



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

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

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

### SOME QUOTABLE QUOTES FROM AMERICA'S DECLINE:

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

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

#### AMERICA'S DECLINE

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## Voice Of Thinking Americans

## LIBERTY BELL

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

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

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

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

George P. Dietz, Editor & Publisher

## What We Owe Our Parasites

by Dr. Revilo P. Oliver

### Introductory Note

Dr. Revilo Pendleton Oliver is rightly regarded, by those few lucky enough to be familiar with his work, as one of the greatest Americans of this century. Born in 1908, he quickly rose through the ranks of the academy to become one of the leading philologists and classical scholars of his time. He was Professor of the Classics at the University of Illinois, Urbana Campus, for 32 years. He could easily have spent his life cloistered in his study, doing what he loved best: applying the lens of scholarship, focused by his brilliant mind, upon the dusty tomes and manuscripts of the past. But he chose a different path. He saw clearly, and long before most of his countrymen, where the subversive and alien elements were leading his people, and he chose to risk reputation and social position to speak out. From 1954 until his death in August 1994, he worked almost without ceasing for the awakening of Americans of European descent to their danger and their possible great destiny.

Dr. Oliver delivered this address to a German-American group assembled at the Lorelei Club in Hamburg, New York, near Buffalo, on 9th June, 1968.

The typescript was lost in a flood in 1990 at Dr. Oliver's home, but has been restored by your editor to printed form based upon the original tape recording made by Mr. Everett Weibert. Any errors introduced in the article are of course the editor's and not Dr. Oliver's.

This is one of Dr. Oliver's finest speeches, and is certainly his most comprehensive short work.

Kevin Alfred Strom

☆☆☆

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, let me thank you first of all for the honor of your invitation and the pleasure of being with you today. In the past dozen years I have spoken before a great many conserva-

tive and patriotic organizations, but this is the first time that I have appeared before a society that is specifically German: that is to say, composed of the descendants of the part of our race that stayed home in the fifth century, while their kinsfolk conquered and occupied all the western territories of the largely mongrelized and moribund Roman Empire that their more remote kinsfolk had founded more than a thousand years before.

As I understand it, I am speaking to a closed meeting of your members and of guests in whom they have confidence. I believe that it is stipulated that what is said here today is off the record and not for publication in any form and that there are no reporters present. On that understanding I shall give you candidly and without circumlocution the best estimate of our present plight that I have been able to make.

Some of you may remember the old story about the college girl who went to bed one night, and finally dropped off to sleep, but in the early hours of the morning she heard the clock strike two and she felt the door of her room was slowly opening. Terrified, she tried to call out in the darkness, but a handkerchief was whipped over her mouth and she felt strong arms lift her from the bed. She was carried downstairs, thrown into the tonneau of a large and luxurious Rolls-Royce that set off at high speed. After a long ride she was lifted out and carried into the large hall of a vast and palatial mansion, up marble stairs, and into an elegantly appointed room, where she was thrown on the bed. Only then did she see her captor clearly. He was a strong and handsome man attired in faultless evening dress. He stood by the bed, looking down at her speculatively and silently. She tried to speak, and at last she was able to say whimperingly, "What, oh, what are you going to do to me?" The man shrugged his shoulders. "How should I know?" he said. "This is *your* dream."

The story is absurd, of course, but it owes what little humor it possesses to its equivocal play on the mystery of our own consciousness. A dream is by definition a series of sensations that occur in the brain when both our senses of perception and our powers of will and reason are in abeyance, so that we have no control over that flux of sensations. But it is, of course, a well-known phenomenon that when we dream that we are dreaming, the dream ends and we awaken. Then the conscious mind

takes over and we are again responsible for our thoughts, and must face a day in which we must be responsible for our actions, which, by their wisdom or folly, may determine the rest of our lives. Our dreams may give expression, pleasant or painful, to our subconscious desires or fears. But in our waking hours we must, if we are rational, make our decisions on the basis of the most objective and cold-blooded estimates that we can make: estimates of the forces and tendencies in the world about us; estimates of the realities with which we must deal; remembering always that nothing is likely to happen just because we think it's good, or unlikely to happen just because we think it's evil.

If ever we have had need to appraise carefully and rationally our position and prospects, the time is now. In the outer quadrangle of Brasenose at Oxford, if I remember correctly, there is in the middle of the green sward a solitary sundial, whose bronze plate bears the chilling inscription, "It is later than you think." I assure you, my fellow Americans, that it is now later — much later — than you think. It is possible, of course, that it may now be too late and that, as a veteran observer and distinguished friend of mine recently assured me, our cause is now as hopeless as was that of the South after the fall of Richmond and near the tragic conclusion of the second war for independence which was fought on our soil. I honestly believe, however, we still have some chance of survival. If I did not believe that, I certainly would not be speaking to you today or asking you to consider with me the odds against us.

It may be wrong. I have no powers of divination, nor of prophecy. And I certainly do not know the secret plans of our enemies, or even the inner structure of their organization. I can only guess the probable extent of their power and the probable efficacy of their strategy by extrapolation from what they have thus far accomplished. I can only give you my best estimate, made after long and anxious consideration; but I do not pose as an expert in these matters, and since I have promised to be candid, I will tell you candidly that my estimates in the past proved to be overly optimistic.

When I left the mephitic atmosphere of Washington late in 1945, I had no great misgivings about the future of our nation. On the basis of the best estimates that I could then make, I was confident that our future

was assured by a popular reaction which I deemed inevitable within the next five years. I felt certain that the secrets of Washington would quickly become known and that our nation would be swept with moral indignation and revulsion when Americans saw exposed to the light of day even a small part of the foul record of the diseased creature that had squatted in the White House for so many years, surrounded by his appalling gang of degenerates, traitors, and alien subversives.

I knew that the secret of Pearl Harbor would be quickly disclosed, and that Americans would soon know how the Japanese had been maneuvered and tricked into destroying our fleet and killing so many of our men. I was sure that the public would soon learn of the old conspiracy between Roosevelt and Churchill (who was at that time a private citizen in what was still Great Britain), and also of Roosevelt's persistent efforts from 1936 to 1939 to get started in Europe the insanely fratricidal war that devastated that continent, that destroyed so much of what is the most precious and irreplaceable treasure of any race — the genetic heritage of its best men — and that inflicted on our own country a great squandering of life and wealth in a war that was deliberately conducted to assure the defeat of the United States and Great Britain no less than that of France and Germany. I was sure that we would quickly, once peace had come, see that we had fought for the sole purpose of imposing the beasts of Bolshevism on a devastated land. I was sure that we would quickly see the nature of the great treason trap called the United Nations. I thought that decent men's stomachs would turn when they learned of the *officially admitted* strategy of the British government which, in deliberate violation of all the conventions of civilized warfare, had initiated the vicious bombing of unprotected German cities for the express purpose of slaughtering so many defenseless German civilians that the German government would be forced to bomb unprotected British cities and slaughter enough helpless British civilians to work up in Great Britain some enthusiasm for the suicidal war that the British government was imposing on its reluctant people — the first example in history, I believe, of a government at war deliberately having its own citizens massacred for the purposes of propaganda. I thought that the truth about such domestic outrages as the infamous Sedition Trial in Wash-

ington would necessarily become known, and excite the feelings that such crimes must excite in the breasts of decent men.

And I was sure that a thousand other infamies, unsurpassed and only rarely equaled in recorded history, would be disclosed with the result that all the steamships outward bound from our shores would, within a few years, be crowded to their very rails with hordes of vermin desperately fleeing from the wrath of an aroused and angry nation.

In 1945 I really believed that by the year 1952 no American could hear the name of Roosevelt without a shudder or utter it without a curse. You see; I was wrong. I was right about the inevitability of exposure. Like the bodies of the Polish officers who were butchered in Katyn Forest by the Bolsheviks (as we knew at the time), many of the Roosevelt regime's secret crimes were exposed to the light of day. The exposures were neither so rapid or so complete as I anticipated, but their aggregate is far more than should have been needed for the anticipated reaction. Only about 80 per cent of the secret of Pearl Harbor has thus far become known, but that 80 per cent should in itself be enough to nauseate a healthy man. Of course I do not know, and I may not even suspect, the full extent of the treason of that incredible administration. But I should guess that at least half of it has been disclosed in print somewhere: not necessarily in well-known sources, but in books and articles in various languages, including publications that the international conspiracy tries to keep from the public, and not necessarily in the form of direct testimony, but at least in the form of evidence from which any thinking man can draw the proper and inescapable deductions. The information is there for those who will seek it, and enough of it is fairly well known, fairly widely known, especially the Pearl Harbor story, to suggest to anyone seriously interested in the preservation of his country that he should learn more. But the reaction never occurred. And even today the commonly used six-cent postage stamp bears the bloated and sneering visage of the Great War Criminal, and one hears little protest from the public. Why?

It is true that there were some faint and feeble beginnings of reaction, especially when Senator Joseph McCarthy began his famous series of hearings before the Senate Subcommittee on Internal Security. All

that those hearings produced was but a small trickle leaking through the vast dike of official secrecy that held back the ocean of evidence that the United States had been stealthily captured by aliens and by the traitors in their employ. But when dikes begin to leak they soon break. And when the McCarthy hearings started, only a little later than I had predicted, I said to myself, "This is it at last! This is the beginning. And soon will begin that great exodus of panic-stricken rats fleeing from a just retribution."

But I was wrong again. Instead, a friend of mine was right. He was at that time a member of the Central Intelligence Agency, which at that time included some Americans. And he happened to be in Wheeling, West Virginia, on the 9th of February, 1950, when Senator McCarthy made his famous speech in which he stated that there were 57 members of the Communist Party or of the Soviet espionage apparatus in the State Department in positions of responsibility and that the State Department knew that they were there. After the speech, my friend found an opportunity to talk to McCarthy alone. He told him, "Senator, you said there were 57 known Communists in the State Department. If you had access to the files of my agency, you would know that there is absolute proof that there are ten times that many. But Senator, you do not realize the magnitude and the power of the conspiracy you are attacking. They will destroy you — *they will destroy you utterly.*"

But Senator McCarthy merely shook his head and said, "No, the American people will never let me down." He was wrong too, you see.

It's not necessary here to rehearse the steps by which McCarthy was destroyed. He was of course sabotaged from within his own staff. The aliens who control our press and radio and the boob tubes spattered their slime over the country. Swarms of the ignorant and neurotic little shysters whom we call "intellectuals" issued from the doors of the colleges and universities, shrieking and spitting as is their wont. And all that had its effect. But the conspiracy was able to silence McCarthy only by a somewhat less routine operation.

They found an Army officer who had been a military failure until Bernard Baruch promoted him to General, and who in 1945 should have been able to hope for nothing better than that he could escape a

court martial and thus avoid being cashiered, *if* he could prove that all the atrocities and all the sabotage of American interests of which he had been guilty in Europe had been carried out over his protest and under categorical orders from the President. The conspiracy took that person, and with the aid of their press they did a quick masquerade job and dressed him up as a conservative. They wrote speeches that he was able to deliver without too much bumbling. They displayed his grin on all the boob tubes. And they elected him President. And, of course, "Ike" was elected with a mandate from his masters to stab Senator McCarthy in the back. And he did. And so the conspiracy plugged that small leak in the dike.

But how was it able to do that? Oh yes, we could trace the whole operation step by step. We know that our enemies are sneaking and cunning. We know that they command the wealth of the world, including whatever is in the United States Treasury and, through the income tax, whatever is in your pocket and mine. They can hire stupid or unprincipled Americans to do anything for them and to act as front men. But the real question before us is not their cunning and their innate evil.

The deeper, more important, and far more unpleasant question is: What was and is wrong with American people that made them and is still making them willing victims of their enemies?

Some years ago, it was customary for fast-talking confidence men to find some chump with five or ten thousand dollars in cash and sell him the Brooklyn Bridge or the Holland Tunnel. And I hear that when the Pennsylvania Railroad began to demolish its station in New York City, someone bought it for \$25,000 cash. Now the swindlers in all those cases are undoubtedly wicked men. They deserve exemplary punishment. But, you know, there must have been *something* wrong with the purchasers too. Much as we may sympathize with them, we shall have to agree, I think, that they were not overly bright.

We Americans, you know, are regarded with supreme contempt by our enemies, who describe us in private and sometimes in public in the most contumelious terms. You may remember that some years ago a man named Khrushchev was the manager employed on the conspiracy's estate in Russia. He was invited to this country by his pal Ike, and he

toured our land, honored and applauded by the press and even by some Americans. Soon after he returned, he told newspaper reporters in Vienna, "The Americans? Why, you spit in their faces and they think it's dew."

That delicate phraseology reminded me of what I had been told by an acquaintance in Washington during the Second World War. This man, a veteran journalist, held a position of importance in one of the lie-factories operated by the Roosevelt regime to keep the boobs pepped up with enthusiasm for sending their sons or their husbands to a senseless slaughter. At one policy conference, this man objected to a proposed lie on the grounds that it was so absurd that it would destroy public confidence, with the result that Americans would soon cease to believe anything that the agency manufactured. There was a great deal of debate over that question in this policy conference until it was ended by the agency's "great expert" in such matters. He was a man who, by the way, for some reason or other, had left Germany a few years before and come to bless the United States with his presence. This expert, being a bit ruffled by the debate, finally took his elegant little cigar from his mouth and said decisively, "Ve spit in ze faces of the American schwine!" And that settled it. The master had spoken.

Why do we receive and deserve such contempt? Unless we have simply degenerated into a race of imbeciles, unfit to survive in the world, there must be some ascertainable mental block that makes us so gullible. And, if so, we most urgently need to identify it. That's the real reason why I brought up the question of Senator McCarthy and what may have seemed history long past and otiose. That episode was obviously the antecedent of our present terrible plight. And when we try to look back at the obvious factors, such as the alien control of our channels of information and of our finances, we know there must be something back of that. And then we look at an obvious factor, of which many were made aware only recently by the shocking behavior of so-called students in so-called universities and by the far more shocking behavior of the administrative officers and faculties of those diploma mills. We now see that the gang of sleazy racketeers headed by John Dewey has attained its goal. We realize that the public schools have been for many years a vast brainwashing and

brain-contaminating machine that has worked, on the whole, with great efficiency. It's a machine to which we send our children to have their minds filled with grotesque and debasing superstitions; to have their instincts of integrity and honor leached from their souls; to be incited to premature debauchery and perversion; to be imbued with thoughtless irresponsibility; and to be prepared for addiction to mind-destroying drugs and an existence below the animal level. The public schools have indeed been the most powerful single engine of subversion that our enemies have used upon us. The rest of this hour would not suffice even to enumerate the ways in which the self-styled "educators" have accomplished their deadly work.

When we go back to the affair of Senator McCarthy and look for a deeper cause, we can of course blame the schools, which were doing then, a little less openly, the work that they are doing now. But that leaves us with the question: Why did the American people fall for that racket? Why were they gullible enough to be so easily taken in by John Dewey's hoax?

Well, let us go back to 1917, when Dewey's fraud had gained control of only a relatively small area, and when the world was certainly a brighter and more pleasant place. That brings us, of course, to the time of Woodrow Wilson, another baleful figure in our history. I am not one of those who regard Wilson as entirely a villain. I think he was primarily a man who could intoxicate himself with his own words. And I think that he went through most of his life mistaking his hallucinations for reality, as surely as he did on that day in 1919 when he was driven in the early morning through the deserted streets of Washington, mechanically raising his hat and bowing to the applauding crowds that existed only in his feverish brain. I am therefore willing to believe that he believed a good deal of what he said. And although in his political life he was merely a marionette that danced and pranced on the stage as its strings were pulled by Jacob Schiff, Bernard Baruch, the Warburgs, and their agent Colonel House, the fact remains that Wilson ranted to the American people about "making the world safe for democracy" and "a war to end wars," and they believed him. Instead of calling a physician when he began to babble that arrant nonsense, they let him plunge them into a

war in which they had no conceivable concern and to use the power of the United States to make the result of that war as disastrous in the long run for Britain as it was for Germany.

Now I admit that the notion of a warless world is a pleasant and attractive thought. But people who believe that there can be such a thing should ask it of Santa Claus, in whom they doubtless also believe.

Let us go back to 1909, when the American people were offered a plan for destroying nations that had been formulated again by a filthy degenerate named Mordechai, alias Karl Marx. Now it's true that the promoters hired a few journalists, liberal professors, and other intellectual prostitutes, to prove conclusively that the proposed income tax could never under any circumstances exceed four per cent on the income of millionaires and could never affect anyone else, for the obvious reason that no federal government could possibly spend so much money. But the point is that a majority of the American people — the inheritors of a free government based on the premise that government must be limited to essentials and must be tied down by the chains of a stringent constitution restraining the exercise of all powers except those deemed absolutely necessary for national defense — those American people believed that hogwash. In effect, what the promoters were telling them in wheedling tones was, "Come, little boobies, put your heads into the noose and we'll do you lots of good." And the boobous little boobies stuck their necks into the noose, and so the country is now under the regime of the great White Slave Act, and that's why we are where we are today.

We could go much farther back, and if we had the time we certainly should go back at least to the 18th century, when the weird mythology of what is now called "liberalism," and all of the basic lies that are rammed into the minds of our children in the schools, were manufactured by a motley and bizarre gang composed of agents of Weishaupt's great conspiracy, many ordinary swindlers and mountebanks, and quite a bevy of "idealists" with buzzing brains and twittering tongues. But I think that we have said enough to see that we Americans are suffering from a chronic disease or tropism that has invariably placed us at the mercy of our enemies by making us incapable of taking thought for ourselves. There is in us a weakness, perhaps a fatal weakness, that makes us

not only listen to the babble of self-professed do-gooders, but to do whatever they tell us to do, and to do it as mindlessly as though we were in a hypnotic trance and had surrendered our will to that of the hypnotist.

Now I believe that this strange weakness, unlike so many of our peculiarities, is not a single congenital and hereditary idiocy. If that were true, we would not be here: our remote ancestors would have been eaten long before the dawn of history. It is compounded, it seems to me, of a perversion of seven different qualities; a perversion effected and fostered by certain misunderstandings in the peculiar circumstances that resulted from the prosperity, power, and world dominion we of the West achieved for ourselves and enjoyed in recent centuries. All of the seven elements of our mentality that I shall enumerate are good qualities, at least in the sense that they are born in us, that we could not eliminate them from our genetic heritage if we wanted to, and that we have perforce to accept them. We could comment at length on each of them, and it would be particularly interesting to contrast ourselves with other races at each point. But I must list them as briefly as possible, with only a word or two of explanation to make my meaning clear.

The first is imagination, which is highly developed in us, and vivid; an imagination which means, among other things, that we have a spiritual need of a great literature: both a literature of vicarious experience and a literature of the fantastic and marvellous that transcends the world of reality. But this gift bears with it, of course, the danger that we may not distinguish clearly between a vivid imagination and something that we can actually see in the world.

Second, the sense of personal honor which is so strong in us, and seems so fatuous and silly to other races. It is this, among other things, that gives us the conception of an honorable contest when men of our race meet as opponents in war. It gives us the knightly ethos that you see when Diomedes and Glaucus meet on the plains of Troy and in all subsequent history and story of our race. It also exposes us to the danger of behaving in knightly fashion to those to whom those standards are lunacy.

The third is the capacity for objective and philosophical thought,

which is virtually limited to our race, and which enables us to put ourselves mentally in the position of others, but simultaneously exposes us to the risk of fancying that their thoughts and feelings are what ours would be.

The fourth is our capacity for compassion. We have a racial reluctance to inflict unnecessary pain, and we are ourselves distressed by the sight of suffering. That is, of course, a peculiarity that brings upon us the ridicule and contempt of the numerical majority of the world's population, who are beings differently constituted. The savages of Africa, who are now your masters in the sense that you have to work for them every day, find the spectacle of a human being under torture simply hilarious. And when they see a blinded captive with broken limbs squirm as they prod him with red-hot irons, they laugh with glee with a merriment, a real merriment, that is greater than the funniest farce on the stage has ever excited in you. You may search the vast and respectable literature of China in vain for any trace of compassion for suffering *per se*.

Fifth, our generosity, both as individuals and as a nation, which naturally brings on us the contempt of those to whom we give abroad.

The capacity for self-sacrifice is sixth; and that is, of course, highly developed in us, but it is a necessary basis for the existence of any civilized society. No people above the stage of unthinking savagery can survive in this world without some instinct or some belief which makes its young men give their lives for the preservation of the society in which they were born.

And the seventh and last is the sentiment of religion, which of course is common to all mankind, although here again it takes a distinctive form in us. For fifteen centuries the religion of the Western world has been Christianity, Western Christianity, and there is no other religion now known or even imaginable that could take its place. But it is simply an historical fact, which we must deplore but cannot change, that only a small part of our population today, 12 or 15 per cent, really believes that Christ was the son of God, that the soul is immortal, and that our sins will be punished in a future life. That means that the religious instinct, which is a part of our nature, finds in the majority of our people no satisfaction in an unquestioning faith; so that those frustrated in-

instincts are available for exploitation by any halfway clever scoundrel, as the shysters and punks who now occupy the majority of our pulpits well know. When faith is lost, what Pareto calls the religious residue in a people becomes its most vulnerable point, its Achilles heel. It is the unsatisfied need for an unquestioning faith in a superior power.

Now, a perversion of all of these qualities in us operated during the centuries of our dominance to give us an utterly false conception of other peoples. We have imagined that by some magic we could convey to them not only our material possessions, but the qualities of our mind and soul.

And we have always succumbed to the flattery of imitation. The capacity for imitating behavior is common not only to all human beings, but to all anthropoids, as we all know from the proverbial expression, "monkey see, monkey do." An ape's ability to imitate is, of course, limited. But, with the exception of the Australoids, other races have the capacity to imitate us convincingly in externals. If they dress in our clothes, observe our social conventions, and speak our language, using the phrases which as they can learn by observation please us, and using those phrases even if they don't understand them or if they regard them as posteros drivel and nonsense, the members of other races could imitate us so plausibly that we believe them converted to our mentality and to our conception of life. And any shortcomings that we may notice in the performance of the imitator, we generously overlook or regard as endearing naïveté.

This capacity for imitation is possessed by savages, at least by the more intelligent ones, and it has deceived us time after time. The British are as gullible as we are. Hundreds and hundreds of times, at least, they gave scholarships to Blacks from Basutoland or Kenya or Nigeria or one of their other possessions, and the result was almost always the same. With the money given him, the savage bought himself a good wardrobe, attended an English school, learned to play soccer, attended Oxford, wrote a charming essay on Wordsworth or on ancient law, copulated with half-witted English women who thought him "romantic" and themselves "broad-minded," and when he got tired of living on English generosity, went home to his tribe where he had a well-roasted baby

served up to him as a delicacy of which he had been long deprived by the stupid prejudices of the stupid British.

With some of the highly intelligent Oriental peoples, the capacity for dissimulation goes much farther than that and approaches genius.

That strange and unique international people, the Jews, who for all the time in which they are known to history have lived and flourished by planting their colonies in other people's countries, have owed much of their success to the chameleon-like ability to take on, when they choose, the manners and attitudes of whatever country they choose to reside in. They are a highly intelligent people, quite possibly much more intelligent than we are. But all observers, notably Douglas Reed and Roderick Stohlheim, have commented on the Jews' amazing ability to seem a German in Berlin, a Czech in Prague, an Italian in Rome, and an Englishman in London, shifting from one rôle to the other with the ease with which a man might change his suit of clothes. The Jews have, of course, the great advantage that their skins are white, and that many of them resemble, in features, members of our race, even to the point of being indistinguishable, at least to an untrained eye, and including persons with such non-Oriental characteristics as blond or red hair.

I am not sure, therefore, that the highest talent for dissimulation does not belong to a people that does not have that very great physical advantage: the Japanese. Their ability to gain our confidence and appropriate our technology and science is simply phenomenal, as is obvious from what they, living crowded together on a few poor islands, have accomplished: But their talent for dissimulation is equally great.

I always remember the experience of a friend of mine, who was in the late 1930s a professor of chemistry in a large university in what may be called a strategic area of this country. The outstanding students in his graduate classes were four young Japanese. And partly because they were so apt in learning the more abstruse forms of chemistry, and partly because they were foreigners and so excited in him the generosity that is normal to us, he invited them to his home; and in the course of three years he came, he thought, to know them very well personally. Their manners and their English were excellent. They professed the greatest admiration for America and its institutions. They spoke, of course, of

"democracy" in terms of high praise. They deplored "militarism," and they fervently hoped for "world peace" and "understanding among all peoples." My friend was convinced that if only we could bring more young men like that to the United States, the policy of Japan would eventually change, and the two nations would live thenceforth in perpetual amity.

Then one day he found himself alone at a crossroads in the open country some twenty miles from the university, waiting for some friends to pick him up in their automobile. They were late, and since the day was hot, he went to a nearby orchard to repose in the shadow of the trees while waiting. He saw his four Japanese students come sauntering down one of the roads, evidently out on a leisurely hike. At the crossroads, they stopped, looked up and down each road, looked around and saw no one. Then they straightened up and stood back to back, each facing in one direction, produced a Leica camera, and photographed each road and then the surroundings on each diagonal and made notations on a map. They had, of course, come to our country not only to learn our chemical science for eventual use against us, but also incidentally to map out the territory around the university for future reference, should their army have occasion to invade us or should they have occasion to land a secret force on our shores. And they went about their work with the patient thoroughness of their race, doubtless chuckling inwardly at the naiveté of the big White boobies who freely deliver all their hard-won knowledge to their natural enemies.

Our minds have been beclouded by an even more dangerous misconception long annexed to our religion. For centuries we have labored under the illusion that Western Christianity was something that could be exported, and only recent events have at last made it obvious to us how vain and futile have been the labors and zeal of devoted missionaries for five centuries.

When Cortez and his small but valiant band of iron men conquered the empire of the Aztecs, he was immediately followed by a train of earnest and devoted missionaries, chiefly Franciscans, who began to preach the Christian gospel to the natives. And they soon sent back home, with innocent enthusiasm, glowing accounts of the conversions they had ef-

fect. You can feel their sincerity, their piety, their ardor, and their joy in the pages of Father Sagun, Father Torquemada, and many others. And for their sake I am glad that the poor Franciscans never suspected how small a part they had really played in the religious conversions that gave them such joy. Far more effective than their words and their book had been the Spanish cannon that had breached the Aztec defenses and the ruthless Spanish soldiers who had slain the Aztec priests at their altars and toppled the Aztec idols from the sacrificial pyramids. The Aztecs accepted Christianity as a cult, not because their hearts were touched by doctrines of love and mercy, but because Christianity was the religion of the White men whose bronze cannon and mail-clad warriors made them invincible.

That was early in the 16th century, and we of the West have gone on repeating that fond mistake ever since, as the missionaries whom we sent to all parts of the world wrote home with innocent satisfaction glowing accounts of the number of hearts they had "won for Christ." And it is only after the international conspiracy's campaign of "anti-colonialism" really got underway that most of us realized that what had won all those hearts was primarily the discipline of British regiments and the power of the White man. On many a shore of Africa, for example, missionaries eager to win souls ventured to land alone; and the natives, after having a lot of fun torturing them to death, ate them — either cooked or raw, according to the local custom. What often happened was that a few months later a British cruiser hove to offshore, and lobbed a half a dozen 4.5-inch high explosive shells into the native village, and, if not in a hurry, perhaps landed half a company of marines to beat the bushes and drag out a dozen or so savages to hang on convenient trees. Unless the tribe was excessively stupid, they took the hint. The next bevy of missionaries was respected, as somehow representing the god of thunder and lightning. And if those men of God distributed enough free rice and medical care with their sermons, they were able to make many converts. They could teach a ritual, and they could perhaps inculcate a superstition that had some superficial resemblance to their religion; but as for teaching the spiritual substance of Christianity, they might as well have followed the example of St. Francis and delivered sermons to the birds.

Although it is true that in some places in the former colonial possessions missionaries are still tolerated, if they pay very well, we have at last learned that the gospel follows the British regiments in the White man's ignominious and insane retreat from the world that was his.

All of these factors have contributed, I think, to our strange toleration of the "do-gooder" and our incredible obtuseness in never asking *against whom* he is "doing good." For it is unfortunately true that fully 80 per cent of all those high-sounding projects of "uplift" and "social justice" are motivated *not* by concern for the supposed beneficiaries, but by greed or malice. But we never ask.

That is why we have so many "intellectuals" battering upon us. They have discovered the safest and most profitable of all rackets. An "intellectual" is distinguished by two talents: a glib proficiency with words, and very sensitive nostrils. He can smell a twenty dollar bill in your pocket a block away, and within two minutes after that delicious aroma reaches his nostrils the "ideals" are drooling down his jaw. You know the jargon: "the underprivileged"; "equality of opportunity"; "the culturally deprived"; "underdeveloped nations"; "emerging peoples"; and the like, *ad infinitum nauseam*. And as you listen to his sing-song the chances are you won't even notice his hand as it goes into your pocket.

Now we may be rich enough to be suckers, but we cannot afford the more elaborate kinds of "do-gooding" that are inspired by malice and hatred. But yet we tolerate them with a collective masochism that is simply suicidal. We have accepted an incredible inversion of values to the point that we have declared ourselves to be an inferior species, fit only to be enslaved, beaten, and butchered at the whim of our betters. That is what the proposition amounts to, although, of course, it is daubed over with the viscid slobber of humanitarian drivel devised by our enemies and mindlessly multiplied by our own sniveling sentimentalists.

It is not a new thing. If I had time, I would direct your attention in some detail to the vast and irreparable calamity brought upon our nation in the last century by a tiny group of vociferous and crazed fanatics, the abolitionists, who forced upon the South its tragic war for independence. I am not defending slavery, Negro slavery, as an institution. I believe that Jefferson and Lincoln were right in regarding it as a system that was per-

nicious, for quite rational reasons, of which the most important were: first, that it maintained on our soil millions of persons of a race radically different from our own, and by our standards inferior; and second, that it resulted in some production of mongrels, pitiable creatures torn apart by the incompatible instincts they had inherited. As you know, it was the firm purpose of Abraham Lincoln to have all the Negroes either returned to Africa, or, in the interests of economy, to Central America. But the abolitionists were not rational. They were, I am sorry to say, most of them Americans, including such persons as Wendell Phillips, Professor Elizur Wright, and, of course, hysterical females such as Lydia Child and Harriet Beecher Stowe. Their leader was William Lloyd Garrison, who was an American too, though he was financed by Isaac Mack and other Jews. They were a tiny group, despised by sane Americans, North and South. But they ranted and raved until they got their way. They began to agitate in 1840 for dissolution of the American union, and for division of the United States, by secession, into two countries. And after twenty years of ranting, they finally persuaded the states of the South to take their proposal seriously.

It is most instructive to read the abolitionists. They spout quotations from the Bible, and they babble about "human rights" and "equality." But they cannot completely conceal their real animus and inspiration. Their venom is directed against the plantation owners of the South, most of whom, though by no means all, were ladies and gentlemen. The abolitionists had in their minds a picture, partly correct, of the Southern landowner as man far superior to themselves in education, culture, and humanity. And for that they hated him, implacably. They also had in their feverish minds a picture, totally false, of the planter as a man of unbounded wealth and leisure who spent his life lolling on a wide veranda and sipping mint juleps. And they envied him passionately. They had a picture, equally false, of the Southern lady as one who spent her days in fairy-like ease, waited on hand and foot by obsequious slaves. They had a picture, largely correct, of those women as being accorded by men a chivalrous respect that was almost unknown in the North. And so they yearned to humiliate and destroy that Southern lady. That was the real inspiration of their frantic "do-gooding."

You can take the true measure of what has happened to our national mentality by just remembering the name of that distinguished horse thief and homicidal manic, John Brown, who, financed by a conspiratorial group that called themselves the Secret Six, was sent into the South to start a slave revolt. As everyone admits, his purpose was to get all the White women of the South raped and butchered, and to get all the White men of the South barbarously mutilated and butchered. What does that make of him in contemporary opinion? Why, he was a "champion of human rights," "a martyr of freedom," and all that. He wanted to butcher, it's true, but to butcher White men and women. That is to say, White slime, like ourselves, as we wallow in ecstasies of self-abasement and self-hatred. And that suffices to make him admirable, to make him noble. And so his soul goes marching on — over the hot coals, I hope.

I remind you that that little body of howling dervishes brought on us a terribly fratricidal war, inflicting on us an irreparable loss and impoverishing our nation and race forever by destroying the genetic heritage of our best men. And it also coarsened us morally, perhaps also irreparably. For after the assassination of Lincoln, which they certainly contrived, our hate-crazed "do-gooders" had their way. If there is any American who can read the history of all the suffering wantonly inflicted on the White people of the South during what is called "Reconstruction" without hanging his head in shame and feeling through his whole being an anguished remorse, I can only say that he is hard-hearted and sadistic beyond my understanding.

With that beginning, is it any wonder that we have reached today the point at which frenzied hatred of us is the certain way of attaining our veneration and our reverence? How the Americans have been taught to hate themselves!

Chinese Communists attack and capture one of our naval vessels, which we, perhaps by agreement between them and our enemies in Washington, refuse to defend although we had ample warning of the attack. But who cares? They're just White slime like us, born to work and die for their masters' pleasure. Now of course if they had been something really choice and noble, such as a mongrel syphilitic lousy homosexual

Communist cannibal, why all of our liberal punks would be out screaming and howling in our streets from dawn to dusk and all night.

Every day, more and more of our young men are shipped to Vietnam and forced to fight under conditions carefully contrived to ensure the maximum loss of American life and to ensure eventual defeat. But let us overlook that. Let us assume that it really is a war and that it is being honestly fought. What is its professed purpose? To secure a naval or air base for the United States? To conquer a colony for the United States? To protect our blood brothers in Australia? Those would be rational purposes, although one might debate the strategic necessity of that particular location. No. The ostensible purpose, the declared purpose, is to save the prolific Orientals of South Vietnam from the horrors of Communism. Never mind that that purpose is transparent hypocrisy. Assume that it is sincere. What then?

We are Americans, White men of the West. And if we were sane, no truth would be more obvious and unquestionable to us than the fact that, so far as we are concerned, *all the teeming population of Vietnam is not worth the life of one American soldier*. But if anyone suggests that, why everyone is horrified: "Are we not the world's slaves to be used for do-gooding? Who cares about your son and mine — they're expendable."

Now at the instigation of the promoters of that slaughter in Vietnam for political purposes, hordes of young punks come screaming from the doors of our hoodlum-hatcheries (which for some reason are still called colleges), and they protest the awful war in Vietnam. What are they protesting? The useless death of a brother? Or of a former classmate, a White man? No, they are yowling and yammering because some of the sweet Orientals in North Vietnam get hurt sometimes. If only we could find some plausible way of killing American boys without discomfort to the Orientals, those rabid protestors would be perfectly happy.

The Jews, who, as I have said, are a highly intelligent people, and who with perhaps five per cent of our military resources knew how to finish in six days a war against opponents far more numerous and formidable than the Vietnamese, and who were intelligent enough to know that the only justification for aggressive war is the territory that is con-

quered by it, decided that it would be fun to kill some despised *goyim* on our ship the *Liberty*, and they did so — with the result that the legislature of at least one American state rushed them an official message of congratulations. Our men were killed where we sent them, ostensibly in the service of our country, killed while wearing our uniform and flying our flag. They were the symbols of our nation. They would have been the visible embodiment of our self-respect, if we had any. But who cares? They're just White slime like us.

Down in Memphis, somebody shoots a Black automobile thief, noted Communist agent, and bloodthirsty inciter of riots and revolution against us. What happens? Half the White nitwits in this country snivel and sob and mourn, saying tearfully, "What a wonderful man he was. He wanted to kill White slime like us. Wasn't that sweet, wasn't that noble, wasn't that saintly, wasn't he just like Jesus?"

One could go on for hours listing more examples. But I have said enough, surely, to show you what is really the greatest single obstacle that we face: the perverted collective masochism that has been incited in so many of our people.

What I have been saying right now is not what I first intended to say to you. I meditated, and prepared a discourse that was intended to show you that we have passed the point of no return, and that we now face a future of violence that can result only in our total subjection to the status of livestock, or survival at the cost of great hardships, sacrifice, and loss of life. I intended to speak at some length about Francis Parker Yockey and his great book *Imperium*. It is a book which evidently has the power to give to sound and healthy young Americans an inspiration and a purpose. And I intended to comment on it as representing, probably, our only force that will help us emerge from our present plight.

But after that, I had two telephone calls from men whose names you would probably recognize. The patriotic movements in this country include some phonies and a number of double agents, whose mission it is to see to it that all patriotic endeavors are directed down blind alleys, where they must end in frustration and discouragement. But I feel sure that neither man who called me belonged to either of those groups. I feel convinced that they were sincere and earnest. One of them spoke to me

very solemnly about our duty to protect and defend the people of Vietnam from the horrors of Communism. The other, in the course of the conversation, spoke very emphatically about our duty to give to the rest of the world an inspiring example of the blessings of free enterprise — to the rest of the world, mind you. We are obliged to give them a model they can follow. So I discarded the discourse I had prepared and substituted this discussion, which has already been both too long and too cursory.

For I am convinced that we shall never be able to think rationally about our own survival until we have the courage to say, in our own minds: We are Americans, White men of the West. This is our country because we took it from the Indians. And we have an unquestionable right to this country so long as we have the power and will to defend it.

What do we owe the nations of Western Europe and such nations as Australia and South Africa? We owe them recognition of our blood relationship to the men of our race who remained in the lands from which we came, and with whom we have, to the extent that they recognize it, a common interest, since we and they together form a race that is numerically a minority on this globe, the rest of whose inhabitants hate us.

What do we owe the rest of the world? Nothing, *absolutely nothing*.

What are the "civil rights" that we owe our Negroes if they insist on having them? A free ride to Africa.

What do we owe the self-chosen people? Ordinary courtesy and considerate treatment so long as *we* are convinced that it is to *our* advantage to have a cohesive body of 12 to 15 million aliens reside in our country and own a large part of it.

What do we owe to the unspeakable gang that now rules us in Washington? A fair trial.

Now all this, of course, is something that we can say only in our own minds and in closed meetings. It is probably rash to say it even in such assemblies as this, given the strange infatuation of the majority of our people to which I have called your attention as being the greatest single obstacle before us. Such statements are obviously not feasible as propaganda or proclamations. Indeed, I greatly fear that for most of our people those implanted "humanitarian" hallucinations are so deep and

inveterate that they can be broken, if at all, only by the terrible shock of physical suffering. And that they will surely receive.

In the meantime, it will fall to you, if you do not intend to surrender, to provide such leadership in your own circles and communities and to make such preparations and take such actions as will advance our cause with due consideration to prudence and strategy. I have said this to you because I am firmly convinced that our future is hopeless indeed if we do not clearly see in our own minds our own purposes. And that, I am certain, we can never do, unless we can free our own minds from the constricting trammels of "humanitarian" superstition and the counterfeit moral inhibitions that have replaced true morality.

I trust that I have not shocked any of you. But I know that it is quite possible that some of you may feel that what I have said is heartless and in violation of our Christian duty to love everyone. If so, I can only say that I am sorry and observe that you are much too good for this world.

I know that the prospect that I have suggested is grim and may well daunt a man. I can only remind you of the most incontrovertibly true statement in the great and prophetic work of Oswald Spengler: "Glücklich wird niemand sein der heute irgendwo in der Welt lebt." [No one in the world today can expect happiness.] From that destiny there is no retreat, no escape. There is no place to hide from the consequences of what we of the West have brought on ourselves by our generous folly.

The only alternatives now are to fight or to whimper. But if you think that you can escape, good-bye and good luck. To the rest of you I suggest that we shall see our problem clearly when we say to ourselves:

*We are Americans. This is our country. He who would take it from us, by force or by stealth, is our enemy. And it is our purpose — nay, it is our duty to our children and to their children and to our yet unborn posterity — it is our duty to use all feasible means to destroy him.*

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## Hate, et cetera

by  
*Robert Frens*

I am not, in any way, hostile to revisionists. What I am pointing out is that the endless blabbing is time-consuming, distracting, and never stopped one Neger from mugging a defenseless old woman. The jews propagate Lie 1 which is quickly followed by Lie 2 and Lie 3. The revisionists take issue and busy themselves with the absurdities they find in Lie 1. While they are laboring with this, the jews come up with Lie 4, Lie 5, Lie 6, and Lie 7. Next, the revisionists attack Lie 2 and the jews respond with Lie 8, Lie 9, Lie 10, Lie 11, and Lie 12. "We are winning!", exclaim the revisionists as they watch their houses burn and visit each other in the hospital trauma wards. The jews then continue with Lie 13, Lie 14, Lie 15, Lie 16, Lie 17, Lie 18, and Lie 19. After a secret victory party and another round of hat-passing, the revisionists are ready to tackle Lie 3. By then, the jews are up to Lie 47. At the present rate of "progress", I assume that when the jews reach Lie 666, the revisionists will be "debunking" Lie 69.

A wise man knows when to quit and when to renew the battle on a ground which will afford victory. There is little to be gained trying to carry water in a sieve. Lies can always be manufactured at a greater rate than can any rebuttal. Besides, once you take the "debunking" approach, you become an instant loser since you always allow the other fellow the first shot.

As for the experts, none of whom agree, who feel that I know nothing about nutrition, I have little to say. I have my opinions and they have theirs. One does not maintain health by analyzing what he eats anymore than one stays sane by psychoanalyzing his thoughts. The fact that this goofy nutrition business is infested with jews, should serve as a flag to Aryans of all stripes.

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Eggs, for example, have been both the "perfect food" and also one

of the most dangerous things to eat. It all depended upon which expert you believed to be "the" expert. In the 1930s, eggs were the best single item, second only to milk, one could consume, whether raw or cooked. Anyone with a brain quickly discovered the immense positive impact egg ingestion had upon the health of their dog or cat. My cat Spooky was an "Arnold" of his breed with thick, glossy black hair and a set of teeth which served him well in his continual "squirrel battles."

During the late 1950s, eggs were still in favor although the experts warned that you mustn't eat them raw since this destroyed valuable B vitamins. Someone then found a supposed link between cholesterol, eggs, and heart problems. Eating eggs, during the following decades, was placed in the same category as rooms with phoney shower stalls. Medical "science", of course, is about 50 percent witchcraft—torturing animals to effect headache cures in humans. Upon discovering a statistical correlation between tallness in people, and bashed heads from low underpasses, the experts came to the conclusion that tallness was a problem. Thus, when you went to the local prescription signer for a height test, you might find that you were not "normal"—you had a high inch count. (The correct term should be "average" and not "normal". Short, and tall, people are all normal.) Thus, the six-foot-four people were told that their height level was "dangerous" and that cutting growth foods from the diet just might help them from getting their brains rattled when a low transom was encountered. One must therefore strive to lower his height. The cholesterol baloney follows this "logic" and the initial screwy pronouncements have been modified. Now, it is not just cholesterol, per se, it's "good" cholesterol versus "bad" cholesterol. (The sludge which builds up in the arteries comes mainly from artificial fats such as margarine. The body doesn't really know how to handle this muck from the outer-space laboratories.)

Our farm dogs, Purp and Hank, ate plenty of raw eggs, raw milk, raw woodchuck, and raw, bloody, rabbit. They enjoyed near perfect health for their 18 years on this earth. "But they are carnivores", you

say, "and those rules don't apply to us." Don't they? Today, veterinarians recommend things like corn and soybeans for your cats and dogs and the chicken-feed companies go right along with this nonsense. Humans are now being advised to eat more grain—like the cattle we are supposed to be. It's all good for business.

Eggs went from "perfect" to "passable" providing you don't eat them raw. Following this, they were "OK" if you didn't eat the yolks. The end of the road came when people discovered that their relatives all died from massive heart explosions—all due to eating eggs. My Uncle Karl, who recently died at the age of 101, was a genuine "survivor" of the egg death-camps. He always had three, every day of his life, for breakfast. He also knew nothing about nutrition or bad health. His only health problem resulted from a motor-bike accident when he was 88 years of age.

Whenever any higher critter sees a man for the first time, it quickly retreats. Did you ever wonder why? Did its little brain decide that anything wearing clothes was to be avoided? I doubt that, since most mammals place a higher value upon what they SMELL than upon what they see. And what might they smell, for indeed, they do tune into odors? In addition, critters rarely run from a man who is downwind. What they smell is the substance *lambda-siene*. This substance positively identifies a mammal as a carnivore—a damned, bloody meat-eater! Men stink up the air in the same way as do the cougar, wolf, and hyena. Cows, gazelles, and elephants, never emit this substance, while die-hard vegetarians do, no matter how many celery stalks they force down their gullets.

When the typical carnivore stink is coupled with the tell-tale short digestive tract and binocular vision, it escapes me why so many seem to think we were made to eat watercress and turnips. But that is the beauty, and fault, of the human brain. It has the ability to over-ride reality and objective reason. White people, the most intelligent of all peoples, show this property in abundance. The White brain is the only

brain capable of devising ways to put men upon the moon but it is also the only brain which can endanger itself with that imagination. A Black man, being closer to the animal world, is never deceived by lying politicians, and always knows who his enemy is. The Yellows will often publicly admit the superiority of the White inventive brain but they also smile at how easily his pockets can be picked. Most of the nonsense in this world finds a home in the White brain where the owners are always in a state of befuddlement... not recognizing the war they are in.

The revisionist waltzes are only historical parlor games which will do little to break the back of Jewish power. Jewish power is held in place by *goyim* with mush for brains and greed for loins. Millions of Americans, in 1939, believed the Orson Wells broadcast about an invasion from Mars. In 1942, millions of Americans believed that the Japanese were about to invade Keokuk, Iowa, while the Germans were planning to embark upon a forced march from Argentina to Texas. With this in mind, plus the current rash of nutrition and religious folderol, it's easy to see why we are losing the battle to keep our lands. As for food: If it weren't once alive, then don't eat it, especially if it's been "processed", for all life consumes other life. An energetic munching of a savory pork chop will do both gentile and Jew, a real good.

Cholesterol is not the enemy. Fats are not the enemy. The real enemy is not even "stale" food. The enemy is all of that processed, "fortified", plastic crap which stuffs the local super-markets, especially computerized carbohydrates—the least valuable of anything we care to chew upon.

These are my opinions and while I eat my butter you can swallow "safe fats" such as diglycol stearate and hydrogenated goat-gonad oil—whatever makes your day. "Hey man... what's your triglyceride level today?"

As the clock ticks:

A small, older woman, about 80 or so, was heard saying "I feel a little tired today. Maybe I should go on a low cholesterol diet."

Didn't I tell you nearly one year ago that Marsha Clark was a lover of black meat? and that O.J. was a lover of anycolor meat?

A "non-racial" incident recently took place at a school when a small band of Whites battled a larger band of Blacks over an issue of some Black male humping a White female. In a similar vein, two other "non-racial" incidents occurred when a gang of Blacks shot and robbed two White students, while shouting "Kill the mother f—ing honky!" In view of this, one could wonder what a real racial incident might entail.

The telephone companies are complaining that INTERNET use of their communication lines are causing them to lose revenue. In a matter of a few seconds, one can E-mail a batch of paragraphs which would take several minutes if conventionally dictated over the telephone. The World Wide (sticky) Web can now serve up a bunch of hash, for a fistful of dollars, which you could get elsewhere for pennies, or free. The WWW advantage is that you don't have to go out in the rain to get information you'll never use. Believe me, it will not be long before the "information highway" will cost much more at the toll gates. But, once hooked, who cares?

While gawking at the piles of useless trash, at the local Computer City, I heard a salesman using the "low-ball" approach on two apparently gullible women. The women were interested in a low cost computer package which would enable them to peck, hunt, and do. "Here's a fine one.", said the salesman, "It would serve you well in spite of a small drawback."

"A drawback?" asked one of the women.

"It has a small memory and not many people would go for that. Now here is a model, for only a few dollars more, which has a very large memory. It's somewhat more expensive. \$2200 instead of \$1600. It would be super great—in fact, IT IS super great in the way it deals with its low speed."

"Low speed?" the other woman asked.

"No one wants slow computers today. They all want the state-of-the-art and that brings us to this \$3200 super fast, mega-memory beauty. Besides, it's a 'tower' model and not one of those (chuckle) "pizza boxes". (Here, the man was referring to the short height, flat, desk-top design, as opposed to the tower models which resemble something constructed at Cape Kennedy.)

As I passed by, I remarked, "If you stand a desk-top on end, you'd have a 'tower' wouldn't you?" Tower, schmower! It was only a few years ago when manufacturers mentioned that you could position their computers in any space-saving fashion which served your needs—flat, or upright. As the demand for greater physical size increased, this logical approach followed. If that female couple is as gullible as her fellow citizens, she probably walked out with the \$3800 model. The jew Morlocks crank up their sirens and the Eloi *goyim* walk into the caves.

The hoopla about Windows 95 has quieted but the sales department didn't retire. They are now pushing a Windows 95 "repair kit", consisting of nearly one dozen disks, which is supposed to solve all of the problems the "jump on the band wagon" types found themselves immersed in. In two more months, there will probably be a "patch kit" which will correct the faults contained in the "repair kit". The band plays on and old P. T. Barnum was a real cool hip dude.

Clam-face Pat Robertson was giddily proclaiming the power of prayer by parading about an old duffer whose cancer went into remission. He prayed every hour, and in spite of the prognosis, the cancer

ebbed with each Amen. Now Pat fails to mention the other 8000 people who prayed around the clock but nevertheless died. What I am waiting for is a Robertson example of someone who prays daily, and perhaps hourly, for continued youth, much like Dorian Gray. That would demonstrate, once and for all, the power of prayer. The other day, I prayed that prayers should not be answered. I think mine was.

Well George, it's time for me to sign off. We are entering the closing days of the right-wing "the truth shall make you free" period. People, at least those with a brain, know all that they need to know. Support will now go to anything which passes as "action". Hitler detested the flapping lips of the parliamentarians and nothing is ever decided, finally, without the reddening of the earth. The gazelle must die so that the cheetah might live. On this planet, you are either predator or prey—so sayeth George Lincoln Rockwell. (He still owes me \$20 from 1966. With 6 percent interest, compounded daily, this amounts to \$113.93—without compensation for inflation.) □

### 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 Fled bestiality!" —Dr. A.J. App). **THE ANTI-HUMANS**, Order #01013. Sale price, single copy \$2.00 + \$1.50 postage, 10 for \$15.00 + \$5.00 postage.

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## OIL: THE PRETEXT FOR U.S. MISCHIEF IN THE MIDDLE EAST

by  
*Eric Thomson*

Francis Parker Yockey wrote that natural resources would be used as a pretext for world conflict. The U.S. 'achievement' in its destruction and massacres of Iraqis caused much oil to be lost, rather than gained. At present, Iraqi oil is still embargoed, so if the availability and supply of oil to the U.S. were the real reason for war, it would be logical for the oil situation to be otherwise. The U.S. imports less than 20% of its oil from the Middle East, so the official line that USZOG must get its mercenaries mired in the sand and oil-sludge of the Middle East is admittedly 80% fiction! They are there for Israel.

The reader may recall the ludicrous list of "reasons" U.S. forces were "required" to be involved in Saudi Arabia, Kuwait, Oman and Iraq. Oil was first and foremost, but that must have seemed a little too crass and commercial for USZOG's propagandists. The boobs were not being whipped up into the Orwellian murderous frenzy to suit them. Thus did the jewsmedia invent a mythical beast it called Kuwaiti "democracy". Suddenly, an absolute sultanate with its nepotism, slaves and harems became a democracy. It was hard for those with even half a brain to believe, so the ZOG propagandists pulled their 'ace' from under their sheenie-beanies: Hitler! As Orwell foresaw in 1984, a permanent villain was needed by Big Brother's dictatorship. His was "Goldstein". Ours is "Hitler". The Libyan dictator had the "Hitler" title before it was hung around the neck of the present Iraqi dictator. Now, the boobs had 3 reasons to applaud the massacre of Iraqi soldiers and civilians. The hoax of Iraqi atrocities in Kuwaiti hospitals was soon dropped when it was disproved, although it may have whetted the boobs' blood-lust. Once again, we see that "Hitler" still rules Iraq, so our ZOG's reasons for involvement were obviously neither oil nor the destruction of the latest "Hitler". Those with intelligence are repeatedly insulted by the ZOG. Unfortunately, events prove that 90 percent of the people have too little intelligence to insult. The majority is too stupid to examine critically the lies it receives

and it is too shortsighted to see whom these lies serve.

The "shortage" of world oil supplies is one lie which serves the middlemen who control the international oil market. Any casual reader of the newspapers can understand that if this were true, the oil-producing members of OPEC would not attempt to limit oil production to maintain world oil prices. If oil were so scarce and demand so great, there would be no need for OPEC, except to put pressure on the middlemen of the international oil cartel to cut them in on more of the loot. John J. Rockefeller, alias Wreckefeller, who apparently had Jewish ancestry, racked his brain to figure out a formula for eliminating competition from the oil industry. "Competition is a sin!" he declared. Like a true kike, he flew unerringly to "the point of control". There was too much oil in too many places to control the source and there were too many retailers to enable him to control the outlet and hence, dictate prices to the world market. Transportation was likewise too abundant to control the oil market, but refineries were not! These were scarce and required major capital investments, compared to the aforementioned branches of the oil business. Rockefeller began to buy all the oil refineries in the United States and elsewhere. All oil received and processed by his refineries became his and soon, Standard Oil became known as "the Octopus". Marine Corps Commander Medley Butler testified before Congress that the Marine Corps was basically a mafia-style "enforcement" gang who, among other things, "made China safe for Standard Oil". The political clout of the oil middlemen has not diminished one whit since he so bravely testified, for oil and banking interests interlock, and they are controlled by the same Jew families.

The Rockefellers have long known that there is no oil shortage, but their media hack-writers are paid to tell us differently. Since oil prices are determined by supply and demand, the present price system depends upon artificial limitation of supply. In the depth of The Kosher Depression of the 1930s, a 'holocaust' occurred in East Texas: *Goy* wildcatters struck it rich, as gusher after gusher came in. The Rockefeller interests could see a danger to their price structure, so they quickly had the Texas legislators pass one of the first "oil conservation" laws on the books. The East Texas wells were to be capped! Hollywood even made a movie depicting some of the violent events which followed: the shooting of wild-

catters, the blowing up of wells and the peace of the grave yard which followed. This may well be why the kosher "peace movement" adopted the Scandinavian Death Rune as their symbol: "Peace equals Death". "Conservation" has been the fallback position of the oil cartel whenever they use laws to limit production and availability of oil resources. If bandits used similar euphemisms during their robberies, their victims might even thank them! The middlemen of oil maintain their power over governments by their policy of restricting oil production. Always, they strive to keep the users of oil from producing their own oil. Always, they strive to keep the producers of oil from making the things oil money can buy.

The abundance of oil, worldwide, is an open secret. Europe has oil in great quantities. The British Isles float on it. Canada has huge oil reserves in its central provinces and even in Hudson's Bay. Africa has great oil reserves on its east and west coasts. Fifty wells were capped off the coast of Mozambique, according to one Caltex official. The question is, which area of the globe, if any, is not self-sufficient in oil resources?

Canada is a microcosm of oil cartel machinations, for the Zionist Occupation Government (CANZOG) is obedient to the oilbanksters' every whim. In the 1973 Oil Crisis, which was the result of the Yom Kippur War, CANZOG ordered the capping of oil wells in Alberta, causing an economic depression. The Albertans were told, "There is a shortage of oil. Cap the wells!" In the 1930s, Alberta issued its own money, called "Prosperity Certificates", so as to counteract the kosher depression. CANZOG declared: "There is a depression. You must withdraw that money or we will invade you!" Thus did the money depression resume in Alberta, just as the oil depression continued. The reader may remember that the 1973 "oil shortage" was the pretext for all prices to rise, throughout the world economy. As usual, those new "Hitlers", the Arabs, were blamed for it. The geologist who discovered the oil in the central provinces has assured me that there is a huge supply of oil in Ontario, where oil was first developed commercially in North America, before Drake's well in Pennsylvania. His exploratory well required a drilling permit for every hundred feet. The permit was issued by CANZOG under advisement of The Petroleum Institute, which is owned and operated by the oil cartel. The Petroleum Institute has declared that "there is no oil in Ontario". Therefore, he

was denied a permit to drill down an additional hundred feet as soon as natural gas was struck. That was as far as he got, for his geologist's license would have been canceled if he had disobeyed. Meanwhile the original wells in Petrolia, Ontario, continue to flow, as they have for over a century and natural gas, along with oil, is forcing its way into water wells and cisterns in Jarvis, Ontario. Explosions have occurred there and ZOG spokesmen dare not say why!

Were all the liquified oil to disappear from the world tomorrow, there would be no necessity for an oil shortage, thanks to those "awful Nazis" who did develop "The Formula", depicted in the Hollywood film of that name. Oil from coal kept the German war effort putting along after the loss of Rumanian oil supplies. The aerial destruction of the 7 or 8 oil 'factories' was the final blow to the Third Reich, which used up the last of its already scarce reserves to keep its aircraft flying, its tanks and its trucks rolling a few weeks longer. Among the tons of German inventions stolen from the Third Reich were the plans for a typical oil from coal plant. Under the Eisenhower regime, a plant was constructed in Chicago, as I understand, and it produced oil at a few cents more per barrel than the cost of regular crude oil. The oil cartel stepped in and the plant was totally dismantled. "What kind of a good deal is this?" they demanded to know. Most of the oil used in South Africa was produced from domestic coal at Sasol I and Sasol II which were based upon the German designs.

Thus it is that oil is being used as a Jewish pretext to keep everyone at the mercy of parasitic middlemen and as pawns to die for Israel in the ongoing Middle East conflicts. It further serves the pretext for sending U.S. forces overseas and for the importing of foreign troops under "United Nations" command to garrison this country, whenever the ZOG so desires.

Look in your mirror, Whitey and see who you are. Once you know who you are, you will begin to learn what is good for you. Without economic independence there can be no sovereignty and without sovereignty, there can be no survival. The ZOG uses dependence to enslave and destroy us. Remember: Our Race is Our Nation! □

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## THE INQUISITORIAL CHURCH

by

Jarah B. Crawford

It may be true that Christianity and the Church no longer exterminate "heretics," that savage priests no longer hate heretics with every drop of their bestial blood; that these infamous priests and ministers no longer exercise their frenzied joy of leaping upon the helpless victims of their rage; no longer crush their bones in iron boots; tear their quivering flesh with iron hooks; cut off their lips and eyelids; pull out their nails; tear out their tongues; extinguish their eyes; stretch them out on racks; flay them alive; crucify them upside down; burn them at the stake; mock their cries and groans; rob their widows and children; *then*, pray to God to finish this holy work in hell.

The Inquisition is no longer with us. But only the savagery has been removed. The Christian hatred remains in tact, veiled only by the pious hypocrisy of their insane religion.

In 1829, the Reverend Robert Taylor was twice imprisoned for writing the great scholarly work, *The Diegesis*. Today, thinking, intelligent, honest intellectual people who see through the fraud and insanity of this Christian monstrosity are still made the enemies of Christianity and the Church.

Those dwindling numbers still in Christianity remain infected by their religion and the cursed Bible with its savage God who teaches in every book of his "Holy Word" to hate the "unbeliever." The worst crime in the universe is to be an unbeliever. The Church still persecutes anyone, Christian or otherwise, who questions a doctrine, or who looks with honesty at the terrible threat to liberty practiced by those retaining the scar of savagery of the Inquisition.

This insane religion practices the love of its enemy — the murderer, the homosexual, the thief, the sex deviate, the wifebeater, the politician, the government, the communist, the Jew. All is forgiven with love, for even the thief on the cross was forgiven. But the unbeliever remains the hated enemy to be scorned, thrown out of the family, dealt with the residual of the Inquisition which remains in every

Church, in every heart of every Christian.

Do you not wonder what would happen if just one of these Christians would sit down with one of these unbelievers, these infidels, and hear what he has to say, to listen to some questions of concern and common sense? But the very real possibility of getting an honest Christian to sit down to listen, to learn, just never happens. I could not get a hearing in Bible College. I pleaded for an audience before the pope of the Assemblies of God, G. Raymond Carlson. He lied his way out of it!! My older daughter is a Bible College graduate and the wife of a Christian and Missionary Alliance minister. I have seen her once in 19 years. I believe she is insane. My younger daughter is a born again, pentecostal, devout church goer. There is no way in hell that these two daughters would sit down for a family reunion much less for a discussion of Christianity, though I have the college degree in Bible and Theology and they are the Christians.

Do you not wonder why these Christians are deathly afraid of discussion? Is it their shallow knowledge of what the Bible actually says that provides the great insecurity of discussion? Is it their greatest fear that they could not answer simple, logical questions without compromising their blind faith? Is it their loss to explain the savagery of the Bible and of Christendom? Are they so imprisoned by their blind, unquestioning faith that they fear the liberty of honest free thought? Is it their God they fear, or is it their fear of Truth? How can their God oppose Truth? Why does Christianity refuse to enter the Laboratory of Truth?

We the unbelievers, the infidels, are hiding from nothing. We seek Truth!!!! The Laboratory of Truth is our work shop. We are at liberty to study the ruinous effects Christianity has on our loved ones, our nation, and the world. We reject the superstitious, the counting of beads, all the practices and beliefs manufactured by the minds of ignorant priests and theologians whose selfish purpose was to enroll the slaves into the Church and the slaves' substance into the Church coffers. It is the same today, mingled with the threatening superstition of heaven or hell.

How can any religion, or any Christian, be so utterly dishonest

and corrupt as to refuse the use of one's mind *in discussion of itself*? Truly, this Christian religion portrays itself as totally a fraud by its very refusal of discussion. Add to this the honest investigation of Christianity, and this religion would disappear as the dew on a summer morning.

The only hope for the survival of Christianity is that its adherents remain ignorant, superstitious, still ingrained with the residue of the Inquisition, and segregated from the thinking, writing, honest people allowed to use their brains in the discovery of Truth. Truth is the greatest enemy of Christianity, that one enemy which cannot be loved and forgiven. If Truth treated Christianity as Christianity treats Truth, it would be Christianity's turn to be burned at the stake.

This short exhortation has not attempted to touch the many centuries of stagnation and rot created by Christianity. Just let me open this door by pointing out that Christianity is very substantially the same in 1995 America as it was in 1600 Europe. Please compare science and inventions of 1995 to science and inventions of 1600. The contrast is amazing! Your children no longer die of Small Pox. Spanning the Atlantic in six hours. There are men on the moon. Allow me to suggest that if Christianity had followed the progress of science, indeed, *we would have the Heaven on Earth today* that Christians only hope for in the never-never land of eternity. Does this singular crime of Christianity against humanity and our beloved planet not deserve the most ignominious death possible? Its death would wash away the residuum of the Inquisition. Fathers, mothers, children, relatives, neighbors and friends could relate to one another without the suffocation, misfortune and calamity of a religion born in the evil hearts and minds of madmen to bring control and subservience to mankind.

Christianity is the greatest spiritual, physical, social and economic plague ever to disease our Earth.

As more people come to see the Church for the fraud it is, we can hope that it is destroyed forever, allowing mankind to be led by honest, scrupulous, good men through the progress of human dignity to a truly righteous destiny.

If there is a life on some other plane after our physical death, it

will be according to Law established long before Christianity and its savage God invented heaven and hell. When I take my last breath, it will not be the damned Church which decides my fate. Indeed, it is the Christian who should worry about his fate, for surely he is doomed for the hell he wanted to put me in.

Now, Christian, take this to your preacher and let him console you .

Knoxville, Tennessee February 8, 1995

*INQUISITORIAL*: a trial in which one party acts as both prosecutor and judge. (*The American Heritage Dictionary*, Third Edition, 1992.)

*PREACHER*: 1. One who preaches, especially one who publicly proclaims the gospel for an occupation. 2. Alaska. A fallen tree or log submerged in a river and creating a hazard for boats. (*The American Heritage Dictionary*, Third Edition, 1992.)

Adolf Hitler is known as a madman who worked for the betterment of the White Race. Compared to Christian *priests*, Christian Inquisitions, the Christian Bible and Christian believers, Mr. Hitler was a hallowed saint. How glorious had he prevailed over Christianity. □

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## Speech to Aryan Nations Youth Conference, Hayden Lake, Idaho, April 1995

Hello. For those of you who don't already know me, I am Mrs. David Lane. My friends call me Katja. If you thought David married himself a Hillary Rodham Clinton, well, I am not. This talk was written by David for me to address you here today, you the brave young people who are our hope for the future.

For the veterans of AN conferences, I brought along this .357 revolver, for old time sake. Some of you may recall how fiery mad David can get, and in 1982 threw a .357 down on this lectern to make a point. I am not a preacher, and I am not a speaker. I am a wife and a mother. .. but I don't want that fact to make David's message for you today any less powerful.

In case any of you are not aware of it, my husband, David Lane, is a member of the Order of the Brüder Schweigen, who in the early 80's were so effective in the resistance that they were targeted for extinction by ZOG. As a result, nine of our finest White warriors have all spent the last ten years in ZOG's dungeons, including David.

David and I exchanged holy vows on October ninth last year. I have five children from a previous marriage, who love their new dad as dearly as David loves them.

My father was born Notley Maddox. He was a commissioned officer in the United States Air Force and was shot down by enemy fire over North Vietnam in 1967. Despite evidence that he did not die in the crash, the criminal regime in Washington has yet to give an account of his fate that squares with what appear to be the facts. At any rate, I have been an MIA daughter for 28 years.

I have been a supporter of our holy cause for about 20 years. I have suffered for David and for all the brüder these past ten years for their sacrifice. Shortly after our marriage we began an enterprise known as 14 WORD PRESS, which is dedicated to the principle now well-known in those 14 words: "We must secure the existence of our people and a future for White children." Through 14 WORD PRESS we also disseminate the political and religious philosophy of my husband.

I would naturally prefer, almost beyond words, that David were free from the Gulags of ZOG and here to speak to you himself. But in these strange times a woman must fill roles which we don't normally perform or covet. But, of course, she will do as her man requests. David told me he wanted me to come here today on his behalf, and as usual, I responded with an exaggerated

"Yes, Dear!"

David has sent the following thoughts and asked me to share them with you today.

First, we would like to thank our host, Pastor Butler. As many of you know, Pastor Butler is one of the few who has not betrayed the memory of our kinsmen who fought so valiantly against this genocidal tyranny in Europe a half century ago. A movement that betrays the memory of its heroes are doomed, as is a race that does not honor the memory of those who fought for racial survival. It is a shame and disgrace to its adherents and will never succeed. Which brings me to the first topic I'd like to address.

Over a decade ago I began to write that our struggle would have a generation gap. That is now evidenced and I would like to show why. It really boils down to just two reasons. One is *emotional* attachment to an executioner's institution, and the other is *financial* attachment to the executioner's institutions.

It is almost impossible to talk to a generation who were teenagers during the 1950's and 60's, like my wife and me. While the selfsame communities in which they grew up, attended proms, walked the streets in safety and enjoyed civilized life are now jungles where no White person can safely walk. They cling to a dream world of the past. Their religion and their government told them that every race is exactly the same and their minds simply refuse to accept that their gods were false. Undoubtedly, much is just human nature. Nobody wants to admit to his own children that he was ignorant and criminally negligent. It reminds me of the Germans who were executed by America after the second World War for running a death camp at Dachau. Even ZOG now admits that Dachau was no death camp. But, the GI's who told war tales about the existence of gas chambers at Dachau still tell the stories, because once a war story is told, a man must either hold on to it or admit that he is a liar. Of course, it is far too late to bring justice for the innocent Germans whom America executed.

Nature's laws deny inter-specie and inter-racial compassion. The wolf does not feed the coyote, or the coyote feed the fox. In fact, the stronger drives the weaker out of the territorial imperative needed for survival of his own breed. Yet the Judeo-Christian teaches that, "Black or Yellow, Red or White, all are precious in his sight". And the Judeo-Christian preacher does not want to hear that that denies natural law and is suicidal. If Jesus loves every rainbow creature, then there is no good reason for your White daughter not to love and produce some more rainbow creatures for Jesus to love. If other races are in your churches, they will soon be in your bedrooms. It is as inevitable over time as the rising sun. So the Judeo-Christian preacher counterattacks with ever louder choruses of "Believe and have faith!", which are the staples of tyrannical

priestcraft and statecraft. He cannot survive as a deceiver when people understand HOW to think and no longer listen to those who teach WHAT to think.

So, my friends, you can, by and large, forget much support from that generation which has emotional attachments to the executioner's institutions. To be sure, there are a few exceptions. Bob Mathews would have been over 40 now, if he had survived. Your host cares about a future for White children. The Brüder Schweigen sacrificed all for your future. But, unfortunately, the number motivated by causes greater than self interest are few and far between. Your generation, the generation that has been dispossessed, will largely have to fight the oncoming battle by yourselves.

The treason and deception practiced by those with financial interests in our executioner's institutions is at least as dangerous, for men "believe" what they perceive as beneficial to themselves. And that is exactly what they choose to do, "believe". No more destructive concept has ever been devised than "belief". It is the exact antithesis of fact and reason. Frenchmen, Germans, Americans, Catholics, Protestants and a hundred other religious and political divisions have slaughtered each other by the hundreds of millions over the last seventeen centuries, because each had been taught to "believe" a different, totally irrational, fairy tale. The essential and logical basis for any religion has to be that the Creator is the Author of Nature and Nature's laws. Therefore, Nature's laws are God's laws. And the first and highest law of Nature is self-evidently the preservation of one's own kind. If your religion or holy book runs counter to the evidence of the Creator's own work, then your religion or holy book is false. Books are written by men, but Nature's laws were written by the Creator, no matter what your perceptions of God may be. In their natural state, every specie breeds true. Lions do not breed with tigers, or the fox with the coyote, even though they can, because nature gives each the instinct to preserve its own kind.

What has been called the "Right Wing" has not only been largely run by our enemies over the decades past, but there has been deliberate attempt to mix it with the "White Wing". The two are not compatible. The so-called right wing conservatives know all about color, every color but White, that is. Conservatives like black and red, for example. Once I spoke to a group of Nebraska farmers who called themselves "conservatives". I asked them, "Is there a man in Nebraska who wouldn't strip his own White daughter naked and give her to the fastest Black running back in the land in exchange for one more touchdown for Nebraska's Big Red football team?" In reality they do worse. They send their daughters to Nebraska U. to be programmed with Jewish propaganda and to be seduced by the glamour of dating the Black running backs. Yes, they love black and red.

But, green is their favorite color, as in the kosher green of Greenspan's

Federal Reserve Notes. I once asked a conservative real estate broker why he committed race treason by selling homes to Blacks in White neighborhoods. Didn't he know the Black boys would soon be with White girls? He answered, "A Black man's money is just as green as another's." The relationship of kosher green and Negro black is the life blood of a conservative. Yes, they love green and black. Did you ever listen to conservatives cry about bilingual education? A conservative obviously hates cultural barriers. He wants the entire 3rd world to learn English so they can take White men's jobs, chase White women and become "good Americans". There is only one way to place a conservative in the proper position in the planetary hierarchy and to discern his true color. Feed him to an African cannibal and transform him into Zulu doo-doo. A conservative will give his son to Michael Jackson, his daughter to O.J. Simpson and his ass to Uncle Samuel Hymie Fudgepacker for just a few more Federal Reserve Notes. We will get no help from conservatives.

The Right Wing has been largely run, sometimes secretly and sometimes openly, by retired military officers. Despite lukewarm statements for racial life from a few of them, they are by and large our worst enemies. Let's get one thing straight, "nothing but countries exclusively our own will ensure our racial survival." This is the last thing a retired ZOG military officer wants. Those of us who have stood for the life of our people and been reduced to minimum wage jobs would find the retirement checks of these folks beyond our dreams. But, when we create the territorial imperatives necessary for the survival of our people, their privileged lifestyle comes to an end. Now, I won't say that every single Right Winger has deliberately thought this out. But, that is the bottom line why we have been led around in circles. It is, also, why we hear the never-ending character assassination against those Germanic heroes who fought so desperately for the life of our kind a little over 50 years ago. It is far more satisfying to imagine oneself a hero and present oneself that way to friends and others, than to admit you fought to destroy your own kind. Do these Right Wingers tell you that the population of Germany was 1/10th that of the British, French, American and Soviet empires? Do they tell you that the Germanic peoples of Central Europe defended our race against Mongols and Moors, or our kind would long ago have ceased to exist! Do they tell you that England and France declared war on Germany first? Do they tell you that the British, French, American and Soviet empires had over 140 times the land area of Germany, and probably thousands of times the natural resources? Do they tell you that Eisenhower mass murdered a million German prisoners of war after the war was over, or about the mass murders of Dresden and Hamburg? Do they tell you that America's colored troops have been doing the same thing to the gene pool of Europe that they did in towns close to military bases all over America?

Hardly. How, then, could they strut about the VFW halls, swill their booze and brag about what heroes they were when they slaughtered the Krauts. And the last thing they will tell you is how they obtained the favors of starving German girls after the war for candy bars. And they will continue with their hypocrisy and their murder of our race as long as they live, because they profit, both in financial ways and false esteem. Expect no help from that generation. While American military and police exterminate our race, while American military and police murder men, women and children here and abroad, as per Waco, Ainsworth, Kahl, Mathews, Kirk, Weavers, and on, and on and on, these treasonous self-serving Devils will forever use terms like Gestapo, Nazi and Stormtrooper as examples of tyranny, just EXACTLY as their Jewish masters dictate. May all the plagues and curses of all history come upon them.

It is going to be up to a younger generation to accomplish the 14 WORDS. We all know that breaking through the media curtain and reaching large numbers of our young people is absolutely necessary. That's why it is good to have a youth conference. I am overjoyed at the success we are seeing with the White Power bands. I must confess that I don't understand the phenomenon, since my preference runs to Wagner and Tchaikovsky, but the musical enjoyment of us dinosaurs is of no importance. White Rock seems to reach and unify our Young folk, and that is the first good news in decades. Besides, I remember as a young man how the older generation of that time condemned the first rock music. Every generation, it seems, evolves its own cultural phenomena, and every specie adapts as necessary for survival. So, congratulations are in order for those who are successfully using White Noise. This generation, which must now stand alone against overwhelming odds, is going to develop methods to bypass the controlled jewsmedia that will surprise us all, because it is necessary and because, after all, we are Aryans. Here in prison, I watch in fascination as this new phase of the never-ending cycle unfolds. But, I would suggest that this time around, the score must be permanently settled with our ancient foe.

I remain yours for the 14,

David Lane

*FOCUS FOURTEEN is a free subscription to the supporters of 14 WORD PRESS. If you have the good fortune to be reading this pamphlet and you have not made a contribution to 14 WORLD PRESS, then your dues have been paid by another. If you support the holy cause of the 14 WORDS, please consider supporting this volunteer effort to make 14 WORDS the sacred battle cry of the remaining White world. (Katja Lane can be reached c/o 14 WORD PRESS, Route 1, Box 268K, St. Maries ID 83861)*

Dear George:

I am a friend of Bruce Campbell. We met through correspondence while I was in South Africa and I have kept in contact with him and his family since my return to the States just before the general elections of 1994 that brought the ANC and the One Worlders into power.

I have a request to make. Bruce tells me that you are republishing Heinz Weichardt's article, "Under Two Flags". Will you please send me a copy when it is available? Please let me know the cost and I'll mail you a check, Heinz is a very genuine person and apparently his honesty came through in the article because the response was amazing. We are all waiting for his promised concluding article. Let's pray that his health permits him to write it.

I have been asked several times to write an article on R.S.A. and I have refused, except for a fantasy called "The Nation That Never Was", published in the *Populist* last March. That was as far as I wanted to go, for I had spent 22 years watching a potentially great people torn apart by internal treachery and external conspiracy until they reached the depths of humiliation, the abandonment of their flag, their National Anthem (the most moving, inspirational and beautiful of all the nations) and finally their country to a horde of Black savages. For that truthfully describes the Blacks in South Africa. As I wrote Wendy, Editor of *Impact*, "I don't write elegies for a dead nation."

Yes, I was bitter, for I felt that if the South African Whites had had the courage to defy the West, and fight again as they did in the Boer War, they would have won and established the Last Great Empire of the West, for it could have been done. I still believe it, but there were three fatal flaws. 1. They could not unite as we Americans did in the Revolution. There was too much animosity and distrust between the English and the Afrikaners. 2. They had no leader of genius like Napoleon or Hitler, and 3. they trusted their politicians. They simply couldn't believe that a mem-

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

ber of the National Party would betray them. I believe the lack of a competent leader was the main problem. I could not write such a story of failure that exposed them to the charges of stupidity and cowardice when put to the test.

And then something happened that changed my mind. Wendy Brown and her loyal staff did an indepth investigation and published an article in the June-July issue of *Impact* proving that the all important referendum of 1992 was a fake and the results had been falsified. It had been a yes or no vote by the Whites on DeKlerk's policy of sharing power with the Blacks. A No vote would have forced his resignation and placed Treurnicht's Conservative Party in control of the government. It would have meant the return of the Whites to political power and restoration of the Apartheid policy of Verwoerd.

It would certainly have meant the end of the Mandela-ANC puppet government and the beginning of a new era of stability and prosperity.

But the International Money Power couldn't permit that. They had to have a Yes vote. The propaganda and intimidation was ferocious. It was the last chance the Whites had to regain their independence because the vote was limited to Whites only. So the planners guaranteed their success by instituting an elaborate plan to falsify the result. It is explained in detail in *Impact*. And when the votes were counted, it was announced that the No vote had won. The swindle broke the back of White resistance, and the country was rushed swiftly into a one-man-one-vote election, a predestined victory for the Blacks, and South Africa was no longer an Independent nation. DeKlerk must have been a willing cooperator with the ANC and its Masters, which labels him as one of the vilest traitors in history, because it was all done under his leadership with the ruling National Party.

With this belated exposure of DeKlerk's treachery, there should have been an explosive public reaction, an instantaneous uprising by furious Whites. I waited for the inevitable reaction. It is now the first of November and I am still waiting. There has

been no reference to it in my correspondence with South African friends. It is possible that they have managed to keep it from the public, *Impact* is not sold on the news stands.

The Blacks have been in power for a year and a half and in that time have turned South Africa into an economic shambles, bankrupted the country, ad permitted violence and drug cartels to take the place of government. My friends tell me all about it in their letters. Even the Conspirators CANNOT PERMIT A TOTAL COLLAPSE INTO CHAOS. (Sorry about those capitals,) Sooner or later they will have to move in. It is quite possible that they will use Eeben Barlow with his mercenary army, now operating in Angola, to chase out the ANC and install a White dominated government friendly to the One Worlders. Barlow is being financed by Anglo-American which is the Conspiracy's right arm in South Africa, all Jewish, of course. In fact it was the Jews who were most active in destroying the White Apartheid government of South Africa. To me it is solid evidence of a Jewish-controlled New World Order. Like my youngest daughter used to tell her dad when we were short of money: "Rob a bank, dad. That's where the money is."

Yours sincerely,  
L.N., California

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Dear Mr, Dietz:

Received your note on my letter to you several days ago.

A friend of mine in Cincinnati has retyped my *Bulletin 72*, enclosed. I hope that it will be compatible with your scanning machine because Sack's book has some important aspects.

I thought that the (former) Prof's essay was very good. It is restrained but brings out some important ideas. I can readily believe that he has a lot of experience in dealing with brainwashed university students. He mentions leftist sociological professors (page 6) but does not go into the question as to why so many professors in various fields are so far to the left, that is, are advocates of big government intervention into our lives and redistribution of earnings.

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One reason is the simple fact that the vast majority of American professors are on some government payroll or another. In some fields, especially sociology and education, many of the students contemplate going into government service and even the students thus have a bias in favor of big, redistributive government. Still another factor is the fact that a good many of the students in these fields are Negroes. Under those circumstances, what professor would dare discuss the Negro problem with any degree of candor when his promotions are to some extent dependent on his popularity with students? Of course, nearly all professors and university administrations are afraid of Jewish power over higher education.

Sincerely yours,  
Charles E. Weber

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Dear Mr. Dietz,

Sometimes it behooves us to read what the enemy has to say. The book *In Hitler's Shadow* by Yaron Svoray is a case in point. After reading this book one realizes why the far right in Germany has made no progress. The author, who is an Israeli citizen and who was in the employ of the Simon Wiesenthal Center, was astoundingly successful in deceiving many of the top figures of the German far right into believing he represented a client who was seriously interested in financing a viable neo-Nazi organization. The disingenuousness displayed by these people is simply amazing. This book should be required reading for all leaders in the movement, current and potential. On page 265 you are given credit for publishing the *Liberty Bell* which the author describes as "a pseudo-intellectual hate sheet", a term which better describes the effusions of the Wiesenthal Center.

Sincerely,  
T.A., Turkey

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Dear Mr. Dietz:

Thank you for taking my call today. I am the great grandson of Finance Minister Schacht and I spoke to you with regard to ob-

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taining a copy of the pamphlet containing "Under Two Flags". If you recall I mentioned that I have had no luck in finding any positive publications or references about my Great Grandfather which I can show to my children to offset the negative aspects of his work reflected in their school books. I was told that the article I am requesting you to send me had just that. I am enclosing my check in the amount of \$5.50 as per your request. Please send the magazine to me at the following address.

Viele Glück und ich danke dir!

R.S.H., California

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Dear Mr. Dietz:

I've always enjoyed very much reading the *Liberty Bell*; it's one of the few publications that give me the chance to find out more about our present situation and especially about the past; with each issue I learn something new and interesting.

I deeply regret Dr. Oliver's departure, It's a great loss for all of us. I miss his "Postscripts" in particular.

You'll find enclosed a M.O. for the renewal and an order for Dr. Oliver's *Against the Grain*. The rest is a small donation; I wish I could send more.

Thanks for your great efforts to keep *Liberty Bell* going. All the best for you and your family.

D.M., New York

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Dear George:

I think the last editions of *Liberty Bell* were excellent—not that I didn't find all the others great. Are you acquainted with *Insight* from Canada? It also has been having some articles along the same line...

I shall enclose a check to cover three copies of the October *Liberty Bell*, also a donation to help out.

I am well acquainted with Hans Schmidt and I am writing letters to many places that Ernst Zündel advised doing. So far no response. I find it despicable that we allow the good man to be put

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into a cell, almost incommunicado with his people or even his lawyer. The letters his friends and family send him never reach him and his do not reach his friends. Those people are far worse than the ones most people have been taught about.

PS: I have given the other copies to friends. I should give them a subscriptions but think they need to be given some insight in smaller doses. It's a tragedy our people are so brainwashed!

Sincerely your,

Mrs. M.K., Oregon

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Dear George:

I let my *Liberty Bell* subscription expire with the May '95 issue. The last year has been quite trying for me. My wonderful mother passed away on 8-9-94 (a day before Dr. R.P. Oliver) after a three-month battle with pancreatic cancer. The fight Must go on and we cab't be weak and feel sorry for ourselves, so please renew my subscription with the November issue.

I've cut back quite a bit on "Movement" publications, *National Vanguard*, *Instauration*, *The Journal of Historical Review* and now your *Liberty Bell* again, will be all I subscribe to.

I just started reading (finally!) Nick Carter's *The Late Great Book, The Bible*; it's great! Despite Sunday School (and summer-time Bible school until I was 13) I was always a bit of a skeptic; Carter's book with its humore and easy to read style blows the Jewish fables Out of the water and shatters any doubt any intelligent person might have over whether or not the Bible is "Facts" or "Fiction". I recommend it highly (available from Liberty Bell Publications, \$4.00 + \$2.00 post.)

I am looking foward to having Dr. Oliver's writings in one compact volume. Since I only started subscribing to *Liberty Bell* in 1983, I missed some of his earlier "Postscripts".

Enclosed is a check for a one year subscription plus issues I missed since May.

Sincerely,

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M.R., New Jersey

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Esteemed Friend:

Like you, I am deeply concerned about the events unfolding in our country and around the world. Certain happenings chill me to the bones.

The study of history shows us that it is premeditated. Often I have wondered about the participants, the generals, the foot soldiers, businessmen and kings. Did they know at the time of their own significance in the unfolding scheme of greater things? Obviously, what they did and did not do at fulcrum moments literally determined the here and now.

Over the years, as I watched my city being torn apart, I paused to wonder what my own contribution to our civilization's struggle might be. As I matured and eliminated the thoughts, day dreams and meditations that could not affect the here and now, I came to accept that the future will be secured for those that struggle the most effectively to secure it.

For the past 30 months I have been sending small donations to you in the hopes that the money would buy another round of printing, postage, telephone calls, air time, or even food for you and your loved ones, if that is what is needed to get you the next breath. My contributions are small but I make them, and they are directed to the people and organizations that are getting things done for our struggle. And, brother, what a difference it has made. Not only has everything about your brave and noble ministry improved, mine has too. And you know, this is no surprise because feelings do follow action. So I feel good.

If more people will just do something while we still have a chance to do it, we will win this war and create the better, more perfect world all rational people hope and pray for. All must realize that the fate and future of mankind depends upon what is done by the people today to secure their own future. I recommend that all concerned people send small monetary contributions [and do we need those!!! —Ed.] to as many fighting people and organi-

zations as they possibly can on a regular basis. It works, and it is a privilege to struggle alongside of you.

Your friend,  
Sam Houston Jr., Texas

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The Editor

Any Newspaper, USA

The acquittal of the black, O. J. Simpson, by a black jury has given an *official* green light to a practice that perceptive ones in our decaying society already knew existed: a deadly open season on members of the white majority race.

Blacks have been killing, assaulting, raping, robbing and maiming whites for some time now. However, the alien clan that owns the media, including the Associated Press, keeps such important facts from the American people. If a white man kicks a black, though, that is something entirely else. They report that event in every facet of their multifaceted, yet monolithic, media machine. How they ooze over such an injustice. What empathetic agony these newliberals feign.

I predict a new service industry in the making: the Ebonite "hit whitey" Brotherhood, Inc. This is a Nation-wide, *unequal* opportunity employer. Got a whitey you'd like bumped off? No problem. A black hitman is on his way. He may even make a few random "hits" enroute for practice. If he is actually caught by the demoralized police...don't worry. No squealing will take place. He'll demand a jury composed of 'soul mates' and regardless of the evidence against him, his acquittal is assured. Job security? Like, far out, man!

Yes, the poor, sentimental white boobs who allowed their country's institutions to be ripped from them by an alien global klan, the Jews; who allowed separation of the races to end; who allowed the Civil Rights Acts to be passed and accepted; who swallowed this equality nonsense as if it were diet coke; who have allowed an out-of-control government to take away their rights to expression, privacy and protection; these same boobs, craven de-

scendants of a noble, fairminded, premier race, are about to see the logical progression of their idiocy face-to-face. Poetic justice, really.

Those perspicacious few of you out there, please listen with amazement to the silky, susurrant voices of TV news kedges and others, *who never learn*, as they try and patch over this O. J. trial catastrophe, this incredibly grotesque ugliness, with some ridiculous cloak of many excuses. Ugh! Yucch!

Nec *Pluribus* Impar

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Dear George,

Thanks for printing my letters in *Liberty Bell*—described by the ADL Report on Embattled Bigots as “a gutter level, pro-Hitler monthly.” Ha, Ha! I read this in the November '95 issue of *GAN-PAC Brief*. I'm proud of your magazine. It has to be first rate to earn the ADL's “gutter level” award.

We all miss the great mind and wit of Dr. Oliver. I sensed he was depressed with the lack of awakening among the white boobs despite the eloquence of his words sent their way. The attention span of most I try to sway is similar to the apes Tarzan tried to use in E. Rice Burroughs *Tarzan and the Jewels of Opah* I read in my youth. Perhaps soon the ice breaks.

Best to you,  
E.H., Arkansas

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It comes as no small surprise that *Liberty Bell* has become a forum for personal combat.

A studied rebuttal is worthy. Personal attacks such as Maj. D.V. Clerkin's remarks about me in the October issue of *Liberty Bell* should find no place in your respected publication. I am at wonder why you included Clerkin's criticism: Perhaps you meant to provoke my answer to Donny Clerkin.

Yes, indeed, I was a full fledged Christian minister in the Assemblies of God, complete with legitimate credentials which I earned. Yes, I spoke at least twice at the farm of Bob Miles —

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where I met Donny. I preached what I knew; Jesus Christ and Him crucified.

In 1990, a spontaneous awakening occurred among many of the more astute people I know. Yes, we learned the hoax of the bible; its god, and its messiah. We knew that our search for Truth had brought us to this awakening. We then studied books by Rev. Robert Taylor, Joseph Campbell, Robert Ingersoll, Lloyd M. Graham, Joseph Whales, John M. Allegro, Gerald Massey, Lana Cantrell, Jill von Konen and the like. Our scholarship exposed Christianity for what it is.

Please consider my personal feelings when we learned this about Christianity. I had given up a source of wealth in 1967 to become a Christian minister. What I got in return for my honest devotion and my great effort WAS A HOAX! I had a lot of re-learning to do. I could not possibly remain loyal to a hoax. I paid a great price for my Christian devotion.

Donny, I do not belong to a “Movement.” Nor do I feed off religious denunciations. I declare that Christianity is based upon a Jewish bible (can you refute this?), a Jewish god, Yahveh, and a Jewish messiah, Jesus. You cannot genuinely serve the Aryan race and live in a Jewish Christian religion. The proof of this is the fantastic destruction Christianity has wreaked upon our Aryan race. You must be furious with Colin Jordon for his lengthy article in the September issue of *Liberty Bell*. Further, do you not feel inordinately out of place among the writers and readers of *Liberty Bell*? I further declare that the Aryan race cannot hope to survive until Christianity is reduced to nonexistence.

Your problem with me, Donny, is that you try to serve the Aryans and Jewish Christianity at the same time. I could not do it and neither can you without deceiving yourself. The Aryans and Jewish Christianity are at opposite poles. Not even your rosary beads can bridge the gap. I repeat, Aryan survival depends upon the complete destruction of Jewish Christianity.

You use the senseless argument that if you had criticized Jesus when I was a minister, I would have denounced you. Now I de-

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nounce you for loving Jesus. You fail to comprehend, Donny, that I have learned that the Jewish Christian religion IS A HOAX. I have responded accordingly. At one time I believed in the Holocaust. Now I do not! What do you know about Jewish Christianity other than what you learned from your mother?

Donny, I shall continue to denounce you and every other Jewish Christian who alleges service to our Aryan race.

In this area of personal combat, why do you continue to hold on to a military rank in civilian life? Should I be addressed as Captain Crawford? No thanks! I am not proud of what we did to Germany in WW II.

Now, Mr. Dietz, comes the November issue of *Liberty Bell*. Dr. Robert A. DeMarais apparently wishes to become a part of the forum for personal combat. Perhaps a softer answer is in order than with Donny. After all, Mr. DeMarais has a Ph.D.

I read the writing of Mr. DeMarais. His "The Conversion of Hitler" was genuinely inspiring. However, his presentation has the flavor of sitting-behind-a-desk too long. This lack of street-smart involvement led him with much prejudice to criticize my treatment of the 24 year old architect, referred to as Pip-squeak in my article, "Prejudice" in the July issue of *Liberty Bell*.

How, Dr. DeMarais, could you have read my writing on prejudice, then turn right around and blatantly express your own prejudice of me and my relationship with Pips-squeak? That wasn't very bright of you, was it, Dr. DeMarais?

You said (I cannot believe this), "After she read one of his radical manuscripts..." Sir, with adverse judgment or opinion formed beforehand or without knowledge or examination of the facts, you passed judgment on the manuscript I had given to Pip-squeak — "...one of his radical manuscripts." That is as raw a statement of prejudice as I have ever heard. You discredit the meaning of Ph.D.

I do not credit you with knowing the positive, intelligent dictionary meaning of the word radical. Nor did you attempt to

make this clear. Throughout the English speaking world, this perfectly good word, radical, has become a derogatory term. "All radicals should be shot," is the present connotation of this word. DeMarais, when you have studied the word radical, then I shall accept your compliment.

Now, Bobby, do you know which of my many radical manuscripts I loaned to Pip-squeak? You don't have much knowledge about your reference to me, do you? Would you like to know which manuscript I gave her? I'll tell you!

The radical manuscript I loaned to Pip-squeak is, *The Creator, God, and the Bible*, a 23 page treatise based upon *Genesis*, chapter 11 of the Jewish bible; that is, the Torah, the Five Books of Moses, the Pentateuch. This is the story of the Tower of Babel where "the gods" came down and destroyed the beautiful, advanced civilization of the Sumerians. Any radicalism so far, Bobby? Would you concede that just perhaps I am slightly qualified to write on this subject? Or are behind-the-desk Ph.D's the only ones qualified to write or to think? It gets nasty, doesn't it, Bobby?

In this manuscript I make a direct connection between *Genesis* 11 and *Revelation* 12:9. Here is where "...the devil and Satan, who deceives the whole world; he was thrown down to earth, AND HIS ANGELS WERE THROWN DOWN WITH HIM." With my degree in Bible, it is a short step in identifying the present day Jews with the above. It was easy to extend the variables beyond their established ranges to confirm who the Jews really are. (Radical, isn't it??) I make a sound judgment based upon the knowledge I have.

Here is where Pip-squeak fell on her face. She pitted her void of knowledge on the subject with my studied conclusion. You, Sir, rushed to her pitied aid. Was "But I don't agree with you about the Jews" a reasonable response to a 23 page document, without mention of any other matter in the writing? Was this not pure irrational prejudice, even as you are guilty of?

DeMarais, my manuscript may not be worth a damn. But is it

not worth more than a condemning burst of prejudice? Sir, I did not insist that she accept a brochure from the KKI. I loaned her a rather complete and advanced treatment of a subject basic to our Aryan survival.

And then, Mr. Prejudice, you further your combat by admonishing me that Pip-squeak needs to be offered more material, that it should "...not contain any angry outbursts or in-house language such as ZOG." Are you telling me that an angry outburst is wrong, but an irrational outburst of prejudice is okay? Sir, you may serve our race better if you shed a bit of your irrational prejudice and replace it with some Viking male anger. DeMarais, I do not need any coaching from you behind-the-desk newcomers to this battle for Aryan survival. My "conversion" came in one hour in August, 1964. It is too bad that you and Pip-squeak did not see the *U.S.S. Franklin*, or the mangled body of Jack Bolar on Iwo Jima, or David Bulkley's blown-off head in Viet Nam and the other conditions described in my writing, "Prejudice." This kind of knowledge and experience might displace some of your irrational prejudice and false judgments.

I would suggest to you, Dr. DeMarais, that we do not have the years to complete the slow conversion process you have outlined. We are not even remotely able to catch up to the Jewish time-table. Your idealism will be lost in nuclear destruction.

For Donny Clerkin, let me answer your criticism before you make it. I dare to make reference to the bible because it is the blueprint for the Jewish takeover of the earth. See *Deuteronomy* 11:23 and 25. It is wise to know the Jewish blueprint.

Mr. Dietz, please end this forum for combat. We have a real war to be won if we can stop bickering with each other.

Sincerely,  
Jarrah B. Crawford

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