaps the most questionable one in the whole speech. Ingrid Weckert's book on the Reichskristallnacht, *Feuerzeichen*, furnishes convincing evidence that such leaders as Hitler, Goebbels, and Göring were appalled at the riots that had taken place on the night of 9-10 November 1938. Was Jenninger objective enough to have read Weckert's book while preparing his speech? I doubt it! For a review of *Feuerzeichen*, see *Bulletin 31* [or *Liberty Bell* for January 1989]. It is inexcusable that Jenninger failed throughout his speech to mention the humiliating murder of a German diplomatic official in Paris and an earlier murder of a prominent National Socialist in Switzerland in 1936, in both instances by Jews. Even the bloody (or even bloodier) race riots that took place in Tulsa, Oklahoma in 1921 are reputed to have been touched off simply by a young Negro's insult of a Caucasian woman.]

.....

On the 30th of January 1933 the National Socialists had taken power in the German Reich. The five and one-half years between then and November 1938 were enough to cancel out the equality achieved by Jews during a century and a half. It began with the boycott of Jewish businesses in April 1933 and the immediate forced pensioning of Jewish civil servants. During the same year there followed the first prohibitions of Jewish journalists and artists to practice their professions. The 'Nuremberg Laws' of 1935 made Jews second-class citizens without civil rights. The 'Law for the Protection of German Blood and Honor' ushered in the unspeakable crime of 'racial shame.' [Rassenschande, i.e., miscegenation. Germany was by no means the only country with laws that prohibited miscegenation. Many states in the United States had laws based on the same principle. Jenninger's statement about the boycott of Jewish businesses should also be challenged. In the (London) *Daily Express* of 24 March 1933 there was a long, front-page article about Jews' plans for an international boycott of German exported goods.

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**Mr. Churchill's Withering
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**OFFICER
Describes
The Girl
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IN BERLIN**

OUR DON QUIXOTE

GRAVE CHARGE

**THE SOVIET
AMBASSADOR
ENTERTAINS
AN ALL-RED TALKIE
FOR ALL-WHITE
DIPLOMATS**

MISSING GUESTS

**Canon
Shot At**

**STUCLIFFE AND PANTER
OUT FOR "DOCKS."**

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JUDEA DECLARES WAR ON GERMANY.

**JEWS OF ALL THE
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The initial boycott of Jewish stores in Germany lasted only a day, 1 April 1933, a Saturday.]

[The Austrian magazine *Sieg* (Postfach 5, A-6911 Lochau, Austria; 1/1989, page 18) believes that Jenninger's speech was almost certainly written by Dr. Thomas Gundelach and states that it is reputed that Jenninger delivered the speech without having previously read it. The following eight paragraphs of the text would seem to be the principal cause of the howling about the speech. However, these paragraphs contain some noteworthy and correct insights.]

Hitler's successes were perhaps even more devastating for the fate of the German and European Jews than his evil deeds and crimes. The years from 1933 to 1938 are something that provoke our fascination, even from the present point of distant hindsight and with the knowledge of what happened after that, inasmuch as there has scarcely ever been in history a parallel to Hitler's political triumphal procession during those first years.

The reincorporation of the Saar [as a result of the plebiscite on 13 January 1935 under the supervision of the League of Nations, with approximately 90% of the votes cast in favor of the return to Germany], the introduction of universal conscription, massive rearmament [defying the humiliating limitations of the Versailles Treaty], signing of the British-German naval treaty, occupation [by German armed forces] of the [previously demilitarized] Rhineland, Olympic Summer Games in Berlin, the annexation [Anschluß] of Austria and the [beginning of the] 'Greater German [Großdeutsches] Reich' and finally, just a few weeks before the November pogroms, the Munich Agreement [involving the approval of the British, French, and Italian governments of the annexation of the Sudetenland], the dismemberment of Czechoslovakia [involving the independence of Slovakia and the status of Bohemia and Moravia as a German protectorate]; by this time the Versailles Treaty was only a scrap of paper and all at once the German Reich was the hegemonical power of the old continent [of Europe].

For the Germans, who had preponderantly sensed the Weimar Republic as a consequence of foreign humiliations, all of this must have seemed like a miracle. And that was not all; massive unemployment had been turned into full employment, mass misery had been turned into something like prosperity for the very broad masses. Instead of despair and hopelessness, optimism and self-confidence were prevailing. Had not Hitler made to come true that which [Emperor] Wilhelm II [reigned 1888-1918] had merely promised, namely to lead the Germans into magnificent times? Was he not really selected by Providence, a leader of the

kind that is bestowed on a nation only once in a thousand years?

To be sure, in free elections Hitler had never been able to obtain for himself a majority of the Germans. But who would doubt that in 1938 the vast majority of Germans were standing behind him and identifying themselves with him and his policies? Certainly, some 'quarrelsome faultfinders' (Haffner) wanted to keep things stirred up and were hounded by the SD [Security Service] and Gestapo [Secret State Police], but most Germans—and indeed Germans from all classes, from the middle classes as well as from the working classes—were probably convinced in 1938 that Hitler should be viewed as the greatest statesman in our history.

And another thing must not be overlooked; all of Hitler's astonishing successes were on the whole and individually a belated slap in the face of the Weimar system. And [the] Weimar [Republic] was not only synonymous with weakness in the face of foreign nations, with quarrels of political parties and changes of government, with economic misery, with chaos and street fights and political disorder in the broadest sense, but [the] Weimar [Republic] was of course also a synonym for democracy and parliamentary government, for division of powers and civil rights, for freedom of the press and assembly and finally for a maximal degree of Jewish emancipation and assimilation.

This is to say that Hitler's successes belatedly discredited especially the liberal system based on a parliament, the very democracy of [the] Weimar [Republic]. Under these circumstances, for many Germans there was no longer even a question of what system was preferable. Perhaps in some individual aspects of life people enjoyed less individual freedom but they were, after all, getting along personally better than previously and without any doubt the Reich was great, indeed greater and more powerful than previously. Had not the leaders of Great Britain, France, and Italy paid their respects to Hitler in Munich and helped him to attain a further success, one of those which was considered impossible?

And as far as the Jews were concerned, had they not assumed a rôle for themselves in the past that was inappropriate for them? Did they not finally have to accept, for once, limitations in exchange? Had they perhaps even deserved to have some limitations imposed on them? And, especially, was not the propaganda in essential points—aside from wild exaggerations not to be taken seriously—in keeping, after all, with one's own suppositions and convictions?

And if things got too bad, as in November 1938, one could, of course, still say to himself, in the words of a contemporary, 'Of what concern is that to us? Look away if you find it horrible. It is not our fate' (Rauschning). [Jenninger is apparently quoting Hermann Rauschning,

the author of *Gespräche mit Hitler* (Conversations with Hitler), which has recently been proved to be a fraudulent book by the Swiss historian, Wolfgang Hänel. Jenninger weakens his credibility as an historian by citing such a source. See the investigation of Rauschnig's book by Hänel published in 1984 by the Zeitgeschichtliche Forschungsstelle Ingolstadt.]

[On the fourth page of the text, as printed in the *Unabhängige Nachrichten*, Jenninger trots out the old, threadbare Freudian explanation for Hitler's hostility toward Jews, viz., a miserable childhood, failure as an artist, sexual disturbances, etc. Such an explanation, however, could hardly be applied to the brilliantly successful American industrialist, Henry Ford. During 1920-1922 Ford subsidized an extensive series of studies on the Jewish problem [see *The International Jew: The World's Foremost Problem*, 4-volume set, approx. 1000 pages, \$26. plus postage, available from Liberty Bell Publications]. They were soon translated into German [see *Der Internationale Jude*, \$13.50 + postage, available from Liberty Bell Publications] and it is apparent that they were the most important, but by no means the only, American influence on Hitler and his NSDAP.]

[Jenninger then goes on to quote at length a vividly embellished account of an "eyewitness" describing a mass shooting of prisoners in a ditch. The quotation does not even specify that the victims were Jews. Jenninger gives no source for this quotation but it would seem typical of the sort of "evidence" presented at the Allied show trials in Nuremberg. Again, without giving a source, Jenninger then quotes from document PS-1919 presented at the Nuremberg trials. Even here he makes a distorting omission. PS-1919 is quoted in Wilhelm Stäglich's important *Der Auschwitz Mythos* [available from Liberty Bell Publications, \$13.00 + postage] pp. 91-92, pp. 63-65 in the English edition. It is from a speech allegedly given by Reichsführer-SS Heinrich Himmler before an audience of SS Gruppenführer in Posen on 4 October 1943. This document is frequently quoted by Zionists because it speaks of extirpation (Ausrottung) of the Jewish people. Stäglich, however, makes a convincing case against the authenticity of this document on the basis of historical improbabilities in the text.] □

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HUMOR AND FILM

FROM THE PERSPECTIVE OF SAMMY GLICK

by

Nicholas Carter

Is Jewish humor basically different from that of Gentiles? Do motion pictures produced, written, and directed primarily by Jews, differ basically from films made by Gentile artists of the medium? With little room for doubt, the answer to both of these questions, in my opinion, is YES.

Consider first, the concept of comedy. There is a scene in the latest Zucker, Zucker and Abraham produced flic, "The Naked Gun," for instance, that exemplifies the ambiance of Jewish humor.

A young woman, standing rather high on a ladder, is apparently looking for something in an attic. The leading actor in the production is standing at the foot of the ladder. From the angle of the viewer, he could be looking right up her dress. "Nice beaver," he casually comments. A moment later, she hands down a stuffed animal—a beaver. Now most Americans know that the word "beaver" is euphemistically used in a descriptive sense that has only a tantalizing relationship with the animal in question. Hence, the "humor" in the situation.

In truth, this is a splendid example of Jewish humor. It is cheap, sordid, childish, and the kind of comedy that belongs to the Marx Brothers, the Three Stooges, Buddy Hackett, and numerous other Jewish comics. Curiously, most Gentile comedians, from Richard Pryor to Robin Williams can use forbidden words and off-color jokes, and still be charmingly acceptable. On the other hand, there are people like Lebanese Catholic Danny Thomas and the late Myron Cohen (there are some decent Jewish comedians) who are able to delight audiences for lengthy periods of time without using a single off-color remark.

For the most pertinent perspective on what generally passes for Jewish humor, however, one need look no further than an appearance on the Johnny Carson show by Jewish actor Walter Matthau a few years back. The very first thing Matthau said when he sat down was, "My wife told me not to tell a toilet joke." And then he promptly told a toilet joke.

For a revealing perspective on the Jewish approach to films dealing mostly with non-Jews (specifically: white Gentiles), a little fantasizing might help. Let us suppose that a Gentile-controlled film studio in, say, Russia, is going to produce a number of scripts dedicated to providing

the world with Gentile versions of the universal Jewish lifestyle. Ergo, consider the following scenarios:

The action of production number one—a comedy in which many of the scenes are quick skits having nothing to do with the loosely running story-line—takes place on a jumbo jet. In one scene, two stereotypical Jewish children (George Burns and Barbara Streisand look-alikes, perhaps), about ten years of age and extravagantly dressed, are seated together. The boy is puffing on a cigar. He offers one to the little girl. She accepts; but when he starts to clip the end for her, she reaches for the cigar, saying, “Oh no. I prefer my cigars UNcircum-cised, like my men.” In another scene, we meet the pilot, a stereotypical hook-nosed Jew wearing a self-conscious grin, as if he has just been caught eating something forbidden. He is soon disclosed as a child molester due to his oblique references to his sexual preferences for little boys.

The locale of the second picture is a small Israeli town on the West Bank. The town policeman has killed an Arab during the commission of a crime. The Arab’s brother, a noted terrorist, sends word to the policeman that he, along with some of his henchmen, are coming to avenge his brother’s “murder.” Needing help, the policeman turns to the townspeople. All of them—including his former military commander, his service buddies, his relatives, his neighbors, even his wife—are too cowardly to offer him any assistance. The film climaxes with a battle in which the policeman, facing the Arabs alone, fights to victory.

In production number three, a wealthy Israeli newspaper owner expresses his opposition in editorials to the refusal of the government to deal with the Palestinians, to the brutalization of the Palestinians, and to the continued reliance on American aid. In response to his: “anti-Semitic” views, powerful Israelis produce a film viciously smearing him as one of the worst human beings imaginable: cold, ruthless, friendless, despicable, with no sense of decency and fairness; and incapable of finding love, short of picking up women on the street. In fact, his soul is so empty, the only comforting thing on his mind as he dies, is the name of a boyhood toy.

The next movie is designed to degrade the Israeli military. The locale: an air base somewhere in Israel. The base commander is a psychopath who wants to shoot any serviceman with dust on his shoes, or a single undone button. At his elbow at all times is a rat-faced little guy ready to cite chapter and verse from military regulations whenever the general goes off the deep end. E.g.: “Oh no, General. We can’t shoot him for belching!” The Colonel in charge of supplies, meanwhile, is deeply involved in the black market. In order to cover up his ac-

tivities, he makes a deal with the Arabs to blow up his own supply depot, thus ensuring that the missing items will be listed as having been destroyed. His black market associate among the enlisted men is an incipient Nazi who acts like a storm trooper. The base rabbi is a coward and a bumbling fool who can’t hit the ground with his hat. And the rest of the characters are assorted criminal types and sexual perverts.

And now a film dealing with the activities taking place within a large but modern Israeli company that employs several vice presidents and numerous young people, including many pretty girls. The most urgent business on the minds of the managerial staff, however, appears to be the seducing of young female employees. Without the slightest shred of common decency, they promise the girls everything for their favors, and give them nothing in return. To avoid the public eye, as it were, the VP’s make a deal with an unmarried male employee for the purpose of using his dwelling for their numerous sexual liaisons.

Film number six belongs to the anti-law-and-order movie genre.

The sheriff of a small Israeli town and his deputies, capture a vicious but charismatic Arab criminal, and incarcerate him in the local jail. More interested in gaining political power than in doing his job, the sheriff is obsessively ambitious and ruthlessly amoral. Most of the townspeople—with one of the exceptions being the local newspaper editor—are as corrupt and indifferent to decency as the sheriff. As the result of his arrogant treatment of the newspaper man, his indifference to the welfare of his men, and his plans to use the capture of the criminal for his own political gain, his deputies turn against him and help the criminal escape from jail. The last thing the deserted sheriff sees as he stands in the middle of the street screaming to the high heavens about betrayal, are his deputies driving off into the sunset with the Arab.

Many more examples could be cited in this motion picture “hit list;” but to continue, I suspect, would be akin to beating the proverbial dead horse.

The purpose of these satirical exercises has been to emphasize by example how six major American films—“Airplane,” “High Noon,” “Citizen Kane,” “Catch 22,” “The Apartment,” and “The Posse”—would appear to the world at large if all of the ugly people involved in the stories were Jews rather than white Gentiles. For those who are fortunate enough not to have wasted good money to see “Airplane,” a couple of incidents from that flic will clarify my “jumbo jet” scenario: A handsome Anglo pilot asks a little boy if he has ever seen a grown man naked; and a little blonde girl comments that she likes her coffee *black*,

like her *men*. Obviously, deliberately slanted writing of this sort reaches outside the perimeters of socially acceptable comedy for propaganda messages that are more closely related to racial denigration than to entertainment and enlightenment.

Is the Hollywood Writer's Guild "practically a Semitic closed shop," as a Jewish publication reported a few years back? I really don't know. Considering the large number of movies and TV programs that portray Anglos in the most negative ways, however, it isn't difficult to conclude that not only is the number of Sammy Glicks in Hollywood far out of proportion to their numbers in our society, a goodly number of them are deliberately using the propaganda medium of the motion picture to express their contempt for, and hatred of, the American majority.

For the very best in prime, Grade A, racial denigration, I refer the reader to "Soap," a TV series starring a large, white Gentile family, whose members, without exception, are obscene caricatures of human beings. The only decent person in the entire household—no coincidence, to be sure—is the Black manservant.

In other words, the savaging of Anglos appears to be one of the primary occupations of the Sammy Glicks of Hollywood. We are constantly being portrayed as sex-crazed, power-warped, minority-hating, immoral polluters of sane society. "Nashville," "Nasty Habits," "Roots," "Little Big Man," "Dallas," "A Woman Called Moses," "A Wedding," "Mandingo," "Buffalo Bill and the Indians," "Carnal Knowledge," "Joe," "The Border," "Alamo Bay," "Mississippi Burning," and "The Chase" merely scratch the surface of the parade of Hollywood motion pictures that could all be subtitled "Anglos You Love To Hate."

Of all the world's social systems, the Western world of the white Gentile is so distinctive in character and imposing in its duration, that it could logically be described as the most "human" of societies, and the most "civil" of civilizations. Nonetheless, what we frequently hear from a disproportionate number of minority members—intellectual terrorists who destroy with words instead of bombs—are public declarations via novels, text books and film productions, to the effect that the "white race" is the *cancer* of the human race.

Always contributing to the foundation upon which the individual minority racist builds, is the very effective method of media propagandizing known as saturation programming. We Americans are regularly bombarded throughout the year, on both commercial and public television, with guilt-producing dramas, documentaries, and news-film anthologies, that are supposed to "educate" us about past and present

"white supremacist," "anti-Semitic," and "anti-civil rights" activism. For forty years, Nazism has been kept alive by a continual pageantry of programs portraying old Nazis, ex-Nazis, resurgent Nazis, neo-Nazis, and even *cloned* Nazis; and the latest in a lengthy procession of assembly-line Holocaust productions is a story about an SS officer who undergoes plastic surgery so that he can assume the identity of a Jew. What next...an animated Holocaust extravaganza starring Irving Rabbit?

If the white race was generally as worthless and corrupt as the holier-than-thou, always wronged and never wrong, minorities would have us believe, there would be no Western civilization; no great art, literature, music, or architecture; no great cathedrals, art galleries, libraries, universities, or hospitals; no concept of individual rights; Nothing—except a terrifying primitive world filled with *collectivism* and *tribalism*.

Sammy Glick found the freedom and opportunity in predominantly white, Christian America to achieve all possible success. And what does he give us in return? Out of proportion to his numbers in our society—the significant words are, to repeat, OUT OF PROPORTION—he gives us an overwhelming lust to defile and destroy our civilization and culture. Think about that the next time you see one of Sammy Glick's productions. □

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THE GREAT HOLOCAUST TRIALS IN TORONTO 1983 - 1988

by David McCalden

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The Great Holocaust Trials
in Toronto 1983 - 1988
by David McCalden
First Edition 1988

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Red Cross Witnesses in Need of Treatment

Next up, the Crown called two witnesses from the Canadian Red Cross Society, who might have stepped right out of an episode of *Monty Python*. Their testimony was hampered by chaos and confusion; some due to the language barrier, and some because of the misrepresentation of one organization as another.

The Crown first presented René de Grace, the National Director for International Affairs of the Canadian Red Cross Society. De Grace, a French-Canadian, told the court that his office maintained a library of publications and bulletins from various "Red Cross" organizations, such as the International Committee of the Red Cross (Geneva), and the League of Red Cross Societies, and his own Canadian Red Cross Society. He presented into evidence an IRC bulletin dated 1 February 1978, disclaiming the "300,000 total of victims" attributed to the ICRC by Harwood on page 30 of *Did Six Million Really Die?* De Grace indicated that the "300,000" figure came, not from the ICRC, but from a similar organization, the International Tracing Service, based at Arolsen in West Germany.

The relationship between the Canadian Red Cross, and the International Committee of the Red Cross, and the International Tracing Service, would gradually become a subject of debate; with the Crown eventually reversing themselves, instead arguing emphatically that we had been right in the beginning!

In cross-examination, we had Mrs. Marshall ask the witness about the paperback book published by the ICRC entitled *The Work of the ICRC for Civilian Detainees in German Concentration Camps 1939-1945*, but although he knew of the title, he did not feel qualified to comment on its contents. In fact, the 125-page paperback consists of extracts from the ICRC's 3-volume hardback series *Report of the ICRC on Its Activities During the Second World War*. Revisionists point out that early editions of the ICRC's reports (e.g., 1946, 1947) contain very few references to "death camps" or "gas chambers." Only subsequent editions include such terminology.

Monsieur De Grace had brought along with him a "German-speaking" assistant, Mrs. Elisabeth Perz, who was supposed to translate for the court the Arolsen document which did indeed cite the "3000,000" total of victims. Unfortunately, Mrs. Perz' German was about on a par with M. De Grace's English. Her testimony was marred by stumblings, mis-translations, and plain ignorance. Even Mrs. Marshall was on the

ball, when she confined her cross-examination to the following exchange:

Mrs. Marshall: "Do you know what [this document] is about at all?"

Mrs. Perz: "No, I don't."

Mrs. Marshall: "You have no idea at all?"

Mrs. Perz: "I have no idea."

Mrs. Marshall: "Thank you."

The presentation by the Crown of Elisabeth Perz as both an "expert" German translator, and an employee of the "Red Cross" was indicative of the cavalier attitude with which they approached this trial—at least in its early stages.

In an effort to reclaim lost ground, the Crown Attorney, Peter Griffiths, re-summoned René de Grace, to put to him some questions he had obviously forgotten to ask him during his Examination-in-chief. In particular, Griffiths focused on Harwood's unfortunate mistakes on page 27 of *Did Six Million Really Die?*, where he misrepresented *Allied* camps as *German* camps; and *ICRC Report*, Volume 1 as *ICRC Report*, Volume III. (This, and similar, errors have been cleaned up—with the help of this author—in the latest British edition of *Did Six Million Really Die?*)

A Survivor Manqué

Reluctantly, the Crown next exhibited Mrs. Sabina Citron, the instigator of the private suit against Zündel. Although Mrs. Citron's Holocaust Remembrance Association had been expelled from the Canadian Jewish Federation for ill-discipline, and although she professionally operated a union-busting, immigrant sweat-shop, plastics factory, Crown attorneys were so overwhelmed by her garrulous manner that they meekly acquiesced to her arrogant demands for the largely-Gentile Canadian government to take over her private, vengeful, specifically-Jewish law-suit, and spend taxpayers' money instead of her own, in venting her spleen.

Every North American city has a "Sabina Citron." She has her own maverick "survivor" organization. She presents herself as a "Holocaust expert" for TV and radio appearances. She occasionally acts as a docent at "Holocaust" exhibits, where she buttonholes visits with her tales of woe. And she solicits invitations to schools and colleges, where she is given free rein to impose her own neuroses on impressionable children and adolescents. Unfortunately, only in Toronto is a "Sabina Citron" taken seriously enough for the state to take over her legal vendettas.

Mrs. Citron testified that she had grown up in Lodz, Poland. After the war broke out she and her family relocated to the Jewish ghetto at the nearby town of Kielce, and worked in a number of war-production factories.

In July 1944—five years after the German invasion of Poland—Sabina and her siblings were transferred to Auschwitz, in box-cars. In sworn testimony, she testified that the 120 mile journey took “about a week” (Prelim. p. 175).

Upon arrival at Auschwitz, she and her family were forced to take a shower, their clothes were taken away for disinfection, and they were given prison uniforms. Sabina was allocated prisoner number A-15134, which was tattooed on her forearm, and embroidered on her uniform.

During five more transcript pages (pp. 177-182) Mrs. Citron rambled on, complaining in the typical Jewish fashion about the fit of her uniform, the size of her clogs, the space of her bunk, the quality and frequency of her meals, and the earliness of the roll-calls. At the beginning, Judge Hryciuk attempted to move things along, but to no avail. Mrs. Citron insisted on hogging the limelight with her tales from the Holocaust. Or perhaps, they were not totally her own: much of her story appears to be a paraphrase of that of Kitty Hart, the British-Jewish-Polish survivor whose memoirs have been made into both a book (*Return to Auschwitz*, Athenaeum, 1983) and a TV video (*Kitty: Return to Auschwitz*, Yorkshire Television, 1979).

In Kitty's yarn, she was in the hospital block of the extermination camp (!) when a selection for the “gas chambers” was imminent. Her mother, who happened to be a nurse, hid her under a straw mattress (p. 105) and placed a corpse on top to hide her. In Sabina's story, her mother told her to hide under the bunk-boards (Prelim. p. 181) and threw herself on top. Miraculously, both survived.

After just two weeks (Prelim. p. 182) at Auschwitz, Sabina was transferred by passenger train to Bomblitz near Hannover, in Germany-proper, where she worked in a munitions factory, and “couldn't believe [her] good luck” with the excellent accommodations.

With the war coming to an end, Sabina was transferred to the transit- or holding-camp of Bergen-Belsen. After just three weeks there, she was transferred to yet another munitions factory at Elsing. Shortly afterward, the war came to an end, and Sabina was free to emigrate to Canada.

However, immediately after the war Sabina Citron returned briefly to Lodz in Poland to see who and what had survived. In testimony (Prelim. p. 185) she acknowledged that “people were coming [back]

from all over...people who were returning were coming there because there was...a small Jewish center which was receiving returning refugees. And it was sort of holding lists of people who had already arrived so that families could be re-united.”

In Lodz, Sabina was able to determine that both her parents and one of her two brothers had survived the war; four out of five family survivors certainly exceeded the average German or Polish ratio. Whatever happened to the missing brother was never determined.

As soon as our Mrs. Marshall started to cross-examine Sabina Citron, a curious incident took place. From the press-gallery, a reporter, Sol Littman, passed a folded note to a court usher, who in turn passed it to Crown prosecutor Peter Griffiths. At that time, Littman was still allegedly a reporter for the *Toronto Star* and the *CBC-TV Newshour*; but shortly after this incident he abandoned all pretence at objectivity and revealed his true colors as the “Canadian” representative of the Simon Wiesenthal Center of Los Angeles. Littman insists that he only became a partisan on the subject of “war criminals” and their “apologists” because the *Star* had assigned him to cover the extradition case of one Helmut Rauca to West Germany. (Rauca was shipped-out to West Germany in 1983, but died before his trial could be held.)

The court transcripts reveals that Littman only passed his note (instructions?) to Griffiths when the name of a fellow CBC-TV reporter was brought up. Sabina Citron confessed on the witness stand that she had never actually received a copy of *Did Six Million Really Die?* in the mail, or seen *Did Six Million Really Die?* on a news-stand; in fact, she had only been confronted with a copy of it by CBC's Steve Peabody, who had quizzed her on how much she was outraged by it. Thus, at a stroke, the Crown's argument of “mischief to the public interest” was nullified; neither an individual TV reporter nor an individual publicity-seeking Jewess could conceivably be regarded as “the public”—even in the People's Republic of Canuckistan—or so we thought!

In a rare act of courage, Judge Hryciuk publicly rebuked Littman for his impertinence. During the lunch-break I interviewed Littman on the subject. He complained that Hryciuk was only a “second-rate [Ukrainian] judge” who would never progress. Littman also objected to a Zündelist photographer taking pictures of us, because he is a “male model” whose features are “copyrighted”!!!

Besides becoming the “Canadian” representative of the Simon Wiesenthal Center, Littman also published a book on the Rauca case, entitled *War Criminal on Trial*, where he vocally complained that Rauca had died in West German custody before he could receive “justice.”

Revisionists got a taste of Littman's accuracy in the Simon Wiesenthal Center's *Response* newsletter dated February, 1988. On page 6, Littman authoritatively reported that Ernst Zündel had "married the daughter of Canadian fascist leader Adrian Arcand." Although Janick Zündel was indeed French-Canadian, and although Ernst Zündel had gained much insight from interviews with the late Arcand, there was no familial connection at all. Naturally, Littman never apologized for, or withdrew, the claim. Nor was he sued for "publishing false news."

In fact, Littman's prestige was dramatically shattered during the hearing of the Deschenes Commission, which was set up to figure out Canada's response to the Zionist's complaints about "Nazis amongst us."

Littman had insisted that the Deschenes Commission should investigate whether or not the "Doctor of Death", Josef Mengele, had ever emigrated to Canada. He withdrew this demand shortly after he himself found it spurious, but the Deschenes Commission still spent two chapters discussing it. Even so, at one unusual hearing, Littman was personally rebuked for wasting the Commission's time, by an impertinent Ottawa commissioner; naturally the commissioner issued contrite apologies afterward.

Likewise, the Deschenes Commission gave short shrift to the rantings of Saint Simon Wiesenthal himself. Saint Simon had published a list of 217 members of the Waffen-SS Galicia Division, who "may" have visited Canada "since so many fellow Ukrainians lived there." The Commission determined that of the 217 named, 196—or 90%—had never set foot in Canada. Eventually, the Commission determined that there were "twenty" suspected Nazi war criminals in Canada, and another 200 or so in need of investigation. The first of the twenty, Imré Finta, was charged in 1988, and his trial is due to begin in September 1989. However, this may not be so easy. The "eye-witnesses" all live either behind the Iron Curtain in Hungary, or behind the Koshier Curtain in Israel. Since the exposition of Revisionist views is illegal in both statelets, it will be difficult for Finta's lawyer—also now Zündel's lawyer—Doug Christie, to perform effective depositions in such circumstances. After all, John Demjanjuk's lawyer, Dov Eitan, was killed after "falling" from a 15th floor window in Jerusalem, and his colleague Yoram Sheftel was mutilated in an acid-attack at Eitan's funeral.

Eitan's defenestration immediately reminds us of the similar fate of Czechoslovakian prime minister Jan Masaryk in 1948, and that of U.S. Secretary of Defense James Forrestal, in May 1949. Masaryk's death ensured the complete Communist hegemony over his country, and

Forrestal's sent a message to his Pentagon colleagues not to challenge Zionist hegemony over his.

Mrs. Marshall led Citron through a tiresome recapitulation of her wartime experiences, which didn't seem all that different from my own mother's account of World War Two. My Mom left school at 14 years of age—the limit of free education in those days—and started work as a weaver in a Belfast linen factory. When the war broke out, she and her mother both were assigned jobs in the munitions factory of Mackie's—a foundry which ordinarily made-tea-drying machinery for export to India. Although Belfast was way on the periphery of the United Kingdom, its heavy industry—especially its ship-building, aerospace, and munitions facilities—quickly attracted the attention of the Luftwaffe. On the night of 7/8 April 1941, a German bombing raid killed 755 civilians; the second-highest nightly total after London's. Undoubtedly, Belfast's dense and inadequate housing contributed to a higher casualty toll than the much larger cities of Coventry, Liverpool, and Glasgow.

Just as in England, plans were quickly made to evacuate Belfast children to the safety of the countryside. However, in an uncanny echo of German policy in Poland, the Northern Ireland Minister of Home Affairs, Richard Dawson-Bates, pointed out that at least 5000 urban evacuees were nevertheless "unbilletable owing to personal habits which are sub-human [...] camps or institutions...must be instituted for these" (*In Time of War*, Robert Fisk, University of Pennsylvania Press, 1983, p. 437). As New York City engineer Fritz Berg has so perceptively pointed out (*Journal of Historical Review*, Winter 1988-1989, p. 433 ff), much of the German concentration policy toward Poland's Jewish population was based on laws of hygiene, not the laws of racism.

(However, Belfast's evacuation policy was short-lived. Billeting in rural homes never amounted to much, and Mr. Dawson-Bates' proposals for "camps" were never put into action. Many Northern Ireland Catholic families sent their children to safety in the southern Irish Free State; although the Luftwaffe mistakenly bombed neutral Dublin twice—in January 1941 and May 1941. [The Allies likewise bombed neutral Switzerland.] Most Belfast families trekked to the countryside each night to sleep in barns, under hedges, and in ditches.)

The Germans interned people for political reasons; so did the British, who had an entire "concentration camp" consisting of several hotels at Douglas on the Isle of Man—Sir Oswald Mosley, leader of the British Union of Fascists, was the principal guest, even though he had

dutifully requested BUF members, such as the late Dr. Peter Peel, to accede to their draft orders.

The Germans interned people for racial reasons; so did the Americans who rounded up 150,000 Japanese—half of whom were U.S. citizens—and shipped them off to camps in the high desert of the Arkansas swamps. The British shipped stranded German passport-holders—many of them Jews—to Canada, and to the Isle of Man.

The Germans invaded and occupied other nations. So did the Allies: the Soviets invaded Poland (in cahoots with the Germans), and also Finland. Britain invaded and took over Iraq. And the United States invaded and took over Iceland and Greenland. Since Churchill and Roosevelt were secretly collaborating to finagle the United States into the war, U.S. troops began secretly arriving in Northern Ireland several months before Pearl Harbor, to spec out potential military bases (*After the Battle* #34). After the Japanese “sneak attack” on 7 December 1941, Churchill formally turned over Northern Ireland to the U.S. military to use as their European playground, prior to D-Day. In tribute to their Ulster hospitality, the U.S. Army left behind at Belfast’s City Hall a small monument, which bears a close resemblance to a 4-foot tall Gillette shaving stick.

A couple of years before she passed away, I managed to take my Ma to see the movie *Yanks* which, she told me, accurately depicted—despite its left-wing bias—the relationship between the British citizenry and the U.S. soldiers, who were widely regarded as being “over-paid, over-sexed, and over here!” Although the older generation pretend that they are more righteous and less “sinful” than their “swinging sixties” offspring, it is common knowledge that during World War Two every belligerent nationality had a tendency to engage in end-of-the-world sexual antics. In Belfast, afternoon tea dances were popular during the war because so many women, like my mother, worked the night-shift. Although she dated several GIs—including a Brooklyn Jew by the name of Silver—my Ma assured me that none of these relationships was ever consummated. After my Dad returned from his wartime service in the Aldershot cookhouse, suffering severe potato-peeler nicks and cuts, he married her, *virgo intacto*.

Bearing all this background in mind, it is difficult to consider Mrs. Sabina Winter-Citron’s wartime anecdotes as anything out of the ordinary. She herself confirmed that she only spent two weeks at the “mill of death” Auschwitz, without providing any explanation as to her miraculous survival, apart from her “hiding under the bed-boards” scenario (Prelim. p. 181). Since many sources insist that Auschwitz was

indeed a pure “extermination plant,” Mrs. Citron’s testimony contradicts their credibility, or vice versa. However, it must be stated that Mrs. Winter-Citron appeared to give more honest testimony than some of her peers. She admitted to brief, fortnight stays at both Auschwitz and Belsen; to transportation in passenger trains; and to (non-lethal) delousing procedures; and to her refusing to work and not being punished (p. 181, p. 192).

Unlike many of the “fishing yarns” told by her kinsmen, Mrs. Citron’s narrative struck me as fairly honest, and free of significant exaggeration, or fantasy. In fact, it was precisely because her testimony was so banal that the Crown decided not to re-exhibit her at the main trial, which would begin the following January 1985.

Obviously, Judge Hryciuk was un-nerved by the absence of Holocaust horrors from Mrs. Citron’s testimony; especially as she was the original Complainant. He summoned both attorneys into his chambers, and apparently insisted that the Crown should exhibit some more sensationalistic witnesses, and then wrap things up as quickly as possible. He had already made up his mind that Ernst Zündel had a case to answer.

The hearing resumed on Tuesday 26 June 1984 at 10:00 A.M., with another Holocaust survivor, Arnold Friedman.

Like so many “Holocaust survivors,” Friedman originated in the area of the Carpathian Mountains, which straddle the border of Czechoslovakia, Poland, Romania, and the USSR. Carpathian “survivors” figure largely in “Holocaust” anecdotes, largely because they were usually not interned until Spring 1944; quite late in the War.

Besides Friedman, other Carpathian survivors include: **Mel Mermelstein** (from Munkacs), **Lili Jacob-Meier** (from Bilke), **Elie Wiesel** (from Sighet), **Emil Hecht** (from Svalvava), **Robert “Maxwell”** (from Solotvino), **Filip Müller** (from Sered), **Rudolf Vrba** (from Trnava), and **Kitty Felix-Hart** (from Bielsko).

Munkacs (various spellings) was the “capital” of the Carpathians, a Ruritania-type district which had changed hands on an almost annual basis for centuries. During most of the war, it belonged to Hungary, which was allied to Germany, but for purely pragmatic reasons. Eventually, the Germans grew tired of their bumbling, and took over the Budapest régime. Before long, they started rounding up Jews from the outlying villages, collecting them at industrial rail-yards, before shipping them to industrial complexes like Auschwitz, which was desperately short of labor.

Although many Jews in the provincial parts of Hungary were quickly rounded up and shipped out, negotiations between Budapest's wealthier, urban Jews and the Nazi occupiers led to a curious arrangement whereby prominent Jews would not be drafted if they could come up with the necessary bribes. A Jewish emissary, Joel Brand, was sent to neutral Turkey to negotiate a tripartite agreement between the German embassy, the Allied embassies, and the Zionist organizations, which would allow Hungary's Jews to emigrate peacefully to Palestine, in return for the Germans receiving money and desperately needed trucks.

(This was not the first time during the war that Jewish communities had entered into negotiations with the Nazis. On 11 January 1941 the Stern Gang [including the current prime minister, Yitzhak "Shamir" Yezernitzky] wrote to the German embassy in Turkey offering a Nazi-Zionist military alliance, in return for first dibs on Palestine. Earlier still, American Zionist organizations in 1933 negotiated a Transfer Agreement with the Nazis, whereby German manufactured goods could be exported to Palestine, so long as German Jews were allowed out also.)

Listening to Arnold Friedman's testimony in Toronto, for a moment I thought I was hearing Mel Mermelstein of California. Friedman works at a lumberyard; Mermelstein owns a lumberyard. Friedman was 16 in 1944; Mermelstein was 18. Friedman had four siblings; Mermelstein had three siblings. Friedman was initially interned at the rail yards of the Munkacs brickworks; so, too, was Mermelstein. Friedman was shipped to Auschwitz-Birkenau; so was Mermelstein. Friedman's train took the by now obligatory "one week" to wend its way to Auschwitz; Mermelstein's must have been an express, taking only "three days" to cover the 250 miles from Munkacs.

The older inmates—the kapos—would torment the teenage Friedman by telling him that his "friends just went to Heaven", pointing out the "flames...spewing out of...the crematorium" (Prelim. p. 206). Likewise, the kapos told the teenage Mermelstein that if he didn't work hard he would "come out like smoke" (*By Bread Alone*, p. 113).

Both Friedman and Mermelstein came up with the most bizarre "Wieselian" scenarios. Friedman insisted that the teenage inmates could tell the nationality of the gasses by determining the color of the crematorium flames and smoke; apparently skinny Polish Jews produced red flame, whereas fat Hungarian Jews produced yellow flame. However, each time Friedman repeatedly tried to introduce this novel scientific theory, Crown prosecutor Peter Griffiths would try to head him off at the pass, being only too aware that such crackpot allegations

could only dissuade a jury of the witness's credibility. (See: Preliminary p. 206, pp. 213-214; and especially EZ#1, p. 326, where Griffiths asked for a recess as soon as the incorrigible Friedman started yet again his "colored smoke" thesis!)

Likewise, Mel Mermelstein's book *By Bread Alone* insists (p. 115) that:

Suddenly the road burst upon the scene—a scene right out of *Dante's Inferno*. Ahead were three huge pits dug deep into the ground. In each a fire was raging. Around the flaming pits naked men were running in an endless circle. All around I could see SS guards and kapos swinging their leather whips and driving the prisoners from behind into the pits. I couldn't believe my eyes.

I kept pushing myself away from the pit but something kept drawing me back. I was torn between two worlds, the living and the dead. I pushed myself closer to the edge of the pit. My God, I could see humans in the fire, writhing and moaning.

No, doubt, this excerpt helps to explain why Mermelstein has been seeing a psychiatrist for some twenty years, and why he makes repeated annual visits to Auschwitz. He has been to Auschwitz—the scene of Jewish "destruction"—almost twenty times, but has visited Israel—the scene of Jewish "salvation"—only two or three times.

Mermelstein's scenario is completely implausible. The water-table at Birkenau is so high that any "deep pit" would immediately flood with water. (The "ultra-methodical" Germans were so clever that they built Birkenau on a swamp; hence the repeated epidemics.) Even in the best of conditions, it is next to impossible to burn anything in a pit. Ever try burning a dead pet, or leaves, or vegetable waste, in a pit? Even with gasoline or kerosene propellants, all that happens is that the surface gets scorched, and the fire goes out. *Any* fire needs a draught underneath. Pits do not have air intakes from underneath. Ergo, Mermelstein is either a liar or a nut.

Additionally, what possible *motive* would the Germans have had for chasing naked Jews around blazing pits? Something's wrong somewhere. I would suggest that Mermelstein's imagery has more to do with his religious upbringing than it does with empirical reality.

At the main trial EZ#1 we taxed Friedman on his "colored smoke" theories, and after considerable effort, he finally admitted that during his time at Auschwitz he had "listened to other people...maybe I would have attached more credibility to your [explanation] than theirs, but at the time I accepted theirs" (EZ#1, p. 445).

Friedman's admission at the main trial caused a sensation throughout the Canadian media, and the Holocaust industry. We'll get to those

developments in sequence. Right now, I'd just like to draw attention to the uncanny synchronicity between the symbolic "flaming/smoking chimneys/pits" of Mermelstein/Friedman etc. with the yarns presented in that other book of Jewish fairy tales, the *Holy Bible*.

According to *Jeremiah* 7:31, when the Jews were in exile in Babylon they eagerly worshiped the Baylonian's fire-god Moloch, by sacrificing their babies in a "gas oven."

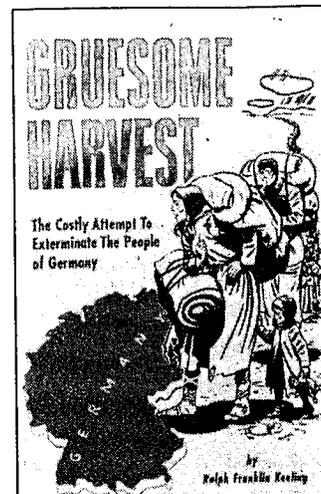
Deuteronomy 4:23 tells us that "the Lord thy God is a consuming fire; even a jealous God." *Deuteronomy* 29:20 elaborates that "the Lord and his jealousy shall smoke against that [sinner]." *Nahum* 1:6 tells us that God's "fury is poured out like fire." *II Samuel* 22:9 insists that "there went up smoke out of [God's] nostrils, and fire out of his mouth devoured; coals were kindled by it." If we are to believe *Daniel* 4:26, the Babylonian king Nebuchadnezzar ordered everyone to worship his golden statue: when three Jewish advisors refused, they were thrown into a blazing gas-oven, pre-heated to seven times its regular temperature. Miraculously, the three Hebrews were seen to walk around, unsinged, inside the furnace, in the company of the Messiah himself. Once they were released from this magickal oven, King Nebuchadnezzar naturally had the three Jews promoted; he had obviously never heard of the Canadian-Jewish debunker of "psychics, ESP, and magick": The Amazing Randi, who writes frequently for *Free Inquiry* and *The Humanist*.

To be continued in the next issue of *Liberty Bell*.

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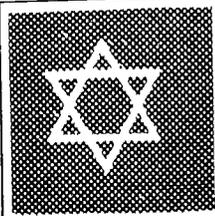
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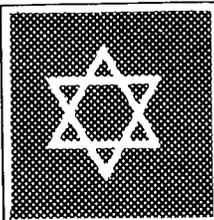
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JEW IN THE NEWS



THE NEW YORK TIMES, MONDAY, JANUARY 9, 1989

3 Face Jail In Fraud Of Medicaid

By SELWYN RAAB

Sheldon Weinberg owned a modest dress shop in Brooklyn before he and his sons branched off into Medicaid ventures. Their new business quickly brought them the lavish trappings of success: six-figure incomes, a yacht, a \$100,000 Rolls-Royce, apartments in Trump Tower, a butler, a maid and a \$2.5 million home in Florida.

But that wealth, prosecutors say, was hardly created by the delivery of medical services to poor people, but by a \$16 million fraud, the largest theft of Medicaid funds, officials say, since the program began 22 years ago.

The Weinbergs, the prosecutors say, operated a sophisticated computerized system of fraud that included the submission of 381,000 fake claims to the state and payments of \$5,000 a week to a dentist to aid in the scheme. One son was said to have used part of one clinic as an office for a commodity-trading business.

Tomorrow, Mr. Weinberg, 64 years old, and his sons, Jay, 35, and Ronald, 42, will be sentenced in State Supreme Court in Brooklyn for the fraud, which took place over seven years at clinics in the Bedford-Stuyvesant and Bushwick sections of Brooklyn.

Roller-Coaster Rise and Fall

A portrait of the Weinbergs' roller-coaster financial rise and fall emerged from court and legal documents and from interviews with friends and former business associates of the three men.

It showed a failure by state supervisory agencies to closely monitor the operation and detect the fraud. It also raised questions about the licensing and monitoring of large outpatient centers. Background checks of owners of Medicaid clinics are rarely conducted by the State Health Department or

the Social Services Department after clinics are licensed, state officials said. State law allows investors without health-service experience to operate Medicaid clinics.

For example, Jay and Ronald Weinberg continued to run the clinics after they were convicted in state courts in the early 1980's of financial crimes unrelated to Medicaid fraud. The brothers were on court-ordered probation while co-administrators of the clinics. At a trial on the fraud charges in

November, defense lawyers contended that none of the Weinbergs had stolen a penny. The lawyers described the Weinbergs as victims of unscrupulous employees who engineered the frauds for their own profit and of other employees who testified falsely out of hatred for the sons.

But James A. Durkin, who is in charge of the state agency that supervises Medicaid payments, said: "It was an unprecedented scam in size and sophistication. They used an ingenious trick, a computerized system to invent phantom records and services for actual patients."

Mr. Durkin, the director of audit and quality control for the Social Services Department, said that his unit has devised new ways to detect abuses by large Medicaid providers, partly because of the Brooklyn case.

The efforts, he noted, include computerized verification that a patient actually visited a clinic at a specific time and random checks by mail with patients to check if bills are valid.

Assets Have Been Seized

Officials in the Social Services Department and the State Health Department, which licenses medical centers, said they were unaware of the sons' convictions. Both had been convicted of failure to pay bills. In addition, Jay Weinberg was convicted of writing bad checks and of violating Security and Exchange Commission laws by failing to register as a broker.

The state's Special Prosecutor for Medicaid fraud, Edward J. Kurlansky, began an investigation of the Weinbergs in 1986 only after a former employee of their clinic in Bedford-Stuyvesant was arrested in another case and, in a plea agreement, provided information on the Weinbergs.

Under court orders, Mr. Kurlansky's office has seized from \$5 million to \$6 million in assets held by the Weinberg family. More assets are being sought, but it is unlikely that the full \$16 million will be recovered, an official said.

The Weinbergs were indicted in 1987. In November 1988, a jury found each defendant guilty on multiple counts of grand larceny, conspiracy to defraud, of filing false instruments and of falsifying business records.

Prosecutors from Mr. Kurlansky's office charged that the three men had participated in the submission of 381,000 fake claims to the Social Services Department from 1980 to 1987. The bills were for fictitious examinations and medical services for 3,000 patients enrolled in the Medicaid program who had sought treatment at the two clinics.

Medicaid pays physicians, dentists and health-care centers for the care of low-income and welfare patients. The Federal Government pays 50 percent of the cost and state and local governments pay the remainder.

The Weinbergs, through their lawyers, declined to be interviewed.

Sheldon Weinberg, according to friends, grew up in the Bensonhurst section of Brooklyn, where his father, Phillip, owned Phillip's Dress Shop in Bath Beach. Sheldon took over the shop at 86th and Bay 25th Streets after his father retired in the early 1960's.

Friends said that Mr. Weinberg, and his wife, Roslyn, raised Jay and Ronald in a large house in Manhattan Beach, about five miles from the family's dress shop. Although, as teen-agers and young men, the sons had worked in the shop and in the dress business they had no desire to work in the garment industry, the friends recalled.

In 1975, when his lease expired, Sheldon Weinberg left the dress business. Former associates of Mr. Weinberg said Jay convinced his father to invest in a Medicaid center.

With a \$400,000 loan, Sheldon Weinberg in 1976 organized the Bedford-Stuyvesant Health Care Corporation

and built the first clinic at 1413 Fulton Street. He also hired a professional staff to provide medical services. Later, the corporation with another \$400,000 loan, opened a satellite clinic at 331 Knickerbocker Avenue in Bushwick.

A year after the opening of the Bedford-Stuyvesant clinic, Sheldon and Roslyn Weinberg sold their Manhattan Beach home and bought a house, valued at \$500,000, with a private dock, in Hewlett Bay Park, L.I. Mr. Weinberg and Jay also acquired a \$55,000, 34-foot yacht, which they named *The Corsair*.

In August 1982, at a hearing conducted by the State Health Department over allegations of lax medical conditions at the Bedford-Stuyvesant center, Sheldon Weinberg said he took control of the clinic in 1981 to iron out management problems. "I threw both my sons out," he said at the hearing.

An examiner for the Health Department found that medical standards at the center were acceptable and it was permitted to continue operating.

Home in Boca Raton

Prosecution witnesses at the fraud trial in November testified that both sons were actively involved with the Bedford-Stuyvesant center. Prosecutors asserted that most of the frauds concerned billings from that clinic.

In 1983 Sheldon Weinberg and his wife moved from Long Island and built a home at the St. Andrews Country Club in Boca Raton, Fla. The home is now appraised at \$2.5 million. In Florida, Mr. Weinberg bought a \$100,000 Rolls Royce, a \$70,000 custom-built Zimmer automobile that resembled a 1930's-style limousine and a \$40,000 Corvette, court records said.

Mr. Weinberg and Jay also rented luxury apartments on the 63d floor of Trump Tower on Fifth Avenue near 57th Street. Sheldon Weinberg was paying \$180,000-a-year in rent in 1987.

In 1987, Jay was indicted on charges that he arranged a fire in 1983 that destroyed records at the Bedford-Stuyvesant clinic. He is awaiting trial on charges of arson and of collecting \$50,000 in fraudulent insurance claims.

A key prosecution witness at the fraud trial was David Z. Beldengreen, a Manhattan dentist who had been employed at the Bedford-Stuyvesant center from 1979 to 1984. He testified that at the direction of the defendants he "created" thousands of fake bills for

Medicaid patients and was paid at least \$5,000 a week for doing so.

Dr. Beldengreen, in exchange for possible leniency in an unrelated \$450,000 Medicaid fraud, touched off the investigation of the Weinbergs. After he was arrested in 1986, the dentist told prosecutors in Mr. Kurlansky's office about the irregularities at the Bedford-Stuyvesant clinic.

Dr. Beldengreen is awaiting sentencing after pleading guilty to grand larceny and promising to make restitution of \$60,000 to the state in his own case.

At their peak, from 1984 to 1986, the Weinbergs employed about 25 doctors full and part-time and about 25 other employees. The clinics generated up to \$200,000 a week in fake claims, according to evidence presented by Richard S. Harrow, the lead prosecutor.

From 1980 to 1987, the clinics got about \$15 million for genuine Medicaid services, prosecutors said. Mr. Durkin maintained that the submission of about 50 percent in genuine bills helped to conceal the fake claims.

'Obnoxious, Spoiled Young Men'

Former employees of the Bedford-Stuyvesant clinic testified that Jay Weinberg operated a commodity-trading company on the second floor of the clinic and that his employees were paid from the clinic's payrolls.

Ronald Weinberg, according to testimony, also apparently violated the Medicaid reimbursement regulations by using the clinic as a garage and office for another family business, a limousine-rental service.

None of the Weinbergs testified at the trial. Sheldon Weinberg's lawyer, Maurice H. Sercarz, in his summation, portrayed Sheldon Weinberg as a "man of means" who had bona fide investments that enabled him to lead a "high life."

Mr. Sercarz asserted that the former employees were "eager to twist the truth" in their testimony for the prosecution because they disliked Jay and Ronald Weinberg, whom he described as "obnoxious, spoiled young men."

Sheldon and Jay Weinberg, who were convicted of first-degree grand larceny, face maximum sentences of 25 years. Ronald Weinberg, who was found guilty of second-degree grand larceny, faces a maximum term of 15 years. They will be sentenced by Justice Ruth Moskowitz.



Like Father (Sheldon)...



Like Son (Jay)...



Like Son (Ronald).

Father Jumps Bail in Fraud On Medicaid Faced Prison Sentence — 2 Sons Given Terms

By SELWYN RAAB

On the day of his sentencing for participating in a \$16 million Medicaid fraud, Sheldon Weinberg failed to show up in a Brooklyn court yesterday and was declared a fugitive from justice.

As authorities began an international search for Mr. Weinberg, he and his two sons received prison terms for their roles in the largest theft of Medicaid funds since the program began 22 years ago. Investigators said Mr. Weinberg, who was free on \$250,000 bail, and his wife, Roslyn, had disappeared with most of their belongings from their rented house in Lawrence, L.I.

An empty safe, 25 pairs of men and women's shoes, towels from the Helmsley Palace Hotel and several of Mrs. Weinberg's dresses were all that remained in the house, an investigator said.

Mr. Weinberg, who is 64 years old, was sentenced in absentia to 7 to 21 years in prison. One son, Jay, 35, whom prosecutors described as the "mastermind" of the scheme, was sentenced to 8½ to 25 years, the maximum that could be imposed.

Another son, Ronald, 42, was sentenced to 5 to 15 years.

Up to \$6 million of the family's assets have been seized under court order.

Judge Defends Bail Decision

Justice Ruth Moskowitz imposed the sentences in State Supreme Court. When the three men were convicted on charges of grand larceny and conspiracy in November, she had denied a prosecution request that she revoke Sheldon Weinberg's bail and jail him until sentencing. In explaining her decision yesterday, Justice Moskowitz said she had "bent over backwards to be fair" to Mr. Weinberg, who had no previous convictions. "He has spoken loud and clear and told this court that he is leaving only his shoes behind," she said after issuing a warrant for his arrest.

Edward J. Kurlansky, the special state prosecutor for Medicaid fraud, said Mr. Weinberg's flight "is his final act of disrespect for our system of law."

Lawyers for the three defendants, in asking for leniency for their clients, each placed the prime responsibility for the Medicaid frauds on other members of the family. Sheldon Weinberg's lawyer said the sons had initiated and carried out the schemes, and lawyers for each son named the father or the other brother as the chief instigator. "Wherever he is now, he is living in hell," Maurice H. Sercarz, Sheldon Weinberg's lawyer, said of his client. "His sons are in prison and wife has been wrecked by what he has done."

Later, outside court, Mr. Sercarz said he believed Sheldon Weinberg had fled because he thought his wife might suffer a physical or mental breakdown if her husband were imprisoned.

Mr. Weinberg and his two sons ran a dress shop in the Bath Beach section of Brooklyn before 1976, when they began opening medical clinics, primarily for Medicaid patients, in the Bedford-Stuyvesant and Bushwick sections.

None of them had medical training or experience. They hired physicians and dentists to treat impoverished patients who qualified for Medicaid.

At the trial, prosecutors presented evidence that, from 1980 to 1987, the Weinbergs were paid for 381,000 fake Medicaid claims totalling more than \$16 million.

Trump Tower Apartment

Court records and a pre-sentencing report by Mr. Kurlansky's office said that, after opening the clinics, Sheldon Weinberg left Brooklyn for lavish homes on Long Island, in Manhattan and in Boca Raton, Florida. When they were indicted in 1987, Sheldon Weinberg and his wife lived in a Trump Tower apartment that rented for \$180,000 a year and had a fountain in the living room. Their son Jay lived next door in one that rented for \$48,000.

Justice Moskowitz said she hoped the long sentences would send Medicaid providers a "loud and clear message" that "if you steal from the state you will be punished."

Jay Weinberg, who is already serving up to four years for failing to file state income tax returns, pleaded guilty yesterday to arson. He said a fire in 1983 at the Bedford-Stuyvesant clinic was arranged by his father to destroy Medicaid records. He was given the maximum sentence on that charge: three years, to run concurrently with the fraud and conspiracy sentences.

His brother Ronald Weinberg, who had been free on \$100,000 bail, was jailed after the sentencing yesterday.

Last Seen Thursday

The chief prosecutor, Richard Har-

row, said that Sheldon Weinberg was also suspected of stealing \$1 million from an employee's pension fund at the Medicaid clinics and that Ronald Weinberg faced tax-evasion charges.

An investigator in the Medicaid fraud prosecutor's office, John Lydon, said yesterday that Sheldon and Roslyn

Weinberg were last seen by friends at their home at 280 Narragansett Avenue in Lawrence on Thursday.

Mr. Weinberg's passport was confiscated when he was indicted in 1987 but investigators said they suspected he had obtained another one under a fictitious name.

THE NEW YORK TIMES, FRIDAY, JANUARY 13, 1989

Pro-Israel Lobbyists Face Charge on Election Role

WASHINGTON, Jan. 12 (AP) — Former United States officials filed a complaint today against an influential pro-Israel lobbying group and 53 political action committees, charging they had violated Federal election laws.

The complaint, filed with the Federal Election Commission, charges that the American Israel Public Affairs Committee has overstepped its legal bounds as a lobbying group by working to elect or defeat political candidates based on their positions toward Israel.

The complaint said that the committee channeled money and volunteers to such campaigns in violation of its registered purpose as a lobbyist. The committee, which in the past has denied such activities, declined to discuss the details of the complaint filed today, citing F.E.C. regulations on confidentiality.

Those who filed the complaint include George Ball, Under Secretary of State; James Akins, former Ambassador to Saudi Arabia; Andrew Killgore, former Ambassador to Qatar; Adm. Robert J. Hanks, retired, who headed the Navy's Middle East Task Force; Richard Curtiss, a former chief inspector of the United States Information Agency, and Paul Findley, a former Representative from Illinois who contends he was defeated in 1982 because of a campaign by the pro-Israeli lobbying group.

Action Sought by F.E.C.

The complaint, researched by the American Arab Anti-Discrimination Committee, which is a major Arab-American organization, asks the election commission to force the public affairs committee to register as a political action committee. If the group did so, it would have to file reports on its activities with the election commission.

This could hamper the effectiveness of the lobbying group, which operates behind the scenes to recruit support for Israel, the largest recipient of United States aid with \$3 billion annually, and to oppose weapons sales to Arab countries.

In a statement, one of the plaintiffs, Mr. Curtiss, spoke of the lobby's "formidable ability to mobilize congressional support" and said the ability

was "based not upon an appeal to the American national interest but upon threats by a special interest that has resorted to conspiracy and collusion."

Dispute Has Long History

A statement by the public affairs committee said its "members proudly participate in the American political process and do so within the law," adding, "We are confident the F.E.C. will expeditiously concur."

Mr. Curtiss and others have long argued that Washington's policy is skewed in Israel's favor to the detriment of United States standing in the Arab world, both politically and economically.

There are only a handful of pro-Arab political action committees in the United States and they are outspaced as much as 10-to-1 by the pro-Israel groups.

The complaint, the first against the public affairs committee in its 15-year history, also charges that the group coordinates the activities of dozens of political action committees and uses them to channel money to candidates. The complaint cites two internal memos from the public affairs committee, one of which urges a colleague to insure that pro-Israel political action committees channel contributions to certain Senate candidates.

The petition also seeks to prove collusion between the public affairs committee and 53 pro-Israel political action committees through their common cause and an overlap of their officials.

It is not uncommon in Washington for directors of political action committees to be active on boards of special interest groups or corporations.

If the charge of collusion is accepted by the election commission, it could find that the political action committees exceeded their contribution limits because the law treats all contributions by affiliated committees as though they were made by a single group.

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