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

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

SOME QUOTABLE QUOTES FROM AMERICA'S DECLINE:

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

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

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

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

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

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

George P. Dietz, Editor & Publisher

POSTSCRIPTS

by
Revilo P. Oliver

THE SORRY RECORD

I have frequently cited in these pages *Christian News*, a weekly published in New Haven, Missouri, to which I have subscribed for years. I early recognized it as the best single source of information regarding religious activities in the United States, and over the years I slowly came to the conclusion that, strange as it will seem to anyone acquainted with modern journalism or contemporary Christianity, it is an *honest* newspaper.

Christian News is edited by the Reverend Mr. Herman Otten, who performs each week the astonishing feat of bringing out twenty-four or more folio pages of closely set newspaper type, and, it is said, performs it with no more assistance than is given by his wife and children. He is a clergyman of the Missouri Synod of the Lutheran Church, which he represents at its best, although his newspaper is not officially recognized by that denomination, and he is out of favor with its more ambitious promoters and salesmen, who often complain that he publishes news that should be kept from the church's customers.

The Missouri Synod and the much smaller Wisconsin Synod represent what is left of the Lutheran religion in this country. The three big corporations that purveyed that brand of Christianity were recently merged under the name Evangelical Lutheran Church in America, retaining 'Lutheran' for advertising purposes, since the more accurate term, 'Marxist,' might be bad for business.

As a clergyman, the Reverend Mr. Otten was necessarily interested in the famous "Holocaust," although from an unusual standpoint, since he was interested in ascertaining the historical
1. The new corporation publishes as its official propaganda organ seventeen times a year a small magazine, edited by a staff of thirteen editors, production managers, art directors, and the like, called *The Lutheran*, of which the issue for 1 March 1989 is before me, an expensively printed little bundle of obscene gabble, devoted principally to proving how pious White men and women must love niggers and all the mongrels, wogs, and Asiatic hybrids that are being imported in such quantities by the Jews' government to supplant and massacre Aryans when the time comes for breaking up the United States.

truth, rather than what attitude pays best. As you all know, the Jews refuse to debate their negligently contrived Holofoax, limiting themselves to screaming how wicked are the Neo-Nazis who presume to question anything God's People tell them, and to ordering their employees in the governments of the various Aryan nations to make their White pigs shut up. He accordingly proposed and sponsored an open debate on the question.

Mr. Otten cannot have foreseen, in his wildest imaginings, what the result of his proposal would be.

Two brash and ostentatiously Christian young attorneys— young, at least, in the photographs they supply the press—volunteered to represent the Jews in the debate. It would be good advertising, and lawyers are naturally eager to see their names and mugs in the newspapers, for it is widely believed that with enough publicity a wily man can rise to the eminence and prosperity attained by the protagonist of Hillary Waugh's brilliantly bitter novel, *Parrish for the Defense*. And winning the debate and wide acclaim in the newspapers must have seemed easy, given the well-known lawyers' axiom: "The facts don't matter: it's what you can make the dumb clucks on the jury believe."

The presumably young lawyers were to appear in what would be an informal but uniquely spectacular trial, one in which they would be the mouthpieces of old Yahweh instead of Sammy the Shill.

Since our race surrendered long ago to the odd sociological convention described by Richard Swartzbaugh in *The Mediators* (Cape Canaveral, Howard Allen, 1973), lawsuits in our society, except those in which the rulers of the country dictate the verdicts to be rendered by their employees in the courts, are a kind of involved poker game. In civil (private) cases—and I have seen an estimate that eighty percent of all the lawsuits now pending in the world are in the United States—litigious persons well know that the outcome of a case in the courts will depend on the relative cleverness of the advocates they have hired to represent them. Any good attorney can, for a fee, surpass the professional Sophists whom Plato reprehended, and make black look not only white but pure gold.

In my youth I knew an old attorney who maintained that the sad state of the legal profession at that time, even before the vast corruption of the proto-Communist "New Deal" under the slimy War Criminal, could be traced to Abraham Lincoln. He admitted,

of course, that the corruption in his day seemed to be the work of Jewish shysters, but he thought that behind that lay the example set by Lincoln.

Everyone has heard the story of the way in which Lincoln procured the acquittal of a murderer who had had the bad luck to commit the murder within sight of a chance witness, who recognized him and saw the crime by the light of the full moon. Having delayed the trial as long as he could, Lincoln, in his concluding address to the jury, produced and exhibited an almanac he had prepared by taking the cover of an almanac for the current year and putting it about tables taken from the almanac for a suitable year in the past. He was thus able to prove to the jury from his prepared almanac that on the night in question the moon was not full but nearly new; the prosecution's witness was therefore a perjurer and Lincoln's client was as innocent as a babe in arms. Now, said the old attorney, it does not really matter whether that story is true or not. It was widely told and believed, and Lincoln was admired for his cleverness in devising the trick that won the case for him. It was, of course, the kind of trick with which no reputable lawyer would have thought of soiling his hands and character when law was a profession for gentlemen. In the wild adulation that was accorded Lincoln for his part in precipitating the war that devastated half of the states that had been united by the Constitution, "Honest Abe's" trick, tantamount to forgery, became an example to be imitated by ambitious men who would acquire skill in manipulating laws and juries.

The old attorney was doubtless right about the conduct of lawyers who were gentlemen, but I fear he erred in supposing that such attorneys were ever preponderant in their profession. It is unlikely that the actual practice of law changed in that respect, except in superficial and external details, since Dickens published *Bleak House* and Samuel F. B. Warren published *Ten Thousand a Year*.²

2. It would be bootless to go farther back. In the Renaissance, the most distinguished of Italian historians, Guicciardini, thought that a great improvement in the administration of justice would be effected by having all cases decided by throwing dice, which would ensure a just decision in half of them. He seems not to have realized that clever advocates would find ways to load the dice. Eventually we should have to consider the advantages of the ancient Greek practice by which the litigants had to present their own cases and address the jury themselves. That may have been unfair to poor speakers and possibly to children, women, and aliens, who had to be represented in court by male citizens, but dispensing with

In poker games, something depends on the cards, much on the relative skill of the players, and no little on sheer bluffing. That is why lawsuits are like poker.

The two ostensibly young attorneys who were to be the Jews' mouthpieces may have thought that simple-minded historians would be afraid to encounter experts in the art by which the worse case is made the better, and clever verbiage and courtroom histrionics sway the unthinking or uninterested individuals who have been conscripted to serve on a jury, but they were mistaken. The Reverend Mr. Otten's challenge had been accepted as soon as it was made by Mark Weber (an able young historian who is becoming one of the foremost authorities on the disgusting history of the Jews' most impudent swindle, but is not related to Dr. Charles Weber, who is well-known to all readers of *Liberty Bell*), and Bradley Smith, who has ably represented our race and historical truth in appearances on the radio and even some television stations.

Eventually, the lawyers brought up reinforcements in the form of Hal Lindsey, a veteran hokum-peddler who has never been quite able to attain the prosperity of the big-time salvation-hucksters, Robertson, Falwell, Bakker, and Swaggart, and later they claimed to have called up the Yiddish weasel, who has the distinction of not having been exterminated in more "death camps" than any other professional survivor. Undaunted, the advocates of history then enlisted on their side Dr. Robert Countess, an ordained minister, and Professor Faurisson, who has long been the most distinguished and courageous critic of the shabby Holofoax.

mediators had its advantages, not least in that it prevented laws from being made utterly unworkable by the "democratic" practice of hiring politicians to multiply and complicate them further at every session of a legislature. Many years ago a writer in the *American Mercury* considered the problem of a young man who joined a police force and wanted to know all the laws he was expected to enforce. If he was allowed to devote *all* of his time to that task and had a keen and retentive memory, so that he could memorize the cardinal provisions of the existing laws applicable to his duty at the rate at which students memorized poetry in the old days of education in the schools, he would complete the task in, as I recall, about thirty-five years. But while he was memorizing the existing laws, the law-makers would have produced a flood of new ones, and so on. The writer estimated that a zealous young man might succeed in catching up with the legislators in time to go on active duty as policeman for three or four years before he was retired for advanced old age and infirmity.

The lawyers insisted on moving the debate from Washington, District of Corruption, to Los Angeles, and then added the amazingly impudent condition that they were not to be asked questions by their opponents or members of the audience. That seemed to fit a lawyer's notion of Paradise, a place where he can put perjurers on the stand without exposing them to cross-examination. (One reason for this became apparent later when, according to *Christian News*, the two mouthpieces admitted they had read nothing of the case they were going to refute, having relied, evidently, on antics such as legal hustlers perform extemporaneously in courtrooms.)

To the astonishment of everyone, doubtless including the legal luminaries, the historians blandly accepted the insolent condition. Observers were concerned because the historians had agreed to such an outrageous disadvantage, especially since it seems never to have been determined who was to judge the debate. Might it not be an audience packed with the boobs whom old Hal Lindsey entices to an evangelical emporium somewhere in the purlieus of Los Angeles, where he regularly roars that "Anti-Semitism is Anti-God." (The old buncombe-artist means "Anti-Jewish opinions," and ignores the fact, now obvious in the Near and Middle East, that the most viciously anti-Semitic people in the world are the Jews.)³

The pair of sleight-of-tongue artists, having had their outrageous condition unexpectedly accepted, then thought to terrify the historians by loudly proclaiming themselves "exterminators" who would exterminate "revisionists." (The latter is a term now applied to honest historians, playing on the two meanings of the word 'history'.)⁴ Although the vaunt was doubtless to be taken as metaphorical, observers naturally perceived a reflection of the

3. I was amused years ago when I saw what the Jews contemptuously call a "shicksa" (i.e., a White woman who was "converted" to a Jewess to marry a Jew) going page-by-page through the two thick volumes of Doughty's monumental *Travels in Arabia Deserta* (1888) in search of proof that Arabs are sub-human, so that it is only right for God's Race to kill them.

4. The word 'history' is now generally taken to mean an account of what actually happened, as truthful as the knowledge and Weltanschauung of the historian permit. There is the more primitive meaning, now almost obsolete, of 'story, tale,' as in Fielding's *History of Tom Jones* or Lucian's *Vera historia*. In French, *histoire* was used even of fairy tales, whence the French colloquialism, "Il nous dit des histoires," i.e., he is lying to us. Only in that French sense could the Holofoax be called 'history' and revised.

blood-thirsty fanaticism that the Christians inherited from the Jews, who, as is well known, in the first century of the era fixed by Dionysius Exiguus, exterminated the Jews who were becoming civilized, the Sadducees (Greek *Saddoukaioi*, a word of uncertain derivation and meaning).⁵ The historians laughed at the foolish braggadocio.

The debate, which Mr. Otten somewhat extravagantly called "The Debate of the Century" because it would be the first time the question was actually debated, was set to follow the annual meeting of the Institute for Historical Review in Costa Mesa, California.

As the date approached, trouble began. First of all, it became known that one of the loud mouthpieces had, a few years ago, founded a law school from which he was now bounced for "moral failure," and was retaliating by founding an instantaneous law school to compete with it.

According to a despatch by William Alnor of the Religious News Service, which *Christian News* faithfully published in its issue of 23 January, the godly lawyer had been forced from his old law school by its Board of Directors for undetailed financial shenanigans and the ethical problem raised by the charge made by his first wife that he had, without her knowledge, procured a divorce from her by forging her name to legal documents. The lawyer's son produced a tape recording on an answering machine which the model Christian used to inform his wife that she had been fired and that he was "leaving the family with nothing." The wife told the press that she had had the divorce set aside as fraudulent. Immediately after a second and legal divorce, the man of God married a new wife, more up-to-date than the one to whom he had been married for thirty years. (If the photographs he supplies the press are to be trusted, he must have married at the age of five or earlier.) A Christian dervish solemnly pronounced the new marriage "proper and scriptural," but his divine learning would have been more impressive if, according to the Board of Directors, he had not been a party to the financial shenanigans at the College. The Chairman of the Board told the press that the

5. It is likely that the Sadducees were not a sect and that the term, like our 'sceptic,' was applied to men too intelligent to share the low superstitions of the vulgar or be taken in by the knavery of priests. A Sadducee was probably the author of the passages in *Ecclesiastes* which express the thought of an educated man, who rationally perceives that the world is governed by natural laws and not by imaginary spooks.

hyper-Christian attorney had lied to them about his clandestine divorce until the Board consulted the legal record. Two of the holy lawyer's former colleagues said they had received threatening letters, warning them not to make public the contents of the three-page list of charges against him they had compiled in 1987, which precipitated the wrangling that terminated when a "Christian conciliation board" worked out a "deal" by which Yahweh's mouthpiece was given his back salary and permitted to resign from the College without further proceedings.

The heroic divorcé's partner in blustering for the Holofoax promptly termed the despatch from the Religious News Service "ridiculous," without saying why, and averred that the subject of it was "a righteous man" who "lives a holy life." Of course, as all Christians know from the examples set by the Fathers of the Church, men who sizzle with high-voltage holiness are dispensed from the pagan notions about integrity and personal honor that so many vile atheists think an adequate substitute for being laundered in the blood of the Lamb.

In the issue dated January 30, *Christian News* published a letter from Yahweh's mouthpiece No.1 in which he denied the forgery and threatened to start suing for libel. Simultaneously with it appeared a letter from some persons who called themselves Professors and Doctors, without specifying what they were Professors of or whence they had obtained their doctoral degrees—a matter of some importance in a day when "Bible colleges" bestow the degree of *Divinitatis Doctor* (if they can spell it) on such candidates as a handsome German police dog, owned by a reporter in Chicago, and an amiable grey mare of my acquaintance. The persons who signed the letter "In the flowing love of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ," demanded the resignation of the Board of Directors of the Law School from which Yahweh's advocate had been permitted to resign, on the grounds that the Directors had been unfair to a man "who had devoted his whole life to Christian service," including, no doubt, his marital and financial miracles; the function of a law school, they averred, was "to return intellectual credibility to our faith, to teach the Gospel, and to bring our Lord's salvation to the lost." Since, according to their own letter, they cannot have been members of the staff of that law school, it may be they were professors in the rival Christian law school, which had been founded almost overnight, as seems possible in California, where, I suppose, there must be thousands of law

schools, dispensing Buddhist, Taoist, Moslem, Voodoo, and other brands of righteous law.

Yahweh's mouthpiece No. 1 was obviously in deep trouble, and on the day set for the debate he was conveniently defending himself in court, although any judge would have granted a continuance to permit him to appear in a debate that had been scheduled long before.

Mouthpiece No. 2 claimed he had enlisted a Rabbi from the "Simon Wiesenthal Center" to help exterminate the historians, but if the Jew had indeed agreed to appear as stated, he quickly thought better of it. So Yahweh's remaining mouthpiece blustered that he alone would exterminate the historians, presumably with the help of old Hal Lindsey.

Then came inexorably nearer the appointed day, and in the chill dawn Big Mouth felt a touch of frost on his pedal extremities, because, he said, he had heard that someone might throw a bomb, and Yahweh's Bold Paladin must not take a risk of encountering unpleasantness. Hal Lindsey, who assures the suckers that his god personally watches over everyone who contributes more than he can afford to subsidize evangelical rant, knew what that protection is worth and promptly decided that his godly hide was too precious to be risked in the service of his god, since, he said, "only Nazi lunatics" doubt stories God's People choose to tell. Thus did the valiant exterminators ignominiously crawl out of their engagement.

This should complete the chronicle of dishonor, but there is more, which may at first sight seem beyond belief to you. According to *Christian News*, 13 March 1989, p. 11, col. 1, Big Mouth, who had evidently charged himself with arranging for a church in which the debate was to be held, immediately canceled that arrangement when he decided he didn't dare to appear. You see, if there wasn't any debate, that would prove that the wicked historians had not dared to confront him, who had boasted that he would prove "in open debate before the global media" that the impossible Holohoax had actually happened. If Yahweh's champion ever has to cease lawing for his Lord, he can find good employment in the "dirty tricks" department of the C.I.A.

And that was not enough. After thinking it over, Big Mouth had an even better idea. According to the same issue of *Christian News*, p. 1, col. 4 (lower third), he discovered that the "bomb threat" had been made by the wicked "revisionists," who were

afraid he would confute them, presumably by waving his arms and yelling, for he admitted he did not know what evidence is used by historians, i.e., did not know what he would be talking about. He was promptly supported (at a safe distance) by Mouthpiece No. 1, who, it is said, has written thirty-five volumes of lucrative sucker-bait and is credited with ownership of one of the biggest brains in the Lutheran business, with which he doubtless planned his marital, financial, and academic *coups*. Big Brain, although he was supposedly unable to appear in the debate because he had to defend himself in court on that day, supported Big Noise by telling the press that it was "immoral" to doubt the Holohoax, but he refrained from proposing prematurely that doubters be burned at the stake while holy men of his stripe dance about the pyre and yell "Hosannah," hoping that some kind Jew will throw them a bone or a chocolate bar afterwards.

The dirty trick did not work. Even on such short notice, the historians were able to find a place for the scheduled meeting, and, facing four chairs bearing the names of the pusillanimous and prudently absent exterminators, they had no difficulty in demonstrating that the touted "Holocaust" is just an amazingly impudent and carelessly manufactured hoax by a race in which deceit is habitual and inveterate—the race which, as Hitler observed, always uses words, not to express their own thoughts, but to conceal them from their victims.

The Reverend Mr. Otten confessed that his "Debate of the Century" had "fizzled out." One must feel sympathy for him in what must have been an acutely embarrassing affair. He is an honorable man and cannot have suspected the character of the four-flushers with whom he dealt.

He had the exemplary courage to speak at the Convention of the Institute for Historical Review and affirm his disbelief in the Jews' hoax. (The text of his address appears in *Christian News*, 20 February 1989). And he has had the signal courage to say forthrightly in an editorial in his own newspaper that the Yiddish weasel, Eli Wiesel, "is a liar who poses as some mystic or guru." He drew, furthermore, a perceptive and pregnant analogy, adding that the "scholars" who revere the weasel's authority are like "those who go into ecstasy when they view a painting by Picasso," i.e., another blatant Jewish hoax.

My opinion of Judaeo-Christianity is well-known, but I can honor a clergyman of whom Martin Luther would be proud and in

whom Archbishop Turpin, who, in Western Christianity's great saga, fought valiantly and died with Roland and Oliver at Roncesvalles, would recognize a fellow spirit. An atheist can wish there were many like him.

[The address for Christian News is Box 168, New Haven MO 63068]

AN INTREPID LIAR

When the wealthy Sir William Stephenson died in his luxurious home on Bermuda at the age of 93, he lived up to his reputation as a very modest and retiring man. He wished "to die unnoticed by the world," and he accordingly arranged to have his death and funeral kept strictly secret until after he had been buried—the surest way of attracting the attention of the press throughout the world.

The newspapers in Britain, Canada, and the United States—and, no doubt, in many other countries—blossomed with obituaries. The *Chicago Tribune*, for example, lauded him as the great "spymaster," the man who "resolutely took on Hitler and the Nazis," and whose work in British intelligence "was decisive in the fight against the Nazis." And surely a man who was thus responsible for the defeat of Germany, the destruction of the British Empire, the ruin of the United States, and the fall of Western civilization deserved the most fulsome plaudits a hack writer could devise.

When I read that obituary, I laughed sardonically. About a dozen years ago, I picked up a book about Sir William's career in espionage, entitled *A Man Called Intrepid*. I read eighty or ninety pages before I threw it aside because I had no time for crude fiction. I thought it likely that Sir William had written it himself, and that the journalist whose name appeared as the author was just a part of the hoax.

Now let me hasten to add that Sir William undoubtedly knew by long and practical experience far, far more about intelligence work than I do. But let me suggest an analogy. My knowledge of chemistry is little more than what I learned in school, where, in those far off days, one verified empirically in the laboratory most of what one was taught. I went only so far as the second year. But nevertheless, if a distinguished chemist and holder of a Nobel Prize were to assert that there is no hydrogen in water, which is a compound of nitrogen and helium, I would know at once that he

lied thrice with so reckless a disregard of facts as to make all his other statements suspect.

The *Tribune* had not pulled out all the stops on its calliope. That was done by the *Sunday Times* (London), which described the late Sir William as "the giant of the century," asseverating that no one, "excepting possibly Churchill," had done more than he had to "win the War."

If I may borrow a metaphor from the eminent British historian, Hugh Trevor-Roper, the newspapers in their encomia on the great Sir William merely regurgitated the tripe they had swallowed years before. Professor Trevor-Roper, in the *Sunday Telegraph* (London), 19 February 1989, used the weight of his authority (as should have been unnecessary) to expose definitively the crude imposture, and he did so judiciously, admitting that Sir William was really entitled to no little credit for work he had actually done as an operative in the British secret service.

I have often alluded to the important and sometimes crucial work of the secret services of both civilized and barbarous nations, and in *Liberty Bell*, January 1988, under the rubric "The Business of Deception," I explained why intelligence agencies, sometimes by necessity and sometimes from mere habit, deceive even the nations for whom they are working. The career of Sir William is relevant to that subject, and is otherwise significant.

He was a Canadian, the son of a prosperous owner of a lumber mill. He served honorably in the British Army's air force in the First World War and was decorated for his services. After that war and until 1939 he promoted numerous corporations and similar financial enterprises in Britain, always with great profit to himself and, one supposes, also with profit to the stockholders or participants in limited partnerships. He became a well-known and very wealthy man.

His prominence as a business man and financier gave him a cover that made him the obvious choice when he was enlisted by British Military Intelligence to take charge of British espionage and sabotage in the United States, which he directed from an office in New York that was later made famous under the name "Room 3603." What American acquaintance would believe that the affable but pedestrian and rather dull English business man was really the director of a branch of what was, among civilized nations, the most cunning and ruthless secret service in the world, excelled only by the Jews'?

He was doubtless given assistants experienced in espionage, sabotage, and subversion, and profited from their instruction and advice, but much of the agency's success must be credited to his own lucid mind. He won the admiration and loyalty of his operatives, if the testimony of two or three of them is to be trusted, and if, as one may suspect, his imagination provided some of the exploits of which he told them, that could be attributed to a technique of inspirational management.

The espionage, sabotage, and subversion in the United States was principally directed against the Americans who were obstinately refusing to be shipped to Europe as cannon-fodder to rescue Britain from the insane war on which she had embarked on behalf of the Jews and their Soviet Empire, but he also discreetly kept under surveillance Roosevelt's government, to make certain that the perfidious criminal would keep his promises when he could. Only a small part of what Stephenson's branch of the British secret service accomplished in the United States has been disclosed in the book about it. There can be no doubt but that he did make a large contribution to the vast complex of forces that brought about the Suicide of the West.

After Roosevelt succeeded in using the Japanese to give himself dictatorial powers to herd millions of Americans abroad to fight and die for the benefit of their enemies, Stephenson, whose illegal activities had been only reluctantly tolerated by J. Edgar Hoover and the F.B.I., affiliated himself with the mushroom organization headed by the madcap and unscrupulous "Wild Bill" Donovan, and known as the O.S.S.—an abbreviation which the old-line American intelligence services translated as "Office of Soviet Stooges."

It was a bizarre organization. One of its principal purposes was to provide a secure refuge for Jews and others whose valuable hides must not be exposed to a risk of abrasion. It maintained a hive of big brains who turned out very secret reports, many of which were ludicrous. (I rather vaguely remember one by a psychiatrist who had been morbidly fascinated by the way in which Japanese children are house-broken, and deduced from it that the Americans, after their victory, must be careful not to humiliate the Japanese or bruise their delicate souls by letting them know that they had been defeated.) It did mount operations abroad during the war, some of which had a limited success. It included, of course, many well-meaning but rather naive individuals. There

was, for example, the American major who, with two sergeants, was sent by plane to deliver a supply of weapons to supposedly patriotic Italian partisans who were harassing the Germans. The two sergeants, who were Communist agents, murdered the major and delivered the arms to Italian Communists, who were plotting to make Italy part of the Soviet Empire.

Stephenson probably had a well-dissembled contempt for the staff of the O.S.S., but he basked in the unlimited admiration which was accorded him as a master spy, although, so far as is known, he only transmitted to them information from his superiors which they permitted him to communicate to that strange American operation. And he did work closely with the O.S.S. although British Military Intelligence knew better than to trust Donovan's madhouse, until he was recalled about a year before the end of the war, possibly at his own suggestion.

After the war, Stephenson was knighted in recognition of his services and then, with his old pal, Donovan, and others, he embarked on business ventures, made possible by the catastrophe, which were highly profitable to him and made him more wealthy than ever.

Donovan and others who had been connected with the Office of Soviet Stooges lavished praise on Sir William for his supposed genius in secret work, and the Canadian press, for some obscure reason of its own, made of him the national hero of Canada. Virtually all the universities in Canada showered honorary degrees upon him, and ambitious Canadian politicians boasted they had once had the great privilege of meeting him. That may have inspired him.

In 1960, Sir William subsidized H. Montgomery Hyde, a British writer who had served with him in New York, to produce a biography entitled *Quiet Canadian*. I have not seen that book, but it fashioned the specious legend that Sir William was so extremely modest and retiring a man that he did not want to talk about his great exploits during the War.

Hyde is a really expert professional writer, who has turned out so many books on every conceivable subject that he thought would yield large sales and royalties that I suspect that if I were to compile a list of all of his publications, it would fill a page of *Liberty Bell*, and perhaps run over to the following one.

For his next effort at spectacular modesty, Sir William turned again to H. Montgomery Hyde, who typed out a chronicle of his

great achievements as a British agent in the United States, entitled *Room 3603*, published in 1962. In that very successful book, Hyde narrates his own experiences in Stephenson's organization, and I am willing to suppose that this rather minor part of the book does not depart too greatly from the truth. For the rest, Hyde was dependent on, and naturally accepted, what the modest Sir William told him about international affairs and his rôle in them. The account in *Room 3603* is not absolutely incredible, if you make allowance for the chronic habit of deception in intelligence agencies on which I commented in *Liberty Bell*.

For example, the heads of British Military Intelligence probably told the highest officials of their government "in utmost secrecy" that the talents of a beautiful female spy in bed had sufficed to extract the Italian naval code from a high-ranking Italian officer; they thus concealed the way in which their ability to read that code had actually been obtained. Furthermore, if the spurious "secret" was kept, well and good; if it somehow leaked to Italian intelligence, the Italians would thereupon suspect in turn all the officers who could have betrayed their country and sold the code for sexual favors—and thus demoralize all of them.¹ Long after the war and the necessity for secrecy had passed, it is quite likely that ranking British officers repeated the canard, from habit or because they knew no better. (I gave an American example of 1. This secret did not reach Italy, and it gave rise, in the mid 1950s, to a sensational and rather pathetic event. A competent and, I believe, patriotic Italian writer, pondering the disgraceful record of the Italian Navy in the War, wrote and published a book entitled *Nave e poltrone*. (The last word is a pun; it was in current use as the Italian equivalent of the French *ronds de cuir*, a contemptuous designation of bureaucracy; it also means 'poltroon,' and indeed the English word was derived from it.) The author attributed the Navy's record of continual defeat and disaster correctly to Mussolini's decision to have the entire Italian Navy commanded from Rome, moving ships about like the pieces on a chessboard in a great strategic game against the British fleet. The poor author, however, never suspected that all the orders transmitted in "unbreakable code" from Rome were read by the British as soon as they were read by the Italian commanders to whom they were addressed. He accordingly reached the conclusion that the Admirals of Supermarina, the centralized command in Rome, must have been traitors, for the record of constant and disastrous defeats when the Italians sailed into British traps simply could not have been the result of coincidence. The government of De Gaspari was at that time eager for ways to distract attention from its own rascality and prosecuted the author for "libeling the honor of the armed services." After a long and sensational trial, the unfortunate man was convicted and imprisoned.

this in the article I mentioned above.) Thus a reader who read the story about the beautiful and erotically talented spy in *Room 3603* would, even if he knew the facts, assume that Sir William had merely repeated the cover story.

In 1965, Hyde, with the cordial cooperation of Sir William, produced what may be his finest book, a "best-seller" entitled *Cynthia*. When I read it, I considered the hypothesis that the book was a hoax and that seven of the eight photographs in it had been posed by hired actors (the eighth could have been taken from some book on French geography or history). It seems however that the female spy who is the subject of the book actually existed. A friend of mine in Minneapolis verified one essential detail for me, and Professor Trevor-Roper, who unfortunately seems not to have seen the book, assumed that it was, at least in large part, truthful.

"Cynthia" was the sobriquet and code name of a beautiful British spy, a well-born American girl, Amy Elizabeth Thorpe, born in Minneapolis and born with a lust to become an heroic adventuress—an ambition she eventually realized, after she had been imbued with all the horror stories about Hitler and the wicked Nazis with which the Jews filled the press they controlled before and during the Second World War. She may have welcomed an opportunity "to consider her [lovely] body as expendable as any soldier's in the line of duty," on behalf of what she credulously thought a noble cause instead of a project for universal ruin.

Cynthia is a moving book, for it was written with a deep emotion. Hyde was unmistakably in love with Cynthia and had been her lover, with or without the knowledge of her two successive husbands, on several occasions, the last not long before her untimely and agonizing death from cancer, which touched him deeply. One hopes that most of the story, which Hyde attributes to Cynthia herself, was substantially true. There is at least one episode which cannot be a truthful report as it stands, but if we assume that Hyde did not invent it and foist it upon Cynthia, a man who gallantly wishes to champion the beautiful young woman can form a plausible hypothesis that what Cynthia told Hyde was misunderstood in terms of what he had heard from Sir William.

Hyde probably wrote *Room 3603* in good faith, not taking time to ponder the inconsistencies and improbabilities in Sir William's stories (for he was simultaneously working on a book on a totally different subject), but he must have had his misgivings, for he refused to carry out Sir William's next project in ostentatious modesty.

As I have said, after glancing at *A Man Called Intrepid*, I decided that Sir William, who signed a preface reluctantly certifying the accuracy of the story a pertinacious journalist had coaxed from him, probably wrote the whole tale himself, perhaps in competition with Ian Fleming, whose novels about spies were enjoying great and lucrative popularity. According to Professor Trevor-Roper, however, I was mistaken about that and the journalist who took responsibility for the book actually existed and may be alive today.

A Man Called Intrepid, which could have been more accurately entitled "A Four-Flusher Who Calls Himself Intrepid," was the pay-off. As I have said, even with my limited knowledge of such matters, I discarded the book in disgust after inspecting, with growing incredulity, a first slice of the baloney. Professor Trevor-Roper remarks that the book is "a work of such blatant absurdity that it ought to have sunk author and subject for good." Sir William's megalomania had progressed to the point at which he made himself the *alter ego* of Winston Churchill and co-director of Britain's part of the War, superior to the British Cabinet and all the officers of the Royal Army and Navy.

According to Trevor-Roper, in a part of the book I did not have the fortitude to read, Sir William decided that he had invented television and jet aircraft (first produced by Messerschmitt for the German Air Force). And this "singularly modest man, who shunned publicity" (in the words of his journalistic stooge) forged and photographed a letter from grateful Winston Churchill to himself—forged it so crudely that it was almost patently spurious. And he made in his book many claims that are outrageous not only for the effrontery of his mendacity but because he could not rationally have hoped that they would not be detected and exposed.

The British professor gives one example. Sir William claimed to have trained in Canada the team of assassins whom he then despatched by parachute into Czecho-Slovakia to assassinate the celebrated Reinhard Heydrich, "der Henker."² One of the coward-

2. As you have been told a thousand times by professional liars, Heydrich was one of the monstrously wicked Nazis and so cruelly oppressed the people of Czecho-Slovakia that he rode through the cities and countryside in an open automobile with no companion but his chauffeur, and no one thought of harming him. Actually, of course, many of the Czechs so admired Heydrich that they were becoming pro-German. That, however, was not the primary reason for the assassination. Heydrich was a man of keenly lucid mind, the one German in a position of power who saw that Admiral Canaris, the head of German Military

ly assassins³ was living in Canada, read the book, knew where he and his accomplices had been trained and by whom, and did not hesitate to denounce the lie by a man of whom he had not before heard. This was but one of many examples.

Sir William was not perturbed by the fact that, as Professor Trevor-Roper says, the book, "one of the most ludicrous works ever written on such a subject," was promptly "torn to shreds by those who knew the facts, or could read the documents, or could distinguish sense from nonsense." To all questions Sir William blandly replied that he could not discuss such matters without risk of revealing even more profound and world-shaking secrets he was guarding inviolate in his bosom. And he even had the astounding temerity to hire his tame journalist to take responsibility for an even more blatantly absurd book, *Intrepid's Last Case*, in 1981.

Sir William's impudent mendacity was publicly and indubitably exposed many times, but, amazingly, he continued to enjoy the fictitious honors he had created for himself. In 1983, two years after the publication of a book that put the Baron von Münchhausen to shame, he came to New York to receive the "William J. Donovan Award for services to democracy and freedom" at a grand banquet, attended by eight hundred well-heeled suckers, where he received a personal message from Ronnie Reagan, who shamelessly averred that he and "all freedom-loving men in the world have a special place in our hearts and minds and our history books for the man called Intrepid."

There could be no more conclusive demonstration of the density of the mephitic fog of lies in which the Aryan world has lived and groped since 1945, as the Jews enforce by pseudo-legal ter-

Intelligence, must be a traitor, and who was trying to obtain the positive and incontrovertible proof that would be needed to convince Hitler of the foul duplicity of a man whom he regarded as his devoted friend and trusted implicitly. (If Heydrich had lived to obtain that proof, the catastrophic and tragic end of the War might have been averted.) The British had to rush in the team of assassins to save Canaris, who had called for help that his Soviet friends could not or would not give him.

3. "Cowardly" because they arranged matters to make it seem that Heydrich had been assassinated by a conspiracy among the inhabitants of the village of Lidice, on whom the Germans accordingly took reprisals in conformity with a provision of the International Law that was once recognized by all civilized nations—a provision, by the way, which the United States had once specifically sanctioned.

rorism respect for the rank excrement of their preposterous "Holofoax," hordes of thieves and parasites dominate politically all the nations of the Western world, and venal "educators" inject fraudulent "history" and the deadly "One world" pus into the minds of the hapless and helpless children that befuddled parents voluntarily send to the tax-supported boob-hatcheries. The impudent hoaxer who claimed to have defeated the wickedly sane Nazis was so dear to the malignant scum that rules us that, knowing him to be a liar, they continued to believe him.

What is more, Sir William knew they would believe him, no matter how preposterous the lies he told: they had to. He was keeping inviolate in his bosom deep and dark secrets about many of the dirtiest and most scabrous crimes they had to conceal. His reference to such secrets when asked about his wilder tales was a polite threat: denounce my lies and I will tell the truth.

A man of his experience in intelligence work must have known that *everything* the general public is told about the Second World War by the several governments and by the press in each Western nation, and is rammed into the minds of children as "history," is simply a vast spider's web of lies and flagitious deceit, from the Jews' gigantic Holofoax or the reported character and actions of the great War Criminals, Roosevelt and Churchill, to even quite minor matters, such as trivial incidents on the battlefield or the contents of now forgotten books.

The dense miasma of lies conceals the putrescence of "democracy" and "social justice," and the abomination of "politicians" who feed on our nations as worms feed on buried corpses. In a world of lies, Sir William amused himself by imitating with covert sarcasm and parody, and thus subtly mocking, the elected "leaders" and "champions of democracy" in Washington, London, Bonn, and Paris. And I, for one, believe he did more than amuse himself.

Sir William did well to use his death as a last means of calling attention to himself. He was a great man, and he fully deserved the praise that was lavished upon him, although for quite different reasons.

I misjudged him when I contemptuously tossed aside *A Man Called Intrepid*, and assumed that Sir William was merely profiting from the ignorance and gullibility of persons whose knowledge of intelligence services was limited to novels by Eric Ambler and his successors. It was only when he received the "Donovan Award"

that I understood what he had done and began to admire the intrepid liar.

Every person who has served in intelligence work above the level of clerical tasks or routine assignments, knows the truth about at least one incident that is sufficient to make him perceive the enormity of the whole intricate webs of lies that is used to enslave our people.⁴ He may acquiesce in the gigantic fraud because he accepts with military discipline the alleged *raison d'état*, or because he himself approves the subjection of mankind to Judaeo-Communism, or because he is unwilling to take the risk of giving the lie to the masters of the world, or because he knows he would not be believed by the victims if he told them the truth.

Sir William must have known that if he began to expose the rulers of the world, he would be murdered without compunction or delay. He chose the only safe way to tell the truth to men who could understand. He told enormous and flagrant lies which the masters of deceit had to pretend they believed. The "Donovan Award" and the accompanying adulation was his moment of triumph. That sealed the record. That tells an intelligent historian all that he needs to know to direct properly his research in archives from which it was not possible to delete all vestiges of the truth. And any thinking man who perpend what Sir William has done will arrive at working knowledge of the truth for himself.

But, despite every effort that may be made to disclose historical facts, the Aryan suckers who are the victims of organized crime will doubtless continue to relish the swill that their owners dump in their troughs. They have been taught to love their enemies.

The well-known axiom must be rephrased: Those whom the Jews would destroy, they first make mad.

4. For example, the American officer who was present when the Germans exhumed the bodies of some of the Polish officers murdered in the Katyn Forest knew that the murders had been committed by the Bolsheviks. If he knew only this one fact, he would nevertheless have seen the pattern of the whole web of deceit when the Americans pretended that the Germans were guilty and so stated when they carried out their equally vicious and more obscene murders of German officers at Nuremberg. Such is the force of one crucial fact, which additional knowledge will merely confirm and extend to other areas. No one man in an intelligence agency—not even its head and director—will learn *all* of the relevant facts concealed from the public, but a man of Sir William's wide experience must have learned very many.

IDENTITY

We all feel a certain sympathy for the cult called "British Israel" or, in this country, "Identity." It is an attempt to make Christianity innocuous by claiming that Yahweh's rabble of marauders, thieves, and swindlers, whose depredations are exalted in the "Old Testament," were our Aryan and probably Anglo-Saxon ancestors. That makes it possible to claim that the Jesus of the "New Testament" was not a Jew.¹

I therefore report the glad tidings (*eu-angelium*) that there is now available a new and more plausible source of inspiration for the cult.

A man named Victor Dunstan has been doing "in-depth research" (whatever that is) in the Vatican Library, the British Museum, and (oh, how appropriately!) the library of Jesus College.² He has presented his epochal discoveries in a book which I have not seen, but some of them are summarized in the publisher's rather long and detailed advertisement, so I can list here for you some of the drastic revisions of Christian theology that are now requisite. I base my report on the advertisement, adding my own identifications and explanations within parentheses.

The Virgin Mary's mother (Anne) was a native of Cornwall and belonged to a wealthy and prominent family, but she made an unhappy marriage, from which she escaped by eloping to Palestine for a few years. She soon returned to merry England, however, with her (legitimate?) daughter, the Virgin Mary, who was born to wealth and culture. Her uncle (Joseph of Arimathea, who must have been either Anne's brother or the brother of Mary's unnamed father) was "the Onassis of his day," a great shipowner and financier, and also "Minister of Mines in the Roman Empire."

1. Although highly improbable, this is not an absolute impossibility, assuming that the Jesus of the "New Testament" actually existed. I have defined the limits of the improbable possibility in *Christianity Today*, pp. 3-15 (reprinted from *Liberty Bell*, November 1987).

2. Jesus College is not one of the older colleges at Oxford, since it was established as late as 1571. In prestige it ranks below Baliol, All Souls', Magdalen, and Corpus Christ, and is about on a par with Trinity and Pembroke, and, of course, far above the even later foundations. It would be presumptuous (and hazardous) to rank the other colleges that are older than Jesus. The better Oxford colleges all have libraries of their own, which are not part of the Bodleian; for example, Baliol has one of the most important manuscripts of Cicero's *Academica posteriora*, and Lincoln has another.

The Virgin Mary spent most of her life in England, where she, like her uncle, is now buried. She wasn't a virgin very long, for "she enjoyed a very active sex life and gave birth to no less than seven children." (The number of fathers, if known, is not stated.) While visiting her relatives, the ancestors of the British and Americans of today, in Palestine, she gave birth to her favorite son, Jesus, on whom she bestowed the name of a god that "the Druids of Britain worshipped ...for hundreds of years before [the now famous] Jesus was born." (I am sure Mr. Dunstan was clever enough to derive the later Latin form, *Iesus* (i.e., with consonantal I and a short ultima) from the name of the Gallic god of war, *Ēsus* or *Hēsus*, whose sanguinary rites and blood-stained altars were compared by Lucan to those of the Tauric goddess whom we know from the *Iphigenia in Tauris* of Euripides.)

When Mary and her favorite son, belonging to the most wealthy and fashionable society of the day, visited her British relatives and friends in Palestine, they naturally moved in the best circles and attended "high life" parties in Capernaum." (The famous miracle of changing water into wine was presumably performed at such a party when the booze ran out.)

On one such visit, Jesus was crucified and resurrected, after which he and his mother escaped from Palestine under assumed names "by boat" (doubtless a ship belonging to Mary's uncle, "the Onassis of his day") and returned to their native land, where the first Christian church in the world was established by Paul, "a half-brother to one of the Roman commanders in Britain" and "a friend of the British Royal Family." That royal family, in which Mary's uncle had "fathered a British queen" (perhaps by an unofficial intervention), supplied the first Christian Bishop.

Although Jesus has a strange taste for going slumming—he was hard on the money-changers in the Temple, but "he never whipped anyone out of a brothel"—his family belonged to the upper classes and sponsored the new religion in their own interests. The real disciples were rich and influential property-owners and business men; the tale about "simple fishermen" fitted the "myth of Jesus' poverty," which "was a convenient way for the Church to make the poor satisfied with their lot. Good 'sob stuff' religion!"

I have told you enough to show you how Mr. Dunstan's "in-depth research" can make of "Identity" a plausible and attractive cult. I am sure you are eager to learn more, but I must refer you

to his epochal book, *Did the Virgin Mary Live and Die in England?* So rush eight pounds in British currency to the publishers, Unusual Books, 5 High Street, Shirley, Solihull, West Midlands. Better add two pounds for air mail and special delivery so you won't have to wait so long.

DEATH OF A MAN

Integrity and courage have become so rare in science and learning under a "democracy" that I think it proper to note here the premature death of a man our civilization could not afford to lose.

The *New Scientist*, 25 February 1989, contains an appreciative review of *What Do You Care What Other People Think?* by Richard Feynman with Ralph Leighton (London, Unwin Hyman, 1989). There undoubtedly is or soon will be an American edition, which I intend to obtain.

From this review I learn that Dr. Feynman died of cancer in February 1988. He was a physicist of distinction, holder of the Nobel Prize for his work on a quantum theory to explain the behavior of electrons in atomic structure, but I mentioned him in *Liberty Bell*, November 1986, for his aphorism, "For a successful technology, reality must take precedence over public relations, for nature cannot be fooled." That, incidentally, probably explains why Japanese technology is so greatly superior to the technology of a decaying nation that devotes most of its energies to trying to fool nature with Judaeo-Christian hokum and humanitarian blarney.

As we all remember, when the National Space Agency's showboat with its multiracial cargo blew up at Cape Canaveral in the Spring of 1986 (cf. *Liberty Bell* for May and June of that year), a Presidential Commission of twelve men was appointed to report on the cause of the disaster to the superterrestrial circus, and by some oversight Professor Feynman of the California Institute of Technology was made one of the twelve.

As everyone knows, when investigatory commissions are appointed in the District of Corruption, they are charged with one of two functions. The first is to score a touchdown in the perpetual football game that the two big gangs play to keep the boobs amused; that permits loud-mouthed vulgarians to yell insults at each other and thus convince the boobs who elected them that there is an important difference between the two teams, while simple-minded aficionados of political sport "root" for the team of their choice; that also permits solemn pundits in the press and television

to pontificate about the game and pretend that the shenanigans of the players are to be taken seriously as political realities.

Commissions are charged with the second function when something really does go wrong. They are then supposed to investigate and report that, although there may have been some little hitch somewhere, there is nothing to worry about: everything in Tel Aviv-on-the-Potomac is just wonderful and all the predators and thugs in it are wonderful and purer than Sir Galahad, and the tax-paying animals should be grateful for the precious freedom to be robbed and kicked in the face by such noble creatures. The Presidential Commission to investigate the explosion of the rocket-launched showboat should have concocted such a report.

Professor Feynman, who was a scientist and interested in facts, not paregoric for serfs, insisted not only on disclosing the real cause of the destruction of the showboat, the disregard of the elementary laws of physics and chemistry by the managers of the act in their reckless determination to impress on schedule the boobs who would be staring at their hypnogogic boxes at the appointed hour, but on disclosing the secret of "democracy." He remarked that in governmental organizations "the men who know something about what the world is like are at the lowest level" and are merely powerless and voiceless subordinates of the shysters "who know how to influence other people by telling them how the world would be nice."

It was not his fault that he was addressing a populace that was too interested in fooling nature with vapid verbiage to be concerned for its own survival. We should honor him for his integrity as a scientist and his hardihood in maintaining it, which was worthy of our race in its prime, but is unlikely to be often emulated in our decadence.

According to the review, his posthumous book is a miscellany and includes his "behind-the-scenes account of the investigation," and a moving tribute to his first wife, whom he married in his early youth, loved deeply, and lost after five years. A rational man, he bore the grievous loss without drugging himself with opiate fancies that ghosts can transcend reality.

THE PROGRESS OF HIGHER LEARNING

The *Los Angeles Times*, 30 January 1989, carried the news that the Washington State University has attained a new pinnacle of academic distinction: it has created the first Distinguished

Professorship of Fast-Food Service to crown its curriculum in the Science of running restaurants. The eminent scholar who will hold the professorship will doubtless supervise laboratory research in washing dishes (preferably without breaking them) and putting chemically-flavored meat scraps into steamed buns. Such studies, it is hoped, will not be beyond the intellectual capacities of promising young savants, many of whom, no doubt, who will be graduated, *summa cum laude*, from the northwest Temple of the Muses as *Philosophiae Doctores*, and will then proudly tack up their imitation parchment diplomas in the greasy kitchens of wayside joints. Some genius among them may even invent a brilliant new technique of merchandising: Free bicarbonate of soda with every three hamburgers.

The news should excite no astonishment. It was in the late 1940s, if I remember correctly, that the shyster who was then President of the University of Texas proudly announced, "We will teach *anything* for which there is a demand." That was his pedantic way of saying, "Our professionals will do anything for a buck in this academic whore-house." I am quite sure that the old buncombe-artist on another occasion, when he was wheedling appropriations from a legislature or addressing the massed parents of the young persons who were being graduated from his swindle-shop (some of whom, to be sure, could have obtained the rudiments of an education, if they insisted on it), descanted on the glories of "a liberal education." He could be confident that the few who would think about what they heard would not remember that a liberal education is liberal precisely because it has nothing to do with earning a living or getting the current substitute for money. It is liberal because it is intended to develop the intellectual, moral, and aesthetic capacities of individuals who are truly *liberi*, i.e., free from economic or social servitude.

Such individuals must not be allowed in a Communist state, where Equality is the rule, with, of course, the proviso that Jews and their accomplices are infinitely more equal than their subjects. Although the meaning of 'liberal' has now been generally forgotten, I still insist on spelling the word with a capital letter and placing it within quotation marks when it refers to the fledgling Bolsheviks who call themselves "Liberal intellectuals": the first of the two words is as much of a misnomer as the second.

Meanwhile, one may expect American universities to go on to greater and higher achievements. Thus far the labor unions have

prevented them from offering the degree of *Philosophiae doctor* in plumbing or carpentry or truck-driving, but that need not stop them as they work to increase the body count and thus the loot taken from stupid tax-payers. For example, they might institute an "innovative" curriculum in number science, as distinct from old-fashioned mathematics: in the progressive new curriculum advanced degrees could be given niggers who learn to count up to twenty without removing their shoes. If some Neo-Nazis dare to protest and it is not convenient to have them beaten up by the police, the Prexy of the progressive university could point out that such degrees are only just compensation for the horrible injustice committed when the niggers' ancestors were sold to White or Jewish slave-traders instead of being made the *pièces de résistance* at a tribal barbecue or steak-fry.¹

This example may seem to you satirical, just as the notion of a college degree in "fast-food service" would have seemed too far-fetched to be even funny three decades ago, but don't be too sure of that, and, above all, remember never to put *anything* beyond the outreach of a modern "educator's" greed.

LAND OF THE SPREE AND HOME OF THE SLAVE

A cutting from one of the carpetbagger papers in Atlanta, sent to me without notation of date, reproduces a despatch by the Associated Press from Las Vegas with the news that the proprietor of the Imperial Palace, one of the great casinos on the famous Strip, was amerced in the amount of \$1,500,000 by the State of Nevada and placed on probation under surveillance. His crime was having displayed "Nazi memorabilia" in his casino and having held a party on the birthday of Adolf Hitler.

For his atrocious crime the guilty wretch could, of course, have been punished severely. The Imperial Palace could have been locked up by the police, as was originally intended, its owner could have had imposed on him a fine greater than his net worth, and he could then have been put in jail until he paid what he could not pay. But the commissars were merciful.

The fine was reduced to the modest sum of \$1,500,000 and the criminal escaped severe penalties because he evinced remorse,

1. Do not laugh. As I write, the press reports that a biped insect in the government of Massachusetts has proposed an enormous bond issue to compensate the niggers in the state for the failure of Massachusetts to suppress the slave-trade two centuries ago, when the colony was inhabited by sane men and women.

threw himself on the mercy of the commissars, and humbly apologized for having so insolently thought the United States was still an American nation. He was even permitted to continue his business and earn his livelihood while the police watch him to make sure of his obedience to God's Law.

When will the stupid Americans learn that, in the country they gave away, they have kept only the precious freedom to do whatever the Sacred Sheenies tell them to do?

The thralls should not presume on the leniency their masters have thus far shown. It is a question of expediency. You see, if the Imperial Palace had been burned to the ground, its owner despatched to Jerusalem for torture and eventual execution, the homes of all persons so depraved that they patronized such a den of iniquity dynamited, and the homeless sinners beaten, crippled, and blinded by U.S. soldiers, the Aryan serfs, stupid as they are, might have become restless and even insubordinate. The evil Palestinians are giving enough trouble now, so, until the Semites in the Near and Middle East have been put in their place, it is deemed expedient to be indulgent to Americans who sin against the Holy Race. If they are contrite, they may even be permitted to retain possession of property, which, according to God's Law as stated in the Holy Talmud, naturally belongs to God's Race.

It will probably be ten years, or even a little more, before the Lord's Chosen are ready to get tough with their tax-paying animals.

WHICH WAY, WESTERN MAN? SURVIVAL MANUAL FOR THE WHITE RACE

William Gayley Simpson has spent a lifetime of keen observation, careful analysis, and deep reflection developing the principal thesis of his book: that the single, undying purpose of all human activity should be the ennobling of man. In support of this thesis he looks at the foundations of Western Society, at the structure of our government, at the effect of technology and industrialization on man, at the roles of the sexes, at economics, and at race. The book goes to the roots of the problems facing the White Race today, and it shows the ways in which White society must be changed if the race is to survive. *Which Way Western Man?* is an encyclopedic work whose conclusions can be ignored by no one with a sense of responsibility to the future. For your copy of *Which Way Western Man?* send \$14.00 including postage and handling for the softback edition (Order No. 22003) to: LIBERTY BELL PUBLICATIONS, Box 21, Reedy WV 25270 USA.

LÜGE UND WAHRHEIT

("Falsehood and Truth")

Translation by Charles E. Weber

The following is the second translation from the *Kritik* series, nos. 60 and 61. The first translation, which had to do with the involvement of the United States in the Second World War, was published in *Bulletin 28* and republished in the *Liberty Bell* of October 1988, pp. 27-31. For information on the *Kritik* series, see *Bulletin 28*. We plan to present further translations from the series.

It is a lie that a whole city was wiped out in a blood bath in the case of Lidice, as is claimed, for example, in the book by L.W. Thayer, *Die unruhigen Deutschen*.

It is the truth that Lidice was a Czech village whose male inhabitants—not by any means its women and children—were shot by Czech gendarmes of the Prague security police on German orders. The 199 men were shot because the village had given refuge to two Czechs who had been living in exile, who had been flown in from England and who had then murdered Reinhard Heydrich [the Deputy Reichsprotektor of Bohemia and Moravia; died on 4 June 1942]. The Czechs had been flown in because no acts of resistance or sabotage whatsoever had taken place, as a result of the wise policies of Heydrich, who aimed at reconciliation. The British author Alan Burgess writes in his book, *Seven Men at Daybreak*, concerning the preliminary history: "The Western powers could no longer count on having further resistance carried out. With every passing day Czechoslovakia went further into the Nazi camp. The Czech Secret Service envisaged only the possibility of interrupting the course of things and showing the world that Czechoslovakia was again on the side of the Allies. Heydrich (the Reichsprotektor and Supreme Head of the Sicherheitspolizei [Security Police] had to be killed." [Note: This and the next quotation are retranslations.]

In the case of the measure taken after the murder, the German leaders were acting on the basis of international law. It is permissible to shoot hostages for the purpose of intimidating partisans; this has also been the practice of the Western Allies. F.J.P. Veale writes in *Advance to Barbarism*: "Articles 453 and 454 of the British manual of military law are clear and not to be misunderstood on this point. Article 454 declares that reprisals become a means of exerting pressure by involving individuals who are innocent in most cases. Article 358 of

the American manual likewise declares the shooting of hostages to be permissible and to be a measure necessary to preserve the safety of troops." [This retranslation from Veale's book corresponds more or less to passages on page 344 of the edition published by the Institute for Historical Review in 1979, but no mention is made of the American manual there.]

The Western Allies acted accordingly even after the Second World War. On 11 February 1957 the village of Danuba in the British protectorate of Aden was completely destroyed by English bombers because its inhabitants refused to hand over residents of the village who were responsible for an ambush of a patrol. During the Algerian war of independence the French air force boasted of having leveled 44 Arabian villages. The French did not even stop at villages in neighboring countries. The Tunesian village of Sakiet-Sidi-Yussef was destroyed because Algerians who had made attacks in Algeria had allegedly found refuge there. The victims numbered 75 dead, 30 severely injured and more than 170 slightly injured.

Whilst in the case of the punitive expedition against Lidice only the men were killed, women and children were also involved in the aforementioned instances. On 9 April 1948 the Israelis slew the entire population of the Palestinian village of Deir Yassin, 250 men, women, and children, and threw their bodies into wells in order to contaminate them. On 13 October 1948, according to the report of the head of the United Nations armistice commission, the Danish general Bennike, the entire population of the Syrian village of Kibya, men, women, and children were slain by regular Israeli troops. Some of the inhabitants were shot in the village and some of them driven into their houses, which were then blown up with those in them.

We could cite further examples. We do not wish to. We cite these examples simply because we assume that they are not well known and because we wish to pose the following question: Why does every German pupil know about Lidice today and why not about Danuba, Sakiet-Sidi-Yussef, Deir Yassin, or Kibya? The objective which is supposed to be attained is clear: Collective shame, as was already urged on us by Federal President [1949-1959] Heuss. And to what does this collective shame lead? To turning one's back on one's own nation, to willingness for penitence and expiation, to voluntary payments, to renunciation of one's own fatherland and turning to such ideologies as Marxism that are uncharacteristic of one's own nation [volksfremd]. *For that reason, we cannot be indifferent about the lies that are being told about our past!* And if we do not defend ourselves against the lies, we

need not be astonished when the campaign of lies that is being carried on against us is so successful. But if it is successful, we cannot expect any sympathy in the world for our political concerns and we shall be lacking in allies. One of our readers has written us that we should be less concerned about lies about the past and more about lies concerning the present. We can remain silent only when the lies about our past are no longer spread by our enemies. Otherwise our silence will be interpreted as a confession of guilt.

If others cease to lie, then we shall no longer have to set any part of the record straight.

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Television Series Review

TWIST OF FATE

On the evenings of the 8th and 9th of January 1989 the National Broadcasting Corporation (NBC) broadcast a so-called mini-series which must be considered one of the silliest and least probable of all the television films having to do with Jews in Europe during the Second World War.

Let us first consider a brief outline of the plot of this series. A colonel in the SS attends a meeting in which officers discuss what to do after the impending defeat of the Third Reich. The colonel is involved in a plot to kill Hitler. The setting is Treblinka, a concentration camp with, of course, a huge smokestack and the usual arriving train. Naturally, there are also film sequences of piles of dolls and clothing taken from the internees. The colonel, Helmut von Schraeder (*sic*) is playing his flute on the evening of 20 July 1944 when his telephone rings and he is told that the plot to kill Hitler has failed. Now the colonel decides to escape the wrath of the Allies by having his nose altered to make him look like a Jew and to join the Jewish internees after his simulated death by typhus. As the Jewish internee Ben Grossmann, he is transferred to Belsen, where he works under terrible conditions in a foundry. After some time von Schraeder, now Ben Grossmann, is freed by bagpipe-playing Scottish troops. Grossmann makes his way through Italy with a number of Jews on their way to Palestine, where they are opposed by British forces after they land from their dilapidated fishing boat. Grossmann has met an attractive Jewess who has persuaded him to go to Palestine. There he joins a kibbutz and takes part in its defense. In far-off Buenos Aires, a well-

dressed Dr. Schlossberg, the plastic surgeon who altered von Schraeder's nose, notices a picture of von Schraeder in a local newspaper.

On the second evening of the series, Grossmann is assigned to go to Switzerland in order to purchase arms for Israel. He had wanted to go to Switzerland after the war and is now inclined to stay there but his sweetheart, the attractive Jewess Deborah, telephones him that she is pregnant, after which Grossmann returns and marries Deborah in a very Jewish ceremony.

Now the action resumes 25 years later, presumably around 1973. Grossman, who has become a general in the armed forces of Israel, is talking to his son, Daniel, who wants to go to Munich to do archival research in order to make a motion picture about "war criminals." Grossmann departs for Buenos Aires on some sort of mission, while his son goes to Munich to work in a Jewish archival center there. The son meets a young Jewess in Munich with whom he starts a love affair. In the course of his research he comes across a file on Helmut von Schraeder. Daniel gradually recognizes that von Schraeder, who is, naturally, regarded as a war criminal, is his father. Now Grossmann is kidnapped in Buenos Aires by agents of ODESSA who blackmail him into making a promise to obtain uranium to make atomic bombs from stockpiles in Israel. One of the agents is none other than Dr. Schlossberg. (Although never correctly explained in the film, ODESSA is an abbreviation of Organisation der ehemaligen SS-Angehörigen = Organization of Former SS Members.) Now the general returns to his beautiful home in Israel to find that his son has returned with the young Jewess he met in the archives. She aspires to work in Yad Vashem. Mossad, Israeli intelligence, now learns of the general's true identity and there follows the almost obligatory automobile chase of the general's car by his son, who wants to shoot him but is dissuaded from doing so by a Mossad agent. The general manages to get onto a motor boat on which the ODESSA agents are waiting for the uranium. Just after the boat leaves the shore it is blown sky-high by the bombs (rather than uranium) that the general has taken into the boat. He is finally recognized as an SS colonel who was transformed into an Israeli patriot. It is all very touching!

So much for the plot. Hardly a sequence takes place in this film series which does not contain an improbability from an historical point of view. The basic turning point of the film, the alteration of Helmut von Schraeder's facial features to make him look like a Jew, so that he could lose his identity amongst the Jewish internees, is in contradiction to the Extermination Thesis, another basic tenet of the film. Obviously, if the interned Jews were all marked for death, von Schraeder would

hardly have been inclined to share their fate. He would have had a far better chance of escaping Allied injustice in some other way. And have we not always heard that Jews are simply a religious group, not a physically distinguishable race?

The film plot follows various formulas often found in films intended for the entertainment of adolescents. There is the bedroom scene in which the hero and heroine indulge in sexual delights and the automobile chase toward the end of the film to stir up lagging adrenaline and to overcome ennui.

Although Colonel von Schraeder was a member of the SS, he was involved in the plot to overthrow Hitler's government and to kill Hitler. Of the 70 military officers listed by General Otto Ernst Remer in his book, *Verschwörung und Verrat um Hitler* (pp. 320-324; reviewed in *Bulletin 11*), who were executed, shot or committed suicide in connection with the revolt on 20 July 1944, not a single one was a member of the SS, thus another historical anomaly in the film. Still another anomaly in this connection is the improbability that SS officers would meet in a large group to make plans about what they were to do after a defeat of Germany as early as July 1944, when the outlook for Germany was grim but by no means hopeless, since it was widely assumed that Western Allied forces might even continue their advance to the east against the USSR to keep Soviet forces out of Europe, erroneous as this assumption proved to be. The historical reality is that defeatism was very severely punished in the later stages of the war. Such a meeting of large numbers of SS officers would have been quite impossible, one of the historical circumstances that was flagrantly disregarded by the makers of the film.

As in the case of *The Winds of War* and *War and Remembrance* (reviewed in the *Liberty Bell* of May 1983 and *Bulletin 32*) dates and places are occasionally flashed on at the beginning of sequences in order to give the impression to viewers that the film represents some sort of historical reality.

The chief "moral teaching" of the film would seem to be that even a German who had been dedicated to the survival of his country can be morally redeemed if he comes to devote his life to the service of Jews and the objectives of Zionism.

The number of hours which television networks have been devoting to the "Holocaust" material in a desperate effort to lend credence to the Extermination Thesis seems to be on the increase lately, coinciding with increasing awareness of the genocidal actions of the Jewish state in Palestine and the rising doubts about the Extermination Thesis and its objectives amongst ever wider circles of the American public. □

THE EVOLUTION OF SAMMY GLICK

by
Nicholas Carter

History of Religion texts, and other works that delineate the basic tenets of Judaism, are virtually all alike in one very significant respect: they are monuments of disinformation that both overemphasize and exaggerate the impact of the Jewish perspective on Western culture.

More in the tradition of preachers than teachers, the authors tell us that (1) Western civilization adopted the Jewish "angle of vision" on the deepest questions life poses; (2) the Jews were lifted from obscurity to religious greatness because of their "passion for meaning;" (3) the moral heritage of the West "originated" in the primitive Palestinian settlements of the Israelites, and "descended" to us through their sacred writings; (4) the prophets of Judaism were a "reforming political force" which has never been surpassed in subsequent world history; (5) the Jews have contributed to civilization "out of all proportion" to their numbers; and on and on, *ad nauseum*.

Most damaging of all to Western civilization and culture is the fact that so many young Gentiles are totally at the mercy of this single-sided coin; and either forgotten, or deliberately avoided during these ecstatic literary peregrinations, is the fact that there *is* another side to this coin—and the two sides are *mutually exclusive*.

In the beginning, the *Habiru*, meaning "people from beyond the river," were among the most primitive of desert peoples—predatory nomads who existed on goat meat and camel milk, and who were ferocious, warlike, and merciless like many of the tribes who were confined to the harsh and barren "wilderness." There is some historical speculation to the effect that members of their community once fought with the hated Hyksos who brought so much damage and misery to Egypt.

Biblical records tell us that the Habiru were held in captivity in Egypt for 215 years, according to the Septuagint, or 430 years, according to what is now called the Hebrew text. We are also told that there was an Exodus of the Habiru from Egypt sometime within either the 14th or 15th centuries B.C. For a long time it was generally believed in the West that the first few books of the Bible, and in particular *Joshua*, would provide a guide to the region's early history that archeology would confirm. But no longer. Most archaeologists are now convinced

that those portions of the Bible leave much to be desired within the realm of inerrancy. Apparently archeology no longer needs to support its rationale for existence by being the stepchild of people who desperately want reality to conform to their emotional conclusions.

To date, an enormous amount of large-scale archaeological excavations have taken place throughout the area known today as Israel. As well as examining specific Old Testament-cited locations, the scientists excavated between 600 and 700 settlements not mentioned in the Bible. The results: there is no evidence showing that large numbers of people moved across the Sinai desert during the Exodus period. Before entering the land of Canaan, as the Bible specifies, the Habiru gathered at Kadesh. Excavations in that area, however, didn't turn up a single artifact that could be dated prior to the 10th century. And the biblical claims that the Habiru built cities for the Egyptians are also false, since archaeological evidence indicates that those cities never existed during the period of 1275 to 1300 B.C.

What of Joshua, who led the great war of conquest against the enemies of the Habiru, and brought down the walls of Jericho? Once again, there are flies in the biblical ointment. Excavations prove that there was no city there at the time, nor was there one at Ai, which the Bible says was leveled by Joshua. The best educated guess regarding the exploits of Moses and Joshua must embrace the theory that they are theological scenarios designed to magnify the relationship that supposedly existed between Yahweh and the "Men of Yahweh." The achievement of leading the Habiru out of a hostile environment, along with the parting of the *Yam Suph* ("Reed Sea" or "Sea of Weeds"), were added to the Moses story by his biographers to contribute to his image as a *Servant* of Yahweh who could summon up great miracles from the Semitic god. A similar theological scenario was fabricated by the biographers of Joshua who wanted to portray him as one of the world's great conquerors.

From whence did the Habiru come, if not from Egypt? The word Hallelujah, which meant literally "Praise Yah," offers a tantalizing clue. *Yah* was the name of the Kenite tribal god adopted by the Habiru. The Kenites were a branch of the larger Semitic nation of the Midianites who dwelled principally in the desert north of the peninsula of Arabia. Southwards, Midian extended along the eastern shore of the Gulf of Eyleh; and northwards it extended along the *eastern frontier of Palestine*. Within that vast arena the Habiru probably lived and roamed for centuries. Logically, they emerged from this "wilderness" beyond the Jordan—the one river of Palestine that runs a course of little more

than 200 miles from the eastern mountain range of Lebanon, known to ancient geographers as "Anti-Libanus," to the head of the Dead Sea.

Becoming known among themselves as Israelites (to foreigners they were Hebrews), the Habiru came as strangers to an inhabited land. The lack of any specifically Jewish artifacts in the villages generally accepted as early Israelite leads to another logical conclusion: not until sometime during the 12th century B.C. did they settle in what they knew as "the land of Canaan"—as opposed to "the land of Gilead" in the east—a long and broad strip of maritime plain west of the Jordan. They called the area *Palesheth*. Jerusalem, the city they occupied just west of the Jordan and Dead Sea, was known in 19th century Egypt as *Urushalimma* (meaning "foundation of Shalem"); and *Salem*, or *Shalem*, was the same Semitic god whose name appears in Shalmaneser, the Assyrian king.

The Philistines, who were of Hellenic descent, had settled on the plain along the southern coast of the area. Lying next to the sea and being also the high road from Egypt to Phoenicia and the richer regions north of it, the Philistine plain was known to the Western world as *Syria Palaestina*, or Philistine Syria. *Palesheth* translates as Philistia; and the name Palestine is derived from Philistia. Eventually, the area was gradually extended by western geographers to the country farther inland; and near the beginning of the Christian era, Palestine became the established name for the country—both east and west of the Jordan—a tiny landbridge about the size of New Jersey connecting southern Europe and Asia with northern Africa. The name frequently used throughout the Middle Ages and down to our own time by Christians is *Terra Sancta*—the Holy Land.

The developing language of the Israelites was mostly composed of Accadian, Aramaean, to which the Chaldee and Syriac dialects belong, and Canaanite, along with some Egyptian loan-words. There were two genders and very few adverbs in the small vocabulary. Symbol and metaphor were used to express abstract terms: soul was the breath, being was the bones, descendants the seed, vigor the horn, compassion the bowels, and so on. King of Kings, song of songs, holy of holies, etc., was their way of expressing the superlative degree. Eating dust, a common expression, was a refinement of eating dung. Bethlehem meant house of bread. Rock was a common word for deity.

The Israelites fought in the land of Canaan until triumphant under Saul and David around 1000 B.C., and that enabled them to gain dominion over a large part of the area and establish two kingdoms: Isra-el (ruled by God) located in Samaria in the north, and Judah in

the south. Nearly 500 chaotic years followed during which the Syrians sacked Samaria and demolished the northern kingdom; and the Babylonians invaded Jerusalem twice, totally destroying the city and kidnapping the survivors—a Captivity that lasted until the Persians under Cyrus conquered Babylon. By 520 B.C., the Jewish captives had returned to Jerusalem and its environs as Persian subjects where they began to build the temple. By 516 it was completed and the empire reorganized. By that time, the Habiru/Israelite/Judeans had begun to leave significant tracks in the records of history.

The constituent elements of the developing religion of the Jews were nearly all drawn solely from the ideas and beliefs common to the Semitic desert peoples, as well as the imposing civilizations around them: Assyria and Babylon to the east, Egypt to the South, and Phoenicia and Syria to the north. Far back in their history, they had been worshipers of more than one god. Terah is Yerah, the moon; Moses is Ma-shu, the sun; and Sinai comes from the moon-god, Sin. Eventually, another people—probably the Egyptians—inspired them to embrace the concept of monotheism. Many ethical parallels between the Old Testament and earlier Egyptian writings are evident. Specifically, Psalm 104 is a redaction of a hymn to Aton, the God of the monotheistic Egyptians. For these reasons it is safe to assume that some, perhaps many, of the Habiru were sojourners in the land of Egypt. And it's likely that the return of a goodly number of them prior to the actual exodus from Midian to Palestine, inspired the biographers of Moses to fabricate the miraculous Exodus from Egypt.

The Habiru probably quarreled with the Midianites on occasion; but, for reasons that should by now be obvious, we can safely discount the exaggerated Old Testament victories supposedly achieved over the Midianites during the wars of Gideon and Moses.

The only commandments the Habiru brought with them from the wilderness were simple taboos typical of those held by any primitive people, such as the one dealing with the sacrifices of the firstborn to the gods. The more sophisticated commandments later adopted by both Jews and Christians were culled from Egyptian sacred law and the Code of Hammurabi—both in existence long before the time of Moses. Nothing of the so-called Mosaic legislation can be attributed to the biblical Moses, whose historical existence has never been verified. In building his image, his biographers drew upon so many sources, it is quite impossible to determine what he ever did or thought, if he was a historical personage.

Although all of the moral and ethical ideas in Judaism have

analogies in the faiths of Egyptians, Babylonians, and others, there are at least three innovative concepts that are peculiarly Jewish: the lack of a divine mother; the concept of "sin;" and the conviction that the one god of the universe belonged to them.

All of the ancient theologies of the Hellenistic Orient were based on the maternal deity. The divine mother of the Babylonians was Ishtar; of the Egyptians, Isis; of the Phrygians, Cybele; of the Greeks, Aphrodite; of the Romans, Venus, to name but a few. The composite figure was the Great Mother who bestowed fertility and mothered all the other gods. Perhaps the Israelites had a divine mother long ago; but everything about their religion indicates the *lack* of a female deity—a Baalah, or "Great Mother." If, indeed, they *never* had a divine mother, this would be one of the amazing riddles of history.

The acceptance of monotheism within the motherless religion of a people who lived in the harsh conditions of a barren desert, paved the way for the creation of an intensely essential, wifeless, womanless, childless Father-God, before whom no goddess could ever prevail...a total patriarchy in which the son was exalted, and the daughter ignored. . . a religious structure in which an entrenched orthodox minority could exercise an exclusive authority over all areas of life and religious practice for an entire people. . . an inflexible faith in which the prophets—"lean-looking" and angry—demanded with clenched fists and enraged voices, total obedience to Yahweh and a total observance of the inviolate Law of Yahweh.

Hence "sin," which simply means "to fall short." Among all other peoples, a sense of guilt, of baseness, of evil, could be found; but not *sin*, as the Jews used the word. Their sins involved falling short in the worship of their God, and in the adherence to the laws of their God. As opposed to the Greeks, for instance, who believed that people were naturally good, pious Jews believed that people were naturally evil because of the prevalence of sin. More and more over the centuries, therefore, the number of sacrificial ceremonies—new moons, passovers, sheaves, Pentecosts, feasts of trumpets and tabernacles, days of atonement, etc., dedicated to making sin-offerings for their transgressions, increased.

It isn't difficult to understand why the Jews became so obsessed with sin. So many mitzvot (duties, or opportunities to serve Yahweh) evolved within their faith, it was virtually impossible for a man, however faithful and dedicated, not to "miss the mark" now and then, since there was nothing that Israel's god had overlooked when he gave the commandments to his people—not only for food and dress, holy

days, birth, marriage, mourning, burial and death, labor, rest and sleep, prayer and thanksgiving; he had also provided rules on giving and lending, debts, slaves, adornment, grief, bathing, suicide, losing and finding—and even on love, wooing and copulation. No wonder an anonymous cynic once commented that the formalistic religious chains the Jews laid upon themselves were far heavier than any chains that could ever be laid upon them by non-Jews.

With the development of monotheism came a unique emphasis in all Jewish sacred writings on Yahweh's creation of a *special* people to serve him, to proclaim his name, and to exhibit knowledge of him: "Thou art an holy people chosen before all other peoples upon the face of the earth." In the beginning, preached the rabbis, the Ancient of Days had offered his wisdom to *all* peoples—to 70 nations—and only Israel had accepted. For that reason, the sons of Israel were the elite among men. Ergo, throughout the history of the Israelites, the prophets, whose political and theological missions were to communicate the divine word of Judgement directly to the king, and to exhort the nation to obey the laws of God, were in the vanguard of the struggle to prevent the mixing of Israel with other peoples. And just as the Israelites did not mix with non-Jews, they did not mix things: neither ox and ass, neither barley and lentil, neither linen and wool. They were proud slaves of the Torah, even to its last letter...proudly dedicated to being a peculiar and a chosen people...proudly contemptuous of all heathen—the wicked sons-for-nothing of the no-gods.

From a Jewish apologist stating that "We are a choosing people, rather than a Chosen People," to an eminent Gentile philosopher's claims to the effect that the Jewish people, rather than having been chosen primarily as recipients of special privilege, were chosen to serve and to suffer the ordeals such service entails, every attempt has been made to whitewash the religious aristocracy of Judaism. Even the rarely-voiced criticism of the Chosen concept has, on occasion, been dismissed as a product of Christian anti-Semitism. But it should be evident to any biblical scholar that these rationalizations have little in common with the many Old Testament salutations to the Chosen concept. The prophet Ezra, for instance, speaking to the Jewish God, says it all:

Thou hast said that for our sakes, Thou hast created this world. But as for the other nations, which are descended from Adam, Thou hast said that they were nothing, and that they are like unto spittle; and Thou hast likened the abundance of them to a drop on a bucket...

Throughout their history, the Habiru/Israelite/Judeans were influenced by the peoples around them: Egyptians, Babylonians,

Canaanites, Philistines, and the various conquerors of Palestine including the Syrians and the Romans. But nothing was ever as stimulating and disturbing to the Jewish nation as the spread of Hellenic civilization over that part of the world by Alexander in the 4th century B.C. As a result of an increasing interest in Greek thinking and taste, young Jews seeking enlightenment began to visit Alexandria and other Hellenic cities. Even worse, when they returned to Israel, it was to mistrust the Jewish God who made light before the sun was made...to ridicule the prophets who were preaching that the badness of men was better than the goodness of women...and to quote famous Greeks like Anaxagoras who believed that god was mind; Epicurus who said there was no supernatural but only the natural; Zeno who said education was the basis of virtue and only ignorance was evil; Miletus who taught that human beings evolved from lower forms of life; Musonius who said the study of philosophy was as essential to women as to men; and even Diogenes who, when he entered a temple, cracked a louse on the altar, saying: "There! I sacrifice to all gods at once."

Jews who were impressed with Greek learning, taste, and philosophical speculation came to be known as the *Letzim*, or Hellenists. They rejected the notion that the one god of the universe belonged to the Jews because he had exclusively chosen them to be exalted above all other tongues. The brilliant Greeks whom they admired—among them, Aristotle, Myron, Euripides, Phidias, Polyclethus, Socrates, Aristophanes—all considered themselves to be superior persons; but they never believed that they were a god-appointed people. More than anything else, this remarkable individualism appealed to the *Letzim*; and more and more the conviction grew within their ranks that Greek *democracy* could never find a common ground with Jewish *theocracy*.

On the other hand, the *Hasidim*, or Pious among the Jews, were enraged by the traitorous actions of the newly liberated sons of Israel. Of what value, they scoffed, was the speculation of the sons of the no-gods, when all truth had been given to Israel? Was it not ordained that all men would one day seize the skirt of Israel? And who among the Pious had been able to determine how many heathen souls it would take to equal *one* son of Israel, since the abundance of them could be likened to a drop on a bucket?

The more the orthodox branch of a religion is obsessively opposed to change, the more conflict there will always be with the moderate branch of the faith that desires change. This is the root of the dissension that has raged within Judaism from nearly the beginning—and is

raging in both Israel and America today because of the explosive "Who is a Jew?" issue. The Palestinian collision between the ritualists and the reformers—or, in more symbolic terms, the prophets and the kings—simmered and bubbled and expanded until it exploded into a crisis that forced the orthodox sons of Israel to fight for their Torah and their lives. The *Letzim* had finally concluded that Israel, constipated with a lot of ancient puerilities and conceits, needed the physic of Hellenism; ergo, they made the decision to become the activists who would change the nation from a primitive society of ceremonial-intensive fanatics, into a modern state.

The efforts of the Hellenizing party to assert their supremacy began shortly after Antiochus, known as Epiphanes (the Illustrious), ascended to the throne of Syria, circa 175 B.C. Their plan was to convince Antiochus to accept as high priest a Jew named Menelaus who was known to be corrupt, but who was Hellenized to the degree that he could be trusted. Next they would offer enough in bribes to the Syrian garrison in the Acra, a fortress situated not far from the temple, with its barracks, arsenal, granaries and its own water-system. With the garrison in their control, they would proceed to Hellenize Jerusalem completely, and then, Israel.

But the best laid plans of mice and men often slip through the cracks of history. Enter Mattathias, a priest of the noble blood, and the most important of his five sons, Judas, Jonathan, and Simon. They organized the resistance of orthodox Israel during what came to be called the Maccabean War of Independence. Under the command of the Maccabees (*Maccabi*, originally the surname of Judas Mattathias, can be loosely defined as "a hammer"), the *Hasidim* maintained their cause by fighting with a fury that defeated four successive Syrian armies—thus preserving the orthodox name and faith of Israel. By 164 B.C., the Maccabees had restored the temple-worship at Jerusalem.

Tragically, the war of the Maccabees resulted in the defeat of the reformers by the ritualists—of the kings by the prophets. Because Christianity is rooted in the fanaticism of the prophets rather than in the enlightenment of the kings, it is safe to say the long struggle to keep the rigid ways of the desert traditions for orthodox Israel eventually left an indelible and destructive mark on the institutions, customs and religions of the Western world. To be more specific, when our Gentile ancestors gave up the achievement of thinkers and scientists, of artists, philosophers, poets and statesmen, for the revelations of neurotic, wild-eyed prophets and a gospel of worldly renunciation, the best of the West succumbed to the worst of the East.

Regarding the contributions of the Israelites to the Western world, we are told that the remarkable moral and legal wisdom that supposedly exists in both the Christian and Jewish versions of the Old Testament, was originally transcribed at least 5000 years ago. Of all the absurdities that have ever been fabricated by a people desperate to improve their image throughout the world, this is the most fanciful. For hundreds of years after the Habiru journeyed to Canaan, the so-called biblical books of the Israelites were merely compilations of spoken oracles delivered on special occasions, first handed down orally with all of the changes that would naturally occur during that process, eventually to be written over and over by anonymous authors.

The first great step in the establishment of what the world would someday call a "Hebrew" text occurred around 280 B.C. with the preparation of the Septuagint, or "Version of the 70." Legend has it that King Ptolemy II of Egypt ordered Greek versions of the Old Testament to be written by a number of rabbis, each working separately to produce a full translation in approximately 70 days. The numerous versions would then be compared with the hope that they would all reflect God's miraculous assistance by being exactly alike.

Whatever happened as the result of those ecstatic endeavors isn't known. We do know that some version of the Septuagint turned up around 300 years later when a new messianic movement led by Saul of Tarsus and John the Baptist began using it to support their claims for a new Messiah. Significantly, the Septuagint was written by *Greek-speaking* rabbis, some of whom must have been aware of the vast gulf that existed between Greek democracy and Jewish theocracy. Undoubtedly, the writing of the more enlightened among them reflected attempts to liberalize and humanize, to some degree at least, the Jewish perspective.

The next significant step in the preparation of the Hebrew Bible involved the writing of the Masoretic text (the Masoretes were Jewish scholars after A.D. 70) in the established Jewish language, but in consonants only—probably to prevent the growing number of disciples who were following in the footsteps of the martyred Paul, and who were "whoring" after the same new god, from corrupting more of their sacred writings. In the meantime, those New Messianists, soon to be called Christians, were conspiring to create their own specialized version of the Old Testament—along with a New Testament which was being prepared for the sole purpose of demonstrating that their new cosmic Messiah was the same as the Old Testament Davidic Messiah. For a long time to follow, both Christians and Jews paralleled each

other in the development of their respective Bibles, with each of them laboring to produce an "inspired" work that would not only spell out the tenets of each faith, but would also reflect the humanistic and legalistic values that were prevalent among the more enlightened peoples of the Hellenistic Orient.

From their predatory desert past, to their furious defense of orthodoxy during the Maccabean war, to present-day Israel where the spiritual heirs of Malachi are using a 14th century manual of religious instructions in secondary schools to explain why non-Jews ought to be the slaves of the Chosen People, Jews in general are revealed as a people strangely obsessed with themselves in a uniquely dichotomous way: first, as a superior people chosen by god; and second, as the possessors of the world's number-one inferiority complex.

Although they have never had a safe and/or well-established land or national home to provide them with a foundation in the obvious, Jews have always been taught from the cradle that they are destined by Yahweh to be the most important persons on earth, if not the actual rulers of the planet. But then they come face to face with the real world in which the only signs of Jewish national greatness can be found in the exaggerated fables of the Old Testament—an experience that is intellectually and emotionally traumatizing. No one knew better than the Letzim of pre-Christian Palestine that little Israel was a cultural wasteland: no art or architecture, no science, no respected philosophical speculation, nothing of a civilized nature.

What then did the Israelites actually have to offer the West? Vague and uncertain reminiscences, idle speculations, and fantastic exaggerations—but not one single tradition worthy of credence or regard. In addition, there isn't a single great moral or ethical idea in Judaism, or in the aberrant system that it spawned, that did not originate with Egyptians, Babylonians, Greeks, Romans, or Hindus. In other words, everything that could be called humane, enlightened or civilized had to be begged, borrowed or stolen from their neighbors.

Out of the seething personal superiority/inferiority conflict have come the Sammy Glicks of the world, the intellectual legatees of the prophet Micah ("The Law shall go forth from Zion...to pull down, and to destroy..."), traumatized by a lack of ego-identification. Not all Jews are Sammy Glicks. In any society, however, in which Jews are numerous enough to make an impact on the culture, Sammy always exists *out of proportion* to the actual number of Jews as a whole. Desperate to be wealthy and/or famous—not just as Sammy the individual, but as Sammy the JEW—he always overcompensates in

everything he does in his struggle for identification and recognition. It is for this very reason that Jewish historians like Artapanus, Philo, and many others have tried to prove that all the knowledge and institutions of the Egyptians had been taken from Israel; that Abraham had instructed the Pharaohs; that Joseph taught them better forms of cultivation; that all of the grand discoveries of the Greeks had been made by Israelites a thousand years before; that Moses with his ten commandments marked out the entire history of the Western world; and that the tiny fraction of humanity known as Jewry gave the world the concept of monotheism, the eradication of idol worship, and abhorrence of human sacrifice.

For just as long as our young people (white Gentiles) are indoctrinated with the notion that the Jews were ordained by fate to be "the most essential instruments for civilizing the world," we will continue to accept the myth that the moral heritage of the West originated with a primitive tribe of desert nomads in Palestine.

Meanwhile, back at the Palestinian ranch, Pompey, pushing the frontiers of Rome eastward, captured the country in 63 B.C. As the pressure of the Graeco-Roman life increased, Judaism grew sterner and more exclusive—more and more a rigid, aristocratic theocracy—as the scribes increased the number of cases in which any intercourse with a Gentile would defile a Jew. Hand in hand with these developments came more and more rebellious activity against Gentiles in general, and Rome in particular.

By A.D. 67, a major rebellion had broken out in Galilee because *seventeen* talents were missing from the treasury of the temple. Nero was in power then, so he sent Vespasian to put an end to that nonsense. The Roman general found that the city of Jerusalem had become a regular battlefield with three different factions of Jews—each determined to be the most Jewish—fighting for control of the temple; so he isolated the city and left the inhabitants to starve while he subjugated the surrounding countryside. Within three years Nero died and Vespasian, who ascended to the throne, delegated Titus to finish the job he had started.

After a lengthy siege and a great slaughter, the armies of Titus conquered Jerusalem, literally smashing and burning the city to the ground. The surviving Israelites were forced to leave, with nothing remaining for them but the Law and no temple in which a scattered people could make sacrifice and worship their "Man of War," Yahweh.

It was a long time before the Jews (many of them non-Semitic

eastern Europeans who had converted to Judaism) made a triumphant but bloody "return" to Palestine. During the conflict involving the establishment of a national homeland for the Israelis, 900,000 Palestinians (approximately 80 percent of the indigenous population) were dispossessed and scattered to all points of the compass within the Arab world. Here, from a publication of the Israeli League for Human and Civil Rights in Jerusalem, are a few statistics describing the *modus operandi* of some of those *essential instruments for civilizing the world* with chilling precision:

The plan to make Arab Palestine into a Jewish state has involved the total destruction of 385 Arab villages leaving only 90 of the original 475 villages. In the district of Bethlehem, for example, all 23 Arab villages were destroyed, leaving only Jaffa City. All 31 villages in Ramleh district have been destroyed since 1948. Former Defense Minister Moshe Dyan has acknowledged that "There is not a single Jewish village in this country that has not been built on the site of an Arab village. □

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**THOSE WHO WILL NOT READ
HAVE NO ADVANTAGE OVER
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Letters to the Editor

Please let me take this opportunity to thank you for the courteous and prompt service which you have given me in the past several months that I have been dealing with you and reading your excellent publications...

You have no idea how challenging and informative your various material has been to me; I've spent the last seven years mixed up in various "Christian" denominations, doctrines, and organizations, trying to find that elusive Truth that we all seek. But it took men like Dr. Oliver and others to show me how mislead I've been in trying to find that Truth in writings of men who have been nothing but pathological liars ever since they arrived on the world scene. How thrilling it's been to read about the really great Aryan men who carved civilization out of a once-disorganized world; and they didn't have to invent a god to threaten them into adopting a code of morality. Their morality came from their very bones themselves; they were proud to lie, cheat, or steal from each other. Now if only this proud race of ours can find the courage to throw off the parasites who seek to destroy us. Perhaps these parasites will first realize that they won't last long at all without us. Things look very bleak these days, but there is always hope.

Sincerely, J.K., PA

* * * * *

The Skinheads have two things going for them. They are strong and they are courageous. An error of the Skins is their adoption of negro music as the expression of their culture.

Culturally, America is an off-shoot of Western Europe. Our musical heritage is Classical and Romance music of the eighteenth and nineteenth century Europe and its related forms. This culture period ended in 1900. We are now living in a time of advanced cultural decline.

Since 1900 our cultural heritage has been largely supplanted by a giant entertainment industry that is predominantly Jewish and negro. Today, young Whites are doing modified negro tribal dancing to the ear-splitting din of voodoo cannibal music. Calling it rock or disco only faintly disguises its true identity.

Social dancing for us should be folk dancing of which square dancing is an example. Our music should not have negro rhythms. A new militant music for our cause is needed. A suggested rhythm would be that used by marching bands.

Cleaning our stables of the enormous cultural pollution that has been dumped upon us will be a Herculean task, but it should be looked upon as a necessary effort as part of our survival.

Yours truly, J.M., Washington

* * * * *

Enclosed \$35 for my subscription renewal. Yours is a publication that really is worth the money!

I have a bit of good news on the AIDS front. I spoke to a worker in the morgue for the township of Hempstead. He revealed that they are getting 12-15 AIDS bodies per week there. This was the rate for 1988. Now Hempstead has about 1/4 the population of Nassau County, so the total deaths must be about four times that for the county or sixty per week. This figure is only approximate. Hempstead is blacker than the rest of the county. However, not all AIDS bodies pass through the public morgue either. Thus, sixty dead per week is a good figure. For a year, this comes to 3,100 deaths among some 3,000,000 residents of the county. This figure must be compared to the official figure of 386 AIDS patients, living and dead, given out by the government as of August 1988! Deaths alone are ten times the total cases acknowledged by the government. This accords well with the figure of fifteen cases of ARC for every case of AIDS which the *Wall Street Journal* revealed several years ago.

For Nassau County the AIDS death rate was thus 1 per 1,000 last year. If applied to the whole nation, this would make 240,000 deaths per year, but I doubt this. Nassau is close to New York, one of the prime centers of AIDS infection and also has more blacks, spics, and Jews than the average for the nation. For these reasons, I estimate that the national rate is about one third of the Nassau rate. That means there were about 80,000 AIDS deaths last year in the U.S. So far this is still being hidden but not for much longer. The scale of the disease is soon going to start distorting insurance mortality tables and other statistics.

I saw three obituaries of AIDS victims in the paper today out of 11 deaths listed so that is another indication of how things are going. My favorite AIDS story of the year was the account of all-nigger Belle Glade where 2,500 out of 30,000 inhabitants have the disease.

The problem of what is holding up the long-planned Middle East war has now been solved. It is the Arabs' poison gas capability combined with their missile force. If the Jews attack the Arabs again, the Arabs will saturate their four jet airfields with missiles and gas thus knocking out the Jews' murder air force. If the Jews use their neutron bombs, the Arabs will strike back with nerve gas at the single Jew metropolitan area. This threat is what has delayed the war until now.

The Jews' answer seem to be to get the U.S. to attack the Arabs for them but this requires manufactured incidents and the permission of the USSR. Many indications lately show that they are making progress toward their goal of a U.S.-Arab war for Israel. The real force driving this crisis is the financial crash which is now, finally, upon us and made worse by all the delay. The war is needed to blame the crash on.

Yours truly, R.S., New York State

* * * * *

Washington, Jefferson, Franklin, and the host of European settlers who came to America and founded an association of individuals for common ends stood the nation well—until! Until the British-American, French, Spanish, Black African chieftains, Arab-Jewish slave trade and its results overtook and smashed the Europeans' prospects for a magnificent New World Order, In retrospect, it is obvious that trouble lay ahead when the first African and, as Ben Franklin warned, the first Jew set foot amongst the Europeans on the American shores. It is interesting to note that all of the American negroes possess British-American surnames with the exception of a smaller number of Spanish and French. We are not aware of negroes with Polish or German names. These folks did not engage in slavery, but preferred to do their own tasks and labor themselves. In the town of Comfort, Texas, is a monument to a large number of German-Americans who were murdered because they would not support the importation of Africans. And indeed before the mad policies of the Democrats instigated America into European affairs in the 1940s, the German leader was asked his thoughts on the United States: "We do not want war with America," he explained, "the United States is a Jewish-Negro society—let it stew in its own juice." And it is stewing!! We had always believed when America ruined Germany they would ruin themselves. Until Anglo-Americans extricate themselves from the vicious, uncivilized smear, hatred, and libel directed at everything German by the Jews, the United States, like Britain, will descend into a backwater.

Germany, the heart and soul of Western Civilization, fought bravely against the Bolsheviks, and the West, for the sake of the future, should have been allied with them.

And what do we now see in America? Streets deserted of pedestrians. We only have a government of sorts when people are afraid to walk in the streets at night!

J.B., Texas

TRIAL BY JEWRY



THE GREAT HOLOCAUST TRIALS IN TORONTO 1983 - 1988

by David McCalden

TRIAL BY JEWRY
The Great Holocaust Trials
in Toronto 1983 - 1988
by David McCalden
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CHAPTER SIX

Holocaust Lore Recycled From Bible

Much of Holocaust lore is of course a direct lift from earlier accounts of Jewish sufferings. Since history began, Jews have been regaling us—and each other—with continuous narratives of their suffering and persecution. Today it is alleged to be “the Arabs” who seek to “drive the Jews into the sea.” Before that, it was the German Nazis who sought to exterminate them in “gas/steam/electrocution chambers.” Before that it was the anti-Semitic Czars of Russia, and their brutal Cossack soldiers, who liked nothing better than to skewer innocent Jewish babes on the ends of their lances. Before the Cossacks, it was the Spanish Inquisition. Before that, it was the Roman Nazis, who rolled up Jewish seminary students in their Torah scrolls, and set fire to them. Then there were the Greek Nazis, and before them the Persian Nazis, and before them the Babylonian Nazis. . . and on and on.

Jews, it seems, are always in the middle of a Holocaust; just recovering from a Holocaust; or bracing themselves for the next Holocaust. Despite their constant trumpeting about “equality” and “humanity” their world is not composed of human beings, but of Jews and non-Jews; of Semites and anti-Semites.

As the brilliant Dr. Howard F. Stein pointed out (*Journal of Psychohistory*, Fall 1978) “the Jewish script is the same as it has been for millennia: trials, endless judgements, judges, painful punishments, death and execution. . .” I explored some of these conundrums in my book *Exiles From History* (Truth Missions, 1982) which is now regrettably out of print.

In Chapter Five we noted that many of the images of the more modern anti-Jewish “Holocausts” (Arab/German/Russian/Spanish/etc.) appear to be simply recycled from the earlier “Holocausts” (Roman/Persian/Babylonian/Egyptian/etc.) described in the *Holy Bible* and its commentary, the *Babylonian Talmud*.

Although we have aerial photographs (*The Holocaust Revisited*, CIA, 1979) and ground level photographs (*The Auschwitz Album*, Random House, 1981) which show no chimneys “belching forth flames and smoke,” still Holocaust survivors insist that they did. It may be that such survivors are drawing on the well of imagery in the Old Testament, where God is frequently characterized as having flames and smoke belching forth from his nostrils, eyes, and mouth. (See: *Deuteronomy* 4:23; *Deuteronomy* 29:20; *Nahum* 1:6; and *II Samuel* 22:9.) The Jewish image

of "God" is probably best represented by the statue of "Yogurt" in the Mel Brooks' spoof movie *Spaceballs*.

Likewise, when Holocaust survivors testify that they witnessed Jews being thrown/pushed/lured/driven into a chamber/oven/pit, filled with flames/gas/smoke, we are immediately reminded of the Biblical tale related in *Daniel* 4:26, when King Nebuchadnezzar threw three of his disobedient Jewish advisors into a "gas-oven" (preheated to regulo 7) which they miraculously survived, because the Messiah magically appeared among the flames to protect them. As with so many other Biblical and post-Biblical fairy-tales, the dim-witted King was thereby forced to admit that yes, Jews are smarter and more blessed after all, and so he gratefully turned over his administration to them. Even today, Jews around the world annually celebrate one such Biblical *coup d'état* in the festival of Purim, when they gleefully chant "Blessed be Mordechai and all Jews; Cursed be Haman and all Gentiles." We are unaware of any "race hate" prosecutions in Canada or any place else, as a result.

Numerous Holocaust survivors are obsessed by images of torment and torture; most of which appear to be drawn not from reality, but from the Old Testament. Holocaust lore insists that the Nazis would bash babies' heads against the gas-chamber walls; just as related in *Psalms* 137:9. "Happy shall he be that taketh and dasheth thy little ones against the stones." When pregnant Jewish women are sliced open by Nazi bayonets, or if they burst open in Nazi gas-ovens, we immediately recall the Old Testament's repeated accounts (*Amos* 1:13 and *Kings* 15:16) where they suffered the same torment. When survivors relate how the Nazis would hang a dozen Jews from one rope, one not only is impressed as to the Germans' knotting expertise (maybe they were all high-ranking Boy Scouts?) one is also reminded of the natty ten-storey gallows whereby the wicked Nazi Haman was despatched, followed by his ten sons, and 75,000 other "Jew-haters," according to *Esther* 9:14.

When survivors like Kitty Hart tell us that they used the same bowl for washing, eating, urinating and defecating, we recall the passage in *Ezekiel* 4:12 where God advocated that the Jews should eat barley cakes made from human dung. (However, three verses later, the fickle Yahweh changes the recipe to cow dung.)

The slaying and decapitating of babies is a common theme in both Holocaust and Biblical lore. We already mentioned the bashing of babies' heads against the wall. God had other treats in store for his creations: in *Exodus* 12:29 he killed every first-born Egyptian baby as punishment for their families' irreverence. In *Isaiah* 13:18 babies are to be skewered on swords. In *II Kings* 10:7, God ordered the murder of 70

Jewish children, and their decapitated heads placed in baskets at every city gate.

Plagues, infestation, and being eaten, are common themes also. *II Kings* 10:10 relates how God ordered Jezebel to be eaten by dogs. Mothers are ordered to eat their own babies in various passages, such as *Leviticus* 26:29, *Deuteronomy* 28:63, *Jeremiah* 19:9, *Lamentations* 2:20, and *Ezekiel* 5:10. In other Biblical passages, such as *II Kings* 6:29 and *Lamentations* 4:10, God's recipe requires that the children be at least parboiled (perhaps in Treblinka-like "steam chambers"?) before being eaten.

God frequently orders plagues and bizarre punishments for non-conformists. In *Malachi* 2:3 he threatens to spread dung on people's faces. In *Exodus* 7 God turns water into blood, thus polluting every river. Then he imposed plagues of frogs, mosquitoes, flies, hoof-and-mouth disease, boils, hail, locusts, and darkness, in that order. Finally, as a tenth plague, he kills off all the youngest babies. The author of *Exodus* forgot to mention one further plague, because in later passages we learn that God was also unkind enough to inflict hemorrhoids against the Egyptians (*Deuteronomy* 28:27), and also against those other anti-Semites, the Philistines (*I Samuel* 5:9). Apparently, the Philistines were so impressed with God's omnipotence in this regard that they immediately crafted five golden hemorrhoids—as well as five golden mice (another God-given plague)—which they deposited in the Ark they had stolen from the Israelites, and were promptly returning to its rightful owners. Ordinary folk would be somewhat less than impressed to have their holy artifacts returned from infidels with models of rodents and anal sores installed therein. But such is the Judaic mentality that apparently the ancient Israelites and their God Yahweh were so flattered by the Philistines' tribute to their magical powers, that such unpleasant afflictions were never again visited upon them; at least not according to the scriptures.

Recommended Reading

For further reading on these references, I can recommend *The X-Rated Book: Sex & Obscenity in the Bible* by J. Ashley Burke (self-published; 10502 Telephone Road, Houston, TX 77075.) Although the Biblical quotations are all accurate, care must be taken with the citations; some of the digits are transposed, due to typographical error.

Deceptions & Myths of the Bible by Lloyd M. Graham (Bell Publishing, New York, 1979) is quite good in drawing attention to the pagan origins of Old Testament mythology; including a favorable reference to

swastikas on p. 254. However, the author laces his commentary with a heavy dose of pro-pagan propaganda, and he accords great praise to almost any "New Ager"—including Madame Blavatsky [!]—who dares to reject Judaeo-Christian "truth" in favor of its pre-Christian mythological antecedents.

The Late Great Book: The Bible by Nicholas Carter (Truth Missions, 1985) is a Biblical commentary—a kind of Gentile *Talmud*—drawing attention to many of the internal- and historical-contradictions contained in the so-called "scriptures." Carter, a former Los Angeles newscaster, and now a regular contributor to the *Liberty Bell*, writes in an irreverent, satirical literary style—so obviously his book is highly recommended by this author/publisher.

But probably the most scholarly debunking of Biblical historicity is that written by a Jew: *Isaac Asimov's Guide to the Bible*; originally published in two volumes by Doubleday in 1968-69, but reproduced in one hardback, economy volume by Avenel Books in 1981. Asimov is a prolific and popular writer on the themes of science and history. His works range from historical speculation, through biological speculation, to futuristic speculation ("Sci-Fi"). However, he always couches his theorizing in copious notes, caveats, and cross-references. His *Guide to the Bible* is no exception. There are detailed indexes; one of the subjects, and even another of Biblical verses discussed (somewhat redundantly since the book is represented in strict scriptural order). There is also a chronology of dates of interest in Biblical history, since so many events and accounts are historically anachronistic; so much so that much of the Bible reads like an episode of television's *Meeting of the Minds* (hosted by Steve Allen, a religious skeptic, even though his son became an ardent cultist) where historical figures from totally different eras would miraculously come together to discuss their varying philosophies, strategies and difficulties.

Asimov's specialty seems to be the highlighting of Biblical implausibilities, such as the accounts of plagues, battles, conflicts, and careers, which have no corollary support. For example, when "Yahweh" visited the ten (or eleven) plagues upon Egypt, one would have thought that such calamitous events would have featured in the historical accounts of the era written by the Egyptians, or their close neighbors. But there is nothing.

Likewise, the Biblical account of Esther's influence over her Persian husband, King Ahasuerus, seems to be drawn from pagan Babylonian legend. Asimov points out that although there is some evidence that "Ahasuerus" might in fact be the real Persian king Xerxes

I (a claim accepted by the Lutheran scholars of *Christian News*) unfortunately there is no independent evidence that the other characters of the book of *Esther* ever existed.

Asimov argues persuasively that in fact the other characters did not really exist at all, and were merely recycled versions of Babylonian (i.e. pagan) gods and goddesses. According to the Bible, Ahasuerus (Xerxes?) dumped his first wife, Vashti, in favor of the Jewess Esther. Esther then used her sexual prowess and influence over the king to persuade him to stop his prime minister, Haman, from inaugurating a pogrom against Persia's Jewish population. After Ahasuerus was "converted" by the new Mrs. Ahasuerus to being a Righteous Gentile, instead of the Jews decorating the gallows, it was Haman & Co. who received their come-uppance. Allegedly, the king then replaced his "anti-Semitic" prime minister Haman with Esther's uncle Mordechai; just as Haman's niece Vashti had herself been replaced by Esther.

Anachronisms At Work

The only trouble is that none of these names come up in any contemporary accounts. As Asimov points out, if we explore a little further, we find that "Vashti" was in fact a pre-Babylonian goddess from the Elamite era; and their main god was "Haman."

After the Babylonians replaced the Elamites, the Babylonian gods replaced the Elamite gods. "Haman" was replaced by "Marduk"—who sound awfully similar to Mordechai. "Vashti" was replaced by "Ishtar" or "Esther" or "Hadassah" depending on which dialect you prefer.

American Jews continue to recognize the holy significance of these mythical characters. Esther is a very popular Jewish name. One of its synonyms, "Hadassah," has become the name of the American branch of WIZO, the Women's International Zionist Organization. Another synonym, "Ishtar," was amazingly adopted as the title of a recent movie film, starring two neurotic American Jews, Dustin Hoffman and Warren Beatty. (The movie was a box-office flop.)

"Survivors" Influenced

All of these thoughts and more flooded through my mind as I sat listening to a Mermelsteinian character by the name of Arnold Friedman, testifying to his Auschwitzian experiences, at the Preliminary trial of Ernst Zündel in Toronto in June 1984. Friedman's Preliminary testimony was a neurotic monologue of imagery, hearsay, and "fishing yarns." Since Friedman was only 16 at the time he was interned at Auschwitz, he seems to have been highly susceptible to "bogey man

stories" told to him by older inmates, as well as by unkind staffers and "trusties." When workers were being selected for the constellation of factories surrounding Auschwitz, mischievous comrades told him that the selections were actually being made for the "gas chambers." When incoming internees queued up at the Sauna building, he was told that they were lining up to be gassed. When he was placed in a teenagers' compound, and his parents in other compounds, he was told that they had been exterminated. When he saw smoke, he was told to "wave good-bye to the smoke" (p. 210) "because we knew these were our friends." The boys would even play guessing games, trying to figure out the nationality of the gasees' smoke. According to Friedman, skinny Polish Jews produced red smoke, whereas fat Hungarian Jews produced yellow smoke. (See: Prelim. p. 206; pp. 213-214; and especially EZ#1 p. 326.)

Adopting the Asimov approach to such tales, we are once again struck by both the similarity of such "Holocaust" claims to earlier Biblical torments, and also by the absence of any documentary or forensic evidence to support such wild allegations.

All of Friedman's yarns were based on hearsay: his testimony was peppered with qualifiers such as "we were told," or "we all knew" or "it was common knowledge." Not once did he—or the prosecutor—present a single documentary proof, in the form of an order, a plan, a blueprint, a budget, a photograph, an autopsy, or a forensic report, to back up all of this rambling testimony.

Just as the Jewish tales of the Old Testament are largely recycled from ancient Babylonian fables, so too are the Jewish tales of the "Holocaust" recycled from the Old Testament. Where the scriptures place Biblical figures way outside their historical eras, so too the Holocaust legend places demonic figures (Hitler, Himmler, Dr. Mengele) way off their documented itineraries.

According to an interview with Holocaust Expert[®] Raul Hilberg in the *Jerusalem Post* (International Edition) of 28 June 1986, p. 8:

Much of personal [survivor] testimony is unreliable about names, locations or dates. . . What survivors speak about most is their suffering. Samuel Gringauz, himself a survivor, had harsh words for these personal histories. In the January 1950 issue of *Jewish Social Studies* he called them "Judaocentric, logocentric and egocentric." For him, most of the memoirs were full of "preposterous verbosity, exaggeration, dramatic effects, dilettante philosophizing, would-be lyricism, unchecked rumors, bias, and apologies."

Likewise, according to the Wilmington, Delaware, *Evening Journal* of 27 August 1986 p. A10:

A small story appeared in the *Jerusalem Post* [17 August 1986, p. 1], the widely-read English language newspaper, that must have flooded thousands of Jews and their friends. It was to the effect that more than half of the 20,000 testimonials from Holocaust survivors on record in Yad Vashem are "unreliable" and have never been used as evidence in Nazi war crimes trials. . . The *Jerusalem Post* reveals that this comes from Shmuel Krakowski, director of archives in Yad Vashem. The *Post* quotes him as saying: "A large number of testimonials on file here were later proved to be inaccurate when locations and dates could not pass an expert historian's appraisal."

The late Holocaust historian Gerald Reitlinger warns us in *The Final Solution* (Sphere, London, 1971, p. 581) that:

A certain degree of reserve is necessary in handling all this material. . . particularly [survivor narratives]. . . the Eastern European Jew is a natural rhetorician, speaking in flowery similes. . . Sometimes the imagery transcends credibility.

According to Hannah Arendt's account of *Eichmann in Jerusalem* (Penguin, 1978; p. 208):

If Eichmann's name was mentioned at all, it obviously was hearsay evidence, "rumors testified to," hence without legal validity. The testimony of all witnesses who had "seen him with their own eyes" collapsed the moment a question was addressed to them.

Arendt's successor at Israeli war-crimes trials, Gitta Sereny, reports in the *New Statesman* (2 November 1979; p. 672):

But it is true that, along with many authentic works, there have been books or films which were only partly true, or even were partly faked. And unfortunately, even reputable historians often fail in their duty of care. . . for instance Martin Gilbert. . . in *Final Journey*.

Despite her Exterminationist views, Ms. Sereny is not as dogmatic as many of her peers. This may have something to do with the fact that she is not Jewish. She was raised as a Protestant even after her mother married the Austrian Jewish economist Ludwig von Mises (an inter-marriage tradition which she herself continued). She writes (*London Review of Books*, 21 April 1988, p. 83):

A very disturbing thing has happened to journalism, to the writing of history, and even to justice. In anything to do with the Nazis. . . any attempt at detachment is considered suspect, any degree of objectivity reprehensible. . . I have battled in print against. . . men like Martin Gray (*For Those I Loved*) who use these appalling [Holocaust] events for self-aggrandizement. . . but attacking Gray causes wrathful indignation among Holocaust dogmatics.

I interviewed Ms. Sereny when I attended the Jerusalem show-trial of John Demjanjuk in February 1987, and some of my comments about the credibility of the "eye-witnesses" seem to have sunk in. In a lengthy

color feature in the prestigious London *Sunday Times Magazine* (20 March 1988, p. 31) she writes:

The shadow of the "gas-chambers-never-existed" cabal hovered over the trial. David McCalden: Absent from the Israel case is its basics: no murder weapon nor any forensic evidence to show there was one. . .no corpse or corpses, nor any. . .evidence that such ever existed. . .(and no) documentation of such an enormous program was ever presented. . .only recycled hearsay.

Ms. Sereny and I are not the only ones to express doubts about the credibility of the troupe of Fabulous Treblinka Testifiers. When the eye-witness team was summoned to sunny Florida to testify in the deportation of Feodor Fedorenko, the judge in that case condemned their evidence as "coached" and "least credible." Now, in the book *Identifying Ivan* (Harvard University Press, 1989) identification expert Dr. Willem A. Wagenaar reports that:

I know of no other case in which so many deviations from procedures internationally accepted as desirable occurred. (p. ix)

Every year on August 2—the day of the uprising in Treblinka—some of the survivors used to meet in Tel Aviv. Turowski, Goldfarb and Rosenberg all lived in Israel, as did the witnesses who identified Demjanjuk in September and October: Czarny, Boraks and Lindwasser. Their testimony can be accepted only after it is established that they did not meet with the other three.

Some doubts on the matter are justified because. . .the witnesses traveled together in the same aircraft to Fort Lauderdale, where the Fedorenko trial was held. They also stayed in the same hotel, had meals together, but were still supposed to make fully independent identifications. Boraks—who was not in full command of his memory when he was questioned in 1987—declared, when asked about the journey to Fort Lauderdale, that he went there by train. (p. 110)

The testimony of Arnold Friedman was typical of the "preposterous verbosity" and "would-be lyricism" observed by Gringauz back in 1950, and uncovered by Hilberg in his *Jerusalem Post* interview of 1986. (Maybe his grilling at EZ#1 in January 1985 had got him thinking. . .?) The Preliminary transcript shows Friedman rambling for page after page in monolog, recalling anecdotes and gossip about camp routines, their significance and application. About the only factual, checkable claim made by Friedman was that his interment number was B14515. (Auschwitz and Auschwitz-Birkenau were of course the only camps which tattooed prison numbers on the internees' forearms; on account of their extraordinarily large internee population. Although an educated guess would be that the "A" Numbers refer to Auschwitz-1 and the "B" numbers to Auschwitz-Birkenau, in fact this was not the case; B numbers were used after the A's ran out.)

In cross-examination, Lauren Marshall did her best to pin down the garrulous Friedman with the use of some visual aids; in particular a plan of Auschwitz-Birkenau. Friedman implicitly acknowledged that his party had disembarked from their train, and marched past "gas chambers" Krema II and Krema III to the enormous Sauna building at the back of the camp, where he survived being showered and deloused (Prelim. p. 222). Unfortunately, Mrs. Marshall was not completely familiar with the plan herself—neither was I in 1984—and so when she read out some of the numberings, she misread Roman numerals as (Arabic) letters. But neither the witness, nor the judge, nor the prosecutor, nor her adviser (myself) picked up on this at the time.

Mrs. Marshall tried to ask the witness about his claims of "belching chimneys" when the Allied aerial photographs contradict this. However, Judge Wally overruled her question, since the witness was not in the cockpit at the time.

Friedman acknowledged that there were regular, non-homicidal, delousing programs (Prelim. p. 227), and that teenage inmates did not have to work (Prelim. p. 228), that Gypsy families were allowed to remain together (Prelim. p. 228), and that each compound had its own hospital block for the treatment of minor ailments such as toothaches (Prelim. p. 230).

When Mrs. Marshall began to tax Friedman on his "knowledge" of the "gas chambers" Judge Hryciuk began to intervene more vigorously. Although the witness appeared more than willing to admit that his "knowledge" was all based on hearsay, the judge continued to badger Mrs. Marshall with interdictions as to relevancy. Eventually, the judge became completely irritated with Mrs. Marshall's insistence on specific proof of "the Holocaust" and insisted that she terminate her cross examination.

Offense #2

Feeling smug that they had wrapped up their case against *D6MRD?*, the Crown prosecutor, Peter Griffiths, now turned his attentions to the other "offending" flyer, *The West, the War & Islam*.

As we know, neither pamphlet was written by Ernst Zündel. *D6MRD?* was written by one Richard Verrall (under the alias of "Richard Harwood") and *TW, TW&I* was written by Zündel's assistant, Eric Thomson. Thomson had had a colorful career around the world; having worked "both sides of the street" as both a United States Information Agency officer in South America, and later as a Nazi activist in southern Africa. Eric Thomson therefore is one of those unique in-

dividuals to have been expelled from South America for "CIA" activities, and from Rhodesia for "Nazi" activities!

Unaware of the true authorship of *TW, TW&I*, the Crown produced as their first witness against the flyer a Macluhanesque character by the name of Dr. Derrick de Kerckhove, a professor of linguistics at the University of Toronto. Griffiths ran through de Kerckhove's *curriculum vitae* in the same subservient manner by which he had previously groveled to Dr. Raul Hilberg, the American Jewish professor who claims Expertise[®] over the "Holocaust."

The Belgian-born de Kerckhove's answers seemed to be lifted from that scene in *Annie Hall* where Woody Allen (né: Alan Königsberg) produced Marshall MacLuhan from behind a panel to have him pontificate on "the meaning of language" to a cinema queue. Fortunately, Marshall MacLuhan died a few years before the Zündel preliminary opened: otherwise he might have substituted for the windbag de Kerckhove. . . although, there again, maybe not. MacLuhan was a little too iconoclastic for that. . .

De Kerckhove flummoxed the court by announcing that his Expertise[®] was in neuro-cultural research, and that:

neuro-cultural research is the impact of the phonetic alphabet on the nervous system and on information-processing on the brain. It is a very theoretical research; it involves collaboration with the neurosciences at the University of Toronto [Wow!] and it is in process still. However, it is definitely the kind of work that I am doing, yes. [That's reassuring!]

Again, the Ukrainian judge was reaching the end of his tether, and persuaded prosecutor Griffiths to terminate his examination of this windbag as quickly as possible. De Kerckhove wound up his testimony with a flourish, stating that the over-use of "adjectives" (Prelim. p. 243) in *TW, TW&I* and its mailing to the non-committed population of Canada, might constitute "junk mail."

It is little wonder that the crackpot de Kerckhove was not re-summoned as a "linguistics expert" to EZ#1 or EZ#2!

A Banker is Banjaxed

Next up was John Thomas Burnett, the Vice-President of the Royal Bank of Canada. Burnett acknowledged that the Royal Bank of Canada is the largest bank in Canada, and the 4th largest in North America. He testified that the Royal Bank has approximately 86,000 shareholders, and 48 directors. These directors, he claimed, are drawn from among the "captains of industry, etc."

Burnett admitted that the Royal Bank of Canada makes loans to East Bloc nations, but insisted that such loans were only made on a business basis. He claimed that there was no bulwark against his bank making loans to Communist, Islamic or Third World nations; his only criterion was profit.

In cross-examination, Mrs. Marshall attempted to grill the fatuous Burnett on the difference between consumer banks (like Royal Bank of Canada) and investment banks like Kuhn Loeb, Warburg, Rothschild, and Dreyfus. Unfortunately, at this point I had returned to California, and was unable to assist Mrs. Marshall's strategy. Judge Hryciuk again intervened, and insisted that she terminate this tack of questioning.

A Masonic Policeman!

The Crown's next witness was police Sergeant Roy Bassett, who was not to testify on behalf of the police, but on behalf of their alter ego, the Freemasons. To a jury, obviously it would be incredible that the Crown should produce a *Masonic Police-officer* as proof that there was no *Masonic-Police* conspiracy. But, since there is no jury at Preliminary trials, the issue was postponed until later.

Bassett—a British immigrant—admitted that the Canadian Freemasons owe allegiance to the British Freemasons. He also confessed that he had only read the flyer *TW, TW&I* that very morning—and even then not very well. (Prelim. p. 272).

Under cross-examination by Mrs. Marshall, he admitted that Freemasons have secret rituals and passwords. He insisted—incorrectly—that such knowledge is "available to anybody to read". The rest of his testimony was an exercise in circumlocution and evasion.

Yet Another Masonic Policeman!

Perhaps after being stung by the hearsay nature of Sgt. Williams' testimony early in the Preliminary, the Crown exhibited as their last witness Sgt. John Luby, who had led the interrogation of Ernst Zündel way back on 29 May 1984. Luby confessed that he and his partner Williams had "not recorded verbatim" the statements of Ernst Zündel, but that he recalled from memory that Zündel had indicated during his interrogation that he was tired of fighting this issue, and that he was ready to throw in the towel after 25 years (Prelim. p. 283).

Luby added that because of Mrs. Citron's allegations and laying charges, Zündel would now have to rescind his "retirement" decision, since Mrs. Citron had now "given him a platform."

With that, the Crown wrapped up its case, and the Court remanded the defendant to stand trial. Ernst Zündel was ordered to appear on 9 August 1984 at 9:30am to set a date for trial.

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