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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.

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

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

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George P. Dietz, Editor & Publisher

WHO ARE THE RUSSIANS?

by

REVILO P. OLIVER

EVERY AMERICAN carries in his mind a picture or a filmstrip labeled "the Russians," and those pictures largely determine his opinions on some of the most important problems of national strategy.

The present military and economic strength of the Communist Conspiracy is almost entirely concentrated in the Soviet Union, and the Soviet Union is, for all practical purposes, Russia. Now if we assume (and it is far from certain) that the Soviet Union has the equipment necessary to begin an open war with the United States, the likelihood that the Kremlin would risk such a war in *any* circumstances depends, for the most part, on the character of the Russian people. Would they rise in almost unanimous revolt against their Communist masters at the first opportunity? Or would they support or passively accept the Red régime knowing that the Kremlin would send the bulk of its armed forces into the satellite countries to quell or forestall revolts? And if the truth lies somewhere between these two extremes, where, precisely, does it lie?

The question is not confined to what would happen in the event of war. If the American people succeed in somehow obtaining a government in Washington that will act to defend the United States, one of the first questions to arise will be whether it is worthwhile to direct propaganda at, or to encourage subversive movements among, the Russians. If so, *whom* should we encourage and *how* should we try to persuade? That, again, is a question of what the Russians "are really like."

There have been many attempts to answer that question—many more than any one man could conceivably find the time to read. One

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of the most convincing, and probably the one most widely known in this country, is Eugene Lyons' *Our Secret Allies* (New York, 1953; now published by Meredith Press, Des Moines, Iowa; 376 pages \$4.50). An important new work on this matter has just been published: Arsène de Goulévitch's *CZARISM AND REVOLUTION*, translated from the French by N. J. Couriss (Omni Publications, Hawthorne, California; c. 272 pages, \$4.00).

The author was born in Russia in 1900, fought in the loyal Air Force against the Communists in 1918, and served with the French armed forces during the Second World War. He now edits *Exil et Liberté*, the monthly publication of the International de la Liberté in Paris, an organization which seeks to coordinate the efforts of all anti-Communists from countries now held by the Conspiracy. (This journal, by the way, was the first to disclose, in July 1954, the interesting fact that Hitler's "expert" on Ukrainian affairs, Alexander Sevriuk, was a Communist agent planted in the German service by Hitler's Chief of Intelligence, Admiral Canaris. The Admiral is now known to have been a traitor and, in all probability, a Communist agent himself.)

M. de Goulévitch writes primarily to correct common misconceptions concerning (1) the Czarist régime, (2) the Bolshevik conquest of Russia, and (3) the nature of the Russian people. Since both he and Mr. Lyons were born in Russia and lived there for considerable periods of time, but have distinctly divergent political sympathies, the substantial agreement of the two authors on almost all essentials makes the two books corroborate one another.

I

A NATION'S CHARACTER is evinced by its history, and its history, in turn, to some extent moulds its character. Many an American's conception of Czarist Russia has been formed by the purplish prose of Edgar Saltus' *Imperial Orgy*. There is also a large residue left by the campaign of frantically anti-Czarist propaganda in the Ameri-

can press during the early years of the present century—agitation over an issue that will seem almost unbelievable to most of our contemporaries, who do not even know that half a century ago Americans could travel in almost any part of the world without a passport. Americans were so proud of their nationality that some felt that no nation in the world should presume to close its borders for *any* reason to even the most recently and superficially naturalized American citizen. Although the issue has been long forgotten, the propaganda for which it provided an occasion has left in the minds of many a grotesque picture of Czarist Russia as a nightmarish realm of oppression and terror that was not much better than Soviet Russia today.

Although the earlier history of Russia abounds with the horrors typical of Oriental despotism, the régime of the Czars after the accession of Alexander II in 1855 was unquestionably benevolent in intention and usually mild in practice. The events which aroused indignation in the United States fifty years ago seem so trivial today that no newspaper would devote a line to them. Our contemporaries, indeed, will find it difficult to believe that it was possible for some Americans to wax wroth over the "sad plight" of two or three hundred Russians, convicted of revolutionary conspiracy. They were exiled for a few years to towns in Siberia, where they were restricted so little that almost anyone who wished (e.g. Bronstein, alias Trotsky) had little difficulty in escaping abroad. Almost anyone who chose to remain (e.g. Ulyanov, alias Lenin) was able to rent a fairly comfortable house or apartment, install his family, and, if he found hunting, fishing, and local society insufficient to occupy his time, settle down to writing books. It is true that the exiles sometimes had to undergo unwonted hardships: it is recorded that Ulyanov's mistress and fellow conspirator, who accompanied him to Siberia and there married him, had to do housework for several days when her maid left without warning and a suitable replacement could not immediately be found. But the tale of such hardships will moisten few eyes today; we are a

hard-hearted generation.

It would be easy to reverse the old indictment and condemn the Czarist régime for excessive leniency and fatuous humanitarianism. In well-governed countries, criminals who commit murder while robbing banks (e.g. Dzhugashvili, alias Stalin) are promptly executed and society is thus saved from further depredations. But in Russia, where silly sentimentalists had abolished capital punishment even for murder, criminals were exiled to Siberia. And even when they escaped five times (as did Dzhugashvili) to resume their criminal careers, the Czars, who had no Alcatraz, patiently sent them back. Such laxity was indeed deplorable.

Mr. Lyons, who was interested only in showing that the worst that could reasonably be alleged against the Czarist régime was the merest trifle in comparison with the normal procedures of the Bolsheviks, gave little space in his book to Imperial Russia. M. de Goulévitch's primary concern is to vindicate the native Russian form of government, and he accordingly describes in some detail the whole political and social system. His presentation is effective, but he has overlooked one or two points that would have given added weight. He shows that the industrialization of Russia and development of her natural resources was the work of the Czars. But, he would have done well to extend his statistics to make it clear to the reader that the Bolsheviks were not able to reach the Czarist levels of production until some years after Franklin Roosevelt began to pump in American resources to save the criminals. And I should suppose that, for the average reader, nothing that can be said on behalf of the Czarist régime would be quite so convincing as the simple statistic that around the turn of the century emigration *from* Russia (largely to the United States) was about balanced by immigration *into* Russia, chiefly from Europe.

On the other hand, M. de Goulévitch's book, as his translator remarks, "somewhat resembles a speech by defending counsel." He

sometimes overstates his case, somewhat in the manner of an inexperienced attorney. In his eagerness to refute the silly notion that Soviet policies are just a continuation of Russian imperialism, he claims that Czarist Russia had no imperialistic ambitions at all. And, he even tries to resurrect the old myth that the First World War was planned and contrived by the sinister forces of "Prussian militarism." However the main outlines of the historical record are clear and well-known. Responsibility for the catastrophic and fratricidal madness that swept over Europe in 1914 must fall on many shoulders, including those of professedly "idealistic" politicians in France and England. The Czar and his advisers (who thrice deceived him) cannot escape a share of the responsibility distinctly greater than that which falls on the German government.

M. de Goulévitch is equally inept when he advances the claim that the régime of the Czars was "democratic" because it represented the "will of the people" and maintained an "open society" in which persons of the humblest origin could be educated at government expense and attain the highest offices. That abuses language in the manner of the Schlesingers, Salingers, and other official manufacturers of boob-bait in the United States.

The government of Russia was an unlimited autocracy until 1905, when it became, as was made clear by official definition (e.g. in the *Almanach ne Gotha* for 1910), an autocracy voluntarily limited by the autocrat during his own good pleasure. Some local activities, which our author carefully enumerates, were permitted. All effective power was concentrated in the central government, by which the whole of Russia was so administered that nothing of importance anywhere could be done without its permission. Hence practically nothing was ever done except on initiative from St. Petersburg. It is true that Nicholas II and his immediate predecessors were benevolent men and did not have to worry about buying votes from suckers, but their government was es-

essentially the same as that which our "Fabian Socialists" and their allies are trying to fasten upon us. It is also true that the Russian bureaucracy was far less numerous, and probably had better intentions, than the hordes of arrogant and cunning little men whom we now pay to kick us around and drive us into our stalls. We must admit that the Russian bureaucracy never dared, and perhaps never wished, to enact scenes such as those now commonplace in our country, where gangs from Washington frequently descend on American farmers and confiscate their property to teach them that they have become serfs. They dare not grow even a blade of wheat without permission from their masters. But at the very least, the rule of the Czars had the defects and evils that are inherent in every centralized government. And no American mindful of his heritage can contemplate such despotism with other than repugnance so long as it is presented as a political form that might be applicable to himself.

M. de Goulévitch would have done well to eschew sophistries about "democracy," and to confine himself to his other argument for the defense. No one would dispute the evidence that he cites to prove "our historical development differs from that of the West." The very facts of that development strongly support the conclusion that it is "the salient characteristic of our race to venerate an individual as the incarnation of executive power. If that is true, then M. de Goulévitch is right when he says that Russians "stand more in need of authority and discipline" than some other peoples, and that for a Russian "to be led is a necessity." On this basis it can be argued very cogently that the régime of the Czars was the best régime possible *for the inhabitants of Russia in the circumstances*. And the author should not have been afraid to rely on that argument. Few Americans today—at least among those who can read books—are so ignorant as to suppose that all the peoples of the world are like themselves or think in the same way.

II

MR. LYONS and M. de Goulévitch differ markedly in their attitude toward the preliminary revolution of March 1917. The former regards the Kerenski government as "the first democratic society in Russian history," as it doubtless was in the intention of *some* of the participants. M. de Goulévitch regards it as a flimsy façade that served only to cover the Bolsheviki while they prepared to capture the state—which is what it was historically. The two authors differ as greatly in their view of the White Russians, who fought long and valiantly against the Communists. Mr. Lyons, although admitting that they were infinitely preferable to their adversaries, has scant sympathy for them, while M. de Goulévitch argues that they, as the legitimate government of Russia, had a moral right to all possible support from Russia's allies in the war. We need not argue the moral claim, for it is abundantly clear that the governments of at least France, England, and the United States were obligated by their own national interests to prevent the Communist Conspiracy from capturing one-sixth of the inhabited globe.

In their descriptions of the Bolshevik conquest, the two authors are in complete agreement on every important point. Russia was captured by a tiny gang of incredibly vicious and inhumanly depraved criminals. The largest nation on earth, in terms of territory, was captured by a few degenerates, just as a robust man may be destroyed by a few spirochaetes that are visible only under the microscope. The criminals took over Russia because (a) they had mastered the art of universal deceit, and (b) they were lavishly financed from nations that regarded themselves as the leaders of Western civilization.

Of the two authors, Mr. Lyons gives the fuller description and analysis of the conspirators' use of *total* deceit, by which they were able to persuade influential members of *every* segment of society that it was possible to profit from cooperation with the conspiracy. What Mr. Lyons accurately describes as an "obscene record of complex de-

ceit" that makes the most shameless of Hitler's propagandists seem "paragons of candor by contrast" will teach a lesson that many Americans have yet to learn: that *every* profession of interest in the proletariat or any other class or group made by a Communist or crypto-Communist is made with a purpose identical to that with which you may affix a worm to a fishhook. Further, it is made with the same confidence that the fish are too stupid to refuse the bait. Until the criminals capture a government, their only real weapon is highly organized and *specialized* lying. For there are always *many* Communist lines, each specifically prepared and baited for *one* species of fish or, in some cases, for individual fish whose idiosyncrasies have been carefully studied. And we can only admire the consummate skill with which the conspirators keep their many divergent lines from becoming entangled with one another. Few have any conception of the sheer intricacy of the operations—the multiple and successive deceptions and betrayals. The Bolsheviks divided and subdivided Russia into hundreds of reciprocally antagonistic groups that fought one another rather than their hidden enemies and thus delivered their country and themselves into the power of the rabid enemies of mankind. In comparison with their triumph in Russia, the Bolsheviks' recent successes in the United States—where they were able to mobilize purblind opportunists, simpleminded sentimentalists, and even some sincere but gullible anti-Communists for their desperate offensive against anti-Communist Americans—seem both paltry and elementary.

Of the two authors, M. de Goulévitch gives the fuller account of the international support that made possible the criminals' success in Russia. He is understandably bitter toward Germany, which was in this connection really guilty of a war crime. For, it transported Lenin and some of his fellow criminals across its territory in precisely the spirit in which it might also have transported and loosed on Russia a swarm of rats infected with the bubonic plague. He also notes the cu-

rious fact that in this operation Germany enjoyed the cooperation of the government of nations with which it was at war. As everyone knows, Lenin's gang was matched by one led by Trotsky from the United States. This shipment of rats was intercepted by the British and interned at Halifax, but soon released in obedience to pressures from Washington. But Great Britain is by no means blameless, for it seems certain that her Embassy in St. Petersburg actively cooperated with the Bolsheviks. And since none of the persons in charge of that embassy was later tried for treason, it is an almost unavoidable inference that they were at least protected by politically powerful persons in London.

The conquest of Russia was, of course, financed from outside. In addition to the subsidies which they received from the German treasury, the criminals received lavish contributions from supposedly private sources in Germany, France, England, and the United States. Several individuals are reported to have contributed sums ranging from ten to twenty million dollars from their own pockets. The total amount of money thus furnished the criminals must have been enormous. So far as I know, however, no one has attempted to estimate, even tentatively, either the total obtained from all sources or the percentage of that money that was used for the simple and obvious purpose of buying treason in Russia.

It is no exaggeration, therefore, to say that the depraved monsters who captured Russia were an expeditionary force sent out by the International Communist Conspiracy and supplied by it from bases in Western Europe and the United States. On this point depends the major thesis advanced by both of the authors we are considering here: *Communism is not Russian*. As Mr. Lyons puts it, Russia was merely a "beachhead for the conquest of world dominion." More than that, he quotes with approval a Russian writer who argues that the theory of Communism, as well as the reality, was imposed on Russia from the West. He describes the Soviet as "a negation of things primordially

Russian.”

In advancing this thesis, of course, neither *author* would deny that the Communist Conspiracy, which had a strong underground organization in Russia before Ulyanov and Bronstein began their criminal careers in the 1890's, had its antecedents in the frenetic revolutionary agitations of the Nineteenth Century. But both deny that these antecedent phenomena, which seemed peculiarly Russian to Europeans and Americans of the past century, were the product of distinctively Russian tendencies. Indeed, what seemed so bizarre in Russia a century ago corresponds closely to tendencies of which we are only now becoming aware in the United States. After all, the young “revolutionary intelligentsia” of Czarist days, ignorant, feckless, and endlessly loquacious, closely resembles—even in such externals as the uncouth conduct and slovenly dress of the long-haired males and short-haired females—the “beatniks” and other waste products of American schools. As for the Russian terrorists, whose ferocious crimes shocked the world, did they differ in any significant way from the many members of the Communist Conspiracy now active in the United States? (except that the latter, under orders, are for the moment deferring indulgence of their lust for blood and destruction.) Conditions in the Russian Empire favored the development of those manifestations of social disease, but the disease is one to which no nation is immune. Any nation in similar circumstances might have been afflicted as was Russia.

M. de Goulévitch modifies this proposition by granting that the Russian people did exhibit a peculiar tolerance of, and even a perverse sympathy for, *all* forms of crime. Thus they did, to a certain extent, create the conditions that permitted the Communist Conspiracy to gain a foothold in Russia and eventually to capture the country. I doubt that Mr. Lyons would concur on this point, which he does not specifically consider in his book. M. de Goulévitch cites Dostoevski and could have produced much other evidence in support of his posi-

tion. But Mr. Lyons, if pressed, could point to the almost geometrical increase of crime in the United States in recent years. It is, of course, largely the work of the young criminals, euphemistically called “juvenile delinquents,” who are bred in our schools by methods that must have been designed for that purpose, and are then systematically protected and encouraged by sniveling do-gooders and muttonheaded “Liberals.”

Both authors agree that the Soviet régime, even in theory, violates the innate instincts of the Russian people, who are held in subjection only by the vicious efficiency and unspeakable ferocity of their present masters. They would therefore rise in revolt at the first prospect of success. The beasts in the Kremlin, so long as the rest of the world cooperates with them in “co-existence,” can maintain themselves in Russia by terrorism. But all around them, in Mr. Lyons’ vivid phrase, “the inflammable stuffs for a conflagration are piled high”—a conflagration that the American people, should they succeed in forcing their government to oppose the Communist Conspiracy instead of financing it, could quickly kindle.

III

THE ANALYSIS OF Russian character given by Mr. Lyons and M. de Goulévitch is strongly corroborated by many other writers, including those who have had quite recent and intimate experience of life in Russia. *The Hidden Russia* (see AMERICAN OPINION, June, 1960, pp. 45f.), a book by N. N. Krasnov Jr. deserves study in this connection. The analysis cannot but be enormously encouraging to all Americans. For, in effect, it promises us that if we can defeat the Communist Conspiracy in our own country, we shall be able to destroy it *easily* in Russia and hence in the rest of the world. We must note, however, that there are serious objections to the validity of the analysis.

The writers who offer us that optimistic view all assure us that the Russian people, although retarded by “historical misfortunes, like the

long subjection to the Mongols," are essentially European and therefore fundamentally like the residents of a small town in Iowa or Wales. That, of course, flatly contradicts the widely held view that the Russians are basically Asiatic.

They certainly seem non-European. Englishmen or Americans, for example, traveling in Russia have always found themselves in a land that was utterly foreign, in a sense in which they found nothing foreign in Spain or Germany or Italy. The same impression is conveyed by Russian literature despite the fact that it is the work of a cultivated class deeply influenced by European literature. The characters that we meet in Turgenev or Goncharov (the author of *Oblomov*) or even Merezhkovski (when, as in *The Antichrist*, he deals with Russians) are simply as alien to us as the characters of the *Chin P'ing Mei* or the *Brhatkathâ*, though in different ways. When we read Bulwer Lytton's *Eugene Aram*—if we read it at all these days—we smile indulgently at the familiar follies of Romanticism and refer to Miss Edgeworth, Victor Hugo, and perhaps the younger Dumas; but when we read Dostoevski's adaptation of the story (*Crime and Punishment*), we are immediately aware that we are in the presence of something which, whether we find it attractive or repulsive, is outlandish, abnormal, and morbid. Sologub, Balmont, and Bryusov strive sedulously to imitate the French Decadents and Symbolists. But their closest imitations could never have been produced in Western Europe, not even by artists consciously striving for the weird and perverse.

It is not remarkable, therefore, that some of the most lucid minds of our time, including Henri Massis in his famous *Défense de l'Occident*, have regarded the Russians as an Asiatic and anti-Western nation. Oswald Spengler in his great historical system describes Russia as a nascent civilization now in a stage of development corresponding to pre-Homeric Greece or pre-dynastic Egypt and animated by the concept that appears in what is sometimes called the "primitive Christianity" of Dostoevski. Now without attempting to debate cyclic

theories of history or to imagine how anything more stable than a tribe of nomads could be based on an incoherent and morbid sentimentality, we necessarily listen to Spengler with the greatest respect. We do this both because his was undoubtedly one of the great minds of our century, and because his analysis of contemporary tendencies in Asia and Africa has been triumphantly vindicated by subsequent events and is now seen to have been obviously right. And although we know that no man could handle such vast and complex materials without error, we are impressed when Spengler identifies the diving force of the emergent Russian spirit as an implacable hostility toward the West. And although Spengler does not say so, some readers plausibly extrapolate from his observations to reach the conclusion that the Russians endure Communism with all its horrors in order to destroy us.

A scarcely less discouraging view is presented by Nikolai Berdyaev (see AMERICAN OPINION, February, 1961, pp. 30-34), who presumes to speak for the "Russian soul" and—apparently without being in the least aware that he is saying anything that would astonish or alarm us—draws a picture in which no critical reader can fail to see the Russians as a vast mass of barbarians actuated by a messianic lust to "regenerate the world" by abolishing civilized mankind. And unfortunately it is impossible to dismiss Berdyaev as merely a madman or a cunning propagandist. He supports his case with copious quotations from Russian writers. Anyone who has read much of the literature can supply others for himself, from Chadaiev's admission, "We bear in our blood a principle that is hostile and refractory to civilization," to Dostoevski's insane pronouncement that "*All men must become Russians.*" (At other moments Chadaiev boasted that Russia was "destined" to solve "all the intellectual, social, and moral questions" of Europe, while Dostoevski complained that "our trouble is that we are *incapable* of moderation"—but proofs of schizophrenia will scarcely reassure us!)

There is obviously some basis in fact for the grim prognoses of Spengler and Berdyaev. And one cannot refute them by citing the names of a few eminently sane Russians, such as the distinguished historian, Rostovtzeff. But apart from one's legitimate suspicion of grandiose generalizations, one is entitled to inquire whether there *is* a "Russian people" about whom one can generalize at all. In the original sense of the word, of course, there are no Russians. For the *Rus*, the Vikings who introduced order and government when they settled down to rule the barbarians around Kiev in the Ninth Century, were a numerically insignificant aristocracy that was shattered by the Mongol conquest. Their blood has long since been absorbed in the multitudinous race of the territories they once ruled. Some of these are very old; the Scythians and Sarmatians must have left descendants. And no one who observed the conduct of the brutish females in uniform who occupied Bucharest and other parts of Romania in 1914 and 1945 could resist the inference that the prehistoric savages who gave rise to the legend of the Amazons had left a copious genetic heritage. Other racial elements were left by the successive invasions and migrations that swept over the steppes and plains until recent times. The term *Russian* is now specifically applied to the people, predominantly Slavic but with an unmeasured admixture of Mongol and other blood, who form about half of the population of the territory that is called Russian. The term 'Russian' is also applied indiscriminately to all the inhabitants of that territory, and it is often impossible to tell exactly what a given writer means when he refers to the "Russians" as though he were speaking of a single people.

Now *a priori* it is highly improbable that the *colluvies nationum* on Russian territory could have a collective "soul" or a common purpose. And there is ample evidence that they do not. Despite M. de Goulévitch's claim that the Czars "unified one hundred and forty races," Russia has always suffered from a fatal racial diversity which naturally produces deep and ineradicable antagonisms. Even the

Communist régime has had to recognize this by the creation of a series of fictitiously autonomous "republics." These hatreds persist among the refugees from the Soviet, and Mr. Lyons, who very properly warns Americans of the extreme and apparently hopeless complexity of cross-purposes, gives some good examples. Even M. de Goulévitch cites a leader of the Georgians who opines that the Russians, in the limited sense of that word, are all mad dogs. And I note that one of the Ukrainian publications in this country recently expressed the hope that the vile Russians could be exterminated by atomic warfare.

Equally striking lack of unanimity may be found within the part of the population that is (so far as one can tell) Russian in the restricted sense. In fairly recent publications, for example, some survivors of the Kerenski régime not only exhibit the normal "Liberal" determination to learn nothing from experience, but obviously still cherish all the furious hatreds of their own countrymen that animated them in 1912. They are but examples. The confused Nineteenth-Century schism between "pro-Western" and "anti-Western" Russians (multiplied by controversies over what really is "Western") seems to be still going on in slightly different terms. One could even raise the question whether the Russians, when not under some form of authoritarian rule, have in common a sufficiently large body of values to enable them to cohere as a nation of their own accord.

Such indications warrant the suspicion that Berdyaev's horrendous "Russian soul" may be just one of the apparitions commonly seen by "intellectuals" when they become feverish. At the worst, it represents but a strain of madness in a variegated population. And we may ask whether Spengler's prognostication concerning the *idée maîtresse* of a *future* civilization is more than a conjecture colored by too much reading of Dostoevski and his kind.

An entirely different approach is taken by Dr. John M. Radzinski in his recent book, *Masks of Moscow* (Regent House, Chicago; 268

pages, \$4.50). Dr. Radzinski, a psychiatrist who enjoys a high reputation among the sane minority in his profession, studies national "behavior patterns" in the light of Russian history from the Principality of Kiev to the present. Although he takes account of innate differences, he finds that these have been partly supplanted by a process that has gone on in Russian territory, with few intermissions, for centuries: the various populations have always been under the rule of despots--Mongols, Dukes of Moscovy, Czars, and now Soviet Commissars--and centuries of oppression accompanied by *selective extermination* have bred, as the predominant type, essentially dehumanized beings who combine an animal submissiveness with a bestial cruelty. Now undoubtedly Dr. Radzinski, whose analysis of Soviet policies after the Second World War is both acute and discerning, has correctly described the type which the Communists are consciously striving to produce by selective extermination--that, indeed, is the primary purpose of the slave labor camps in which millions are condemned to work and die. But the reader will be less satisfied with his interpretation of the earlier history of Russia, during most of which the purpose, if present at all, must have been unconscious and its execution must have been highly unsystematic. At the very worst, the process was certainly interrupted under the later Czars. Furthermore, although it is obvious that the Communists, if given enough time, can eventually accomplish their purpose, we should not overestimate what they have been able to accomplish thus far.

The views that we have examined are largely speculative, involving either intangibles or data which, if they could be observed and collected, would be so complex that our best digital computers would blow their fuses in despair. Against them we may set one clear piece of evidence: the joy with which the German troops were almost everywhere received when they invaded Russia. They were hailed as deliverers by both rural and urban populations. They were greeted, it would seem, with more or less equal enthusiasm along the whole line

of invasion, which, extending from north to south, crossed the territories of a considerable number of Russia's many races. Whole divisions of Soviet troops, despite the efforts of the frantic commissars, surrendered happily to the Germans. And what is really significant, about two and one-half million men volunteered to fight with the Germans against the Soviet. Of this number, the Germans, astonished, short of equipment, and suspicious of both the loyalty and military capacity of such multitudinous volunteers, appear to have used only some eight hundred thousand. These appear to have been on the whole resolute and courageous troops.

The Germans not only discouraged recruiting, but, under the stimulus of fanatics like Alfred Rosenberg and crypto-Communists (such as the "Ukrainian expert" we mentioned above), perversely did almost everything in their power to alienate and humiliate as *Untermenschen* the inhabitants who had received them with such enthusiasm. It seems likely that with just a little good judgement the Germans could have induced a revolution inside the territory still held by the Soviets that would have swept the criminals away despite the utmost efforts of Franklin Roosevelt to save them. There is an obvious element of uncertainty in all arguments as to what "would have happened, if..." But Mr. Lyons makes an excellent case for his blunt contention that "Hitler saved Stalin."

It is reasonable, therefore, to conclude--with, of course, the reservation that here, as so often in human affairs, the true situation can be ascertained only by trial--that there still exists within the Soviet Union a potential of great importance to us. If the pro-Communist hogwash that we now subsidize through Radio Free Europe and the like were replaced by propaganda directed against the Kremlin, the latent spirit of resistance in Russia could be excited to multiply the Kremlin's problems. And defeat of the Communist Conspiracy anywhere--its forced retreat from any part of the territories it has conquered in the world--would be far more effective than any stream of

words, however persuasive.

In these circumstances, it seems unlikely that the Kremlin, if it lost control of Washington, would risk a real war under any circumstances short of a direct attack by us on their own seat of power. Their satellites are, of course, expendable, and the situation in Russia is not so precarious that they could not hope to retain, by retreat elsewhere, their control of Russian territory or some part of it, at least.

IV

WE NEED TO UNDERSTAND the peoples of Russia, and that, as M. de Goulévitch reminds us, presupposes a reasonably accurate knowledge of their history. But we must not forget that our primary purpose as Americans at the present time is to predict, as closely as we can, what those peoples will do in given situations--not to praise or blame them for their conduct at any point, much less for such vaporous Hegelian abstractions as national "souls." We need to understand them, not to love them, as Mr. Lyons, who ends by overstating his own case, exhorts us to do. International crushes are apt to be spurious and certain to be dangerous; national survival depends on coolly objective and rational appraisal of realities.

We live in a world in which men must usually act upon calculations of probability, not certainties. Though it is less conclusive than we could wish, the evidence of internal weakness in the Soviet Union, when considered in conjunction with the evidence from all other parts of the world, leads us to one conclusion: *If the Communist Conspiracy loses the United States, it loses the World.* That explains not only the venom of the propaganda campaign against "extremists" in the United States, but the indecent and reckless haste with which the Conspiracy's agents in Washington are trying to disarm, impoverish, and "internationalize" us. Nor is their desperate and revealing haste unreasonable. For they know that if they do not break and imprison the American people *now*, they will eventually have no refuge on earth. □

A Look at What Breeds in a Stagnant Pond

From the Prof

When you shoot somebody, and you wanna kill 'em, you aim for the head, you shoot 'em - bam - in the head. But if you wanna shoot 'em and just let 'em live, you shoot 'em in the stomach. So that they will live, see, and just be like all messed up for the rest of they life. Have to wear a shitbag for the rest of they life. I got a homeboy who was writin' on the wall and some of our enemies came and blasted on him, shot him in the back. Now he's paralyzed and I know that whoever shot him aimed to cripple him. That happen more than you think, 'cause people get crazy sometimes.

I'll tell you something, though, some of the guys I know, they're born messed up already. They crazy, like ... just automatically crazy. They don't take drugs or nothin', don't drink - but they just loony. They just - all they thinkin' about is killin' somebody ...

Steel, a second-generation Crip
quoted in Leon Bing's *Do or Die*

The other day the *USA Today* ran a story in its "Nation" section on Latell Chaney, a 20-year-old black man who suffered an attack by five gang members. Almost completely deaf from infancy, Chaney was standing on a Minneapolis street corner waiting for a bus when the rat pack pulled up in a car and began yelling at him. Chaney responded with sign language, which was taken by the group to be a display of his gang signs. They tried unsuccessfully to prevent the bus from moving on when Chaney boarded it, then lay in wait at the next stop. When the driver opened the door, the young bangers went after their handicapped victim with a broken beer bottle and proceeded to beat him and to gouge out one of his eyes. Chaney's other eye was damaged, and he lost what little hearing he had left in one ear. He plans at present to sue the bus line.

Chaney's plight, it is said, had "touched and outraged" thou-

sands of persons across the country who have sent cards and money and have organized fund-raisers. Donors reportedly range from one person who sent an anonymous 200 dollars to one 8-year old in St. Paul who emptied her piggy bank to send six. Chaney and his mother report that they have since received threats from friends and relatives of the five "young men" who were arrested after being identified by Chaney and another passenger.

☆ ☆ ☆

Here, then, are two glimpses of young black mentality in the inner cities. The truth they express, of course, is inadvertent. *USA Today* wishes to inform us not of black brutality, but of the great injustice suffered by a young black man in the inner city. The intended thrust of Bing's text, likewise, is not so much black atrocity as the urban tragedy that "gives rise" to it. The subjects of her book are played up not as villains, but as innately bright young men and women who might well do great things with their lives were it not for their circumstances. Their eyes, for example, are always intelligent, discerning, "penetrating" in their insight, and so on. The actual substance of her story says something else.

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I remember standing on a Minneapolis street corner around the summer of 1980. I was in the state to visit relatives, Scandinavian folk who owned a farm about a hundred miles north of the city. I was struck by how clean this place felt— even the downtown, which had not yet reaped the benefit of the racial influx.

Moments later a I saw a black pimp, classic in his attire, feather in hat, high soles, strutting out of a social establishment with a couple of his main ladies in tow. One of life's universals, I thought. The inner city, and niggers preying on Aryan flesh. Most of the people in this city, descendants of Northern European farmers and laborers, I imagined, would view this scene with minor irritation and so would turn to more comfortable thoughts. They would not see in it the

embryo of a coming monstrosity. And in the time since they have not.

Those portraits of savagery noted at the outset will make white liberals wince a bit. But they will feel no immediate sense of alarm. Enough time and money, they will think, and the problem will be smoothed over. In the meantime, they preoccupy themselves with raises, promotions, and the fun of new home entertainment gadgetry while they look down their noses at those of us with less fashionable ends. They read of massive heists of high-tech weapons out of gun stores during periodic congoid loot-fests and lament "the problem" of our inner cities. It will not occur to them that the trajectory of this problem includes their children as its victims.

Where exactly do white liberals (or conservatives, for that matter) think that these warring congoid tribes are going to go? Surely the numbers of these crazed savages are not going to diminish. White tax money, at this time, funds their housing, medical needs, and procreation habits without limit. It does this at the reproductive expense of whites themselves. The current state of American society portends only more of the same. More black free riders and fewer whites to carry the load. For how long?

Will blacks become less violent? It seems unlikely, given the ongoing multiplication of those factors that fuel their violence at present. Are they going to grow brighter, or better fitted to the demands of the Euro-white culture (the vestiges of it, at least) that surrounds them? The years ahead, from every indication, promise more blacks with less genetic endowment in yet more chaotic circumstances again. For this reason a greater war looms on the horizon.

Nigger violence. Some will find the message redundant. I have friends who accuse me of preaching to the choir when I continue to run this tirade in a racialist periodical. Perhaps other contributors hear the same thing. Is it worth the effort? It is my hope always that a stray copy of this publication might make its way, on occasion,

whether this month or in several years, into the hands of the white man or woman as yet unawakened—one who is still attached to the mainstream, yet whose racial experience on a given day may be severe enough to make him or her willing to entertain a new possibility. I offer the material above as an indication to that reader of the problem that he must sooner or later confront as the federal government continues its effort to head off our effort at survival. I offer it as a frank depiction of what integrationists are inflicting upon his children when they support such programs, for example, as cross-town busing for the purpose of achieving racial “balance”.

The average white man knows that something is wrong. He is forever dissatisfied with the system, but he cannot identify the source of the problem. As yet the truth is too much for him. It takes him too far out of his mental orbit, too far away from his common-sense view of the world, to admit the truth of the matter, namely, that Orwell's dream came true while social theorists stood around chatting about it with cocktails in their hands. For this reason he may be more shocked by my use of the word ‘nigger’ than by the events depicted in the above sources. If so, I bid him to put his own son or daughter into the equation. Forty years of court decisions and public policies aimed at “racial justice” have spawned a catastrophe. The mindlessness depicted in books like *Do or Die* is now a commonplace, and with every passing year it spills out of the black environment to claim white victims in greater numbers.

The cross-racial trend of violence will continue. Whites, on average, are brighter and more industrious than blacks. Thus they have more to steal. White women are more attractive than black women. Thus they make better sexual prospects. Blacks envy whites, and they hate them. Today the robbery, rape, and murder of white targets is rite-of-passage for young blacks in every metropolis in the country. In sum, the races are different, and the attempt to bring them together under the same roof is a disaster. It is thus time that

we addressed the race problem in plain language and in terms of the one element that has been overlooked—namely, the fact of race itself. The truth is in evidence, and even the Jew-owned, racially murderous anti-white media can no longer hide it. For this reason we must cease at this time to think of integrationists as being merely naive, misguided, or excessively liberal in their philosophy. Their ignorance, by this time, is willful. It is also destructive. For this reason it is no longer an excuse. Those individuals who continue to engineer the mixture of black and white races are guilty of nothing less than the crime of genocide against the white race.

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Congoid of the Month and Related Stirrings

A recent issue of the inadvertently revealing USA Today provides me with an occasion to nominate a candidate for this month's most obnoxious negroid offender. The award goes to Bobby Brown, pop singer and Angry Black Man as well as husband of songstress Whitney Houston.

Brown, his publicist, and his bodyguard were at a Disney World nightclub, reports the daily, when Brown had words with a man who tried to speak to a woman whom the singer had already engaged in conversation. It is said that Brown's bodyguard punched the man into apparent unconsciousness, whereupon Brown and his party continued to kick and punch him and to break a bottle over his skull. Part of the man's ear was later reattached and six staples were administered to the gash on his head.

Deputy Carlos Espinosa maintains that the young celeb was ranting and raving while being led to a police car, after which he proceeded to hit his head and hands against the vehicle. When refused a trip to the restroom, it is said, “the singer urinated on the back Another day, another item. No doubt a good many doctoral dissertations will be generated in coming years by the “analysis” of

America and its erosion in the latter twentieth century. Much ink will be spilled on its various purported struggles and tragedies. Learned men and women will continue in the task of research and debate over how we might understand who we are and where we have been. They will want to know what has kept America from being what it should have been. Much of this investigation will have the tone of those quasi-commentators who wonder on current newscasts what the Oklahoma City bombing tells us about ourselves, and how we can, in the plaintive whine of one fat Jewess on camera the other morning, "awwl come togaatha" in the wake of tragedy.

But the problem isn't really all that hard to understand. A fast look around should suffice to make things clear. "Nightclub brawl lands Brown in jail"—the story just cited—provides a start.

I have not seen a great deal of this affluent young Afro-imbecile, and do not expect to see much of him in the future. I recall hearing his rather uninspired remake of an old Elvis tune a few years ago. Not long after I saw a television clip depicting him in concert, gyrating onstage with a young blonde before whisking her behind the curtain at song's end in an obvious symbolic gesture of acquisition. Perhaps this isn't much to go on. But it is enough. He epitomizes what is being foisted off on mind-molded white youth as entertainment. He is the sort of star player who is featured in the writhing caramel-colored orgies of MTV that currently run morning and night on that Jew-controlled channel without cessation; he is the type that plays likewise, in real life, in the schools, on the streets, and in the malls across the nation. He is also a one-man capsule summary of the current American theatre of the absurd.

America today, if I may offer a homely picture, is rather like an overstuffed belly that has in it a riot of foods and beverages that do not belong together. It has been force-fed a bad mix, and it has overdosed. The result of extreme overconsumption is illness. The natural remedy is an upheaval. What happened in Oklahoma City was but a

single and high-profile symptom of persisting national indigestion. Insofar as it involved blameless victims, it was not unusual. Countless other atrocities occur daily, as well, but they are smaller in scale and are too racially charged (i. e., black-on-white) to receive the attention from a news medium bent upon casting white citizens as villains in a war that it has essentially created.

If social analysts are serious about trying to understand what happened in Oklahoma City, they ought to forget, for a moment, that particular case and look at the root causes of the tragedy that lie plainly in front of them. The bombing, while I cannot endorse it, was not merely the action (as we are constantly being told) of a terrorist "madman". It was instead the result of an enforced social madness wherein different human races and subraces have, for a good many years now, been forced together under the Jew-authored pretense that they are all "alike" and thus belong together. This mixture, of course, is volatile. The foolishness of the policy is obvious to anyone who has eyes to see it. Indeed it was understood even in the last century by many persons, including alleged civil rights champion Abe Lincoln, who said (in his renowned debate with Senator Stephen Douglas) that basic differences between the races would forever make full-fledged integration impossible. Yet about five decades of brainwashing has managed to convince the white public that such thinking is "racist" and outdated. One must wonder how much more innocent blood will spill before the real insanity of the current racial agenda of media and federal government is seen for what it is worth.

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A Few Thoughts Concerning Genuine Love of Nation

Patriot: a person who loves and loyally supports his own country (from Greek *patris*, fatherland).
Webster's Dictionary

The other day I caught a couple of ten minute segments of repartee between television host Montell Williams and a few members of a prominent midwest faction of the state militia. Williams, a glib, strutting, Stepin Fetchit of the talk show circuit, does a twice-daily microphone jig for the Jewish mind-control operation at ABC.

The program, of course, followed the devised formula of contemporary television "discussion". Were the militiamen "extremists"? Did they support the bombing of the Oklahoma City federal building? Montell tried to wise-guy his way, with the support of black and retarded white liberal audience elements, through the exchanges. He worked a couple of cheers from the gaggle by pointing out the oath he himself had taken years ago when joining the military—namely, to defend the United States from all enemies, "foreign and domestic", thus concluding that he would be honor-bound as a patriot, if push came to shove, to side against the militia.

With this in mind, I must wonder how many Americans ever give thought to the question of just what their nation really is. Its boundaries, after all, are not a part of nature, any more than are its laws, its county seats, or its time zones. And just what is the nature of its "government"?

The United States federal government is a group of persons who wield power according to various sets of legal mind-creations that purport to give them authority over the rest of those who reside within its given borders. It has no mystic authority. It is comprised instead of flesh and blood human beings, finite and fallible, who but for convention would remain civilians like the rest of us. The government is not a static entity. It is instead in flux, a thing likened better to a river than a

rock, not to a pantheon but to a ball team, whose nominal identity allows whole repeated turnovers every few passing years.

To how much of our allegiance is it entitled? The answer, I think, is that it all depends. Is this self-pronounced authority wise? Is it just? Does it honor the truth? The answer depends on its composition, and this, again, is a floating proposition. It may be, after all, that on some occasion a scoundrel gains office. Scoundrels do not deserve allegiance.



What if, in fact, the whole selection process of this political institution had become perverted? Suppose that one had to be a scoundrel, or had, at least, to cater to scoundrels, in order to be a candidate.

Let us imagine that once upon a time, a group of people, broadly similar in their outlook and natural lineage, came to a new land and developed, in time, a set of laws that made them, by their declaration, an autonomous "nation" with leaders and offices designed to serve their interests. Suppose that the enterprise were successful, and this nation prospered until it was the envy of groups elsewhere all over the world.

Suppose that over continued time, new elements came to this land, some quite different in nature and in sensibility from the existing population. Imagine that with time and opportunity, some aggressive one of these newcomers set out to gain control of various institutions—those, say, of popular media, education, and political office—and succeeded, and began to use them to ends that were injurious to those traditional occupants whose ancestors had settled the land.

Suppose that this control became so great in time that the events of the entire world were filtered through its media devices before they could be known to anyone else. Suppose, too, that citizens, at last, could not even enter into political life until they promised to do the bidding of this little band. And suppose yet again that these manipulators despised the native folk, and so wished to break down their sense of identity, wished to merge them, out of contempt, and to various sordid ends, with other and less highly developed ele-

ments within the fold. Let us imagine that in time these mutual industries of media and politics came to serve each other's interests until nothing was what it seemed to be any more, and that the "leaders" of the nation were now merely those willing to sell themselves to the manipulators. How much allegiance would this regime deserve? Would it make any moral sense to support it?

What if small groups of the native folk finally began to rise up in various ways against this power structure (printed digests and newsletters, paramilitary exercises, or whatever), thus creating a confrontation within the nation—the establishment trying to restore "order" and calling itself by some grand name such as The Government of the United States of America, and the rebels (much like their ancestors, who had declared their own independence in the beginning) acting on behalf of those who actually occupied and worked the land. Each side would play upon the sentiments of the masses to arouse loyalty to its cause. On which side would one find the genuine patriots?

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The Montell Williams show is one more exercise in manipulation that is carried out each day by our own real-life Media Control. The program, from what I have seen of it, is one of the more peculiarly offensive on the going menu. In one recent case, a middle-aged white woman of obviously little material means was seated alone on-stage in front of Montell and his leering audience. As her face twisted with apprehension, she began to hear from the self-amused host a teasing string of "surprises" about her daughter. This exercise culminated in a revelation of the identity of the girl's current boyfriend, a kerchiefed mestizo home-boy who had, as it was soon learned, dished out severe beatings to her on several occasions. Moments later, mother, daughter, and gang-banger now seated abreast of one another, the woman was left to defend her disapproval of the little cretin against Montell's gloating charge that her real sentiment, at some level down deep, was actually "racist".

The militia episode was another case in point. But again, pro-

grams of this kind are not wasted on those who have the insight to view them as they ought to be viewed. This one contained a message for those with the independence of mind to see it: The dynamics of the militia movement are racial. The movement represents an effort made by white Aryan men and women in response to decades of Jewish and hence anti-white control of both media and government. There can be no resolution of this problem for as long as this control continues. Barring the long-overdue admission of truth in media (and it will not come voluntarily), the only remaining possible outcome of the problem will be the destruction of one side or another of the conflict.

It remains a separate question, of course, whether or not the *modus operandi* of public drill is a sound one. (Toward show's end, Tom Metzger entered the scene. Urging true revolutionaries to "dig in" where they were, he criticized the movement for making an easy target of dissenters by its method.) It is clear that some within this movement are still tied to the mainstream in their mind-set. They identify the enemy as "big government" without any apparent sense of its racial mechanism. (More than once I have actually heard Bill Clinton likened, by such types, to Adolf Hitler.) Granted, there is good reason for the paramilitary movement not to identify itself as an explicitly racial movement at the present time. In order to have plausibility, it must present its case for now in terms of such race-neutralized issues as "Big Brother", "failing education", and "rampant crime". But it is clear, just the same, that some of those within the movement need to develop a better sense of what all of these things really mean.

The time for identifying patriotism, or love of American rights, with the federal government is gone. Those who love freedom, who prize decency, must understand that the current regime in Washington, D. C., stands squarely and irrevocably opposed to these things. Those who really do care about them, who care about their heritage, and about the lives and welfare of their children, must realize that

(however frightening the fact may be) no one within the system can effectively speak for these things any longer. Their values, their attitudes, their strategies for achieving a good life, must all change accordingly.

It was, like it or not, the leftist and largely Jewish movement of the 60's that served to combat popular assumptions about the inherent goodness of the United States government. Thanks to this movement, many Americans were divested of the lingering notion that any action dictated by their national leaders was thus one worthy of their participation. The movement, of course, was not any nobler in its design than was the establishment it rebelled against, and it had no constructive answer to any of the problems that provided its political stage. More than two decades have since passed. By now, a good deal of that 60's agenda has been carried out, and we are worse off than before. The land now reeks of injustice, and the children of those whites who championed the policy of "civil rights" are its tragic victims. The nation is a third-world life-raft with a come-a-board policy that may well sink it within twenty years. It is the thinking Aryan white man who is now the renegade.

The time has come once again for a counter-establishment movement, but one of another kind. For this movement will not appeal, as did that other one, to the unkempt, the overloud, the willfully destructive, or the worthless. It will not advocate rebellion for rebellion's sake. It will demand not impulse, but patience; not the distortion of the faculties, but the cultivation of them. It will prize not perversion, but strength. Its battle cry will not be vulgarity. Instead it will be justice. And it will be honestly and uncompromisingly racial in its message. As such, it will require a higher caliber of participant than did the old revolution; it will seek not merely a few good men, but the very few, those very best and brightest, those fiercest and most daring men and women that our race has left to offer. □

BAGATELLES

by Joseph D. Pryce

SIMPLETONS, EXACTLY, C'EST LE MOT...

"Concerning that individual—well, nothing occurs to me."
Karl Kraus

There is a certain type of blockhead one meets with in one's travels whose sole function seems to be to furnish an occasional piquancy to the after-dinner conversation. Various avatars of this square-skulled archetype make engaging appearances in classic works of fiction whenever a slight element of tedium seems to threaten the story-teller's magic from the wings. Thackeray and Dickens are good at deploying these fictional figures of fun and ridicule, of course; so are Evelyn Waugh and Vladimir Nabokov. When the novelist's intentions are of a more deeply probing nature, we almost invariably find that the unpleasant characters who stay around are always blest with wit.

But, as I say, those one-dimensional, cretinous clods of which I spoke a moment ago are *fictional*, and they are trotted out for a specific purpose; that purpose having been served, they are forthrightly exiled from center-stage. They have relieved us of the nascent boredom, and may now get lost. And I say: good riddance!

In the quotidian round, one meets with one's share of hearty imbeciles, of course; but—and this I'm afraid we all know to our cost—unfortunately, they seldom exude any charm discoverable by man. The only laughter which their presence elicits from the knowing is that which arises in memory, that which delights one in retrospect, as it were. When a moron departs, we all become Proustians.

One of the tell-tale indications of Olympic-calibre idiocy which I keep my eye open for is that air of absolute conviction, that loud-

mouthed and apodeictic shrieking which one overhears in the presence of the professionally ineducable, and it is unfortunate indeed that one comes across much more than one mortal's share of it in this thing of ours, the so-called 'movement.' There are frenzied loons running amok in their trailer-homes and in the columns of 'right-wing' periodicals who would be more appropriately housed in a play-pen next to the pustular 'Egg Lady' in the John Waters film, *Pink Flamingos*. These ambulatory *blancmanges* know all of the answers: question them about black holes, red meat, dead divas, and the answers come as thick and fast as a sports journalist's analytical tirades. 'Provisional judgment? What the hell is that?' you'll hear them bellow as you seek for shelter from the breath and the badinage. No matter how ignorant these little 'nazis' are when it comes to, say, the medium whereby the Swastika was transmitted to German nationalists, they will hold forth like an underachieving village idiot, proud of their allergy to books (this doesn't stop them, of course, from peddling *their* printed pudding to all and sundry). One would gather that they feel that there is more to be learned from these hominids than one can learn from, say, Schopenhauer or Heidegger. *Guys, we could learn more from Dr. Ruth....*

On the other hand, however, there are men of such sterling character and philosophical probity in our camp, that just thinking about them makes one feel that there really is a Santa Claus, that Browning was 'spot on' in *Pippa Passes* when he told us God's address and how all was right with the world. These people make one smile at the very thought of them. I find myself now and then smiling with such ebullient enthusiasm that I almost fear the approach of the asylum's paddy-wagon. We know that, as long as such heroic and omniscient fellows are harbored in our port, we will eventually triumph and see Christmas on the Earth. When someone mentions the name of one of these peerless paladins, one almost feels the entire

Cosmos purr. They almost make you feel that, somehow, life is well worth living.

But those, who are afraid of grey cells, are not among them.

A NOTE TO THE HEROS:

The saint is a medicine because he is an antidote. Indeed that is why the saint is often a martyr; he is mistaken for a poison because he is an antidote. He will generally be found restoring the world to sanity by exaggerating whatever the world neglects....he is not what the people want, but rather what the people need.

Gilbert Keith Chesterton

My Leader: it has now been almost fifty years since that awful day in Berlin which witnessed Your passing. In a very real sense, the Aryan world itself died when You departed this realm, but unlike the customary year-kings of mythology, no monarch has arisen to take Your place, and desolation has overwhelmed our lands.

The Lords of Death have laid waste to our world, and Irminsul has been cleft at the root. They have had help in their schemes, of course--our womenfolk have willfully made themselves barren and our men no longer deserve the name. The only bright light seems to be coming from certain young people, who have seen the future and who know that it doesn't work. They shave their heads, put the torch to their souls, and laugh at the twitching of the conqueror-worm....

But the spirit of compromise is abroad in the land, and You, above all the sons of men, know just what effect that vice can have upon the strong in spirit; on the weak, of course, its grip is very often lethal. I know, my Leader, that it was well-said by Sir Thomas Browne that "it is not given to all worthily to champion truth," but one might expect that those who have taken it upon themselves to enlighten their brethren as to the truth of National Socialism would

walk the hardest road with an "iron heart," making concessions to no man, and bowing the knee before no false god. Needless to say, one's expectations are often disappointed....

Everything comes back to You, of course. We twist and turn, we grope and grasp, we deny and despise, but our enemies seem to have understood our ultimate challenge far better than we do ourselves. You stand behind all of our imperatives as their ultimate sanction, and in each of our melodious prescriptions for a better world, the world hears Your voice. And yet Your people deny You, my Leader, and prate on about the pale plague, Jesus, and his sociopathic Daddy. They feel that the remedy for a dram of poison is a dram more of the same....

It is disturbing, to say the least, to observe the manner in which our activists have internalized the hostile judgments which are dished up for their benefit by the venal minions of the press. If You were to look around one of our conventicles, You would be shocked at the pasty puritanical vegetables who have associated themselves with our 'movement.' Joy?--there is none. One should find it in one's heart to derive strength from the hatred of such puling foes as have at us in the media, but there it is: some of us welcome the hair-shirt, it seems; so our enemies are delighted to oblige us with free samples.

As for Your Greater German Reich--it is no longer what it was. And it's not just the foreigners putting the boot in any longer: those who order the raids on the homes of nationalists are not occupying troops; those who hand out ten- and eleven-year sentences to patriots aren't beady-eyed rat-faced "American" or "Russian" torturers, but *Germans* (although I would prefer not to think of the Fatherland's rulers as Germans in any other than a geographical sense). Indeed, one may doubt whether Deutschland is a country at all anymore--I prefer to think of it as a Greater Disneyland with 80 million visitors a day....

And over here, we seem to insist on magnifying our own demons by framing them in a context of omen and terror. When bug-eyed Zionist activists ambush one of our Holocaust Revisionists, raining down greasy clenched fists and gobbets of saliva in equal measure, we cringe and we cower, instead of retaliating with onslaughts of self-righteous indignation. I'm told that this tactic won't work--and yet I've seen Mr. Fritz Berg bring the spacemen for ZOG to an abrupt and embarrassed halt with an outraged peroration on the horrendous atrocities which *our side* brought upon the women, the elderly, and the children of Germany's (and Japan's) cities during WW II. When Mr. Berg remarks that *America* turned Europe's defenseless cities into *real* crematory-ovens, thereby making themselves into *the worst war criminals in the history of the world*, the Jews freeze--they don't expect it of us! When Mr. Berg reminds the hoopes that we committed deeds excelling in nightmarishness anything the Germans have ever been accused of doing, you can see the shock on the pale faces of our compatriots, and you can almost hear the silence emanating from our flummoxed foes. When our enemies insist on impersonating the looniest fundamentalist dervishes, we would be churlish indeed not to avail ourselves of the opportunity for a good nosh at the carpet ourselves. *I rave, you rave, let's all have a good rave....*

My Leader, I'll keep you posted on further developments.

If there are any.....

* * *

JUNG AGAIN.

In my little piece on Ludwig Klages a few months back, I ventured some critical comments on the still-fashionable Swiss logomach, Carl Gustav Jung, whose reputation for original thought is, to

put it as gingerly as possible, unmerited. As a wag once put it, there is nothing new in Jung that is true, and nothing true that is new. And icing the cake of one's banalities with a gaudy glossing of useless (and often suspect) erudition is fine for high-school students trying to 'pad' a last-minute term-paper, but it just won't do for a big-thinker like the Swiss polymath. If I really want to hear some 'scholarly' drivel about this or that alchemist or sorcerer, I will consult the recognized authorities in the field: I have no need of the lucubrations of Dr. Jung, that hyper-inflated charlatan, who was as fundamentally dishonest as his Master, Dr. Freud. The evidence on this point has been ably presented by the researcher John Kerr in his recent book on Freud, Sabina Spielrein, and Jung, and as I don't want to waste much more time on these malodorous characters, I urge you to check Kerr's book out for yourself, if you care to (*A Most Dangerous Method*).

It is somewhat depressing to realize that one or two desperate readers of my piece were so appalled by my impish criticism of the good Doktor. They seemed to feel that, as Jung was one of the few bright lights of European culture to have anything favorable to say concerning the German New Order, perhaps we should avoid criticizing him—no enemies on the Right, as it were. *Pathetic, more pathetic, most pathetic.* I'm reminded, once again, that our movement had better set its sights on the real giants of our race's history, lest we continue to peddle poisoned pastries to our votaries. Believe me, we are not without genuine friends in the realms of the European Mind. One reader even went so far as to remind me that the late, great Dr. Oliver had praised Jung for advancing his one, undoubted contribution to psychology, the theory of the "archetypes." I'm afraid that Dr. Oliver nodded (as did even Homer, we are told) in attributing to Jung what was a commonplace to the German Romantics. Lest I be slated for constantly banging the drum for the *Dichter und*

Denker, I might quote a passage from Charles Lamb, an early nineteenth century British writer whom no one would describe as an earth-shakingly original thinker. This passage is from an occasional essay entitled "Witches and Other Night Fears":

"Gorgons, and Hydras, and Chimaeras—dire stories of Celaeno and the Harpies—may reproduce themselves in the brain of superstition—but they were there before. They are transcripts, types—the archetypes are in us and eternal. How else should the recital of that which we know in a waking sense to be false come to affect us at all? Is it that we naturally conceive terror from such objects, considered in their capacity of being able to inflict upon us bodily injury? O least of all! These terrors are of older standing. They date beyond body—or with the body, they would have been the same.....That the kind of fear here treated is purely spiritual—that it is strong in proportion as it is objectless on earth, that it predominates in the period of our sinless infancy—are difficulties the solution of which might afford some probable insight into our antemundane condition, and a peep at least into the shadowland of pre-existence."

One can be sure that this passage was read by a great many Americans who have never bothered to peruse the works of Lamb; after all, it was employed—to great effect—as the epigraph to H. P. Lovecraft's wonderful tale of "The Dunwich Horror."

Why was this insightful gem forgotten by even so great a scholar as Dr. Oliver, who probably knew the works of Lamb as well as the rest of us know the faces of our children; and even if he did not, he certainly knew the Lovecraft work—so what gives?

Repetition is the key—Jung and his blue-stocking maenads raved on and on about his alleged discovery, and so, when the din became positively deafening, we were (many of us) taken in by the decibels. But Jung no more deserves credit for his dubious 'discovery' than I do. So there.

SMASH THE EGG (OR CHASE THE CHICKEN).

We lolled beside the deep, green sea,
Which seemed to creep up awfully close;
Still Dad said not to worry me
With thoughts prophetic or morose.

The heat-haze got me by the brain
(An hour or so I must have slept);
and in that time the foaming main
Much closer, closer now had crept.

I turned to Dad (who sipped his beer,
Yet never opened his dull eyes)
To ask if there were danger here
(He'd claimed that he was very wise).

He barked out that he knew the tides,
That I should trust my elders, who
Were experts, master Nature-Guides--
And then he clocked me with his shoe.

I drifted to the boardwalk, where
I sipped a glass of water and
Looked down at Papa snoring there
Upon his slim, dry tongue of sand.

'Twas soon a shadow blocked his sun,
And snorted like the Minotaur:
Dad screamed out, "Nothing can be done!"
Then drowned beneath the monster's roar.

So on the boardwalk still I go
To ponder First Philosophy:
*Destroy your foes before they grow,
Else they will eat you, one, two, three.*

VIKING.

With my fire-skinned soul,
O how glorious to win to this end!
Like a god plummeting down from the aether
I go far below in my long, wooden ship to the grave,
On the high-brimming, man-dissolving waters of death,
With the gold, garnet-gleaming,
Surrounding a king in his deep-sleeping palace.

Once I roved on the broad, frigid lanes, choked with ice,
As my laughing, brave oarsmen,
All born with the glacial-melt sea
As a storm in their bloodstreams,
Splashed silver-white, scintillant shards
With their blades dipping, rising,
And forming such tight and precise little circles
Up over, then under,
The dashing gray waters that lured us to fame.
From Reykjavik over to Kiev
And down to Byzantium
We fed the wide seas and strange lands with our blood.
Now you peek down at the place of my burial!
Can you predict, mincing vulturelets,
Just what your pale, puffed-up claws will unearth?
You may come here in peace to disturb me,
But I will, mayhap, turn from earth
With my gods show'ring war
On the pitiful, twisted, and mellow-souled wrecks
Who'd inherit a world
That would cinder their hearts:
Would you quench with your blood my hot sword?

SHIVA NAIPAUL'S AFRICAN JOURNEY

By: Allan Callahan

The late Shiva Naipaul, who died in 1985, was an Asian Hindu writer from Trinidad. In the 1970s he got to wondering what terms like "liberation," "revolution" and "socialism" actually meant to black Africans, and wanted to find out, first hand. His idea was to travel in East Africa for five or six months, and visit Kenya, Tanzania and Zambia. If his experiences were interesting enough, he would then write a book about them, but it wouldn't be a "straightforward travel book," nor a "current affairs" book. He would, instead, focus on the rhetoric of liberation and its actual manifestations, and to do this, he would have to experience the "heat and dust" of the aforementioned countries.

He wrote to his English publisher with an outline of his plans, and received a go-ahead. His book, *North Of South*, was first published in Great Britain in 1978. He apparently had no original intention on doing a put-down on blacks, but after his journey commenced, his experiences with negro ineptitude and savagery were eyeopening; also he witnessed the sad devolution of the whites living under black rule. So his book turned into pretty much of a put-down, after all.

Naipaul got a ticket in Brussels on the Congolese national airline. Anxiety must have shown upon his face, because the travel agent told him they had good planes—Boeings—flown by white pilots. Upon landing in Kenya his luggage did not come off the plane. He was told that he might as well forget all about it, but he filled out a claim form anyway. A week later the luggage did turn up, but his transistor radio was missing, along with some other items.

In Kenya, he found out that in the "New Africa," the old form of tribalism—which had offered at least *some*—slight constraint to greed—was fading away, and a type of society was forming which lacked definition and solidity. The new African society is being disfigured by lust and greed. Naipaul discussed this with a Dutch fertilizer

expert and his wife.

"My God!" the Dutchman said, "you have to experience it to believe it. These people are *extraordinarily greedy*. I've never seen anything like it. They say West Africa is even worse. But I find it hard to imagine how anything could be worse than this. The corruption is incredible."

His wife then chimed in: "It's a disease."

"That's right," her husband confirmed, "it *is* a disease, an illness. You know, I go to meetings all the time. I try to talk about technical problems.

They couldn't give a damn about those. Not a damn. They fall asleep! I could sell them tinned sunshine if I wanted to. They only wake up when you mention money. The only thing they care about is their cut."

In Nairobi, the beggars have their own clearly demarcated territories, but when they get too numerous, they are apparently rounded up and taken off somewhere, away from sensitive tourist eyes, and maybe "culled," as are the numerous prostitutes. The shantytowns are periodically razed, but always come back again, as do the beggars and prostitutes.

To see how European farmers were now doing under black rule, Naipaul traveled out to meet the Palmers, who had about three hundred acres planted to tea. They used black labor, and said the natives had rather work for them than their own people, who often treated them like slaves; not paying them properly, offering them no medical facilities, and housing them in deplorable conditions.

But the negroes were prone to pilfer and the Palmers had to keep everything under lock and key. Their hired hands would even steal things they couldn't possibly have any use for. And the Palmers especially tried to keep liquor out of their hands. There was, they said, an old saying among the Europeans in Kenya that to give a native alcohol was like putting a loaded gun into the hands of a child.

Mr. Palmer remarked on one peculiarity of black thinking: "One of my pet theories is that Africans lack what I call a storage sense. The same thing occurs with my headman. Time and again I tell him to order more pesticides when stocks fall below a certain point. He never does. I must have told him a thousand times. But he waits until the last drop runs out and then comes running to me wringing his hands."

His wife added: "They never think about the future. It has no meaning for them as far as I can see. Only today matters. Now. Of course, that's how it was in the old days. If their crops were good, they feasted day and night, fattening themselves up. If the rains didn't come on time, they starved. Never a thought for the morrow."

The Palmer's place was well kept, but across the way was a formerly white-owned farm that had been taken over and divided up among blacks. The original idea was to turn it into a cooperative, but everything had gone to the dogs. "I hate looking at it now," Mr. Palmer said, "I believe the treasurer ran away with the money. In this country, treasurers are very fleet of foot."

One notable adventure that happened to Naipaul in the Highland country was a long, overland taxi trip. Having experienced enough African "service industries" by this time to be leery of them, he was nevertheless assured that his taxi for this trip would be the best because it had been ordered by the D.C. (District Commissioner) himself, and Naipaul would be treated like a king.

The taxi was over a half-hour late, and what greeted his eye was an ancient Peugeot stationwagon. Raucous music blared from the dashboard. The driver drove to the bus station and picked up more passengers, one of them a man in yellow trousers carrying an enormous transistor radio, which he started playing, its noise merging with that of the cassette player in the dashboard.

More people kept boarding, one of them a girl with a baby, and there was also live poultry, pumpkins, and bags of grain. A

mattress was placed partly on the roof and partly behind the rear seat. But even after the number of riders exceeded the legal limit by two, the driver continued to seek more passengers. A boy came in, and without even asking, plopped himself down on Naipaul's lap. This made thirteen people, or fourteen, if the baby was included.

To get out of town they drove through a maze of what might have been called "dirt alleys," but which looked like (and almost certainly were) people's backyards, scattering chickens, goats and children.

Arriving in Tanzania, the same mishmash of general incompetence was found. An American woman who had lived in upstate New York was complaining about the general indolence of the locals who did service work. "The other day I had some painters in. They took one week to do a job that a New York painter would have done in one day. One whole week! Just having to sit here and watch them nearly drove me crazy."

She also remarked on how barren the shelves were in the local stores. Arusha was like a ghost-town. "I tell you, it's driving me crazy. If I stay here another three months, I'll go out of my mind. I know it."

Visiting a clinic staffed with Caucasian volunteers, Naipaul found an elementary building with cubicles for rooms. They had bare concrete floors and a bed in one corner. There were no curtains, tables or chairs.

Outside, women with their babies and children waited. Flies swarmed everywhere, including around the eyes of the mothers and children, who made no attempt to brush them away. They fed greedily on sores, which of course spread the infections which the clinics tried to deal with.

One Swedish volunteer said: "One of the strangest things is that we cannot get well-off and educated Tanzanians to come and help us out. I know many middle-class women who sit home all day with

nothing to do nothing to do but polish their nails and read foreign magazines they buy from Kenya. If all we expatriates had to leave the country tomorrow, this clinic would probably have to be closed down. They just don't seem to care. They sit back and let us do everything. How do you account for that?..... Why should I care when they don't? Why do I bother to come here? That is a question I ask myself all the time."

Under negro rule in Africa, more land is turning into desert. Naipaul described one such area he traveled through, inhabited by the Masai. "We were crossing a treeless plain. The withered grass had been cropped so close that it could hardly be said to exist..... Here, within living memory, there had been trees. But the trees had all been cut down for firewood and the land was slowly turning into desert. Fire-blackened hillsides were spiked with the leafless, twisted skeletons of a dying secondary vegetation. The Masai periodically roamed these plains with their herds of cattle, squeezing what little sustenance they could from the desolation. Masai cattle were particularly damaging to the land over which they passed, more damaging even than goats: they had a tendency to pluck out the grass by its roots. In a short time even the Masai would be driven from these plains. The ruined land was austere beautiful."

Unable to get into the last country he planned to visit—Zambia—by train, plane or bus (all booked up for weeks), Naipaul managed to hitch a ride with a party of campers who were headed for South Africa. He would ride with them as far as Lusaka, in Zambia. The first night in the country they pitched their tents below an embankment of a railroad built by the Chinese.

Arriving in Lusaka, he took a train to Kapiri Mposhi. He was able to see a recently built railroad station, and observed how it, along with everything else under negro influence, had started going down the drain: "The railroad had been in operation for only a few months, but decay had already begun to set in. A row of brightly painted chil-

dren's cots was arrayed on a platform that ran the length of one wall. A thoughtful touch—but not one of the cots was being used. Babies slept on sheets spread on the floor or crawled about in puddles of urine. I had been unable to slake my thirst: the drinking fountains were waterless; the handles of one or two were broken, reduced to jagged stumps of metal. The telephones were not working. The toilets were locked. The clock was wrong by hours. What must the Chinese think?"

It is obvious that Shiva Naipaul left the Dark Continent with a low opinion of black Africans, nor did he think much of the guilt-ridden whites, so full of self-abasement, who chose to live among them as equals, with the object of "uplifting" them. He felt that they corrupted each other, and "deserved each other. Neither was worth the shedding of a single tear; both were rotten to the core. Each had been destroyed by contact with the other—though each had been destroyed in his own way."

Just before closing his book, he took a parting shot, or did a summing up, of the new black Africa: "Only lies flourished here. Africa was swaddled in lies—the lies of an aborted European civilization; the lies of liberation. Nothing but lies." □

THE ANTI-HUMANS

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

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MY ANSWER TO VIC OLVIR

by Jarah B. Crawford

In catching up on my reading, I became incensed at the arm-chair philosophy of Vic Olvir's "Christianity: Religion of the West" article, a reprint from *Instauration*, printed in the November 1994 issue of *Liberty Bell*. There is a war going on for the survival of the White Race and this beautiful blue planet. Mr. Olvir is apparently cloistered in some never-never land far removed from the Reality of this day. Here he plays with his toys: Plato, Socrates, Aristotle, Spengler, Faust, de Lagarde, T. S. Eliot, Hilaire Belloc, Chesterton, Waugh, "among others," as he puts it. He also plays head games to amuse himself, trying desperately to sound authoritative and intellectual.

Please let me point out that Religion, Western Culture, and the United States Constitution got us to the sorry state we are in today. I have been in the pulpits and trenches of religion. Do not waste my time telling me about confession, the Faustian conception of Contrition and Grace, Yeshua (*sic*) and Paul, and purified Gothic Christianity—whatever the hell Olvir means by that. *He is blowing smoke!*

If the Christian fathers are the godfathers of Western philosophy and Western science, then there, indeed, lies the philosophy of this egg-head. There also lies the basis for Western science geared for destruction. *Christianity is destructive* and one of the most evil forces in the 20th century. Western culture is almost as sick as Western Religion.

Also, do not try to re-sell me on the Constitution. I do not live in 1776!

Why did Olvir's list of toys not include Schopenhauer, Robert G. Ingersoll, Adolf Hitler's *Mein Kampf*, and Lady Queenshoro's *Occult Theocracy*? John White's book, *Pole Shift*, is the most relevant book one can read. Instead of playing with his toys, Olvir might better use his hallowed resources in addressing the apocalyptic Reality of 1995.

Having read Olvir's article twice, I continue to ask, "What is he trying to say, and why did he not communicate it?" Writers who play games always use an overabundance of words in attempt to convey their fuzzy thoughts. It never works. Please consider what would happen if a military commander could not communicate. He would not only be unable to lead, but his bungling words would create disaster.

Now, I wish to address the matter at hand; the survival of our White Race and this planet. This seems to be of some importance compared to Olvir's reference to "...the power of tradition." If there is any hope at all, it *will not* be in tradition, but rather in a complete break with traditions as we know them.

The land of the free and the home of the brave was not in 1776 what it is today. The United States of America is THE FINAL TARGET NATION of those men of Power who wish to enslave the Earth. The Bolshevik Revolution was a picnic compared to what the Jewish World Power Structure is now effecting in our besieged nation. Furthermore, White Aryan ideas and ideals have been completely wiped-out in America except in the minds of a few men who know what must be done.

In the February issue of the *Liberty Bell*, there is a letter by yet another writer afraid to sign his name to it. (Such courageous men—writing about Freedom.) He states that "...White America is already dead." He then rightly adds that "...the few remaining whites will have to flee America just to survive...Where will they go?" For some years I have advocated leaving this nation. This is not visionary, but rather sheer common sense. Considering this expatriation, I have traveled abroad and found where I should go. The financial means to relocate keep me here thus far.

The Rabbi Mayer Schiller who addressed the American Renaissance meeting in Louisville, Kentucky made it clear that Americans will need to flee America to save our civilization. The August, 1994 issue of *Money* magazine published the article "Escape From Amer-

ica." The 250,000 who have already escaped are not necessarily White Christian Patriots.

If there were a spearhead of effort in progress in America for Aryan survival, you could not drive me out. However, the *Liberty Bell* letter referred to above painted a Rembrandt of American culture and character and racial stupidity which makes remaining here among this human tragedy much less than intelligent.

Please consider the mentality of two very large segments of White America; the Christians and the Patriots, who sometimes combine to make Christian Patriots.

While waiting in a doctor's office, a little old lady lamented her ailments. But alas! she received relief from her pain by stating, "We've just got to trust in God." The walls of that waiting room trembled when I retorted, "Not that Jewish God of the Bible!" silence reigned! until a crippled old man said; "We all can't be educated." My not-so-kind reply was; "No, but we can all learn."

My days of passive nicety are over. I am tired of tolerating the "righteous Christian" pointing at me as the sinner on my way to be fried eternally. It is time for the present confessing 15th century Christian to feel the tip of my sword in 1995, to know that he is my enemy though his name bespeaks his Aryan heritage. HIS CURSED GOD HAS DONE HIM IN!!! No, Mr. Olvir, Christians are not on my side and will be the first to turn me in.

So it is with the patriotic, right wing ignoramuses who are mired in the do-nothing rhetoric which has served only to prove their insanity. CAN'T THEY SEE? CAN'T THEY LEARN? that the enemy who holds every meaningful advantage does not give a damn for their stupid insanity?

Patriots and Christians are, indeed, the blight of our beautiful race. If Patriots need a Cause, let it be our Aryan race. If Christians need a God, let it be our Aryan race. If Aryans require a Savior, let them read *Mein Kampf* with the same divine understanding with

which it was written, while at the same time letting their Bibles supply the fuel for the bonfire which will light the heavens for a trillion miles, to end forever the influence of this Jewish book on Western Civilization.

Christian Patriot, listen to me. When Thomas Paine arrived from England at the age of 37, he found the colonies clamoring for justice; whining about their grievances; at their knees imploring George the III for a restoration of their ancient privileges. They were trying to soften the heart of their master. The colonists wished for, hoped for, and prayed for reconciliation. *They did not dream of freedom and independence.*

Christian Patriot, do you not see yourself repeating the same lunacy? Clamoring for justice in our courts; whining about your grievances; on your knees begging for the restoration of the Constitution; pulling the lever at the voting booth; writing to your Congressman; heating up the fax machines and computer networks? You wish for, hope for, and pray for reconciliation with your Jew-owned government.

Christian Patriot, come out of your cave, your colony, your concentration camp of the damned. You need to vision the liberty and independence you have never known. Thomas Paine ignited the torch which began to burn in the hearts of the colonists. NO MORE MAKING BRICKS FOR PHARAOH! NO MORE HOPE TO RECONCILE WITH THE BEAST. Freedom for this new nation was paid for in the blood of *our* Race. We, the children of the Revolution, are now required to pay with our blood for this FREEDOM we relinquished at the trough of sloven mentality. Only the 14 Words of David Lane are appropriate for this hour.

**"WE MUST SECURE THE EXISTENCE OF OUR PEOPLE
AND A FUTURE FOR WHITE CHILDREN."**

Or, as Thomas Paine wrote;

**"IF THERE MUST BE WAR LET IT BE IN MY DAY,
THAT MY CHILD MAY HAVE PEACE."**

Christian Patriot, let this torch your soul!

At 18 years of age, I was expected to kill in WW II, for what cause I did not know, other than the Jewish propaganda which was all I knew. But today, I know the Cause is my Aryan Race, and I am ready to kill for it. That puts a smile on my face. Oh, to initiate the scene in my manuscript, *Firestorm*, where all is thought, all is planned, and all is executed for the good of the Aryan Race...the rest of the world be damned...until they acknowledge who we are and our proper place and position on this planet. Only then will even they receive the marvelous wonders of our accomplishments, stagnated and rotted since Christianity. We shall be their divine keepers as they rightly respond. When we Aryans again have the right to think and to express our thoughts, every brain will give to all the best it has. The world will then be filled with intellectual wealth, providing for all abundantly, without Jewish insanity and Christian horror.

One day, will we look back at our 20th century history in abject disbelief? How could we have groveled with swine? But in retrospect—with our Aryan Spirit and Soul healed of all alien diseases—we shall regret that it took so long to overcome the paper tiger which held us captive. It will be the wonder of the Aryan Race for all ages to come. Its memory shall be our guardian forever.

No reconciliation with the past. Only the new Aryan world envisioned by our Savior and passionately embraced by Savitri Devi.

Knoxville, Tennessee, March 5, 1995

PLEASE REMEMBER:

Your subscription to *Liberty Bell*, your book orders, and your regular monetary contributions are our lifeblood. Help us keep *Liberty Bell* ringing and proclaiming the truth. Your continued support is needed and will be greatly appreciated!

PREJUDICE

by *Jarah B. Crawford*

One of the most abused and mis-used words in the English language is the word "prejudice." It ranks with extremist, racist, fascist and the like. This word has been perverted by the word-manipulators to mean anyone who is against anything. It is the label pinned on everyone who does not conform, one who is not politically correct, and one who dares to think independently of the "system."

The American Heritage Dictionary, Third Edition, dated 1992 defines prejudice as follows.

1. An adverse judgment or opinion formed beforehand or without knowledge or examination of the facts.
2. The act or state of holding unreasonable preconceived judgements or convictions.
3. Irrational suspicion or hatred of a particular group, race, or religion.
4. Detriment or injury caused to a person by the preconceived unfavorable conviction of another or others. To cause (someone) to judge prematurely and irrationally.

These are some pretty strong words. Let us examine them closely. In the first place, prejudice is defined simply: "Opinion without knowledge." Or, "Opinion based upon non-fact."

The factors here are "opinion: and "knowledge." Let me illustrate. As a child growing up in the steel-mill towns of Northeastern Ohio, I heard many derogatory references to the Kentucky hill-billies who migrated to Ohio to get employment in the steel mills. Though I had never seen a Kentucky hill-billy in the '30's, believe me, I had my opinions of them. My opinions were not good.

In 1970, I lived in Bowling Green, Kentucky. I learned em-

phatically that all people in Kentucky were not ignorant hill-billies. My prejudice was dispelled forever. Now I had the facts which translated into knowledge which replaced my previous opinions.

Opinion has no place in scholarship, nor in science, nor in the affairs of men.

Prejudice also means one's holding unreasonable preconceived judgments. Notice, the *facts* are missing. Preconceived means:

"To form an opinion of something before possessing adequate knowledge."

Opinions are very dangerous! Opinions are in the minds of the unknowledgeable who put as much trust in their opinions as the intelligent person puts in his knowledge of the facts. The opinion-makers rely upon the opinions they plant in hundreds of millions of human minds. This would seem to be a very unhealthy situation.

Prejudice also means the irrational suspicion of a particular group, race, or religion. The factors here are "irrational" and "suspicion." Irrational means "without reason; or lack of usual or normal mental clarity." Suspicion is "suspecting something wrong with little or no proof." Again, the facts are missing. With irrational suspicion, I can accuse you of anything I choose. "You are going to kill me." Or, I can accuse all the people in Kentucky of being lazy and stupid. Or, I can say all Catholics are going to hell.

This is sheer prejudice for I do not *know* you are going to kill me.

I do not *know* all people in Kentucky to be lazy and stupid. I do not know that all Catholics are going to hell. I don't *know* the above to be true. *But I can have my opinions!!!* This is ignorant and dangerous.

Prejudice also means; "...detriment or injury caused to a per-

son by the preconceived, unfavorable conviction (opinion) of others." And "...to *cause* someone to judge prematurely and irrationally."

Yes, your prejudice can cause you to commit irrational injury to innocent people.

What if the people from Northeastern Ohio had had the money and the means to spread their prejudice throughout the state until the fury of unreasonable preconceived judgment, of irrational suspicion and hatred, fed the opinions of the people until war was declared with Kentucky which was guilty of nothing. The Ohio army marched into Kentucky and wiped out half the population.

Do you think for a moment the American Civil Liberties Union would sit by quietly? Do you believe the other 48 states would give their full support of arms and troops to the invading Ohio army? Do you think our United States Government and the United Nations would remain silent?

Ohio did not invade Kentucky. But just as surely as the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor, so, too, the Jewish war machine invaded Germany in 1933 with every evil contained in the word "prejudice." The Jews declared a "Holy War" against Germany because Germany said "NO" to Jewish Communism. *And the rest of the world remained silent.*

A world war was created in 1933 because the Jews had the money and the means to poison your mind with prejudice; raw and dangerous prejudice. The Jews most deliberately caused adverse judgment in the minds of hundreds of millions of people. Yes, they created unreasonable opinions about the Germans. Yes, the Jews heated the caldron until it boiled over with irrational suspicion and hatred against the German people. *The Jews created World War II.* Yes, we Americans and the British committed irrational injury to an innocent people.

ALL THIS BECAUSE YOU FORMED YOUR OPINION WITHOUT KNOWLEDGE! YOU HAD NO FACTS! THIS WAS YOUR PREJUDICE! AND YOU STILL LIVE WITH IT!!!

There were a few people who knew the facts which led to World War II, people who resisted the propaganda of prejudice. There was Charles A. Lindbergh. There was Elizabeth Dilling. There were others, and the United States Government (in the hands of the Jews) put these "America First" Patriots on trial for sedition. *You*, with your prejudice, absolutely wrong with your damned opinions, won World War II. Those who knew the facts were tried in court. Lindbergh left the American continent never to return.

Do I have any prejudice against the Jews for their horrendous crimes? No, I have not one particle of prejudice, *not one wrong opinion!* But I do have all the facts which give me the knowledge of what must be done to atone for the Jewish crimes of world-wide prejudice, causing the adverse judgments, the irrational hatred, the untold injury and misery to be unleashed against Germany, which then caused US to grind Germany under the treads of tanks, to pulverize Germany with artillery and bombs, and to burn Germany with relentless fire from our bombers.

That, Mr. and Mrs. America, is what prejudice did, prejudice in the hands of the Jews which they successfully implanted in you, *which you still carry with you, irrationally so!*

How do we get out of this dilemma, Mr. and Mrs. America?

You don't know how, do you? Let me tell you. *Trade in your stupid prejudices, your ignorant opinions for the facts which will give you the knowledge to know the TRUTH. Stop being an idiot! Surely, you are more than an idiot!!*

And I'm not through with you yet. I know a 24 year old college graduate, an architect. She reads incessantly; not Micky

Mouse, but Nietzsche, Schopenhauer and Sartre. I thought I had found fertile ground where Truth would be recognized. I gave her my manuscript, "The Creator, God, and the Bible." Her return reply was, "But I don't agree with you about the Jews."

Here's a runny-nosed kid positing her controlled, college-minded prejudice with the Truth I have dug out and experienced over the last 70 years. Implied was: "My opinions are as valid as your Truth." What in god's name does she know about the Jews, or for that matter, about Truth?

This 24 year old adolescent did not experience the Jewish World War. She had not taken her first breath of air. She has no idea of the personal hardships the Americans endured to participate in that Jewish catastrophe against Germany, to say nothing about German suffering and death. She has no conception of the circumstances in 1941 to 1946. My mother worked at an arsenal for 98 cents an hour. In my senior year of high-school, I worked midnight shift at the arsenal and went to school in the daytime, just so I could buy a suit for graduation. You could not buy a pound of sugar without a ration stamp. You bought gasoline only in the amount your ration stamps allowed you. A new tire for your car was permitted only if it was necessary for the war effort.

This pip-squeek knows nothing of the president of my senior high-school class, Donald Noble, who served in that Jewish war in Germany and gave his life's blood for the "cause." She knows nothing of seeing the air-craft carrier, the *U.S.S. Franklin*, limp into Pearl Harbor, its flight deck looking like a disarrayed box of spilled tooth-picks, to say nothing of the American men aboard who lost their lives for this Jewish "cause." She knows nothing of the ten major naval engagements my brother survived on the *U.S.S. Lexington*, another air-craft carrier. She knows nothing of my childhood friend, Jack Bolat, who gave his life at Iwo Jima. I am damned sick and tired of these people with all their opinions,

but have no knowledge!

I'm not very damned happy that I spent my 18th, 19th, 20th and 21st years serving those bastard Jews who got us into that tragic war, those Jews of whom President Franklin Delano Roosevelt kissed the asses for so many years--AT MY EXPENSE--while Pip-squeak in those years of her life enjoyed her paid-for college education where opinions rank at least as high as knowledge, where she learned "But I don't agree with you about the Jews."

"But I have a right to my opinion." No, goddammit, YOU DO NOT HAVE A RIGHT TO YOUR OPINION IN REGARDS TO THE AFFAIRS OF MEN ANYMORE THAN YOU HAVE THE RIGHT TO OPINE THAT WATER RUNS UPHILL! Your implanted prejudice fills you full of opinions, but you have no facts. You are a worthless empty vessel, and even a dangerous one. But when I relate one of the facts I have worked to discover, YOU accuse ME of prejudice. Then I hear the party line: "I see nothing wrong with the Jews. Some of my best friends are Jews."

Everyone of these opinion-filled individuals needs to perch himself/herself upon the end of my bayonet and tell me he/she knows better than me what it has taken me a lifetime to learn and experience. These people are dangerous and will turn against us, will become the enemy, the moment we begin to do what must be done. What must be done will inevitably include them. The cleansing, the restoration of the Aryan race, must erase the deep-seated prejudice which has become a very sick part of being an American, a Canadian, an Englishman, an Irishman, a German, etc.

I agree emphatically with Joseph D. Pryce that our corporate hatred must bring an end to Jewish madness and the cess-pool minds of our own people, whatever the cost! The eternal problem must come to an end.

Knoxville, Tennessee, March 31, 1995

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