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

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

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

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

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

#### AMERICA'S DECLINE

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## AN OPEN LETTER

To The Hypocrites, Liars & Cowards  
Of The American Newsmedia

By  
Hans Schmidt  
page 42

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## Voice Of Thinking Americans

## LIBERTY BELL

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

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

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

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

George P. Dietz, Editor & Publisher

## FRAGMENT FROM A WORK IN PROGRESS:

"THE EMPIRE OF THE GOTHIC NIGHT—A NOVEL"

by Joseph D. Pryce

### *The Abyss Gazes Back*

*Then again some have fallen unreservedly into the power  
of the destiny ruling here: some yielding betimes  
are betimes too their own: there are those who, while they  
accept what must be borne, have the strength of  
self-mastery in all that is left to their own act; they have  
given themselves over to another dispensation.....*

Plotinus, The Fourth Ennead III. 15

Early that evening, as I waited in Francesca's black Miata, I peered anxiously through the storm-strafted windscreen, hoping for a sign of the guests who were due to arrive at the Hall of Sport by eight o'clock sharp. It was now 7:45 by my reckoning, and I knew that I would be able to hear the *Parsifal* Overture which belled forth from the car-stereo all the way to its sweet ending. I gazed with awe upon the swarm of rats glistening in the twilight, as they scurried about the piles of mouldering garbage in front of the bodega on the corner. They rooted and roistered in the slime, seemingly undisturbed by the comings and goings of the greasy 'Hispanic' clientele with their shopping-bags full of cheap beer and plantain chips. Under the streetlamp in front of the Hall a drunken subhuman sloshed his face about in the gutter, vainly attempting to scrub the vomit from his beard in the slop which bore its freight so swiftly to the sewers. A woman screamed somewhere to the west, and one heard glass shattering a block or so away. How long would it take to scrub these sewers clean? Junkies swapped syringes in the gloaming, and parents hustled their children into the Cadillacs of the pimps and pornographers.

A minute or so after I had taken in all of these multi-cultural affairs, several of the more antiquated among the invited guests

emerged from a taxi on the opposite side of the street. One of the men was clearly deep in drink; he staggered into the mail-box, and I could not refrain from laughing as I watched the old fogey struggling impotently with his willful umbrella in the raging tempest. They crossed the avenue, bobbing and weaving grotesquely through the traffic. As they passed in front of the Hall of Sport, I noticed that they were pointing excitedly at something up above, apparently on the marquee. They shook their heads and wagged their fingers in an excellent impersonation of outraged Calvinists. As I looked up, I too was startled to see that someone had changed the legend atop the marquee to *Schlageter Hall*. I confess that I was not at all perturbed by this transformation, which was obviously the work of one of the 'young Turks' who were beginning to elbow the geriatric cases out of the limelight in the Society. As I looked back down at the pavement I saw several of the real firebrands of the revolution approaching the Hall, night-sticks in hand and workboots in lock-step; they were smirking at the discomfiture of the yobbo with the umbrella. I could then have ventured a lucky guess as to just who the culprits might be.

As I emerged from the car and prepared to make a dash for the foyer, I bumped straight into Theodor Lipps, a lawyer and racial activist who hustled me into the foyer. He trundled me over to a quiet corner behind a freestanding theater poster advertising an upcoming showing of the original German Expressionist film *Nosferatu*. He whispered cryptically about tonight being 'the night of all nights,' and added something about 'a Great Change coming.' Then he vanished mysteriously through one of the gaudy, gold-painted doors which led into the lobby. I followed.

In the lobby stood a dozen or so people with whom I had worked over the years, in one or another of the organizations to which I had given a fleeting allegiance. I passed a few minutes in small talk with some of the old faithful, and strolled over to browse a bit through the Movement literature which was on display at a long table on the left side of the lobby. Two very lovely young women, of Mediterranean (perhaps Italian) descent stood

politely discussing their literary wares with the guests.

As I peered down the length of the Hall, I detected Theodor's bulky figure standing up front with a tall, dark-haired man in a black, red-satin-lined cloak. Theo seemed to be whispering to his mysterious colleague—no, I've got that wrong. To my shock and surprise, Theo was *listening* to the man, with an air of reverence adorning a face very seldom visited by that expression. Theo nodded occasionally, and smiled—I thought *shyly*—once or twice. Several of the other guests were pointing at Theo's companion and seemed quite delighted for some reason, as if his appearance in the Hall were an epiphany of transcendent import.

It was then that I heard the words 'the Chief' muttered by several of the guests, and I finally realized just what it was that Theo had meant when he said that tonight was to be 'the night of nights.' The Chief, as he was called, had not been seen in public since the daylight assassination of the Secretary of State during the February troubles, and his reemergence from seclusion could only indicate that the struggle was 'hotting up.' In fact, I had never seen his face before, and I was pleased to see that he didn't resemble those toothless, rabid morons which the System had employed to represent us on the TV in the evil days before the great purge.

I felt a surge of will, a burst of joy inside me as I pondered the fact that soon the Revolution for which we had all sweated and slaved, and for which we had prowled about the city in the dead of night like packs of ravenous canines, would begin in earnest. The inability of the State's security forces to prevent such gatherings as this from taking place was a startling manifestation of weakness, of instability on the System's part, and this salient fact would not be lost on our leadership. Theo glanced quizzically up and down the rows of quickly-filling seats and then ambled slowly over to the microphone. He tapped it lightly, spoke a few words to enable the sound-man to set his levels, and without permitting the Chairman of the Society to engage in any 'patriotic' ritualism before the 'flag,' he turned the mic over to the guest speaker, saying simply, *Ladies and gentlemen, the Chief will speak!*

Violent applause raged up and down the Hall for several minutes, but when the Chief raised his right hand, the silence was total and immediate. He began:

"Ladies and gentlemen, I am most pleased to be addressing you all tonight, especially as the leaders of the German American Friendship Society have kindly undertaken to invite to their gathering members of several quite radical political groups whose interests coincide with theirs only in specific and closely circumscribed areas. I'm inclined to attribute this late-blooming hospitality on the part of our hosts to the obvious inability of the powers that be to prevent such gatherings from taking place. I sense that some of the more genteel and timorous among you would want to assure yourselves a berth on the gravy train which looks, at long last, to be making its way to the station; the ominous whistlings are become ever-more apparent in the distance, both to friend and to foe.

"Down to business. As you may have noticed, there is a slight tincture of hostility in my tone. I do regret the fact, of course; but I would like to make you all aware that this feeling is directed only against those among you who have betrayed your trust by betraying your people. Yes, I am speaking of the leaders of your Friendship Society, who continue to salute and to pledge allegiance to that disgusting rag which hangs obscenely on a flakeboard pole to left of this podium. It does not matter at all to your officers, it seems to me, that that hideous banner now represents, to the millions of Aryans, both at home and overseas, nothing but blood and sewage, crime and madness, destruction raining from the skies upon the Earth and upon Her children trembling helplessly amidst the wreckage. And yet we are expected to revere this filthy thing, to genuflect before this sickly apparition as if before the Holy Grail! I was sickened to see, at the last gathering of the Society, one of your officers asserting, in accents of the most pained self-righteousness, his belief that we should wrap ourselves up in the 'Stars and Stripes,' lest the agents of the Z.O.G. come to the

untoward conclusion that we are really splitting from the program at last, and mean to do them harm. Startling. I, for one, prefer the red, white, and *black* to the red, white and blue on any day of the week.

"And then, of course, there's the famous blood-libel, the Holohoax, the mention of which seems to set your officers' teeth to chattering like a Latin percussion ensemble. One would think that here, among Americans of German ancestry—who, significantly, make up the largest ethnic group in the country—one would find the greatest outrage, the most ferocious will to correct the historical record and bring the hoaxers and profiteers to the execution block. But I'm afraid that's not the case, my friends, and I find myself truly at a loss to account for this pitiful spinelessness, this resolute toadying on the part of the leadership who are well-aware, I'm sure, that the 'death-camp' *canard* is a fable and nothing besides. But perhaps, like many weak and foolish mortals, the leaders are driven by a wish to be loved, in the same way that a lap-dog is driven to crave a caress or a treat. I have been told that the President of our once-glorious republic and the ghastly crone who escorts that gobbet of dreck to his public performances, have invited several of the mucky-mucks of the Society over to their digs for tea and biscuits, and that a 'Friendship Garden' will be dedicated to the German-American Community. I know that it might seem unkind to mention it, but isn't that a little bit like throwing the dog a bone? You can be sure that the tyrants will not let the envisaged afternoon pass without a word or two about how marvelously democratic our good little Germans have become since the war in which the evil Reich saw fit to slaughter so many of Yahweh's pinups. 'Here, Hans, have an American Beauty Rose and a kick in the scrotum while you're at it.' Then, of course, your mucky-mucks over here will return home to brandish about the glossy 8x10s that memorialize the splendid day. What can you do with such people? I get ideas, my friends. I get ideas.

"There is a terror in the souls of the leadership of the German-American Friendship Society, which completely incapacitates said

leadership from doing its job. Do you really think that the Oberjuden respect your pusillanimous groveling? Do you really believe that you are serving the interests of the real German-Americans by collaborating with the World-Enemy in such a slavish, and, I might say, *obvious* fashion? If you people are not going to defend the interests of German Americans, perhaps the time has come when you will have the decency to step aside to make room for those who will! If you cannot silence the whimpering voice inside you which urges surrender at all costs, maybe its time for us to silence you entirely—for the good of the cause, as it were.

“But now I wish to address a few remarks to those among you who are not members of the Society, but who are nevertheless vitally interested in the fate of our Teutonic brethren; for we all know, on our pounding pulses as well as in our reasoning brains, that we Aryans must sink or swim together, and that the destiny of all European-Americans is bound together as are the members of the lictors’ *fascies*. If our enemies break even one of our ethnic groups, then they have broken us all. If our enemies manage to instill a factitious guilt in even one of our family members, then they have crippled us all. Most important, to the extent that our enemies can succeed in encouraging any of us to think in terms of our ethnic heritage to the detriment of our *racial* heritage, then they have triumphed over us even before the battle has been joined. We are Aryans first and foremost, and it is our duty before this degenerate world to bear that glorious name with honor and pride, shrinking before no one, and smashing into the ground those who would even consider wounding that pride or casting aspersions upon that honor.

“We were once fierce conquerors who roved great heaving ice-choked seas and who scaled the battlements of strange castles on far-flung continents, with battle-songs sounding merrily in the charged air; yet now we seem to have become naught but hollow-eyed spectators of some imbecile sports contest or other. Think of it: while your women are being molested on the crumbling side-

walks of what were once great cities (and often even in their own homes); while your small children are being robbed and slain and left for the vultures of the schoolyards to pick clean; and while your cities roar up in oceanic tides of fire, our menfolk want to know *who won the goddamned football game*—and these are the men who consider themselves manly! ‘That’s entertainment!’

“And what do we do on week-days? I blush—once we erected glorious civilizations from pole to pole and reconnoitred Nature’s darkest secrets; yet now we have become little more than clients and administrators of the famous ‘Welfare State’ or flippers of burgers for one ptomaine-vendor or the other. Where is the spirit that moved our ancient Kings and Queens and warriors? Where is that devil-may-care attitude of the Jomsvikings, who laughed and joked as their captors dismembered them? We sleep, we sleep, my friends, and we have slept for so long now that the shadows of night have stretched themselves athwart the dying Earth to the point that darkness has almost swallowed us up.

“We must awaken from these opiate slumbers. We must be alert so that at all times we will be willing and able to observe the facts and to act upon the facts, my friends: and it seems to me that our enemies have understood one fact with much greater clarity than have our allies. I mean to speak of *the great fact of hatred*. The accusation forever sounds in our ears, in a thousand shrieking voices, in a diapason stretching from deepest bass to the most piercing and unendurable treble—yet always the burden is the same: we are the haters. Well, as we’re already doing the time, let us enjoy the crime, and *now*. Our enemies know full-well that their game will be up at the very minute in which we resolve to think with our blood, that is, when we will have learned to hate. Why else would the foe be so intent upon accusing us of attitudes which never even seem to cross our minds? Race hatred and prejudice indeed! Why else would the least bigoted people ever to walk the earth be constantly warned and threatened about a ‘disease’ to which they have been immune for two thousand years? We Aryans must recall that we are not at a barn-raising now, nor at a recital of

chamber music up at the castle, but at the very *climacteric of our history*. Those who are not of our blood are our enemies, and one hates one's enemies with all that is in one, or one perishes. Nature will not recall us, nor will she bestow a glittering crown upon us posthumously if we continue to see the world and its strife through everybody else's eyes but our own. Nature will take us to her queenly bosom only after we have mastered the earth as a conqueror, and walk on that earth as a conqueror, with a conqueror's serene and gleaming eye; and for that you need *HATE*.

*"So how about it? If hatred will tear the sack-cloth and ashes from your back—then go ahead and hate!*

*"If hatred will raise your people up from the squalid existence which has been their lot for far too long—then go ahead and hate!*

*"If hatred will arm you against the 'statesmen' who have opened the floodgates of the nation to the racial debris of third-world sewers—then go ahead and hate!*

*"And if hatred will enable you to drive the moneychangers and swindlers from their stately palaces and to cast them out into a nightmare of chaos, of devastation and pain—then go ahead and hate!*

"But after we have learned to hate, we must act—let us see this world and its inhabitants as they really are, and then let that divine hate of which I speak have its head. Put flame in your fury and destruction in your deed. For now we know that Nature, whose World-Soul embodies all of the wonder of Life, is at daggers-drawn with Her eternal enemy, Death, and we, the allies of Life, ask for no quarter, nor will we grant it to the enemy—this is a war to the knife, my friends. The forces of Death are enshrined in many brazen agents and hallowed institutions which we have enabled to do their evil in our very midst, right before our very eyes; there they squat, obscene and loathsome, untroubled by fear of discovery or by dread of retaliation. Those who tolerate this situation are in active collaboration with the enemies of Life. Foremost among our enemies are the Death-directed servants of the

System of Lies. We, however, must speak the Truth to our people, and only to our people; we must build our sacred dwelling in the precincts of Truth. As the Truth lacks all effect when not embodied in action; when idealism is not embodied in deeds, then has the Ideal gone to bed with the Lie. Yet what in this world is mighty enough to be able to fight and to destroy the Lie?

"Aryan men and women! Only Terror has that might. Only Terror, merciless and cunning, can preserve Life from the depredations of those pustular agents of Death and the Lie who have now almost completed the construction of their New World Prison, and who wait only for the most auspicious moment in which to slam shut the gates upon our people. Terror acts through violence to create an enduring world for the reborn Aryans. Remorseless and purposeful violence will midwife the next Aryan millenia.

"When going on a mission, the terrorist saint clothes himself with a mantle of destruction. He wears his doom upon him as a ritual cloak. Death is his reward. Capture and recantation are, alike, unthinkable.

"Even after the great Change has begun and our enemies are in full flight, the terrorist knows that he will have well over 100,000,000 traitors at his back. Many will attempt to serve the revolution as they once served the tyrants, but, as we are not interested in resurrecting the ghost of a dead and decomposing America, we can dispense with all such riff-raff.

"Those who attempt to restrict our ancient right to keep and bear arms will be dealt with. Those who wish to criminalize the possession of so-called 'assault rifles,' must perish by like means. Those who wish to impose ruinous taxes on the purchase of ammunition will find themselves on a collision-course with that which they would interdict. When the ghoulish agents of the federal government raid our homes in order to confiscate the only means of protection that we still have in our possession, they must meet a storm of steel. When the Z.O.G. lays siege to the fortresses of the recalcitrant, its agents must be attacked from the rear. Their

backs will be like fish in a barrel.

"If terror can waylay the more culpable of the state-servants with sufficient swiftness (and all state-servants are culpable to a degree), the more swiftly will their colleagues find solace in silence and inaction.

"The greater the speed with which we punish the race-traitors in the news-media and in the entertainment field, the earlier will come the day when the Z.O.G. will be forced to display its own Levantine rodents in front of the mics and the cameras. We must make use of the fact that Aryan stooges are motivated more by fear than by anything else. If an anchorman were to disappear every month for two or three months, Z.O.G. would never be able to find willing *Goy* replacements. The Jew-liars would then have to leave their murky world of clandestine control, and would be henceforth in our sights.

"The Aryan warrior, knowing full-well, from the scars and weals upon his tired flesh, the nature of that tyranny under which he suffers, responds in kind. Those among you who have lost your very livelihoods at the hands of this tyranny, must destroy the work-places and living accommodations of the hirelings of the tyranny. Those who have lost loved ones or racial comrades in one of the tyranny's raids on the Resistance, must retaliate by equivalent—nay, even greater!—explosive actions against the tyranny's minions. Those who have made our age a time of 'perpetual war for perpetual peace' must wake from their slumbers to find out, in broken body and in shattered spirit, the real meaning of war—from the business end. Those who have attempted with might and main to break our comrades on the rack and on the wheel, must now become accredited authorities on those nameless sounds which lurk within the night, and which fear can metamorphose into the very screeching of demons.

"Terror becomes the more pure as its designated 'victims' fall prey to the anxiety of endless anticipation. This anticipation will maximize your efforts to dislodge, and, ultimately, to destroy, the entire system, by working for you even while you are busy deter-

mining the shape of events on another sector of the front. Anticipation feeds the threat. Anticipation immobilizes. Then drops the shadow, then falls the blow.

"Ladies and gentlemen, I must insist that we face the fact that we are no longer a sovereign people, and have not been such for a very long time. We inhabit an occupied world, and it would be well for us to take due note of the fact that our rulers want to wipe our race from the surface of the earth. The evidence of their intentions is all around you, and reaches even unto the source of Life itself. We all know, for instance, that the Jews and their flunkies have repeatedly rammed it down our throats, and down the throats of our children, that it is perfectly permissible—indeed, even desirable—to kill Aryan children in the wombs of their mothers. This is indeed a horror. *Now our enemies must be made to sup full of horrors.*

"Our enemies have imprisoned, have tortured, have murdered many of our best fighters, brave martyrs all, who gazed with open eyes upon the face of the genocide which is planned for us, and who risked their very lives to carry destruction right into the enemy's camp. Without thought of self, they struck out at that grinning countenance with disciplined and well-merited violence. *Now our enemies must be made to quaff the poison unto its bitter dregs.*

"Our enemies have turned loose a feral and nauseating gang of subhuman cut-throats, a swelling horde of slimy mercenaries, upon once-peaceful Aryan communities; these creatures rape at will and murder on a venture as is the way of all race-alien armies of occupation. The agents of our enemies exact massive sums from the public treasury with which they feed, house, clothe, and make prolific, this purulent mass of demons. They loot and they burn at will, they violate and they desecrate at will, and we must now respond—Terror is that proper response. Aryan Resistance must strike globally. There are a million targets. Strike. Take the credit. Retreat into the shadows whence you came. Wait in silence.....then strike again. *May the last hours of our enemies be ex-*

*quisite in their agony.*

“Our enemies are demons, my friends, and demons wear many masks: Marxism, democracy, egalitarianism, sensitivity training, One World Mongrelism, etc., and so forth, to the bottom of the barf-bag. You’ve all witnessed their sick Halloween charades: the sardonic grin on the mask of the nightly ‘newsperson’ as he spits his poisonous lies in our faces is unendurable; the sardonic grin on the mask of the politician who encourages sambos and mestizos to shamble across our borders, invading a once-lovely land which they will infect with their diseases, their crime and their malodorous spawn, is unendurable; the sardonic grin on the mask of the financial ‘expert’ who aids and abets the capitalist vampires of the stock exchange and the banking system is unendurable; the sardonic grin on the mask of the TV talking head who inculcates self-hatred in our children is unendurable; the sardonic grin on the face of the ‘scientist’ who insists, flying in the face of all the available evidence, on the equality of the races is unendurable. *And the terrorist will kill dead the hider behind the masks.*

“In the simplest terms, I might say that where the enemy stands, there stands the enemy—whether that enemy is your brother or your mother, your friend or your colleague. As I have said, there are numerous targets, and they must be made to feel that they are going up against an unstoppable onslaught of Werewolves, who lope unseen and unheard behind the enemy’s lines, emerging from the mists and fogs to wreak havoc, and then, again unseen and unheard, slipping back into the darkness whence they came.

“But what do we stand for in this dark and terrible hour? In what, or in whom, do we believe? Surely, there can be no more important task for our leaders than to determine just what it is that we are fighting for. We must recognize the lamentable fact that we have no overarching philosophy with which to arm ourselves for the struggle, no acknowledged ideological minimum

with which to orient ourselves upon the desperate seas which now we must sail. I look around this room, and see a veritable smorgasbord of world-views represented, a truly kaleidoscopic array of possibilities. But if I were to attempt to characterize our movement philosophically, I confess that I would find myself at a loss. We have very little in common, my friends, and it never seems to occur to any of us that that is precisely why the enemy has had such an easy time dividing and corrupting us. For what do we believe? I see Social Credit ideologues here; I see Christian Identity fanatics here; I see even a few Conservatives who have pumped up their literacy to the point at which even they can read the writing on the wall. I see Klansmen, Christian ‘anti-semites,’ crypto-Fascists, and neo-Nazis; there are Holocaust Revisionists and Revisionists of related persuasions, and if I were to peer around this hall for long enough, I’d probably be able to come up with a monarchist or two!

“But there is nothing binding here, no coherent unifying principle which might give shape and substance to our struggle, nothing upon which all of us agree, unless we consider our inchoate aversion to World Jewry to be a philosophy. Yet a perusal of world history will reveal to even the hairiest gorilla in the bleachers that a purely negative attitude can never bring fundamental and lasting change to the world.

“For, my friends, only the visionary can alter the shape of things to come; only the visionary can peer through the gray mists and past the hideous contours of this life-in-death with which we have been afflicted, to gaze upon the lineaments of the new dawn.

“Are we aware of any historical figure who might function as such a visionary and guide for our Aryan people? Is there anyone in our past who might serve as the central figure of a reborn Indo-European mythos? Is there anyone of whom we might say, *Ecce Homo*—behold the Man? Is there any figure in Western History who can be said to stand as a symbol of our very race itself? We all know that there is indeed such a figure, and I’m certain that all of us are fully aware of just who he might be. I would like to quote

here some weighty words from the pen of America's greatest thinker, the late Dr. Revilo P. Oliver. In his *America's Decline* (1989, Londinium Press, London England), Oliver states:

It is.....possible that if our race recovers its lost vigor and ascendancy, a future religion may recognize Adolf Hitler as a semi-divine figure. The potentiality of such a religion may be seen in the works of a highly intelligent and learned lady of Greek ancestry, Dr. Savitri Devi, especially her *Pilgrimage* (Calcutta, 1958). Dr. Eberhardt Gheyn in *Los Neo-nazis en Sudamerica* (Liverpool, West Virginia, 1978) reports that National Socialism, having attracted the devotion of many women, has become the New Evangel, preached in modern "catacombs" as is made necessary by Jewish terrorism, observing the birthday of Hitler with ceremonies that are distinctly pious, and computing dates in the New Era that began with his birth. The veneration of Hitler as a *heros* is not surprising, but worship, I think, would require the elaboration of a notion that he was an avatar of some superhuman being—a development that would require a century or more.

"And how precisely might such a mythos as we desiderate evolve? How might the sacred texts of this *New Evangel* appear? We might, as a matter of fact, turn to one of the works of the aforementioned Dr. Savitri Devi, to see what she has to say about our Leader's birth. The following is from her *Pilgrimage*.

And far beyond the clear sky of the little town and the thin atmosphere of this little planet, in the cold, dark realm of fathomless Void, the unseen stars had very definite positions; significant positions, such as they take only once within hundreds of years to any particular spot on earth. And at the appointed time—6 o'clock in the afternoon—the Child came into the world, unnoticed masterpiece of a two-fold cosmic play of the mysterious influence of distant worlds in mysterious space. Apparently, just another baby in the family. In reality—after centuries—a new divine Child on this planet; the first one in the West, after the legendary Baldur-the-Fair, and, like Him, a Child of the Sun; a predestined Fighter against the forces of

death and a Savior of men, marked out for leadership, for victory, for agony, and for immortality.

"Does not the authentic passion, vigor, and, yes, *reverence* in this magnificent poetic prose stir you to the very marrow? Have we not all felt, at one time or another, that Adolf Hitler's life makes absolutely no sense when regarded as the purely earthly career of just another German politician living and working at a particular period in European History? I would like to adduce, as an instance of the futility involved in a purely mundane interpretation of the life and career of Adolf Hitler, a somewhat lengthy excerpt from the little volume written by Hitler's boyhood chum August Kubizek. The book is entitled *Adolf Hitler Mein Jugendfreund* and this is the chapter which is headed (in the English-language version) "*In that hour it began.....*":

It was the most impressive hour I ever lived through with my friend. So unforgettable is it, that even the most trivial things, the clothes Adolf wore that evening, the weather, are still present in my mind as though the experience were exempt from the passing of time.

Adolf stood outside my house in his black overcoat, his dark hat pulled down over his face. It was a cold, unpleasant November evening. He waved to me impatiently. I was just cleaning myself up from the workshop and getting ready to go to the theatre. *Rienzi* was being given that night. We had never seen this Wagner opera and looked forward to it with great excitement. In order to secure the pillars in the Promenade we had to be early. Adolf whistled, to hurry me up.

Now we were in the theatre, burning with enthusiasm, and living breathlessly through *Rienzi's* rise to be the Tribune of the people of Rome and his subsequent downfall. When at last it was over, it was past midnight. My friend, his hands thrust into his coat pockets, silent and withdrawn, strode through the street and out of the city. Usually, after an artistic experience that had moved him, he would start talking straightaway, sharply criticising the performance, but after *Rienzi* he remained quiet a long while. This surprised me, and I asked him what he thought of

it. He threw me a strange, almost hostile glance. "Shut up," he said brusquely.

The cold, damp mist lay oppressively over the narrow streets. Our solitary steps resounded on the pavement. Adolf took the road that led up to the Freinberg. Without speaking a word, he strode forward. He looked almost sinister, and paler than ever. His turned-up coat collar increased this impression.

I wanted to ask him, "Where are you going?" But his pallid face looked so forbidding that I suppressed the question.

As if propelled by an invisible force, Adolf climbed up to the top of the Freinberg. And only now did I realize that we were no longer in solitude and darkness, for the stars shone brilliantly above us.

Adolf stood in front of me; and now he gripped both my hands and held them tight. He had never made such a gesture before. I felt from the grasp of his hands how deeply moved he was. His eyes were feverish with excitement. The words did not come smoothly from his mouth as they usually did, but rather erupted, hoarse and raucous. From his voice I could tell even more how much this experience had shaken him.

Gradually his speech loosened, and the words flowed more freely. Never before and never again have I heard Adolf Hitler speak as he did in that hour, as we stood there alone under the stars, as though we were the only creatures in the world.

I cannot repeat every word that my friend uttered. I was struck by something strange, which I had never noticed before, even when he had talked to me in moments of the greatest excitement. It was as if another being spoke out of his body, and moved him as much as it did me. It wasn't at all a case of a speaker merely being carried away by his own words. On the contrary; I rather felt as though he himself listened with astonishment and emotion to what burst forth from him with elementary force. I will not attempt to interpret this phenomenon, but it was a complete state of ecstasy and rapture, in which he transferred the character of *Rienzi*, without even mentioning him as a model or example, with visionary power to the plane of his own ambitions. But it was more than a cheap adaptation. Indeed, the impact of the opera was rather a sheer external impulse which compelled him to speak. Like flood waters breaking their dykes, his words burst forth from him. He

conjured up, in grandiose, inspiring pictures, his own future and that of his people.

Hitherto I had been convinced that my friend wanted to become an artist, a painter, or perhaps an architect. Now this was no longer the case. Now he aspired to something higher, which I could not yet fully grasp. It rather surprised me, as I thought that the vocation of the artist was for him the highest, most desirable goal. But now he was talking of a *mandate*, which, one day, he would receive from the people, to lead them out of servitude to the heights of freedom.

It was an unknown youth who spoke to me in that strange hour. He spoke of a special mission which one day would be entrusted to him, and I, his only listener, could hardly understand what he meant. Many years had to pass before I realised the significance of this enraptured hour for my friend.

His words were followed by silence.

We descended into the town. The clock struck three. We parted in front of my house. Adolf shook hands with me, and I was astonished to see that he did not go in the direction of his house, but turned again towards the mountains.

"Where are you going now?" I asked him, surprised. He replied briefly, "I want to be alone."

In the following weeks and months he never again mentioned this hour on the Freinberg. At first it struck me as odd and I could find no explanation for his strange behaviour, for I could not believe that he had forgotten it altogether. Indeed he never did forget it, as I discovered thirty-three years later. But he kept silent about it because he wanted to keep that hour entirely to himself. That I could understand, and I respected his silence. After all, it was *his* hour, not mine. I had played only the modest role of a sympathetic friend.

In 1939, shortly before the war broke out, when I, for the first time, visited Bayreuth as the guest of the Reichs Chancellor, I thought I would please my host by reminding him of that nocturnal hour on the Freinberg, so I told Adolf what I remembered of it, assuming that the enormous multitude of the impressions and events which had filled these past decades would have pushed into the background the experience of a seventeen-year-old-youth. But after a few words, I sensed that he vividly recalled that hour and had retained all its details in his memory. He was visibly pleased that my account confirmed his own rec-

ollections. I was also present when Adolf Hitler retold this sequel to the performance of *Rienzi* in Linz to Frau Wagner, at whose home we were both guests. Thus my own memory was doubly confirmed. The words with which Hitler concluded his story to Frau Wagner are also unforgettable for me. He said solemnly, "*In that hour it began.*"

"I think that I have made my point! And yet there are those among us—some, in fact, in this very room!—who, in their infantile and puling desire for an accomodation with the powers that be, would pour vitriol over the Leader's memory, denying Him His obvious place in the only Pantheon that matters. I would like, if I might, to quote Dr. Oliver once more:

...it is simple folly to attempt to oppose the Judaeo-Communist conquest and occupation of the world while futilely pretending to dissociate ourselves from the memory of the great champion of our race, Adolf Hitler (*Liberty Bell*, September 1989, p. 12).

"When the early Christians—like ourselves, existing as a penalized 'inner proletariat' in a hostile world indeed—went about their missionary labors through the length and breadth of the territories occupied by Rome, they might have quarrelled as ferociously about this or that abstruse question of dogmatic theology as we do about projected designs for a new Aryan State. But when they were threatened, when they were questioned by the powers that be, or when they found themselves menaced by violence, they turned a unified front to their enemies, and bowed their heads only before their one true Lord. Opposition to their creed did not entice them into compromise with that which they regarded as evil: no, and again no! They stood forth from the Roman World as witnesses to that which they regarded as the Truth. They did not say that their Christ wasn't really a god, but just a misguided extremist whose plans went completely awry due to faults in his character (although he may once have had a good idea or two).

They stood by their creed until their church mastered the Empire itself, and they then proceeded to dictate to the West the form and spirit which its religious life would take for two thousand years. As misguided as that whole episode might appear to us who have suffered from the resulting religious pseudomorphosis, which distorted and finally wasted our own native spiritual life, we must respect the early Christians' insistence upon remaining intransigent in the face of that which they regarded as falsehood, at all times, no matter what the cost.

"And so must we, my friends. We are yet a pitiful minority within this darkling world which still laughs at our splintered state and at our well-nigh incoherent faith. But was that not once true of the bedouins who roamed the deserts of Arabia during the early years of the great prophet Mohammed? And yet, before anyone could muster an effective opposition, those men had been converted into brave warriors who besieged the very frontiers of France itself! How simple was their faith! How strong was their faith! And what will our enemies do when we stand before them with a single faith, as a single unit: one fist for the Fuehrer, one blood for his Realm, one Destiny decreed by the God Who ponders us, waiting and watching for the moment in which we grab that banner from the Void—as He said we would—standing erect and glorious before the serried ranks of our doomed and soulless foes, as we chant:

*No other Leader but Hitler!*

*No other Hero but Hitler!*

*No other God, and no other Saviour, per saecula saeculorum, but Hitler!*

**LET THE GAMES BEGIN!**

**LET THE GOD RETURN!"**

There was a strange hush throughout the Hall, which may have lasted for three or four seconds; but there then ensued a volcanic roar of applause for the Chief's words. Some of the Geritol

brigade sat stunned and oblivious in their seats, shaking their nervous little heads, but their words and their attitudes were no longer of any interest to anyone. They had lost control of their silly little social club, and everyone knew it. They had thought to take charge of something which was much greater than themselves, without the vision to foresee events or the weapons with which to change them; their hour had clearly passed. They might be invited to attend an audience or two in the Rose Garden with the doomed and degenerate tyrants, but they had clearly had their innings, and it was time for them to leave the field.

The Chief stood tall and proud at the podium, flashing his deep-blue eyes to the remote corners of the Hall, drinking in the wine of triumph. We knew that he would not be satisfied with mere words. Although he had first made his name as a theoretician of the National Socialist Weltanschauung (his doctoral dissertation dealt with the ideology of the *Freikorps* of old Germany), he was first and foremost a man of action, whose favorite line of poetry was Goethe's "In the Beginning was the Deed."

He went underground that very night, accompanied by his paladins, and, as Fate would have it, the apocalyptic *Blood War* began with the next dawn, with the first of a new series of assassinations, bombings, and assorted conflagrations thrown in for good measure.

*And Hell then revealed its face unto us. And we looked with opened eyes upon that face of flame. And we knew that that face was terrible beyond all reckoning, and beautiful beyond all power of the tongue of man to express it. For we had exhausted the resources of peace, and the time of war was welcomed as a lover is welcomed. We would not have it any other way.....*

✱ ✱ ✱

#### THE WORLD AFTER WACO

*"...greedily snuffing up and battenning  
upon the reek of gore."  
Montague Summers*

I sing of demons in a room,  
With tearing teeth so sharp,  
Whose ululations woo the gloom  
With music of undying Doom,  
As devils smite the harp.

They gather up a victim's heft—  
Precautions he ignored;  
His mother wouldn't know what's left,  
Or if, indeed, she was bereft,  
So badly is he gored.

The demons halt, they hear a prayer,  
Upon us falls their gaze;  
Within the circle that we share,  
Where teeth are clenched and eyes do stare,  
The minutes last for days.

The mutilations now complete,  
Black hooves scrape on the floor;  
And everyone would gladly beat  
A frenzied, quick, unglimped retreat  
To gain the distant door.

But it is not to be—they've won.  
No matter how we're vexed  
By what, in fact, we have not done  
In mansions sheltered from the Sun,  
They want to know, *WHO'S NEXT?*

□

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## Angry White Men

*from the Prof*

All in all, it has been depressingly easy for the System to deceive and manipulate the American people—whether the relatively naive “conservatives” or the spoiled and pseudo-sophisticated “liberals”.

... we are already slaves. We have allowed a diabolically clever, alien minority to put chains on our souls and our minds. These spiritual chains are a truer mark of slavery than the iron chains which are yet to come.

Andrew Macdonald,  
*The Turner Diaries*

The cover story of the November 11th issue of *USA Today* tells us that white men want to “torch” Washington. “ANGRY WHITE MEN”, reads the line atop the centerpiece, a composite angry-white cartoon face (rather bizarre, even by *USA* standards) collaging together a whistling-hot kettle, neck tie, and fly zipper. “Their votes”, it is explained, “turn the tide for GOP”. Beneath this searing political headline are cited concerns amongst voters with such things as over-taxation and reduced military spending.

Detailed in the writeup are the numbers of this dramatic shift toward the Republican party by white males (a 2-1 ratio in the House races, etc.) and their various expressions of disgust with an Arkansas presidential candidate who turned out, alas, to be ideologically “from Yale and Oxford”. Among the complaints from this new right was that “the country is on the wrong track”. An accompanying story reports the plans for tax cuts within the next hundred days.

And so is carried out another farce. The average white man who reads this story will think that the GOP Congressional route is a victory for “values” and for “America”. He will suppose that this electoral *triumph* signals a new era putting the nation back on the right track. In the meantime, America’s business will go on as usual. Third world immigration will continue, and

schools will remain in a state of degeneracy. Media will continue their daily assault upon white racial integrity. So is hammered another nail into the coffin.

I do not mean to suggest that the changes envisioned in connection with this victory are irrelevant to the life of the average American. Certainly there appear to be some advantages for productive working-class citizens in the offing. I myself would welcome, for example, the proposed halving of the current maximum of 28% on the capital gains tax. But the rejoicing, in some quarters, over this latest development in mainstream politics is only one more tragic expression of a people mind-deadened.

The current theater of American politics is a canard. If white citizens wish to have a solution to their problems, they must first understand that the system itself has long ago been poisoned against them. They must see that it has no room in it for anyone who would speak frankly and effectively to their needs. What is thus needed is not another choice within the political spectrum, but a new conceptual scheme for those confronted with it.

The prevailing conception of American voters is that all of the sane choices that might be made with respect to government are contained within an array that extends from Democrat to Republican that these ruling forces of “left” and “right” are balanced against each other in such a way that the long-term result is a happy medium of ruling wisdom. But in truth, every day that passes under the current regime is another day closer to the destruction of our people. The fact is that this left and right swing of political rule is like unto the meandering of a ship that comes closer each day to ruin, pulled unfailingly ahead to its doom by the side-to-side tugs of those at its helm.

The current shift to the political right is not a solution. It is not, either, the explosion of righteous white / male anger that mainstream publications would have us believe. The assumption that any such explosion can occur within current political bounds is itself but one more symptom of our disease. This po-

litical "shift" is not an act of rebellion; it is not even a meaningful expression of outrage. Were the truth known, this latest grasping of the right wing is more like the pathetic gnawing of a cheaply fed veal-farm calf that chews the wooden fixture in its pen out of sheer mindless craving for what it cannot have.



I have several friends who think that this country has moved "too far to the left". They think that Clinton is a "liberal" who is somehow controlled by "special interests". They long for the days when they could (i.e., *pre* "assault" ban) buy ammunition for their designer rifles at a better price. Thus they long for another Republican establishment.

Clinton's position on guns makes him, I agree, a nuisance. Indeed (when one reflects on the long-term agenda implied therein) it makes him an enemy. But *it does not make him appreciably different from those at the other end of the spectrum*. A solid twelve preceding years of Republican administration may have granted us wider liberty with respect to firearms. But it also allowed illegal aliens to trot undisturbed day and night across our border to reside and procreate at our own expense thereafter. At no time did this administration (thoroughly hip, I am sure, to the situation) attempt to deal meaningfully with the problem. At no time did it use its time on the stage to hazard a serious report on the racial state of the union for our benefit. It did not provide us, when it had the chance, with the truth, for example, about the racial statistics of violent crime in this country. It did not tell us what the absorption of black and brown blood might do to the national gene pool. It did not vouchsafe to us the racial designs of that little pack of vermin now retaining a strangle-hold on the instruments of mass media. Instead it carried on business as usual, much in the manner of a fiercely anti-Semitic Champion of the Far Right who ascended to the office in the year 1968. And the Christian Democrat who followed him.

The System, as it presently exists, is a mortal enemy of the

people. The recent ban on the manufacture of semi-automatic rifles and high-capacity magazines is not merely, as some imagine, a stylish restriction on right-wing entertainment. Still less is it an attempt to protect our folk from those bands of armed and deranged miscreants who now roam urban streets. One glance at crime statistics, and the style of weapon cited therein, is enough to show this. *It is instead a preemptive measure to ward off the eventual challenge from enraged white citizens to political tyranny.*



Why didn't we rebel 35 years ago, when they took our schools away from us and began converting them into racially mixed jungles? Why didn't we throw them all out of the country 50 years ago, instead of letting them use us as cannon fodder in their war to subjugate Europe?

More to the point, why didn't we rise up three years ago, when they started taking our guns away? Why didn't we rise up in righteous fury and drag these arrogant aliens into the streets and cut their throats then? Why didn't we roast them over bonfires on every street corner in America? Why didn't we make an end to this obnoxious and eternally pushy clan, this pestilence from the sewers of the East, instead of meekly allowing ourselves to be disarmed?

The answer is easy. We would have rebelled if all that has been imposed on us in the last 50 years had been attempted at once. But because the chains that bind us were imposed were forged imperceptibly, link by link, we submitted.

Macdonald

A conservative wants to acquiesce in the destruction of his race; a liberal wishes to participate in it. Wherein is the meaningful difference? There is indeed white anger in this country. But it is, as of yet, an anger untapped and without direction. At present it is dissipated by the avenues of right wing politics: by a conservative GOP; gun lobbies; libertarianism; the John Birch society; the various sessions of whine and bellyache venting anger at

“media bias”, “fags”, “feminism”, “lack of values”, “big government”, the injustice of Fire Department promotions, the nuances of “political correctness”, and the like. American citizens supposedly treasure democracy. Yet every four years without fail they want “change”. They want to “throw the bums” out of Congress. The American political game, they say, is the greatest system that the world has yet devised. But they are endlessly disgusted with the way that it is run. It is time to ask why. It is time to see likewise that none of the familiar complaints above is directed at a meaningful target. For each is merely the symptom of a disease that by now may well be terminal.



And again, perhaps a cure is possible. But if so, what is needed is not bandages, but radical surgery. To take one case in point: Conservatives will probably hail the recent passing of California’s Proposition 187 (i.e., denying certain benefits to illegal aliens) as a victory. Yet it will not occur to them that *the very need for such measures* is itself a travesty. The split of this vote along racial lines should tell white voters the real situation. What we have in California, as elsewhere, is not political disagreement, but racial warfare. Mexican-Americans and their white liberal allies will say that they are casting their votes for a more “humane” California, a California that welcomes the poor and downtrodden (think, after all, of the message on that great statue in the New York harbor) and provides them with shelter. White conservatives will say in response that this agenda is too “liberal”. It is not liberal, it is obscene. The system to which 187 is addressed is a system that burdens the white taxpayer to the point of collapse; a system that requires him to actually fund the breeding habits of aliens who will not stem their own rate of procreation; one that sends forth in increasing numbers armed and amoral delinquents onto the streets to prey upon those citizens whose industry has made California what it is in the first place, namely, a land in every respect superior to the one

pending unearned benefits to those who will not, in many cases, even learn the language necessary to make themselves a viable addition to the community.

The best verdict that can be passed on continuing Mexican immigration into California is that of Mexicans themselves, who now flee north from border states just as desperately as they have fled their homeland. Conservatives wish to *seal* the borders. Well and good as a start. But real victory will come when we *open* them, and flush out what is undesirable. If we wish to safeguard ourselves, our land, our culture, and our posterity, then we should take the same measures that we would take to defend our lives were the attack to come through our living room doors. Have we the nerve to admit to ourselves what this will require? The greatest weapon of the enemy is *appeasement*. As long as we are convinced that such things as a Republican victory in Congress is meaningful, we will not explore real solutions. So long as we can be entertained with Rush Limbaugh, with the weekly in-house banter of Buckley and Kinsley, Will and Donaldson, we will remain within bounds. Like cattle. We will also remain doomed. The passing of 187 may well be good news, but only if it is seen rightly as a step toward the real solution. Yet that solution is, I fear, unthinkable at present in most conservative quarters.



## The Virtue of “Tolerance”

*from the Prof*

Last summer, on a visit home to old haunts, and with the car in for minor repairs, I chanced to take a bus ride across the river to the heart of the neighboring downtown. Along the route I sat remembering such rides with my mother when I was perhaps five, when climbing up with excitement and dropping coins down that curious tumbling contraption by the driver. It was another time.

The ride was smoother now. And faster. In those days it had

been a road, and now it was an interstate freeway. We came into the city. On the sidewalks were somber faces, some of them down-trodden, some no doubt certifiably insane. How different it all seemed.

Some of it, of course, was me. There were, after all, hard times in the old days, as well, and there had always been a certain grittiness in the downtown. There had always, too, been bums on this street. But I didn't recall so many young ones. And not as crazily aggressive. As we approached the heart of downtown I listened to two women at the tail end of their talk trading words with rising intensity. The conversation was a blabby one that had gone on for several miles. It had dripped with insights about their lives and relationships, about "Chris" and his "sexism", and their strategies for achieving a more fulfilled and assertive existence. It was essentially the conversation that has now filled parks, cafes, and campuses in America for a long time.

On the seat opposite me was the folded remnant of a morning paper. I picked it up and glanced idly at the advice column of one of those twin Jewesses who have dispensed wisdom in such vehicles for the past several decades. On this occasion some woman was describing the daily hell that her live-in mother was inflicting upon her and all her family. The victim read off with sorrow a litany of pain that this old wretch had caused in the past three years. But she recalled, again, the scriptural commandment to "honor they father and mother" and said that the guilt hence was "killing" her. She needed advice.

The advice was to *communicate* with mother and not let her ruin all of the lives involved. (Indeed. Given syndication, a hefty day's wages, I am sure.) I turned an ear once more to the two in back chewing over their female *angst*. The younger one—she was a pleasant blonde of perhaps 25—was annoyed with one of her meddling neighbors. The older, creased with years and somewhat butch—a jaded veteran, it appeared, of the psycho-fest 60's and 70's—listened and nodded, and offered back to her pretty companion a diagnosis based upon what-she-thought-she-was-hearing.

Why, she asked, be *judgmental*? The blonde admitted that perhaps her annoyance at the offending behavior was a sign of "intolerance". I shook my head and jotted down the word on a spare cash-teller receipt for memory's sake.



*Tolerance.* There are few words that so well capture the moral tone of our age. It is taken to be a virtue. The lack of this psychic commodity is a vice and an accusation. One hears a "plea" for it among social activists. As a quality of character, tolerance goes hand in hand with such related qualities as charity, openness and the acceptance of diversity. It is the crowning glory of an integrationist, the cardinal excellence that unites a liberal personality in its quest for a brighter social tomorrow.

This prizing of tolerance, wholesale and unqualified, is a legacy of the 60's. As such, it also fits well with the going mass agenda of race-destruction. It is also a manifestation of the tendency in recent decades to put all persons and all actions on a par; to suppose that values are, in the end, subjective, that one must at all costs refrain from "Judgment", that no way of life is actually superior to another. As such it is an exercise in degeneracy.

The demand for tolerance—for putting up with the strange, the odd, the intrusive, and even the offensive, without registering complaint—is but one more instance of the pervasive leveling that has gripped this society in my own lifetime: the insistence that there is no real difference, but for surface anatomy, between the sexes; that the races, beneath the skin, are likewise identical; that the preference for one art, one music, one literature, over another is at bottom a matter of mere personal taste; that the raucous interruption of a speaker in a public forum is but a contrary and equally legitimate exercise of a common "free speech"; that "cultures" are somehow equal; that this thing called humanity is a homogeneous stuff that is acted upon and pressed into its various shapes by the forces of its environment; that deviance of every kind is merely a behavioral "alternative", that to take action

against terrorism is to “become what we hate”—the list goes on into the horizon.

Of course, the thesis of this across-the-board equalization is absurd. If cultures, for example, are deemed equal then presumably they are being measured with respect to something. How so? What is this thing that is present everywhere, to be objectively recorded, and that is magically the same across all varieties of space and time? The thesis, in fact, is not even consistent. For if all behavior is on a par, then intolerance itself is no more objectionable than is anything else.

But again, this ideology, as it turns out, is not itself lacking for judgments of value. It has passions of its own. It actively promotes, as a presumable good, whatever action or policy may tend toward the destruction of a hated Western tradition and the race that has dominated it. It applauds whatever insult or injury may figure into this process—as, for example, when a black person is given an advantage of some arbitrary kind over his or her white counterpart. In this respect it is hardly value-neutral.



For many years this leveling tendency was thought to exist principally as an external threat. It was a standard view in the cold war years, for example, that a foreign communist menace might overrun the west by sheer force if it were able. And the threat indeed was genuine. For the same raceo-political aliens who butchered their way to rule in Russia (and in time, in the Baltic nations and the nations of Eastern Europe) would surely have done the same here if circumstance had allowed.

The foreign threat, in large part, has evaporated. This was inevitable, in time, given its internal fallacy. But the problem is not gone. It is, in fact, eternal. This tendency to level, to obliterate genuine and important differences, is a constant potential of the human soul. It is an instance of an unfortunate yet ever-present

capacity for moral dishonesty.<sup>1</sup> It is, at bottom, the denial of both freedom and its attendant responsibility.<sup>2</sup>

This denial arises not out of fertile imagination, or honest rebellion against a bad system, but out of envy, out of cowardice, out of the basic refusal to apply oneself with diligence to the inherently competitive task of life: *If You have more than I, then the state should do something to “balance” this injustice; if you have accomplished more, it is because “circumstances” have decreed it. If you seem abler of mind, it owes to the fact that I labor with some incidental quirk of cognitive “disability”, and not because you are truly more intelligent.*

Contrary to its claim, this ideology of all-things-equal is not open in any favorable sense of the word. As C. S. Lewis<sup>2</sup> once pointed out, open-mindedness with respect to particular hypotheses is a virtue; open-mindedness with respect to basic guiding principle (whether in reason or in value) is rational suicide. To cite again a case in point: Tolerance. It is, in and by itself, neither a good nor an evil. Tolerance of some things (say, for example, a personal hardship for the sake of some worthy cause) is a good thing. Tolerance of an offense is not. (It is, in fact, either cowardly, or masochistic, or both.)

Which kind of tolerance is expected of white citizens, with respect to current racial policy? In theory, of course, it is something quite innocuous, namely, the willingness to extend respect to persons of diverse *appearance*. But one look at hard facts (i.e., outside

1. In saying this I do not mean to say that an effort to broaden the base of wealth must be wrong-minded. An inheritance-based capitalistic system can be as much an outrage as can a state-controlled communistic one, and this is a problem with which racialists, in time, will have to come to grips. But the tendency I address in this brief commentary, I am convinced, is a categorical evil.

2. Lewis' best statement of this thesis is found in his classic *The Abolition of Man* (Macmillan, 1947). While Lewis is a bit out of fashion in contemporary circles, the book is probably one of the best of the 20th century. And though Lewis himself had some rather conservative religious leanings, one needn't share them in order to profit from his discussion.

the sealed devices of mass media) tells us something else. In theory, we are asked to accept a plurality of human color in our social midst. In practice, we are made to put up with the obnoxious behavior of third world miscreants in our stores, schools, theaters and shopping malls; if possible, in fact, we are to ignore it altogether. (Or again, we may perhaps voice an objection, within civil limits, but when this effort is crushed with contempt we must accept the outcome in any case. For our restraint, after all, is what holds "society" together.) We are to maintain a race-neutral stance in hiring with blind optimism no matter what the voice of experience may tell us. We must support efforts to import armed gangmembers from across town and into our schools even knowing that our children will be terrorized in the process. To this end the average white man bears his discomfort.

He is not altogether unmindful of the offense. He sees it, in fact, everywhere he looks. He walks the street and it confronts him. A pack of congoid imbeciles struts toward him on the street with menace in their faces. He edges a little to the side. One brushes him with a slight grunt in an assertion of what blacks now call their "manhood". For all his liberal training he feels this insult. It sinks to his marrow. In response he goes home and thinks about the situation. Perhaps he confides his feelings to his spouse, who may (I presently know of such cases) respond by calling him a racist. He then does what white men are urged to do by the aliens who program them: He scours himself with introspection. Perhaps the discomfort is his fault. Why, after all, does he harbor resentment toward the variant mores of this perfectly legitimate subculture? And what is the alternative? Violence? With no objective basis, he supposes, for his resentment, he absorbs his fate and hopes for better next time.

☆ ☆ ☆

All of this is idiocy. Our culture, our safety, our very lives are jeopardized by mongrel thugs who take joy in the fact. Out of reverence for the lives of these half-trained primates and their alien

mentors we are asked to remain obediently within the framework of the system that they have turned against us. Wherein lies the admirability of this obedience? And what say we of this absolute rejection of violence? It is time to ask hard questions.

A strange thing has happened on the way to our demise. Our culture has been saturated with the sight and sound of mayhem, to the point where we can accept it as a constant accompaniment to our daily experience. Yet it horrifies us in principle. So much so, to take one case in point, that a white man may wonder if he would want to be armed in the event that roaming savages should one night break down his living room door. He cannot believe that our own violence (except when part of a grand design decreed by overseers in the nation's capital) is an option.

*Just what is wrong with violence?* In asking this question I am not asking what is wrong with wanton murder or random terrorism. These things do seem wrong to me and I have no wish to defend or advocate them to the readers of this journal. What I want to know is, why is *violence* necessarily wrong? Is it that violence accomplishes its goal abruptly, in sudden fashion, and not as gradually as might some other strategy? If so, perhaps we should forbid the use of explosives to accomplish our ends, as for example, in the work of construction and mining. To this it will be said, I suppose, that the use of such force for building or for excavation is beside the point. For these activities do not have personal injury as their end. But if this is the objection, then tolerance must surely be an evil. For *its* end—foreseen and causally certain—will be the injury, and the destruction, of a great many persons. And indeed these victims, on the whole, will be those about whom we care most. Can any man worth the name live with this as a consequence of his behavior?<sup>3</sup>

3. There are, of course, other possible objections to my line of reasoning that could be voiced by those in the mainstream. One is that there exists some very important difference, in principle, between *committing* an act of violence and merely allowing one to occur. The pain caused to our children by our acquiescence in raceo-political atrocity is perhaps only a "foreseen but unintended" consequence of our policy; and so better, the conven-

*We must secure the existence of our people and a future for white children.*<sup>4</sup> Our real choice is not between injury and non-injury, nor between one scenario that shall have violence and another that shall lack it. It is instead the choice of *who shall suffer the injury* and what specific form the violence shall take. The perfect rejection of violence is a paradox. Those white citizens who pride themselves upon non-violence should in fact be prepared to take credit for a major share of the violence that is to come. For out of their passivity will come atrocity on a scale hitherto not imagined and with the innocent as its primary victims. Categorical non-violence is thus *a participation in atrocity*. With this in mind I console myself with one thought—that whichever way my race may turn, it will in the end get what it deserves.

tionals may say, to mind one's manners and allow Providence to decide who shall be the victims. I have little to say to this particular objection except that I find it strangely arbitrary and typical of mainstream mental helplessness.

4. These summary fourteen words are attributed to David Lane, a member of The Order who currently resides in Leavenworth Prison (#12878-057 / P.O. Box 1000, Leavenworth, KS 66048).

### THE ANTI-HUMANS

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

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## GREY CELLS DON'T SELL

by  
**Robert Frens**

Several peepholes have claimed that I misquoted Omar the Tent-Mover in regard to that "soul through the invisible" whatever which appeared in my cantankerous "Aryan Dip Squats" of September last. *Liberty Bell* printed one of them under some "Bagatelle" handle written by someone who might be using a "nymph de plum". (I wondered if this, they, or it, was/were related to a Leona Bagatella I knew as a young man. She had a beautiful singing voice and an exceptional pair of lungs. Oh yes.) The fact I labeled that passage with the name of Kahlil Gibran really shows that I might have misquoted Kahlil and not Omar. I simply did not quote Omar so how could I misquote someone I didn't quote in the first place? I think the reader was wearing a yarmulke at the time as this apparently allows one to see things that aren't there. Anyway, the confusion arose because the quote bore a resemblance to something which appeared in print as a result of some translator who might have fudged things up anyway. Translators never agree and frequently accuse each other of misquoting things which might be misquotes in the first place, or some other place.

I never mentioned Omar or even his Ruby Yacht which is not to be confused with Jack Ruby's Yacht. In fact, I cannot be sure that Kahlil NEVER uttered those words at some time in his life. He may have. In that case my quote would be a bull's eye.

Samuel Krotchna once said, "Give me liberty or I give you death!" Did I misquote Patrick Henry? Of course not and the simple explanation is that I never even mentioned Patrick at all. All the bagelette managed to show was that the set of alphabet scribbles in my article wasn't congruent to another set of alphabet scribbles which could be found in some senile book. Hell's bells. The quote in question wasn't a replica of anything Adolf Hitler wrote (I was told) so I might also stand guilty of misquoting him also. Then again, who is to say, that the young Adolf might just have said those exact words to a comrade over a stein of stout?

If old man Pontillo SAID "Jimmy is full of shit", and WROTE "Irving is full of shit", would I be misquoting the senior Pontillo if I used "Jimmy" instead of "Irving"? Certainly I would not be misquoting Benjamin Householder. At least, I don't think so—but then again... To quote

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or not to quote. That is the query.

Opinions are not facts. If one truly wishes to use the term “misquote” from a position of leverage, then I would suppose that he would be in possession of ALL the words, written and spoken, for whomever the misquote tolls. How does one know that the “reference” he uses for such attacks is sound in the first place? He doesn’t. Such is the nonsense we call faith and “scholars” must be true believers in regard to those acres of doodles which are not part of the real world. Men forever confuse the abstract for real, live, porcupines and meatballs.

I do make mistakes. In fact, yesterday, while using a public urinal, I made an error in direction and wet some other fellow’s shoes. One time, while deep in the energies of a physical union, I mentioned the name “Barbara” to the object of my attention, Norma. That is a mistake which had far more serious repercussions than whether or not I correctly remembered what an effeminate Nurd Hotfeld said in some ancient movie. While in the Army, I happened to be taking a shower with another soldier who was also bare-assed. I didn’t know he was an officer and I apologized for the comments I made and then finished by saying that rank apparently was only a matter of a uniform since we couldn’t tell a private from a general in the shower. He failed to appreciate my reasoning and neither did that soldier holding an M-1 carbine.

What really saddens me about the blight-wing, and revisionists in particular, is the amount of energy they consume in worrying about the form of something rather than its content. It is similar to the lawyer’s insistence upon the “letter” of the law and not its intent. The country is dying and I do not think we should be concerned with items of etiquette. (“Feces”, or “excrement”, belongs to a day gone bye, bye. “Shit” belongs to today. If you fail to understand that simple thing, then it’s no wonder you are ineffective and end up as a door mat. The fact that you hold your toilet paper with chopsticks is irrelevant.)

A recipe for a cheap explosive is not rendered invaluable because the punctuation is incorrect or the grammar shoddy. Whether the information is nicely printed on expensive paper or merely scribbled on used latrine mats with a piece of charcoal doesn’t make much difference to anyone with their eye upon the Niagara Power Plant. That’s always been the problem with academics. They gas about the format, and not the message, and try to turn everything into a sort of fly-shit counting exercise.

They learn for the sake of learning. Knowledge is only a tool—something to be used. Otherwise, it is worthless.

At the bottom of this nonsense is the belief that “knowing” is somehow related to “doing”. *INSTAURATION* (from the rust, thy shalt make steel!), a blight-wing publication, is an example of word after word after word of nothing other than demonstrating who might possibly have the greater vocabulary or who can illustrate some eccentric pondering along obtuse theoretical lines.

There is a vast difference between being an intellectual and being intelligent. Intelligent people can solve problems. Intellectuals merely talk, read, and write, about what they think, what others think, and what they think others think about thinking. I have never met an intellectual who can solve anything. In fact, most of them have a hard time feeding themselves or zipping up their fly without getting the family jewels caught in the metal teeth.

Intelligence is partially the ability to perceive differences and relations. John Klinkroth, a person well versed in literature, was unable to perceive that the niggers who approached him could never be impressed by anything academic. After relieving him of his valuables, they stabbed him and John died in a pool of his own blood. The niggers had a better perception of the real world than did the high IQ Klinkroth. In my view, the niggers were certainly more intelligent since they were able to solve their cash flow problem. John couldn’t solve his immediate problem of staying alive.

Often, we like to attribute intelligence to a person who has read every book in the library, can spout off yards of correct quotes, and use obscure words for the purpose of obscurity. (In the hot-rod field, we say “If it won’t go, chrome it.” In the literary field it’s “If you have nothing to say, then use giant words.”) If memory is intelligence, then we should label every tape recorder “intelligent” as well as each compact disk ROM.

I must confess that I do not read novels. I am not interested in any person’s imagined stories no matter how correct the protocol. When it comes to fiction, I can dream up stories far more wild than any which people tell me have appeared in print. When you become “scholarly”, that is, well read, you admit to the world that you are devoting yourself to not living. Study, study, and more study, has never solved one damned thing. Learning twenty-nine useless facts in twelve languages is meaningless unless you are in the “can you top this?” business. It is a matter of value and

not of labels.

Gil Warner had a hard time getting English grammar correct, but his powerful fists were of more value in the streets we knew as kids than any library card. Don Carney, the village genius, who also knew a good deal of French plus German, was a liability and usually had the crap stomped out of him during our several "turf" wars. Niggers are, of course, surviving better than our honky dips who waste their time blathering about the "great white race" and "look what they are doing to us now."

One truly learns by doing and not from being an academic parrot although parroting is the path to good school grades and the Dean's list. Every time we saw automotive engineers show up at our drag strip, we knew that they'd be easy to beat. They had school larnin' but no real mechanical savvy.

When one depends upon another's writings, he admits that he has no thoughts of his own worth exercising. The spineless and the frustrated, if they have a functioning brain, usually bury themselves in "intellectual" pursuits in order to cover their failure at living. Many also pile up heaps of material junk somehow believing that possessions are life. Hitler knew only one language but was a very intelligent man. He was no intellectual. A real genius never is. Edison was no intellectual and neither was Patton but they were both quite intelligent and able to solve immediate problems. No college professor ever saved a people. The skill of reading and writing in ten different languages never made anyone grow potatoes better, or shoot a rifle with more accuracy. We are in a war for survival and have no more time for intellectual discussions, revisionist distractions, or bull-shit about the Nordic psyche. I don't care how many books there are in your personal library. I want to know about your ability to kick ass.

The brain has been responsible for nearly all of man's failures. The brain collects notions. Some of them are copied from others while other notions are internally manufactured. These notions are believed to be facts (truth) and the holder of these opinions acts as if he were in possession of heavenly powers. None of us know many facts. All of us have a myriad of opinions which we believe to be facts. Once properly paralyzed by a foolish notion of importance, we then judge the world according to our own delusions. People are intelligent, or stupid, according to the degree they agree with us. Every ugly child has a mother who views it as beautiful. We are all saddled with value judgments which are cloaked as

factual statements while not being statements of fact. If we spot another's flub, then we pat ourselves on the back for being "superior" little realizing that flubs are only in the eye of the besflubber. (How many LB readers spotted Dr. Oliver's recent flub where he erred in calling a pentagram, a hexagram? If so, then why wasn't this pointed out by some nit-picker?)

We believe things to be true which is different from knowing things to be true. I do not know that there exists anything such as Africa. Other people say there is but that does not make it a fact. The reason I believe in the existence of Africa is because I have faith that I could verify it if I chose to. I do not know, for a fact, that a dive into the Niagara Gorge would kill ME. I believe that it might just do that since I have faith in the statistics surrounding those who have. Of course, I am on safer ground if I fully accept this opinion of mine as a fact. A reasonable course of action is little other than taking the one with the higher expectation of success. An expectation is only a variety of some opinion or the other.

Everyone spends far too much time reading thus reinforcing their opinion that they know something or have learned something. When one becomes a scholar, he has read almost everything about little of nothing. He then thinks he is an expert and the world bows to the intimidation of his academic seniority. Once you achieve the status of expert relative to one dung heap, you then are perceived to be an expert on all dung heaps. A former prof of mine, Nobel Prize winner Harold Urey, was an expert on the topic of tritium and deuterium. He was extremely ignorant of the things which every common school boy knew—how to fix automotive engines. In a battle for survival, Dr. Urey would be wiped out in the first assault while the "alley kids", those children of the working class, would live to fight another day.

Specialization works against survival. Even though an elephant's trunk is "special", the elephant is not successful because of it. He is successful because of his "all" elephant nature.

What has always been in short supply are intelligent people who know much about a lot of things and can operate on an elevated level in many diverse areas. This is called general intelligence and it is the only type worth having. I can appreciate the genius of a concert level musician and an expert in theoretical chemistry as well as a master poet. However, these people are useless in the battle we are currently supposed to be fighting. Only affluent societies, with defensible borders, can afford such luxu-

ries. The narrow talented scholars are as a desert. It is time for some real meat and to hell with the meringue.

Reading books about fishing never put anything on the table if you refuse to cut bait and fish! Knowing everything about bicycles is not the same as building one. Building a bicycle is not the same as being able to pedal one. Knowledge is only a tool. Unused knowledge is as useless as an axe which never knew a tree, and as useful as the testicles on a Monk.

How many of the intellectuals out there, real or imagined, who read *LIBERTY BELL* are aware of the ease with which someone can audit the messages left on their telephone answering devices? Most devices used for this convenience are accessible remotely by the use of a "code". This is their weak link. I am not going to reveal much in the way of technical information here because it might be a violation of some law. I will therefore be purposely vague.

When your phone in on-hook (not being used) a xxxx Hertz (frequency) audio sine wave is constantly impressed on the circuit by a generator in the central office. When you lift up the phone (off-hook) the signal stops. That is why you are not aware of it. If you use a Colpitts oscillator, or something similar, and inject this signal into the phone line, the central office machinery accepts this as a hang-up. With your telephone appearing to be not in use, you are then free to use other controlling signals to do whatever it is you want to illegally do. One of them might be to "kill" the 20 Hz. bell signal which announces that a call is being made. This means that I could dial your home, kill the bell, and wait for your recorder to answer, without anyone being aware of it (except the central office computers who are "watching" the whole show). Once the out-going message is heard, the pressing of the "code" keys will then access your messages. One could then listen to whatever messages there were, erase them, and reset your machine, all without you ever being the wiser. Your access code is determined by a systemic trial and error which, of course, takes place without you ever hearing the bell. If you want to be a real cowboy, then a computer and modem will simplify the task of number searching. I would like to point out that you never really hear the other person's bell ringing. What you hear is the audio voltage that is being impressed on the line. No one, without using inductance measuring equipment, can ever tell if your bell is connected or not and, even then, not determine if the physical parts were functioning.

I have mentioned the foregoing to illustrate a point. This is practical information which can be used and understood without ever reading Chaucer or the Ten Commandments in Greek. We must strive to be as practical as our enemies who certainly do not spend their time contemplating the nature of any imagined hidden meaning in some dusty tract or blathering about ideals and ethnic imperatives.

Who gives a screw about Coon's view of the coon? What difference does it make whether some Nazi shot six jews five decades ago? Or whether my Great Grandmother was unfaithful to my Great Grandfather? Or whether someone who knew how to pick locks, with his dick, died last year? No wonder they call it the blight-wing. You cannot get on the right track until you get off the wrong track. Fifty years of quasi-intellectual gas romping is enough. If the failure of the past half-century hasn't bothered you, then I suggest that you read this article over, and make appropriate notes, for I am sure you'll find a bit of punctuation, a hank of grammar, or a boodle of misspelling, which will convince you that I am no fastidious intellectual. I never said that I was, so what would be your vain point?

Castrate all my stinking foes,  
Grab his balls, don't let go,  
Bye Bye Blight-wing.

When an expert axes me,  
I'll get laid, leave me be,  
Bye Bye Blight-wing.

Intelligent goofs can hate and brand me,  
What academic crap they all hand me.  
I'll kick some ass, bash a queer,  
I'll arrive, full of beer,  
Bye Bye Blight-wing.

(In the key of F. Music by Ray Henderson, or someone else, or maybe neither.) □

## AN OPEN LETTER to the Hypocrites, Liars and Cowards of the American Newsmedia

Dear member of the American media:

Dear fellow writers:

Fully realizing that some of you may not like to be called names such as those you see in above headline, I would like to hasten to state that I do not mean *everybody* in the American journalistic profession. There are exceptions, and I can think of at least ten nationally known writers and columnists (some of whom I have had the honor of meeting) who are excluded—ten among tens of thousands...

Whom do I call a coward? Every single editor, writer and columnist who never once in the 45 years that I have spent in the United States has dared to correct the *obvious* incongruities of the Holocaust tale, a device designed to keep the German people in perpetual bondage to those whom I call the "forever persecuted ones". Now, I do not mean that you should write critical commentaries, articles and editorials about things of which you know nothing (many of you were born after World War II). But as recently as last August the *American Legion Magazine* printed an article titled "Witnesses to the Holocaust" by the Milks, a Jewish mother-and-son writer team, so full of *obvious* incongruities that somebody—anybody—in your profession should, in the interest of historical truth, have taken the magazine to task for printing such gibberish. Well, I am still waiting.

More than a quarter century after this particular lie was laid to rest, Leslie and Jeremy Milk dared to repeat the "soap made from Jewish cadavers" story, and millions of Americans have no choice but to believe this nonsense. After all, it was printed in the allegedly prestigious *American Legion Magazine*. (Also in August, the *San Francisco Examiner* printed, without a correcting comment, an item about a piece of soap made from Jewish fat by "the Nazis" that was to be given by the University of Santa Clara to the Holocaust Museum in Washington, D.C.) Old lies die hard.

Perhaps the worst example of an *obvious* Holocaust incongruity

occurred on 6 November 1988. On that day the *New York Post* printed an article about a Jewess named Clara Feldman who goes around (mostly) black schools in New York City telling the poor and naive children there that the Germans murdered one million Blacks during World War II. In the weeks following, *not one* American newspaper or journalist chastized Mrs. Feldman, and pointed out that, except for a few captured American or French Negroes, no Blacks were in the German realm. That nobody in this huge country corrected this insulting nonsense can only be ascribed to cowardice (those that allegedly do not control the American media would come down hard on somebody who questions their outrageous claims).

How many of you are liars? Almost all. No day passes when I do not find an outright lie about Germany or Germany's conduct in World War II in the American press. Most of you are so imbued with American righteousness that it makes one sick to read your justifications for even the most outrageous U.S. behavior, and your neverending accusations against others (not only the Germans).

Few of you seem to have the ability to see both sides of a story. According to most of you, anything Germany did was wrong, anything the U.S. did or does is beyond reproach.

You lie when it helps to cover American war crimes, as for instance in the matter of the death toll of the February 1945 air raids on the undefended city Dresden. While the true number of victims can never be established, one can say with certainty that several hundred thousand people (mostly women and children) were murdered. What number of victims do you mention mostly? 35,000, the *Lügenziffer* of 1945.

Similarly it is with the number of German POW's that perished while in American hands at the war's end. James Bacque, the Canadian writer, wrote in his book *Other Losses* that up to a million German soldiers died as a result of the inhumane treatment meted out by Eisenhower's minions. While I personally think this figure is too high (I, myself can be counted as one of the *Other Losses* since I escaped from American captivity), there is no excuse for the American Armed Forces not to be in possession of lists providing the truth, or for the American media not to be concerned about it. The (materially) poor

Russians still have their German POW lists in Moscow. Could it be that the American records were purposely destroyed because the truth in them became inconvenient (just as the Vietnamese still have nearly 500,000 soldiers of theirs missing and unaccounted for because the U.S. Defense Department somehow "lost" the graves' lists?).

When it comes to Auschwitz, some of you still mention the idiotic (for technical reasons simply impossible) death toll of 4 million. Eventually, we will find out what really happened at Auschwitz but it will not be due to the efforts of the professionals (and liars) of the American media. Why is it that hardly anyone of you dares to point to the *obvious* incongruity, namely, that the *Oberjuden* still cling to the "Six million Jews killed by the Nazis"-figure even though they have lowered the Auschwitz toll by three million? This fact alone should have opened a Pandora's box of new questions for able and inquisitive writers. All I hear is silence...

This Open Letter really concerns your hypocrisy. For decades I have read your articles and columns, and it never ceases to amaze me how you can create at a moment's notice a hitherto non-existent "Public outrage". How I remember your crocodile tears for Salman Rushdie. Or your faked concerns for Anatol Sharansky and Andrei Sakharov. Currently it is the Chinese dissidents who seem to touch your emotions most. (*NYT* 29 Aug. 1994: "Abuses of Rights Persist in China despite U.S. pleas"). Nevermind that a number of them were obvious agents for "democracy" (whatever that means).

Recently, your hypocrisy came to the fore when the *Deckert case* made news not only in Germany but world-wide. You cannot say you have never heard of *Günter Deckert* and his trials, for I know for certain that not only the major news services and TV networks but also the papers with their own foreign correspondents reported on it. To the best of my knowledge *not one* American newspaper or magazine chastized the Bonn Government, the government of the (allegedly) "freest state that ever existed on German soil" for punishing a man, a highly respected teacher and school administrator, for exercising his (even in Germany) constitutionally guaranteed right to free expression.

What is it that makes you care more for Chinese, Burmese, Rwandan etc. dissidents than for the thousands of men and women currently being persecuted in Germany for their political beliefs? Is it because the Germans' ideology does not coincide with U.S. internationalistic "One World" plans?

In case you don't know, the first and foremost fighter for freedom of speech in America was *Johann Peter Zenger* (1697-175) of New York, a German immigrant. And the Declaration of Independence was first printed in Philadelphia in the *German* language. These items and the fact that Germany is still the heartland of what we call Western Civilization (*Die Kultur des Abendlandes*) should give you cause for more, and not less concern for what transpires in your\* Germany. YOU OWE US!

\*According to us, Germany is still not free and sovereign. No matter what one calls them, American troops on German soil are still occupation soldiers. The "special relationship" between Germany and the United States of which President Clinton spoke, means nothing else but that the Germans are now the number one boot-blacks of the American conquerors. Germany will only be free when the last American soldier and the last American secret agent leave Reich soil.

Following, we are bringing you lists of Germans whom one can correctly call dissidents, or, if they are incarcerated, political prisoners, and about whose fate you, American journalists (hopefully) imbued with American ideals of freedom, should be truly concerned. Reading these lists and the "transgressions" of which these Germans have been accused, should raise the dander of each and everyone of you. If it doesn't, it can only mean that you have been thoroughly brainwashed. As an explanation of my personal stance, I can assure you that in 1942, as a fifteen year-old leader in the Hitler-Youth, I defended the right of an old Communist to remain what he was, and of foreign "slave workers" conscripted for the war effort, to speak their mind.

What follows is a listing of some of the Germans and others who have been persecuted by the authorities of the U.S.-vassal Bonn regime for offenses that in the United States are protected by the First Amendment to the U.S. Constitution. No attempt has

been made to put the names in alphabetical order or to give some of the persecuted precedence over others according to their importance, although some internationally known cases will appear first. It must be noted that in 1993, 23,318 indictments against so-called "rightwing radicals" were issued, 1,343 for causing bodily harm (many of which are spurious accusations). (*DIE WELT*, 13 July 1994.) That means nearly 22,000 Germans were accused of political activities that, according to our American sense of justice, were not of a criminal nature. None of the persons mentioned below has physically hurt anyone:

Former German *Wehrmacht* (not Waffen-SS, as is frequently alleged) General Otto-Ernst Remer. Sentenced to 22 months in prison for questioning WWII accusations against the Germans in his publication, *Remer-Depesche*. As a result, the sickly 82-year old sought political asylum in Spain, where he is currently living.

Ernst Zündel, b.1939, a German-Canadian publisher, was sentenced by a Munich court to pay a fine of DM 31,500 for telling an audience in Germany of his experiences and travails at his trials in Canada, where he was acquitted for allegedly disseminating untruths, namely, proof that the "Holocaust" could not have occurred as the Holocaust Lobby tries to make us believe.

Germar Rudolf, a young German chemist, formerly with the prestigious Max-Planck-Institute, came to doubt the "gas chamber" claims, and on his own went to Auschwitz to take samples of the insides of the alleged gas chambers (forensic evidence "forgotten" at the Nuremberg trials), and also of known fumigation chambers for clothes. The results of his research was devastating for the missionaries of the new Holocaust religion. Therefore, the "heretic" Rudolf was made to pay the price. He lost his job, his chance to complete his doctorate, and is now under indictment for defaming the allegedly millions of dead Jews that really never died.

Erhard Kemper, a German agricultural expert, and freelance journalist, attacks the lies upon which the West German state is founded, one of which is the Holocaust claim. He is currently in jail (for an as yet indeterminate time) for his numerous transgressions. While incarcerated, the not-too-young Mr. Kemper developed an ailment that required immediate medical attention. Not

getting it, Kemper had no choice but to use the first opportunity to remove himself from the prison, and see his own doctor, who promptly arranged for an operation. Only after he had recuperated sufficiently did Kemper report back to jail, where since then he has been held under worse conditions than before.

Thies Christophersen is also an agricultural expert and a publisher. During WW II he was stationed near the Auschwitz concentration camp, and employed concentration camp inmates on his research farm. Decades ago he wrote a book claiming that, had gas chambers existed at Auschwitz, he would have known about them. For this he is under indictment (if in Germany you question the Jewish claims, you automatically defame their "Six Million" dead). Before trial, he fled to political exile in Denmark, where he is still living today. Christophersen is willing to stand trial in Germany if the system there allows him to select and present expert witnesses of his choosing. So far German courts have not had the courage to allow such witnesses.

Dr. Wilhelm Stäglich was an anti-aircraft officer stationed at Auschwitz. He wrote a book (*Der Auschwitz Mythos*) denying that mass murder on the claimed scale could have taken place there, or that homicidal gas chambers were used. A former judge, he was nevertheless persecuted for his beliefs and, using a law signed by Hitler, "they" eventually took away his doctorate because he was telling the truth as he saw it. His book was prohibited, all unsold copies were burned and even the printing plates were destroyed by order of the court.

Helmut Grimm, a German intellectual holding doctorates in both medicine and jurisprudence, wrote letters about the Holocaust, the (planned) inundation of Germany with foreigners, and other ailments of present-day German society to high officials and the judiciary. Recently, while he was absent, a large team of government goons searched his home without a search warrant, and confiscated nearly everything movable. He is now in political asylum in Denmark.

Udo Walendy, a German publisher delving critically into matters of history, has been in constant troubles with German authorities, and was heavily fined. Although officially no censorship exists

in the BRD (Federal Republic), Walendy has to have all his writings carefully combed over by a team of lawyers so that they do not conflict with the prevailing *Zeitgeist*. Only recently a book of his was okayed by the German Supreme Court, albeit with the caveat that, really, a book questioning Germany's sole guilt for World War II does not fall under the protection of the constitutionally guaranteed right to free expression.

Tiudar Rudolph, (82) questions all allied accusations against Germany, and provides proof that many of the allegations are nothing but a continuation of the war propaganda. Recently, he was incarcerated under laws covering the defamation of the dead, and race hatred (any German patriot can easily transgress against these). While in jail, he came upon non-Germans (Mossad agents?) searching his cell. In typical Bolshevik fashion, a female judge wanted to have Rudolph sent to a psychiatric ward.

Joachim Sigerist, a writer and publisher, is currently incarcerated under a law prohibiting expressions of race hatred. In a publication he had truthfully stated that Romanian gypsies who train their children to beg and steal in Germany are nothing but criminals.

Walter Ochensberger, an Austrian citizen and publisher was convicted of telling the truth about the Third Reich, a fact which in Austria means "promoting the resurgence of Nazism", something prohibited by allied law. Ochensberger fled before he could be jailed. On a sea trip from a Baltic country to Denmark, the ferry he was on "inexplicably" had to enter a German harbor. There he was arrested (remember, for a strictly political offense), and against his protestations and without proper extradition formalities sent to Austria, where he is now in prison. Ochensberger's request for political asylum in Germany, something almost automatically granted millions of Third World asylum seekers in the last few years, was curtly denied.

Dr. Max Wahl, a Swiss citizen and publisher, was sentenced by a German court to pay nearly DM 40,000 (\$25,000) for publicly questioning many of the allied war claims, among them the Holocaust accusations, and for stating that Germany's former enemies

are using these accusations to blackmail Germany into still paying tribute (in the form of reparations) to other countries, and especially to Jews and Israel, a half century after the war's end.

Gerd Honsik, an Austrian publisher, wrote several books delving into historical matters, one of them exposing Simon Wiesenthal's hateful actions. He was sentenced to fines and jail, and is currently in self-imposed exile in Spain

Günter Küssel, an Austrian, was sentenced to ten years in jail for trying to revive National-Socialism. He had advocated another Anschluss with Germany. In Austria as well as in Germany it is O.K. to promote Communism but it is verboten to be a true German patriot.

Marie-Luise Sebiger, 89, a German Hausfrau, was upset about the despoilation of the German landscape through unassimilable foreigners and the growing criminality by Third World asymlants. Mrs. Sebiger ordered some leaflets attacking the Bonn asylum policies, and distributed them among friends. The result was a visit by the "Kriminalpolizei", and the threat that she may end up in jail if she persisted in her protest.

Andreas Thierry (24) and Adolf Schatzmayr (22), received jail sentences of 18 and 15 months by a court in Klagenfurt, Austria, because they had publicly defended the honor of the Waffen-SS.

Gert Sudholt, well-known German book publisher, was put in jail for writing and publishing books and articles about matters that are "verboten" in Germany. There are indications that the government wants to put him out of business.

"John Doe", (18) was arrested for wearing a Hitler Youth belt buckle with the words "Blut und Ehre" and a swastika on it. It had belonged to his grandfather. A poor roofer, he was fined \$400 and the buckle was confiscated.

Christian Worch, (28) a "notorious" German nationalist who never harmed a fly, spent three years in jail (1980 to 1983) for the following: "Volksverhetzung, verfassungsfeindliche Propaganda, Beleidigung von lebenden und toten Juden, Teilnahme an nicht genehmigten Demonstrationen etc. (never advocating violence)", ("creating hate; disseminating propaganda which is directed against

the (enemy-instituted) constitution; insulting living and dead Jews, and participation in illegal demonstrations"). Unlike real criminals, Worch was kept in prison for the entire sentence. Since then (for more than 10 years) he is on indeterminate parole, and has to report monthly to a parole officer.

Max Albrechtskirchinger, was fined DM 4,000 (\$2,500) for the following: He had written a letter to the small magazine of one of the editors mentioned above, quoting *without his own commentary* these sentences from the testimony of an old Jewish German witness at the 1988 trial of Ernst Zündel in Canada:

"I am working for the reconciliation of Jews and Germans. My presence here proves that among thousands of bad Jews there are some who do not accuse the Germans of the Holocaust. I am convinced that there was never a German plan to exterminate all the Jews, and no Jews were killed in gas chambers."

The court held that Albrechtskirchinger, by quoting this Jewish gentleman, proved that he agreed with the testimony and therefore transgressed against German laws that prohibit the denial of the Holocaust.

Horst Patzke, (63) was fined \$3,000 for allegedly creating hate against non-Germans by publicly pointing out the high crime rate of foreigners seeking asylum in Germany.

Dr. Waldemar Schneider, is a German expert on Oriental culture and religion. In 1992 he wrote for a German-language newsletter an objective book review of a Japanese book that was a bestseller in Japan but had been castigated by the *New York Times* for alleged anti-Semitism. Soon thereafter, Simon Wiesenthal, the "Nazi hunter", accused Dr. Schneider in a German court of "creating hate" and demanded that he be prosecuted. Another Jew associated with the Wiesenthal-Center but located in Paris, Shimon Samuels, wrote to the German Red Cross, where Dr. Schneider held a position, demanding that it disassociate itself from the "culprit" because he was allegedly guilty of starting, "a campaign to promote the denial of the Holocaust and ethnic defamation".

For once the German court saw no reason to indict the German so accused but it did come out that the person who had started the entire process was a Jew dealing with blood products in

Europe, whose business was in direct conflict with Dr. Schneider's position as the head of the blood bank of the German Red Cross.

Jürgen Graf, a young Swiss teacher, is very interested in World War II history. He became fascinated by the Holocaust myth, and especially its incongruities. Contrary to the actions of most American journalists, Graf (in typical German fashion) did his own research exposing the obvious lies, and wrote a book about it. Soon after publication, he received an official letter from a German court, signed by a Holocaust fanatic in Mannheim named Staatsanwalt Heiko Klein, that an investigation had started, and that he should answer the accusations.

Franz Ruby, (85) was fined \$4,000 for publicly stating that Germany should remain populated mainly by Germans.

Alfred Detscher, (b.1921), the Munich publisher of a throw-away advertising paper, published in the early 1990s the text of the Leuchter Report about the non-existence of gas chambers for the killing of humans at the Auschwitz concentration camp. At the behest of the (then) German Oberjude Galinski, the Bavarian authorities went after Detscher with a vengeance. His business was totally ruined and he was fined DM 20,000 for "creating hate", etc. Detscher, a (up to the Leuchter article) totally apolitical person, died of a broken heart in 1993.

Markus Privenau, (22), used adhesive stickers to cover a street sign with the name of a dead "Liberal" with the letters "Rudolf Hess-Platz". He was sentenced to 3 months in jail.

The following report could be found in a local German newspaper on 1 July 1994:

During the search of the home of a (rightwing) political extremist in Neckarhausen, 29 file folders with finely organized patriotic propaganda material was confiscated. In the file folders there were leaflets, pamphlets, publications of past and present, and pictures of Hitler and other "Nazi" bigshots. Because the police was also able to confiscate a copier, it was assumed that the accused had copied some of the confiscated matter for distribution, which is against the law. In this regard it must be mentioned that in today's Germany any party, any group (however small) that advocates a

German Germany is being persecuted by the Bonn political gangsters. Any group being regarded as patriotic, nationalistic or "to the right of Kohl's party" is being harrassed. The banks will not accept its accounts, the newspapers refuse its ads, and hotels and restaurants are coerced into not renting rooms or halls for meetings.

Here you will find excerpts from German court reports we received from German attorneys. In many states of Europe it seems customary to hide the names of the accused behind an NN (no name)/John Doe designation. BGH means federal court.

1966, the BGH sentenced a John Doe, because he gave an unpublished manuscript extolling the virtues of national socialism to a publisher.

1975, the BGH sentenced a John Doe, because he was in the possession of national socialistic posters,

1977, the BGH sentenced a John Doe, because he published a book containing "racist" statements.

1979, the BGH sentenced a John Doe, because he had imported 16 issues of a national socialist publication from a publisher in the United States.

1985, the BGH sentenced a John Doe to 7 months in jail because he had in his possession 20 adhesive stickers and 2 leaflets with national-socialist slogans.

1987, the BGH sentenced a John Doe, because on the roof of his house he had painted a graffiti against Communism.

1993, the BGH sentenced a John Doe to a fine or 90 days in jail because he had worn a T-shirt with an anti-Communist slogan.

1962, a Bavarian court sentenced a John Doe because he had sung the Horst Wessel Song" in public while intoxicated.

1965, the BGH sentenced a John Doe because he had given a tape cassette with the Horst Wessel Song, and a sticker with Hitler's likeness to another person.

1976, the BGH sentenced a John Doe, because as a salutation ending a letter he had used the words "with German greetings" (something that could possibly mean "Heil Hitler").

1977, a German court sentenced a John Doe because during

Mardi Gras he had dressed as Hitler, and had yelled "Heil Helau" in public. (Helau is a nonsensical greeting used at Mardi Gras occasions).

1977, a German court in Schleswig sentenced a publisher because he had used a decent Hitler picture on the front cover of his magazine. (The Bonn system does not complain when Hitler's likeness is used in a derogatory manner.)

1979, the BGH sentenced a John Doe because he had manufactured model airplanes of WWII German planes exactly as they had looked during the war, i.e., with the swastika on the tail. It is verboten to use the swastika in any form whatever.

1994, a court in Hamburg sentenced a John Doe because he had used the Reichskriegsflagge of the First World War on the front cover of a catalog. Due to the fact that (young) German patriots are using this flag in lieu of everything else that is forbidden, the showing of this war stander of the German Armed forces of the Kaiser's empire is now also on the Verbotliste.

1989, a court in Braunschweig ordered the confiscation of leaflets that showed the so-called Celtic cross (as often seen on graves in Wales and Ireland).

What you read above are but a few examples of what transpires in Germany. The suppression of patriots is unbelievable. And what do you, the representatives of the American media do? You describe Bonn Germany as a prime example of a working democracy, and worry about "democracy" in "Bugabina". In conclusion I again would like to say to you: You, American editors, writers and journalists owe it to us to delve into this God-forsaken injustice, and attack these horrible human rights violations.

Sincerely, Hans Schmidt

From GANPAC Brief No. 145 / November 1994

GANPAC is the *only* organization *politically* defending and representing the interests of the 60 million Americans who have declared themselves "German-Americans", this nation's largest ethnic group. It is GANPAC's aim to fight the constant defamation of all things German by the American media, to inform the American public of the great contributions by the German-Americans and Germans to the growth and well-being of this nation, and to help build a better society for all.

The GANPAC BRIEF appears monthly. Subscription/donation rates are \$50 per annum (\$25 for students and Social Security recipients - U.S. addresses only.) Back issues are available. Write for list.

©German-American National Public Affairs Committee, P.O.Box 11124, Pensacola, FL 32524-1124

Dear George:

25 November 1994

Although the enclosed letter to the editor may sound a little gloomy, I want you to know that I will keep supporting your efforts. Your *Liberty Bell* is the best of its kind! Keep up the good work.

Also, if there are other LB subscribers in the Boise area, please give them my name and number. Thanks.

Sincerely, T.J., Idaho

**LETTERS  
TO THE  
EDITOR**

✠ ✠ ✠

Dear George:

13 October 1994

I thought you might like to know that there is an outfit that just (this week) showed up on short-wave radio, 60 Meter Band, 5.065 Mhz, at 7 p.m. that is putting out a newspaper called "Liberty Bell."

It is a religious program that is advocating resistance to the Socialist government in Washington for the usual Christian reasons. Not bad, as far as that goes, for they are against the New World Order, etc.

I don't know what impact they are having, or might have, on the original *Liberty Bell*. Perhaps their advertisements will increase your circulation, I don't know. This is something you may wish to evaluate before deciding on a course of action. [We, of course, are not connected with this organization in any way. —Ed.]

I hope this finds you and yours well.

Yours truly, J.M., WV

✠ ✠ ✠

Dear Folks:

24 November

...Man Oh Man, would I like to render some answers to some commentators in *Liberty Bell*! But time and energy must be strictly controlled for maximum efficiency. For example:

What the good Frenchman [M.d.L.] suggested (December LB, page 49), regarding Mr. Dietz going back to great old Germany, well, the normal deduction in logic here is that he wishes poor George to be jailed up!! Of course if the present victor's government in Germany had more latitude or toleration, I would be tempted by them if they offered an honorary German citizenship! However, reality is something else again. Also, the piece by Frens displays a remarkable degree of wit and insight, although, utilizing Shakespeare, one might assert: "Brevity is the soul of Wit!" Indeed. Arthur Schopenhauer once wrote, did he not (?): "The Jew is the most polished and professional of all the world's liars." With that insight, much verbiage might be set aside!! Honesty is a Germanic trait, whereas cynicism and deception are the everlasting Jewish virtues.

Yours truly, RHS, Colorado

✠ ✠ ✠

Dear Editor:

24 November 1994

I must agree with M.d.L. of France whose letter appears on page 49 of *Liberty Bell*, Dec '94. "Vegetating in this hopeless Septic Tank called America!" are his words. They are so very true.

White America is already dead. White Americans are willing their own extinction. Their spirit and soul are gone. One can feel it, sense it; like seeing death hovering over a sick old man. Whites are so devoid of spirit and courage that they aren't about to rally to the cause of saving their own race.

Aryan America has no generation of youth forged from blood, steel, and death; such as the hell of total war and total defeat on their own soil. This is the crucible from which a leader would emerge.

But the slide into oblivion will go on until the few remaining whites will have to flee America just to survive the persecution and violence soon to come.

Where will they go?

Publicus Prudentis

✂ ✂ ✂

Dear Folks,

28 November 1994

Please send me one copy of Revilo Oliver's book *America's Decline*. Enclosed please find a money order for \$11.50 in payment. Thanks and best wishes to all of the *Liberty Bell* family, especially its courageous leader George, for a pleasant holiday season and very good 1995. Your work is very much appreciated.

Sincerely  
E.S., Missouri

### THE ANTI-HUMANS

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

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Your donations will help us spread the *Message of Liberty* and *White Survival* throughout the land, by making available additional copies of our printed material to fellow Whites who do not yet know what is in store for them.

Order our pamphlets, booklets, and, most importantly, our reprints of revealing articles which are ideally suited for mass distribution at reasonable cost. Order extra copies of *Liberty Bell* for distribution to your circle of friends, neighbors, and relatives, urging them to subscribe to our unique publication. Our bulk prices are shown on the inside front cover of every issue of *Liberty Bell*.

Pass along your copy of *Liberty Bell*, and copies of reprints you obtained from us, to friends and acquaintances who may be on our "wave length," and urge them to contact us for more of the same.

Carry on the fight to free our White people from the shackles of alien domination, even if you can only join our ranks in spirit. You can provide for this by bequest. The following are suggested forms of bequests which you may include in your Last Will and Testament:

1. I bequeath to Mr. George P. Dietz, as Trustee for Liberty Bell Publications, P.O. Box 21, Reedy WV 25270 USA, the sum of \$ . . . . . for general purposes.

2. I bequeath to Mr. George P. Dietz, as Trustee for Liberty Bell Publications, P.O. Box 21, Reedy WV 25270 USA, the following described property . . . . . for general purposes.

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RACE FROM ALIEN DOMINATION!**