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

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

SOME QUOTABLE QUOTES FROM AMERICA'S DECLINE:

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

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

AMERICA'S DECLINE

Order No. 01007 — \$10.00
plus \$1.50 for postage & handling

376 pp., pb.
ORDER FROM:

LIBERTY BELL PUBLICATIONS, Box 21, Reedy WV 25270 USA

Liberty Bell

ISSN: 0145 - 7667

SINGLE COPY \$5.00

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VOL. 22 — NO. 9

MAY 1995

Voice Of Thinking Americans

LIBERTY BELL

The magazine for *Thinking Americans*, has been published monthly since September 1973 by Liberty Bell Publications. Editorial office: P.O. Box 21, Reedy WV 25270 USA. Phone: 304-927-4486.

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1000 copies	\$1200.00

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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

BAGATELLES

by Joseph D. Pryce

EXILES FROM THE CULTURE?

You know how it goes: you arrive at a party thrown by the in-laws. You've promised yourself (and your good woman, naturally) that there isn't the slightest chance that you'll 'go off.' No matter how mercilessly you might be provoked by the Yahoos, nothing will get your goat. You will behave with the impassive calm of the Buddha, with the irenic and unruffled exterior of Lord Henry Wotton when confronted by some particularly nasty *gaucherie*. And then it comes, of course—someone, relative or not, it scarcely matters, enthuses about the new principal at the neighborhood boob-hatchery, who has promised to ensure that any moppet in her charge who evinces the slightest taint of racial prejudice will be condignly punished for its sins. As gushing approval washes around the premises, you finally explode, dealing some beautifully crafted barbs, some death-dealing, poisoned-tipped shafts at the shibboleths of the day. You're quite proud of yourself initially, and feel as if you have, alone and heroically, put down the Indian mutiny; but you're confronted by wide eyes, shocked mugs, and fearful whispers hovering in the air, as if you had begun a lecture on sexual technique in front of a grieving Queen Victoria. If you've been *notoriously* offensive, the kids will be hurriedly ushered from the room lest they hear the slightest discussion of that ultimate taboo, of that potent pornography which we know as *reality*. Yet how does one profitably discuss important political matters with those whose opinions are derived from the nightly news, torrid 'talk shows,' and the hacks over at *People* magazine? What common ground can one occupy with nit-wits who believe that there's something tragic and heart-clutching about the O.J. Simpson business? How can you possibly explain to a 'man' who foams at the mouth as he channel-surfs from one idiotic sports-spectacle to another that it really matters that his daughter is next door servicing a tour bus full of niggers in exchange for a little cocaine? Dilemmas, dilemmas. I'm afraid that we must face the fact that there

will be no effective wake-up call for those Sleeping Beauties in the short-term; as dour, old Dante put it, *Through Me is the Way to the City of Woe....Relinquish All Hope, Ye Who Enter Here.*

But, of course, it's not just the morons who are afflicted by the curse of inhabiting the ass-end of the twentieth century. Our 'best and brightest' have likewise acquired accommodations on the same sinking ship, but, perhaps, there is some cause for hope here. I know that it might seem a little bit odd to place any faith in our intellectuals (and it is easy to demonstrate the destructive effects which the dastardly doings of many of our ivy-league figures have had on the history of this stomach-wrenching century), but we must remember that quality is far more important than quantity at this juncture—one conversion at an intellectually-charged level can change the world, believe it or not. After all, if I might digress for a moment, let us recall the fact that the most influential racial-nationalist theoretician of the last one-hundred years was shepherded in the direction of truth by an accident of fate. Houston Stewart Chamberlain (1855-1927), who had been a shy and retiring semi-invalid into his teens, found himself unable to complete his schooling at Cheltenham in England; and so, on a European jaunt, his aunt Harriet decided to procure the services of a private tutor, a young scholar of theology named Otto Kunze. Now this pivotal figure in Europe's history (I kid you not) encouraged the young man to organize and discipline his studies, which had been desultory and unsupervised hitherto. He also instilled in the student the beginnings of a life-long passion for botany, a field in which Chamberlain was eventually to engage in some interesting and original researches. For our purposes, however, Herr Kunze had a far greater influence on Chamberlain, and, by extension, on the rest of the modern world, when he inculcated in his young charge an enthusiasm for the glories of German Culture and German Science. Kunze remained so committed to the career of his pupil that he kept in touch with Chamberlain right into the period of the philosopher's great fame. Kunze read all of Chamberlain's books as they appeared and offered critical comments on them for which the philosopher was very grateful.

Houston Stewart Chamberlain was no exile from the culture: he

placed himself in the thick of the fray as he came into manhood's estate. I find it especially noteworthy that he wrote very often in French and was a close friend of Jules Laforgue, the great and innovative poet whose early death was felt as a great tragedy by our philosopher (T.S. Eliot would one day regard Laforgue as one of the crucial influences on his own poetic development). Chamberlain was the very antithesis of the parochial lout who thinks his ideas out at the top of his voice (while scratching at the top of his head)—he was a 'good European,' and I shudder to think what this poet, playwright, Wagner biographer, neo-Kantian thinker, and philosopher of history would have made of his dry-as-dust—and, yes, provincial—counterparts in the movement today.

As I say, this epochal intellectual, who became the mentor of Kaiser Wilhelm II as well as the inspiration to Hitler, Eckart, Goebbels, and Alfred Rosenberg, chose the path which he trod as the result of a personal encounter with one great teacher. So this sort of thing can happen; this kind of encounter can *matter*. Further evidence for the truth of my contention can be found in William Sheridan Allen's *The Nazi Seizure of Power* (NEW VIEWPOINTS, New York, 1973). Walther Timmerlah, a book-seller in Thalburg (this name is employed by Allen as a cover for the real town which is the subject of his study), formerly in the Kingdom of Hannover, becomes the first National Socialist in the town, largely because "In his years abroad Timmerlah had come to admire the writings of Houston Stewart Chamberlain. Shortly before the Munich *Putsch* he heard, at a literary tea, that Chamberlain had said of Hitler, 'There's a man I could follow with my eyes shut,' and consequently Timmerlah had joined the NSDAP as the first member of Thalburg....Walther Timmerlah was exceedingly well-liked in Thalburg. A spare, lively man, he was gentle and kindly, friendly to everyone yet thoughtful and reserved enough to hold people's respect. His bookstore was the intellectual center of the town, for he was acquainted with many of the writers and poets the town admired, and he was a chairman of the Thalburg Lecture Society. In addition, he was a prominent member of the Lutheran church. 'Walther Timmerlah bears a heavy burden, for it was mainly his example that led many peo-

ple to join the NSDAP,' remarked one Thalburger. 'People said, "If he's in it, it must be alright"' (Allen, p. 26). So that was how it happened, my friends, in towns and villages and cities all over the Reich.

So how might one go about the practical business of imparting our world-view to such a promising young thinker in these barmy days? There are more points of entry into controversial territory than one might think. In a discussion of the racial question, for instance, one can, after all, if one is at all clever, convince the stray intellect that the environmentalist fantasy doesn't merely entail an admission that vitamin deprivation can have a worrisome effect on the phenotype. What the Stephen Jay Goulds and their fifth-columnists in the media are *really* saying, more or less, is that a Central Park nag can eventually give birth to a champion thoroughbred if only enough Head Start programs are 'in place,' and if all of the welfare checks get to their tene-ment mail-boxes on time. One might well employ humor and shame as effective 'levers' in these spots—after all, no intellectual really *enjoys* looking like a damned idiot.....

However, you do have to share at least *some* assumptions with those with whom you engage in discussions on political philosophy—that is, if you want to get anywhere. Before you charge for the thickest part of the fortress-wall, with the raging accents of moral self-righteousness clouding the air, you must have decided for yourself just what it is that you hope to achieve with this 'hopeful.' If you really believe that the American Republic can be saved from its racing doom (I'm sorry to have to disagree with you on this matter, but, as I'm not omniscient, I'll let it slide), it would be propitious to try a gentle and congenial approach. Make as many telling points as you can without giving your guy the impression that you've just pole-vaulted over the walls of the local lunatic asylum. If he finds that his interest is stirred, he will probably return for more; and he may eventually confront you with questions which will indicate whether or not you have a live one on your hands or a dud. And, *nota bene*, you must always be concerned with the presentation of your very personage to those with whom you are discussing these matters, for as Aristotle once said, the character of an orator can contribute to the spectators' decision as to

whether or not they are willing to be persuaded by the case he has made. If you present yourself as a shrill Cassandra, howling dire prognostications athwart the gloom, the chances are that you will receive the treatment which that good lady received.

The main problem with which we on the radical right are faced is our inability to relate to the regnant *Weltgeist* for long enough to be able to effect any real change, either in the culture at large or in the hearts of our compatriots. Once in a while, of course, a great white hope stumbles along, to huff and puff his 'hour upon the stage,' and hope dawns once again in our hearts that now, at long last, people will listen; but it won't be long, as we know from protracted and painful experience, before our hoggish champion drops to his scabrous knees to do obeisance to our rulers. With a fulsome hosanna howled forth from between cracked lips, the heretic begins to slobber, to appease. As I speak, for instance, Patrick Buchanan is scurrying around like a pit-bull in full rut attacking *The Bell Curve*, and in quite a perverse and disingenuous fashion. Why? I don't really know, but I suspect that several influences are at play here, the most important of which is Buchanan's adherence to Jesus and his pop and the rest of that giddy stuff. If it had been merely a question of expediency, I can imagine that it would have been quite simple for Pat to claim that he hadn't read the book, or that its subject matter was outside his area of competence. I believe that a nice rule-of-thumb which could be invoked by sympathetic pols in the public eye when sand-bagged with an issue like *The Bell Curve* would be to adapt a key phrase from Wittgenstein: *of that about which one cannot speak, one must remain silent.*

(I must say that I regard it as a mark of desperation when I see 'rightists' hanging about Pat's banquet-table, with the attitude of greyhounds cadging scraps from the King's table). I'm reminded once again that he who has the eyes to see and who points to all the little wounds *whilst ignoring the main wound* is either a scoundrel or a fool (with Pat, who knows, it could be 'all of the above'). We rightly expect someone like that hustling \$2.00 whore Bill Moyers to produce a PBS program about 'stopping violence' without mentioning the salient facts

about the racial question (who's been killing and eating whom, and when, and how they season the flesh before they do; why certain 'ethnic' groups gather at the Town Square for a palaver when things go awry—and why other 'ethnic' groups burn both Town and Square to the ground when they get a little miffed, etc., u.s.w., *ad infinitum*). We don't, however, seem to get the message about someone like ophidian Pat, whose gut response to something like the sane population control policy inaugurated by the current Chinese authorities is not to urge a kindred policy on the muds, mads, and recidivists who infect *our* country. No, perish the thought! Instead, Pat urges that we invite the women from mainland China who want to go forth and multiply irresponsibly to come *here*—to the great milk-cow with a trillion teats, good old U.S. of A! Yet next week, we'll come back to the same saloon for more, like an habitual drunkard, an abused wife, a whipped cur, or a character out of Sacher-Masoch. And the question recurs: can one expect to engage in meaningful discourse on public policy with someone like Buchanan, when we've become familiar with his anfractuious track-record? Or are we, again, condemned to that exile from public life which makes most of the movement's theoreticians and activists wail and froth like John the Baptist in the Strauss/Wilde opera *Salome*? If we look like people who might dine on live locusts in the desert, I can assure you that people will believe that we do. That is a consideration.

Although what I am now talking about has more of a bearing on style than on substance, I'm well aware that questions of principle are constantly raising their ugly mugs. I sound as if I would abjure all compromise in political matters; and that might account for the occasional stridency in my presentation of the facts, but the bright spot is that on some matters of principle we *can* profitably barter and trade with those of a different political complexion. Yet on others we must be as unyielding as adamant, as steadfast as the Earth. Who cares, really, if the state has to resort to deficit financing once in a while? Is it of transcendent import whether or not taxes are increased on certain classes at the expense of others, or whether line-item-veto is endorsed

by us, or whether that nostrum will ultimately end up filed in the void next to 'nullification'? Who knows? Who cares! But, and it is a big but, what are we going to do about Yahweh's rascals and the other minorities? That's the question, buddy. And what kind of world do we want to create *after* we get our greedy hands on state-power? Those are, as I say, the real questions, and, unfortunately, at this time we have a very hard time getting ourselves heard at all amidst all of the storm and fury surrounding us in this wild and weird country. Morons make much noise.

And there it is—I've done it again. I've allowed my exasperation at the infinite foolishness of the country and its population to get the better of me, and I think I know why. Doesn't one tire of the endless repetition which is required by our activists to get even one sound perception into the noggin of an uninstructed American, whether educated or not? I know I do. But this is a problem faced by *every* politically-active person on the scene. Left or Right, it's totally irrelevant. We tend, for instance, to think that the Jews love forking over billions of bucks to ram home the Holocaust *Maerchen*; we think that the Stephen Jay Goulds and the Carl Sagans have a regular laugh-riot an hour persuading the yobboes to believe in racial equality and the other febrile hallucinations which torment them. I'm sure, however, that our big-domes really *don't* enjoy it. It's just that they have no choice. The American people are not only more stupid than we know—they are more stupid than we can imagine in our most rabid nightmares. I love my people, of course, blah, blah, blah, but, as I have said repeatedly, I do face the fact that it is going to require an educational effort extending over the *kalpas* of eternity to set them straight. So I say once more, we might have a future if we are willing to write off the mobs (for now), and, instead, concentrate on the brains.

But let us not let *our* big brains off the hook too easily. We miss more opportunities than an angler on Quaaludes. Our savviest comrades are sometimes as guilty of the sin of stupidity as are the great unwashed. I can show this to be true quite easily (I'll put off my discussion of the movement's paederast-sniffers and other sociopaths

for such time as I can figure out just what the hell they're up to). Activists—who tend not to read anything other than rightist materials—are always bitching and moaning about the fact that the major communications media have a stranglehold on the public's perceptions, and will not allow any facts to be made public, the dissemination of which might militate against the structural integrity of the System. This is very, very silly thinking, if it can be called thinking at all. The System is constantly telling us the truth about almost every matter which vexes us, and the evidence to back up this statement is all over the landscape. A 'for instance'? O.K.—how many times have you heard our worthies complaining about the New York Times, and its quasi-Stalinist refusal to let the truth be told about the power of, say, AIPAC (the Israeli lobby)? How do our guys know? Newsletters tell them so! Yet here is Mr. Establishment, Hedrick Smith, Pulitzer Prize-winning scribe for the New York Times, holding forth on the Israeli lobby and its shenanigans (from *The Power Game*, Ballantine Books, New York, 1988): ...the American Israel Public Affairs Committee (AIPAC), leading edge of the pro-Israeli lobby working Congress, literally transformed itself and gained greater power than ever before...it became a superlobby. Its budget shot up eight-fold in nine years, its membership multiplied from nine thousand households in 1978 to fifty-five thousand in 1987, its staff grew from twenty-five to eighty-five. By the mid-eighties, its leadership was steering roughly \$4 million in campaign contributions to friendly candidates and punishing political foes (p. 216). AIPAC's budget, for example, shot up from \$750,000 in 1978 to \$6.1 million in 1987 just to cover pro-Israeli issues (p. 217). In 1985, for example, after President Reagan had personally promised modern arms to King Hussein as inducement to negotiate with Israel, AIPAC and its allies lined up seventy-four senators to block a \$1.5 billion dollar arms package to Jordan....Reagan had to renege on his promise to Hussein; he withdrew the Jordanian arms package without a vote, demonstrating AIPAC's power to deter presidential initiatives (p. 221). Over the years, AIPAC had developed from a pro-Israel public affairs forum in the 1950s to a fifty-five-thousand member lobby to which scores of senators and congressmen turn

for authoritative guidance. AIPAC is an American lobby, not a registered foreign agent, but it has close ties with the Israeli government. Its political tally sheets and strategy reports wind up in the Israeli prime minister's office....Some Israeli journalists jokingly refer to AIPAC as "our embassy." And Tom Dine, a Kennedy Democrat with ten years of staff experience in Congress, is not above pulling a card from his wallet to show that he carries the Israeli prime minister's twenty-four-hour phone number (pp. 221-222).

What do you think of them apples? And that is just a sampling of the toothsome morsels vended by our author. I find it especially troubling that our cannier movement people are as blissfully unaware of Smith's book as a fossil femur is of the prime interest rate. It's much easier, I think, to explain why this view doesn't percolate down into the great unwashed masses: that is because it hasn't been rammed home with the studied and unrelenting pressure, with the insane repetitiousness which would be required to penetrate the concrete crania of our fellow countrymen. *Of course*, our masters are not interested in effectively spreading the evil news about Jewish clout. *Of course*, they'd much rather hammer out another Holocaust fairy tale. *Of course*, they will give more space to the wackier anti-hereditarians. Why shouldn't they? But I'm sure that even our enemies eventually become exasperated by the amount of exertion which it takes to get the mob hopping on anything. Still, they can crow that they're not suppressing anything, and Hedrick Smith is there to prove it. This strange phenomenon makes it very easy, of course, for the powers that be to be able to convince even intellectual hot-shots that they're not totalitarians, that their interest in the truth is paramount, and that anyone who is interested can find all the facts that he wants to rub his mug in right in front of him. They didn't get where they are today without a modicum of cleverness, and, as they proceed by the slightest increments to ratchet-up the intensity of their assault on our people, they appear to be eminently rational and moderate at all times. They're in the swim of things, as it were.

And there's the rub. How can we, whose assumptions about such minor matters as the very nature of Man and of the Cosmos in which

he has his being, fly in the face of all that democratic man holds most sacred, make the slightest impression on him without shrieking at the top of our lungs, without making ourselves look more ridiculous than the tin-horn Elmer Ganttrys whom one sees salivating on Sunday morning TV? I say it again—we won't change the mass-mind until we can incorporate ideological middle-men in our ranks, those who will eventually be able to get our songbirds to chirp a different—and sweeter—tune. This will take time, and oodles of it; but once we recognize the folly of efforts directed at the society at large, we will at least be able to maintain whatever small portion of sanity is left to our poor brains. We all know that it can lead us to the point of derangement when we try to remain calm and urbane in the face of some tapeworm who urges that we just 'vote out the bad guys, and vote in the good ones.' What *can* you say to some gibbon who really believes not only that it is possible to 'restore the Constitution,' but—*mirabile dictu!*—that it would be *desirable to do so*? And how many times does one have to explain to the same eczematous tadpole that the dictator of Iraq had no designs whatsoever on the local Seven-Eleven? By around the fifteenth time that you place the World Trade Center bombing in the context of, say, the genocide that we committed in Baghdad, I know that patience can wear mighty thin. The animalculae don't even get the point about the zaniness of protecting Kuwait (which no American that I've come across in everyday life could have found on a map) from invasion by wicked Saddam while Mexicans are invading our own country, stealing our jobs, palpating our wallets, and raping our women. It seems that we really do live in what Plato once called "these non-constitutions" (*tas ou politeias*). Perhaps, movement activists should spend a lot more time and money on locating skilled educators than they are currently spending on toys which everyone knows *they will never, ever use*. Get the most important weapons of all—Ideas—to the appropriate sector of the front, and then we will begin to make progress.

I don't want to paint an entirely nightmarish view of our missionary labors, because every once in a while a thinker does come along

whose project is congenial, and whose manner of presentation is so overbearing and forthright that the most practiced imbecile can get the point. There are times when one or the other of our reigning wits loses control and seems overmastered by a sort of compulsion, a will-to-in-discretion (if I might wax metaphysical for a moment), and it could very well be in our interest to capitalize on the fact. On such occasions, it can appear that the high-octane pundit in question wants to howl his or her hard-won wisdom into the gaping ear of the sweatiest gorilla in the last row. 'Tis then that the most inopportune dragons and demons from the abyss of politically incorrect ideas can storm the field with some hope of a hearing. For instance, when the Yale University Press published Camille Paglia's *Sexual Personnae* in 1990, the caterwauling of the radical feminists, who railed like scorched cats against the author's betrayal of the good cause, was so deafening that one of the inner voices in the thunderous prose of the book—not elegant, and, at times, quite awkward—of La Paglia was effectively masked. This inner voice (and here I am using a term from pianistic technique and not from the realm of private meditation) dealt pretty openly with the ultimate no-no: *fascism*. Ms. Paglia writes repeatedly and explicitly about fascist aesthetics (not, of course, very startling—this area usually allows our enemies to open up on us with a vengeance—we tend to be such dowdy philistines, after all). However—and here's where the jaw drops—she writes *enthusiastically* about our side! What is happening here?

I bring this matter up at this point not because the reaction of our lefty *litterati* to the book was, as one might have expected, violently negative. The feisty critic's hostile presentation of the excesses of the rad-fems was bound to cause her some rough moments. What was really interesting to me in all the brouhaha was the fact that Ms. Paglia's presentation of an explicitly fascist (and racist!) aesthetic theory *wasn't even noticed*. Ponder that paradox, mates! At last, it seems, there are bizarre heresies and outlandish doctrinal positions which strike the termagants of the establishment as more menacing than fascism itself. Ah, Progress at last!

Is there a lesson to be learned here? An ironist might point to the self-evident fact that almost everyone on the political landscape has purloined one or more of the crucial philosophical positions which we on the radical right have occupied, in the face of damned-near universal obloquy, since 1945. Draw attention to the theft, my hearties! Deep Ecology, *dirigiste* economics, behaviorist techniques of persuasion, hereditarian biologism, and, now, fascist artistic theory—in short, and I say this in all humility, we're *all* fascists now. To return to Camille the gadfly—of course, we big, brave boys and girls didn't make any hay out of Ms. Paglia's meditations, and that's typical of our bovine and chronic ineptitude. Far better, of course, for us to publish another tedious Jew-baiting book or another piece of racist hack-work than to grab the right end of the club and get into the swing of things. God forbid that we intersect at any point with the real world, even when it stumbles into a position which conforms with our stance.

Just in case the reader is skeptical of my claim that Ms. Paglia (Harold Bloom's star pupil[!]), has done justice to *our* view of things in her work, I append a potpourri of quotations which I believe would have gotten the author drummed out of the scholarly world as recently as, say, ten years ago (page-listings from the Yale University hardcover edition):

Justification will always remain the disorderly companion of love and art. Eroticism *is* mystique; that is, the aura of emotion and imagination around sex. It cannot be "fixed" by codes of social or moral convenience.....For nature's fascism is greater than that of any society (p. 13). Historiography's most glaring error has been its assertion that Judeo-Christianity [sic] has defeated paganism. Paganism has survived....(p. 25). Only utopian liberals could be surprised that the Nazis were art connoisseurs (p. 29). Marxism is the bleakest of anxiety-formations against the power of chthonian mothers. Its influence on modern historiography has been excessive. The "great man" theory of history was not as simplistic as claimed.....One man *can* change the course of history, for good or ill. Marxism is a flight from the magic of person and the mystique of hierarchy. It distorts the character of west-

ern culture, which is based on charismatic power of person....Personality and art, which Marxism fears and censors, rebound from every effort to repress them (pp. 36-37). Egypt, making a state, made beauty. The reign of Chephren (fl. 2565 B.C.) gave Egyptian art its supreme style....Pharaoh was the state. The concentration of power in one man, a living god, was a great cultural advance....Commerce, technology, and the arts profit when nationalism wins over parochialism. Egypt....made a mystique out of one-man rule. And in that mystique was the birth of the western eye (p. 57). Pharaonic construction is the perfection of matter in art. Fascist political power, grandiose and self-divinizing, creates the hierarchical, categorical superstructure of western mind (p. 59). The Dorians, who invaded Greece from the north in the 12th century B.C., may have been blonde, recalled in Homer's red-haired Menelaus. I think Apollonian light turned again into blondeness, one of Europe's racist motifs, glamourized in Botticelli and the Apollonian *Faerie Queen*. Blondeness is Apollo's wolfish coldness and conceptualism. It made its mark on our century in Hitler's....Aryanism (pp. 73-74). Our bodies are pagan temples, heathen holdouts against Judeo-Christian [sic] soul or mind (p. 95). The Apollonian is aristocratic, monarchist, and reactionary. Volatile, mobile Dionysus is *hoi polloi*, the Many. He is rabble and rubble, both democratic mob-rule and the slurry of uncountable objects (p. 97). This fascist gesture is also made by the *Apollo Belvedere*, following his arrow with his eye (p. 104). Apollonian objectification is fascist but sublime (p. 105). The Caucasian "line" of the dancer's body is Apollo's hard incised edge (p. 105). Judaism's campaign to make divinity invisible has never fully succeeded. Images are always eluding moral control, creating the brilliant western art tradition. Idolatry is fascism of the eye. The eye will be served.....(p. 139). Western personality is raised on a pedestal, in Florence or in Nuremberg. Leni Riefenstahl did for Hitler what the neoclassic David did for Napoleon. Personality is ritualized by the fascism of the western eye (p. 146). Michelangelo's electrifying icon....is a racist paradigm of Greek physical culture. The Apollonian, I said, is a Dorian and therefore Aryan aesthetic (p. 159). Unfortunately, the he-

roic Shakespearean sound is muffled these days for scaled-down television performance by liberal directors with antifascist axes to grind (p. 227). We cannot escape our life in these fascist bodies (p. 235). Western seeing is innately fascist and amoral (p. 412). *Dorian Gray* is about the amorality of beauty and the fascism of the western objet d'art (p. 527).

Interesting, isn't it? And, as they say, the woman is still in the field commanding troops! One who would hear the voice inside the formulas must dismiss as so much idle chatter Ms. Paglia's claims to be a 'Clinton Democrat.' I urge readers to pick up a copy of this book (now out in paperback)—the good woman has smuggled our contraband into the most glittering stall in the marketplace with the same brazen courage with which Sir Richard Burton smuggled himself into Mecca. Again, I urge you. And again.

So in conclusion, ladies and gentlemen, let me bring these meditations to a close by saying that our task, although it will certainly be a daunting one, still has its brighter aspects—provided we are willing to capitalize on them. Instead of fingering through the index of every book we acquire for the 'J'-word; instead of vetting every piece of printed material which comes into our hands on the sole basis of whether or not the author has advanced 'proofs of nigger inferiority,' let's see if there might be other, more prepotent weapons in an author's arsenal, weapons which might supply us with more of a *positive* vision than we are accustomed to. And, should you come across something that might interest one of the comrades, *communicate your find*. We are very weak when it comes to articulating the positive side of our vision (our enemies are closer to the mark on this point than we might be willing to admit). Don't forget that Houston Stewart Chamberlain was brought around to a sane political philosophy not by jeremiads against the sheenies or by some frantic screeching against racial decline, but by a lofty image of culture derived from Goethe and Schiller and Wagner—all rather positive fellows, if I may say so!

Who knows—if we are astute enough, and are willing to grow up a little, and are willing to engage in some kind of dialogue with the

'world as it goes,' we might one day find ourselves down by the seashore, bidding a bitter-sweet farewell to those whom *we* have decided to send into exile: *from a real Culture.....*

DR. OLIVER'S PASSING.

One tries to get a grip on oneself, of course, but sometimes one just doesn't have the stamina. Dr. Oliver's death has caused tremendous sorrow throughout the world-wide racial-nationalist movement, and I think that we all have this haunting fear that we have lost the most important of the world's thinkers at a time when we can least afford it. I find it especially difficult to recover from this blow—part of the reason for the poignancy of my personal grief is my feeling that, somehow, I was cheated of the Oliverian heritage until it was too late. But, of course, it's not.....

My first acquaintance with Dr. Oliver's existence was purely by rumor. I came across his name during the sixties and seventies, in connection with the 'Conservative' movement, and I was mildly curious about the man: after all, he was a legendary classicist, and, rumor had it, he had also mastered several of the more abstruse sciences—clearly, not an ordinary fellow. At the time of which I speak, I was mildly attached to the said Conservative movement, largely because I was unable to locate a more seaworthy vessel in port. I felt, so to speak, that until I could find a lovely fairy princess without a hunchback, I had better remain faithful to the shrew in hand. And so I drifted on, perfectly unaware that there really were Fascist hyenas in the field, to whose cachinnations I might profitably have oriented my steps. But that is another story.....

Mr. William F. Buckley Jr., who was at that time very significant for my own development, largely because he was a skilled controversialist who scorned to split infinitives, and who seemed to be on speaking terms with Vladimir Nabokov and Evelyn Waugh (boyhood idols whom I still hold in high esteem), would occasionally mention Oliver in his *National Review* pieces, and these fugitive utterances whetted my appetite. Of course, I couldn't miss the condescending tone in which Buckley regretfully dismissed the good Doctor's efforts—

Oliver's high opinion of General Walker *did* exclude one from polite society in Nueva York, but one was surprised to get this take from a so-called Conservative, with his gimlet-eye allegedly oriented to that wider landscape on which Truth had established her serene and uncontested dominion. What can I tell you—I was young....

Anyway, my bitterness about having been deprived of the only American writer who can be properly invoked in the company of Poe and Mencken—which is to say, the very best—stems from a certain personal encounter in the 1970s. Background—once in a great while, Buckley used to employ the *Firing Line* facilities for a program which would deal with the stellar achievements of an organization which he had founded along another somewhat unsavory individual (rumored, and with some show of *vraisemblance*, to be a sexual lefty) called the *Young Americans for Freedom*; anyway, in '75 or '76 (I'm not precisely sure which year), Buckley's wide-eyed pride of youthful Conservative tabbycats were on TV, filling the airwaves with all sorts of regurgitated luncheon-meat from Big Bill's 'rightist' commissary, and, in truth, not much was happening on-screen which could ward off Morpheus. I surrendered without delay.

But a day or so later, I happened to be riding the Long Island Railroad into that sinful Babylon on the Hudson, when, at the Jamaica station, several of the YAFers (as these pin-striped, strobo-pressed and Brylcremed proto-yuppies were nicknamed) jumped on board and sat down opposite me. I observed these fellows with tremendous clandestine skill, born of my examination of the works of Eric Ambler *et al.*, and listened to their miserable, sex-starved prattle for a few moments with considerable amusement. At length, I put on my best starry-eyed countenance and asked if they were the big thinkers whom I had seen on the telly. They fell in love with me instantly, of course, like the attention-craving starlets that they were, and the conversation wended this way and that, until I finally asked about Revido Oliver—was there anything to the guy? Could one human skull house that much knowledge? That many languages? The leader of the group, who now became distinctly uncomfortable as he realized that the conversation was going to stray very far indeed from his own silly career, began berating

Dr. O., describing him as someone who was not quite *comme il faut*: he had done or said or thought something which seemed almost inconceivable to this young man. Revido Oliver, I was informed, had expressed certain opinions which were absolutely beyond the pale. It was difficult to elicit any information as to what it was, precisely, that had gotten him expelled from the ranks of the righteous. It was darkly hinted that he had let slip some curious opinions regarding—well, he'd rather not say. As I felt both confused and curious, I asked the clean-shaven and virtuous-looking fellow whether Oliver had offended the canons of sound scholarship. Had his declensions and conjugations become dubious? Had he resorted to a false quantity? Were his etymologies becoming a trifle questionable? Even Martin Heidegger had been accused of this last lapse, and he had survived intact, so I wondered what it was that had so scarified the conservative community. At length, as the train roared into Penn Station, I was informed that Oliver had become so completely *gaga* that he was known to give utterance to remarks which were distinctly disrespectful to—well, the young fellow would rather not say.....

As those bright lights of the Zionist future fade away down the corridors of memory, I do hope that I can someday provoke my imagination into airbrushing the alterations to the YAFer's physiognomy which the years might have wrought. I have a little word, and, perhaps, a little something more for that *Middle Aged American for Freedom* (what else can I call him? After all, what is the proper address for the *Beach Boys* now that they have attained geriatric status—*Beach Men*?).

In short, I swallowed the vague drivel spouted by this ninny. And as the man says, "you pay, and you pay, and you pay." So every morning I wail a *mea culpa* to the remorseless face in the mirror. Dr. Goebbels once remarked that stupidity was the only failing which he could not find in himself to understand. *Mea maxima culpa*....

I hope to write some more nourishing analytical pieces on the Master for the LB soon—now that I have gotten *that* confession off my chest: *warts and all*.... □

THE WAY AHEAD

A Primer for the N-S Vanguard

by
Colin Jordan

Part Two

UNITY: ILLUSION AND REALITY

The preceding indication of the kind of people needed for the instrument of battle can now be re-enforced conversely by an examination of the kind of people we need to exclude and avoid entanglement with. To begin with, let us consider the continual chatter about the desirability of unity in the "right wing": the notion that, if only there could be some indiscriminate banding together of all the different political shapes and sizes of Democracy's non-left dissidents—including us—we would all be well on the way to success.

On the contrary, such a variegated assemblage could never result in anything other than a short-lived excursion into futility both for us and for the rest of the hotchpotch. The original National Front in the U.K. pursued this fool's errand, and proved its folly by succumbing to a rapid succession of splits because of the indigestibility of its ingredients.

The prerequisite for organizational unity is like-mindedness to an overwhelming if not entire extent, thus a union of minds to supply the justification and provide the durable bonding. This fusion of thought to the extent of transcending common belief is the real substance of unity. Without it a physical fusion brought about because of some partial agreement alongside much disagreement is but the outward semblance cloaking an inward continuation of disunity of belief: an illusion of increased strength but a reality of continuing weakness.

Any National-Socialist body foolish enough to be deluded into participating in such an exercise of self-deception, conceiving it to be some short cut to victory, will learn through its ensuing disablement and nullification and all the resulting waste of time and opportunity that this is no real way ahead. Emphatically there are no such short cuts, only the long, straight, hard road with the benefit of sound methods of advancement which are the subject of this study.

An entirely different matter from the folly of fusion with non-National Socialists—including nationalists who, in contrast to National-Socialists, put the state and the country above the race and its ideology—is the folly of failing

to unite with all genuine National-Socialists. The restrictive qualification of "genuine" has to be stressed because there are various persons and bodies who adopt the label, part of the ideology, and much of the trappings, but who are certainly not in the full and therefore proper sense real National-Socialists as we must define them. These people range from sincere but mistaken ideological deviationists to crude parodies and monstrous caricatures, and will be dealt with later in this study.

Putting aside all such counterfeit material, there can be no good reason for a failure to bring about structural unity among all genuine National-Socialists for the greater strength to be gained thereby from organizational recognition of their unity of thought. Instead, the invalid and bemeaning reason is petty, personal antipathy. In this, real or imaginary affronts, jealousies, failure to balance good in a person against imperfections loom out of proportion and override the interests of the cause and its requirements of comradeship.

Thereby the ulcer of personal friction suppurates to the benefit of the enemy. The noisome pus of concocted or aggravated allegations and disparagements oozes forth to spread infection. Persons who formerly and happily worked together, once some personal clash has occurred turn round and discover almost every sin under the sun in the erstwhile comrade. The poisoning of the atmosphere is helped on by those who, without an actual thorn in their own flesh as the cause, are stricken with chronic gullibility. This latter failing of the mind to perform with cautious skepticism, requiring and evaluating evidence before reaching a judgment in the range of guilty, innocent or not proven one way or the other, is seen in this present context in the form of a proclivity to swallow and regurgitate any kind of rumour, so that, for example, persons of somewhat Iberian appearance are instantly pronounced to be Jewish, and male companions who go camping together are pronounced to be homosexuals. It can, of course, in another and reverse form, work as a willingness to accept a person as genuine too easily, and thus cause the person to fall prey to fakes and enemy agents.

The cause is too great and the time too short for all the petty, personal nonsense which puts and keeps National-Socialists apart and in conflict. If we cannot expurgate it, we will deserve to lose, and lose we will. If we can henceforth cast out, here and abroad, the cancerous wasting disease of disunity, we will show a far greater worthiness to succeed, and attain a much increased capacity to do so.

RIGHT WING: NATIONAL-SOCIALISTS ARE NOT

In rigorously resisting and rejecting all the befuddling and distracting talk about uniting the "right wing" with us as part of it, we must from this moment onwards completely and constantly disown this term as applied so commonly,

wrongly and harmfully to us, along with the nationalists. This rejection is a vital part of the purification and clarification necessary for the creation of the combat-efficient force we must have for our victory. We National-Socialists are no part of Democracy's political pattern, right, left or centre. We are wholly outside it and wholly against it, and intent on declaring and demonstrating this.

As part of the rejection of the right wing label, along with calls for our involvement in right wing unity, we have firmly to resist and sternly to expose and denounce the recurrent disposition of those who accept the label to fancy that there is some easier way to better things by fondly grasping at some right wing figure of Democracy's old parties as some shining white hope of salvation. We have had this furore in the past here in the U.K. with Enoch Powell serving Democracy as a safety valve on the issue of Coloured immigration, appearing to wishful thinkers galore to be raising a banner of competent revolt against this alien invasion, while all the time remaining a devotee of the system inherently responsible for it.

Recently another pied piper from the same political abode, playing much the same political tune to beguile the public and boost his prestige, came on stage and predictably attracted an instant accolade from the legions of undiscerning optimists who seemingly neverlearn. This second seducer was appropriately a second Winston Churchill. His grandfather was that calamitous character who, for the benefit of the Jewish cause which he espoused for his political and financial advancement, put us into and kept us in the inferno of the Second World War to the bitter end of unconditional surrender to an insanity resulting in all our present afflictions.

Winston No. 2 won all his instantaneous and resounding hurrahs from the credulous congregation of the right wing for what resolved down into no more than a virtually useless proposal to slow down slightly the process of making Britain Coloured. Thus all he had to offer was a slight delay in attaining this culmination of that descent to ruin so powerfully promoted by that supreme showman of spurious patriotism, his grandfather, Winston No. 1. A founder-member of the Inter-parliamentary Council against Anti-Semitism, who has told the London *Jewish Chronicle* that he wants "exemplary sentences" for those "who incite racism", Winston No. 2, toast of the nitwits of the right wing, did not even call for a complete stop to further immigration. So he never went beyond this to suggest anything at all to encourage the departure of any part of the millions who are already here, thanks to all he and his Conservative and Liberal and Labour fellow political criminals have or have not done over the decades since his grandfather made war on Aryan racial resurgence.

Even if, contrary to both Churchills, all further Coloured immigration was permanently stopped tomorrow, there are already so many Coloureds here, and

they are breeding so fast that it is only a matter of time, and not so very long at that, before they become Democracy's majority. Then the Aryans who have trod, worked, fought for the land, and died here time out of mind, bringing about a unique blend of blood and soil, will become a dissipated, demoralized, dwindling minority in what was once their homeland, facing extinction by reduced reproduction and miscegenation. That is our destiny under Democracy, the death system of the Aryan.

Even if, in addition to stopping all further entry by Coloureds, there was some encouragement to repatriation solely on a voluntary basis by means of some financial inducement, as has been proposed in various circles of the right wing, it would be woefully inadequate to remove the Coloured settlers as a whole or any great part of them. Coloured immigrants swarmed and still do, despite the tricks of Democracy's politicians to dissemble—precisely because of the benefits of residence and citizenship. The vast majority of them will only be induced to depart voluntarily if, in addition to any reasonable repatriation grant and other assistance, those benefits are withdrawn from them, something you can be absolutely certain the politicians of Democracy, along with right wing nationalists, will never contemplate.

THE REMOVAL OF THE COLOURED

Their citizenship, which was wrongly given to them in the first place, has to be rightly revoked. They must no longer be able to vote, no longer able to hold public office, and no longer be able to take advantage of unearned welfare facilities, among other things. This, and nothing short of this, should shift the greater part of them. The remnant, after a reasonable period of grace, will have to be compulsorily deported without the resettlement aid given to the voluntary emigrants.

The wholly sufficient justification for total exclusion and total eviction, as far as permanent residence is concerned distinct from temporary visiting, lies in the fact that this drastic measure is absolutely essential for the survival, revival and welfare and betterment of our own Aryan Folk which has to be our overriding consideration. Misplaced squeamishness in opposition to this measure by the weak, muddled and misguided can only mean that, faced with the choice between care for the Coloureds and care for our own Folk, hardship for the Coloureds or the far greater hardship of racial death for our own Folk, they choose to inflict this latter fate on us. Obviously there can be no place with us for anyone who inclines to this latter preference.

The right wing "patriots", whose concern for the Coloured invasion is subject to their training by the media of Democracy to worship "moderation" in the face of even the most immoderate menace as an essential part of the conditioning for tame and tractable servants of their masters, will never bring

themselves to go along with the one and only sufficient solution to the Coloured problem. For the same reason of training plus timidity in their domestication to Democracy they are inhibited from even breaking silence, or else saying anything which is not so bound by limitations as to be quite useless, on the less recognized but even more important because more basically responsible Jewish problem. This makes them that much more undesirable to be entangled with.

DEALING WITH THE JEWISH PROBLEM

This Jewish problem arises from the presence in our midst of what is predominantly another non-Aryan minority, but one much more able and ambitious and influential and powerful. The Jews have the enormous advantage of an ethnic religion all their own, endowing them with a divine sanction for world domination. At a later stage in this study when we come to deal with the religious factor relating to racial resurgence which the nationalists and even some National-Socialists fight shy of, we will see how vital it is that, as the very foundation for the right ideology for the right people in the right forms of activity and organization for victory, we equip ourselves with no less a religious sanction and sustenance as the Jews possess.

Believing themselves to be divinely chosen for global supremacy, the Jews, although they now have a country of their own, Israel, with which the vast majority of them actually have no real ancestral connection at all as compared with the dispossessed Arabs—nevertheless demand and receive the right to residence and prominence and even immunity from criticism in Britain and in every other Aryan land throughout the world. Three requirements arise from this. Firstly, there can be no adequate assessment of the grievous ills of Britain and the rest of the White world without taking full and frank account of this paramount problem. Secondly, there can be no sufficient remedy for it short of the Second Expulsion of the Jews from Britain—and their expulsion as well from all other Aryan lands. Thirdly, there can be no room in the Vanguard for any person who is either too ignorant or too cowardly to face up to this problem and pursue its only true remedy, the exodus of the creators of that problem.

Those nationalists and non-party "patriots" who pay heed to and applaud and attach hope to pillars of the Conservative Party like Winston Churchill No. 2 are but a short step away from those who succumb to talking of joining that abominable association—which is a living lie, conserving nothing and destroying everything at the core of our Aryan heritage—to try and reform it and make it a vehicle for salvation. This very idea that you can go into this den of iniquity, and most radically change it for the better, is a futile absurdity. You cannot reasonably hope to be able to turn into the instrument for national re-

vival and racial resurgence something which is under the complete top-level control of Democracy's real rulers, and which, under their rule, has deliberately brought about all the conditions of national decline and racial ruin. The idea is about as likely to succeed as that of going into an inn for the purpose of talking the publican into allowing you to display temperance literature on his bar so that his customers become teetotalers.

The same stricture, of course, applies to talk of joining any of the other orthodox parties of Democracy. One and all they function under tight, top control by the forces of national decline and racial ruin to give the captive and befuddled masses the illusion that they are the ones in control, having an important and effective range of choice, whereas what is on offer in the way of difference is all carefully kept comparatively insignificant and thus harmless to the masters of those masses. The choice between these parties is consequently only a very restricted one within a rigidly enforced and held to be inviolable consensus on the common objective for all sections of Democracy. This common objective is the ultimate World Order of Democracy in which men and women will become rootless, raceless, human economic units safely subservient to the lords of the earth.

Yet those deluded right-wingers who contemplate turning all this upside down from inside, dwellers in cloud-cuckoo-land if there was ever such, are precisely the ones who dismiss as utterly impracticable any idea of creating any new structure outside the old parties capable of overthrowing them. However hard the latter task certainly is, it is not hopeless from the start, as is the idea of creating in effect a new party within a maleficent old party. We of the Vanguard cannot afford to be cluttered up with talk of attempting this absurdity.

DISMISSAL OF THE SIDETRACKERS

Close to those who compromise with the old order by acclaiming its equivalent of the siren of the Lorelei legend, namely the likes of Powell and Churchill, or contemplating, as it were, joining the household of the devil to make it the shrine of the saint, are those right-wingers who make it their hobby to write to Members of Parliament protesting at this and that aspect of the scheduled course of disaster pursued by their parties, and seeking to persuade them to rebel in this respect. This is the sin of sidetracking, namely distracting and diverting time and effort into compromising involvement in the system of Democracy instead of holding aloof from it and firmly rejecting it, and engaging in activities against it. Even if the recipient of their representation was brought by them to show the signs of some limited disobedience to the party line in this one respect, the rebellion would be restricted to this. That M.P. would remain loyal to the rest of the grievous party policy, while the right-winger involved would be drawn into focusing on, participating in, and relying on

the workings of Democracy, whereas what we have to do is to boycott it.

Such sidetrackers tend to be persons of split personality, half in and half out of the system. They are forever torn between a perception of the disaster which looms ahead at the hands of the old parties of Democracy, and a crippling craving for "respectability", albeit in terms of the valuations of the creators of the disaster. Coupled to this is a disposition to a starry-eyed optimism which causes them to imagine that there just must be enough good in the old gang to enable it to be worked on to bring about some amelioration which is better than nothing. Thus they incline to settle for some triviality of delay or temporary modification in manner in the passage to doom instead of holding out for and going for gold in the sense of devoting themselves to the all-out pursuit of the revolution required.

Often of the same disposition, and similarly to be avoided, are the single issue enthusiasts of attenuated vision who become and remain so obsessed with some particular section of the picture of woe—such as the reduction of national self-government, abortion, immigration, crime, usury, pollution of the environment, that they come to view it in detachment, failing to see or grossly to underestimate the correlation between one thing and another, and one part and the whole, in what is a general picture of defect reflecting a total process of decay. Failing to discern and consider the whole problem, they understandably fail to discern and consider the whole remedy required, which is a thorough change of system and society, nothing less than which will suffice properly to cure any and all of the numerous manifestations of corruption and disintegration and degeneration. Instead, they tend to see the particular problem they focus on as being just an abnormality in a system and society which is nevertheless more or less satisfactory, a conclusion which confines them to a category of conformist. In contrast, National-Socialism offers not some patchwork repair outfit for some futile attempt to deal with some part of the total problem in isolation, but the only adequate remedy which is total replacement.

CHRISTIANITY AND ROYALTY AGAINST RACE

Right-wingers—including all those who call themselves "nationalists" to distinguish themselves from National-Socialists, and particularly to separate themselves from the pan-Aryan implications of the latter—are commonly subject to a disabling commitment to Christianity, at least in the background of their minds, inhibiting them from opposing it, if it does not exude to the extent of frontally avowing it and preaching it. Religion will be dealt with in detail later. Suffice it here to say that, however unpleasant it may be to make the point to people who, tragically, have much good in them apart from this underlying and eclipsing weakness, the fact is that the creed of Christianity is unquestionably anti-Aryan in effect, if not pronouncement. The beliefs and

sentiments from that creed, however singled out and detached from the rest of the collection which comprises it, are the greatest cause and constant accompaniment of all the defects and the degeneracy which it is the purpose of National-Socialism to combat.

The long and the short of it is that, this being so, you cannot tackle the matter of Aryan jeopardy without confronting and rejecting and replacing Christianity. You cannot, therefore, accept and accommodate in the ranks of the real opponents of that jeopardy those who think and behave as though we have some conventional obligation to keep silent and abstain from interference in the matter of religion, or else even seek to make support for Christianity part of if not central to the cause. The time has come for deep and clear thinking and resolute decision on all vital issues, putting aside hampering fallacies and compromises, and this unavoidably means that the time has come for the parting of the ways between thorough National-Socialists and those who are thorough Christians. No longer can we afford the obfuscation of pretending that these inherently irreconcilable creeds can continue to cohabit in the same living space.

Right-wingers, including the Tory-type nationalists who are as much attached to the old order of Democracy as detached from it, are commonly addicted to supporting the royal family in Britain, even if only to the extent of a self-imposed abstention from criticizing it and condemning it, comparable to their self-censorship regarding Christianity. Here also, the crisis is too serious and the urgency of drastically improving our mode of dealing with it too great to allow us any longer to fudge on this matter or any other matter of importance.

These right-wingers purport to perceive the royal family as a commendable, surviving representation of British nationhood, and, accordingly, something to be cherished and defended. This is an appalling misconception, appalling because it is one which causes attention and effort to be wasted in upholding and venerating something which has become void and false as any such representation. Thereby that part of the public which is patriotically inclined is perniciously deluded and diverted into believing that traditional Britain is still thriving, and is thus lulled into complacency, satisfied with a semblance and pretence, while, beyond and behind the glitter and pomp of monarchical pagantry the essential Britain is disappearing down the drain.

The hard fact which, however unpalatable it is to some, has to be proclaimed is that today's royal family in this country is no more than a hugely costly, manifestly mediocre array of characters. As their highest distinction they provide the mercenary media, engaged in promoting the disastrous policies of our real masters, with fancy, fraudulent figures with which to titillate voyeuristic curiosity, excite shallow sentimentality, and cause convenient distraction

from the reality of the oncoming destruction of our heritage. All of this sponsorship and promotion of the monarchy by the media is in the same category as the provision of circuses in the arena in the twilight days of the Roman Empire as a distraction from its imminent downfall.

At the head of this royal family we have a queen in name but hardly in appearance (being in comparison to the regal-looking Mrs Vigdis Finnbogadottir, President of Iceland, a commonplace, dumpy figure indeed), and one who verbally crowns multiracialism, ruinous to her realm, with her highest approval whenever the opportunity presents itself, such as her abominable "Christmas broadcasts". Marking the contemporary synthesis of Commu-Capitalism, she has just recently visited Moscow and laid a wreath there in tribute to the Communist war against National-Socialist Germany. All in all, her performance issues as to prompt us to reword the national anthem to exhort the deity not to save the queen for us, but rather to save us from this woman and her hurtful activities.

It would take a whole issue or special supplement of *Gothic Ripples* to present fully the case against this burdensome and harmfully distractive royal family not one member of which has ever uttered a single word against the alien usurpation of their realm, and compared to which any shop assistant who has handed out a few National-Socialist leaflets has done infinitely more for the good of Britain. Suffice it for here and now to mention just the following few matters as indicative of the indictment.

ARISTOCRACY'S JEWISH BLOOD

"The Royal Family has had many Jewish connections." So said the publishing director of "Burke's Peerage", the genealogical authority regarding the British aristocracy and royalty as quoted in the London *Daily Mail* (12 September 1992). The quotation occurred in connection with a family tree supplied by this authority, and there published in that newspaper concerning the new husband of the queen's daughter, Princess Anne, now entitled the "Princess Royal". It seems that this august custodian of the British heritage was unable to find someone of our breed to her taste, instead she was obliged to take to bed a descendant of a Zaccaria Levy of Vienna, a Jew who married a daughter of another Jew, Moses Haim Montefiore, and migrated to London, and whose son, Joseph, changed the family surname to "Laurence". Such name changing in order to deceive by purporting to be British is a matter of false pretences very commonly resorted to by Jews.

Thus we arrive at the "Tim Laurence" who has become part of our illustrious royal family by his marriage to the race-mixing renegade, Anne, in December 1992. Presumably right wing royalists will be quite prepared to doff their caps to these marriage partners and the mongrel offsprings of this misalliance.

The infiltration of Jewish blood into the "upper classes" of this country was dealt with by the late Professor Revilo P. Oliver—a great master of the pen in our cause whose death on August 10, 1994, was a great loss to it—in his last article in the August 1994 issue of the fine, American, monthly magazine, *Liberty Bell*, (P.O. Box 21, Reedy, WV 25270, U.S.A. Sample copy, via Air Mail, \$6.50). Summarizing, the writer said: "Thus did Asiatic blood at first seep and soon spurt into the great families of England, who should have been the foremost and most vigilant custodians of their national and racial heritage." He quoted Hilaire Belloc (*The Jews*, London, 1922) as concluding that "with the opening of the twentieth century those of the great territorial English families in which there was no Jewish blood were the exception." This racially corrupted and decadent aristocracy of now to which Tory-type right-wingers show deference in their general adherence to falsities has to be done away with in a National-Socialist Britain, replaced by a new one of proven worth in National-Socialist terms.

Returning to the royal family in particular as the apex of decadence, the Prince of Wales, the future monarch, has proved incapable of fidelity towards even his own wife in fulfillment of his wedding vow. This can hardly count as a token of his trustworthiness in respect of guardianship of the nation's greatest treasure, its Aryan blood, as borne out by his constant concern to go out of his way to get together with Coloureds, talking with them, posing with them, dancing with them, projecting himself as a princely promoter of racial disloyalty.

It now appears that he has been matched in his matrimonial infidelity by the woman who entered his life and the nation's attention as an empty-headed nonentity given to jumping up and down in ecstatic response to the degenerate din of "pop music". Despite all the more recent and intensive efforts to groom her for a high and mighty future as first lady of this land, including giving her an endearing image as a do-gooder, clearly behind the halo she remains a fibreless, pleasure-obsessed, ideal-lacking representative of today's idle rich, the plutocracy which is the beneficiary of Democracy, as of Communism its culmination. Her prime function, in which she does at least excel, is to serve well as a super-doll for the sales of the trivia-vending tabloids in business to make money magnificently out of diverting the dupes of Democracy.

In sober analysis, this Princess Diana of Democracy shows no more sense and is certainly less useful than any supermarket checkout girl. We of the National-Socialist Vanguard can have no time for this puppetry of royalty and all those right-wingers mesmerized by it. Patriotism centred on and satisfied by this royal family of ours is about as vacuous as sporting some shopping bag from a Jewish chain-store, emblazoned with a Union Jack, in the belief that it is a meaningful and sufficient assertion of patriotic pride.

Another important issue which right wing nationalists avoid—and another reason why we must avoid entanglement with them—is Freemasonry. This is the secret society which reveres a composite, cosmopolitan godhead, and provides an apparatus for divisive and inequitable political power and economic and social preferment, contrary to National-Socialist principles of economic and social justice, folk unity, and the paramountcy of the interests of the Aryan peoples. There can thus be no room in the National Socialist Vanguard for Freemasons and those in favour of tolerating them, including some corrupted into silence and inaction by the financial contributions of Freemasons who purport to be nationalists; contributions which have the same effect of indirect, if not direct, bribery as those from supporters of Christianity and monarchy. Compromise is a weakness masquerading as a cleverness, and the watchword of the Vanguard must be “No Compromise!”

NATIONALISM'S FALSE REBELS

Even more dangerous than the potential seduction exerted by those who are unmistakably within the system, such as the likes of Powell and Churchill in the U.K., are those who have a superficial appearance of being in conflict with it, and yet by reason of compromise with it remain part of it. One example is the MSI in Italy which has shed its Fascism even further by becoming under Gianfranco Fini a new look “National Alliance”. This further surrender to Democracy has had the enthusiastic support of Mussolini's photogenic granddaughter, Alessandra, a former “soft-porn” pinup per *Playboy* magazine who, according to a BBC (London) radio news report in 1994, spent her honeymoon in Israel.

Another in this category uncritically acclaimed by his kind in this country is Le Pen and his movement in France. This right-winger told the London *Sunday Express* (24 November 1991), in a statement which reveals that his racial outlook is dominated and perverted by his nationalism, “We have Jews, blacks and Arabs among our members on only two conditions. That they are French and they are patriots.” He was reported in the London *Jewish Chronicle* (29 November 1991) as declaring that he was not a racist or an anti-Semite. According to the same paper several years earlier (13 May 1988) he told a Jerusalem paper, “I have never uttered a hostile word against Israel or against the Jewish community (in France);” and that he receives the total support of the “Association des Juifs Français”. Earlier still, in an interview quoted in the same *Jewish Chronicle* (17 October 1986), he declared that membership of his organization was “most certainly open to Jews”. In 1987 the same paper (4 September) mentioned that earlier that year Le Pen had been guest of honour at a luncheon in New York given by the President of the World Union of General Zionists.

Another seductive compromise-monger is the sleek, political juggler, David Duke in the U.S.A., proficient at shedding principles for votes, and thus thoroughly untrustworthy.

A rising star in the fond hopes of incautious easy-takers is Vladimir Volfovich Zhironovsky, head of the flourishing “Liberal Democratic Party” in Russia. Is he or is he not at least a part-Jew, and, if he is, is he in revolt against his Jewishness or in pursuit of it?

We have reports of the man denying his father was Jewish, and accusing his enemies of forging genealogical records, which is certainly a possibility to bear in mind. Alongside them we have *The Mail on Sunday* of London (26 December 1993) claiming that in an exclusive interview with that paper Zhironovsky said “I have never concealed the fact that my father was Jewish” and the *Jewish Chronicle* of London (17 December 1993) quoting the Moscow representative of *The Times* of London as saying “his father was from a Jewish family. He himself has never denied this outright.” Additionally, the magazine of the London *Independent* newspaper (2 April 1994) reported that he told a journalist from the Israeli daily paper, *Mariiv*, that he is proud of having a Jewish father.

It has been said in one quarter or another that his mother's first husband, a Zhironovsky, was a Jewish lawyer who died 18 months before the child's birth in 1946 and 5 months after she married a Volf Isakovich Eidelstein who was registered as Jewish; and that our present Zhironovsky changed his surname in 1964 from Eidelstein as on his birth certificate. According to the London *Evening Standard* (14 December 1993) Zhironovsky in 1983 applied to Israel to settle there and was granted permission, though subsequently he never took advantage of it. The most obvious conclusion from all of this is that at least one has to be distinctly wary of the man, who moreover seems to display a somewhat Hebraic flamboyance.

DETACHMENT FROM JEWISH DISSIDENTS

There are, it seems, a few Jews who genuinely become sick of their own kind, and it may be argued that it is reasonable to make some favourable mention of them, and even engage in some circumspect liaison and co-operation with them to make use of them. What, however, is imperative to avoid damage is to keep them forever at a distance, not to allow them into your organization, and not to come to stand shoulder to shoulder with them on any public occasion. The fact is that by nature they can never be one of us, and, if allowed into our ranks or even just close, public proximity to us, will cause confusion among our followers and to our outward image; besides always presenting a potential security risk.

A Jew is always a Jew, and a part-Jew always partly so. There can be no al-

tering this fact of nature, this racial character which governs thought and behaviour, by the apparent adoption and presentation of some particular ideas contrary to the general Jewish standpoint. A Jew cannot by this irregularity become an Aryan patriot. He can only become a somewhat dissident Jew or part-Jew.

This is why one cannot approve the admission of dissident Jews into organizations such as the original National Front in the U.K., of which the Jews Albert Elder and Gerry Viner were examples; and into revisionist ranks in North America—because of their stance critical of the general Jewish propagation of the “holocaust” myth—of which two examples are Ditlieb Felderer, a Jew married to a Filipino, and the Jew David Cole.

Currently operating in the U.K. is a curious gentleman of the name of Alexander Baron who has stated that he is not a Jew himself, yet issues his literature under the suggestive imprint of “Anglo-Hebrew Publishing”, has collaborated with a Jewish rabbi in defence of “The Talmud”, and vigorously denounces anti-Semitism. The mass of industriously researched material he has produced, exposing the *Searchlight* magazine of London and the vicious gang of Jews responsible for this “anti-Fascist” publication and its associated harassment of and violence against nationalists and National-Socialists, is all to the good, but has to be seen as overshadowed by the overall defence of Jewry, and the disparagement of its opponents which he so heavily indulges in. Such troublesome characters of confusion and complication we cannot afford to get connected with.

ANTI-HITLERITES OF NATIONALISM

Requiring rejection to the extent of positive identification as among the enemy are those lingering remnants of the former National Front of the U.K. who now regularly resort to denigration of Adolf Hitler and National Socialism in their efforts to gain popularity on the cheap, thus revealing how far gone they are with the pox of promiscuous compromise. As a recent example of this we have the Blackburn Organiser of the NF declaring in a letter published in the Lancashire *Evening Telegraph* (26 April 1994) “Hitler was responsible for the slaughter of more Britons than any other man in history. The NF, a pro-British organisation, will never sympathise with Hitler or National Socialist policies.” The very idea still held by some ostensibly on our side that we should still consider as comrades-in-arms such despicable dealers in dishonesty, clamouring to profit from the ignorance and passion generated by the enemy media, is revolting. Such political prostitutes deserve to be taken out and horsewhipped, not befriended.

Associated with or parallel to the anti-Hitlerites of the NF (U.K.), and likewise on our rejection list, are the Strasserites, admirers of the brothers Gre-

gor and Otto Strasser who had to be expelled from Hitler’s NSDAP because of their desire to turn National-Socialism into national-bolshevism (as dealt with in *Gothic Ripples* No. 20/21). These subverters are appearing in a number of quarters, one of them being something called the “European Liberation Front” inspired by the late Francis Parker Yockey, who in his writings, such as his book *Imperium*, deflected the basic issue from that of race to that of culture, thus causing a confusion of causality.

A constituent of this new “Front” is a body called “New Resistance”, described as distinctly “National Bolshevik”, as being a mixture of Strasserism, the European New Right (an appellation for a distracting trend of blanched unorthodoxy), and German “revolutionary conservatism”, whatever that is. Our focus for headway to victory has to be always and entirely set on authentic National-Socialism, and at no time and in no way diffused on to other and lesser creeds which fall short of it.

POLITICAL PLAYBOYS AND CLOWNS

A different type of undesirable to be relentlessly avoided and excluded are the Hollywood Nazis, those freaks whose understanding and enactment of National-Socialism goes no further than babbling about the past, seeking souvenirs of the past, and dressing up in the garb and accoutrements of the past as though all this makes them some part of the great past themselves. These foolish figures of fantasy and fetish are political playboys at the best, not political workers and fighters as the men and women of the Vanguard must be. At their worst they are public exhibitionists who act out and fulfill the Hollywood caricature of National-Socialism to the immense delight and benefit of the enemy. They are not, whatever they think and say, National-Socialists at all who are by definition those who transform the word into the deed, and they have to be told so and ruthlessly put aside.

Much akin to the playboys of the swastika are the clowns of the U.K.’s Ku Klux Klan whose contribution to the cause of Aryan salvation is to wrap themselves in sheets, surreptitiously burn fiery crosses, hold private sessions big on talk and beer, and at the most sally forth occasionally to put a brick through a Coloured person’s window. An indication of how damaging to the racial cause these clowns can be by the ridicule they so readily and rightly arouse was provided by a report in the *Western Mail* of Wales (6 December 1994) of a KKK event at which, as a change from the customary sheet, the leader of the lunatics was dressed in a military cap, camouflage trousers and jackboots, and with his friends, while giving “Nazi salutes”, thrashed a suspended effigy with a stick while shouting “Kill the blacks” and “We are the superior race”. Dissociating from and denouncing these clowns is an essential part of the clean-up, clarification and restructuring the NS Vanguard has to undertake.

Another form of injurious exhibitionism we have to be on our guard against and exclude is that manifested by the likes of a Michael McLaughlin who for a time and to its downfall headed the British Movement in the U.K., having gained his position by his promise to adhere to its constitution which promise he proceeded immediately to break. Until his megalomaniacal pretensions so outstripped him as to leave him stranded in naked exposure—whereupon he discarded the organization, blaming its members for not having lived up to his expectations—this trumpety charlatan fed his followers a dazzling diet of massive exaggeration as to his ever-increasing success and rapid approach to power, nourishing his own ego to obesity thereby. While so doing he did achieve a big increase in the nominal membership. This was by the simple and disastrous expedient of down pitching his appeal to the gutter level of every kind of mindless and unsightly street ruffian capable between beer cans of frothing “Heil McLaughlin!”, along with sundry obscenities against Jews and Coloureds which only served to make spectators strongly sympathetic to the latter. Behind a façade of National-Socialism men like this, driven by unprincipled vanity, function as political rubbish collectors, casting dirt on our creed.

SKINHEADS

This brings us to the subject of skinheads. Over the past decade or so many National-Socialists, as well as nationalists, have allowed themselves to be driven by a desperate quest for numbers, seen fallaciously as the supreme measure of headway, to grasp at skinheads, who superficially are at loggerheads with the system, as a source of extra numbers and increased militancy. For this accretion they have been willing to pay the price of lowering their standards and even acclaiming skinheads as the standard bearers of a coming millennium, frontfighters for a resplendent future. This intemperate laudation has of course marked a gross debasement of the persons and bodies concerned. In their anxiety to make themselves sufficiently attractive to the skinheads they have committed the cardinal error of converting themselves to the skinheads instead of requiring and accomplishing the reverse. They have thus ended up as yet another example of the inevitable result of the numbers game, namely the tail wagging the dog.

“The Nazis Were Never Like This”, was the heading of a letter published in the London newspaper, *The Independent*, (9 December 1992) which specifically referred to “neo-Nazis” in Germany today, but which can apply to skinheads everywhere, when it said that “... the crisply uniformed and disciplined units of the *Sturmabteilung* (“Storm Troopers”) and *Schutzstaffel* (SS) were welcome then because, rightly or wrongly and despite subsequent history, they alone were seen as capable of bringing order to streets dominated by scruffy, unruly, often violent mobs: in other words, the counterparts of the neo-Nazis

one sees in press photographs and on television today.”

It is a mistake, admittedly, to disregard the fact that there is some good in some skinheads, who at least are prepared to have a go, which is more than can be said of many nationalists and even quite a lot of nominal National-Socialists. It is, if anything, an even bigger mistake to disregard or discount the fact that there is much that is very bad in skinheads. The problem is to draw on and increase the good in some of them to the exclusion of the bad in all of them: to bring into line with us whatever proportion of them have the potential, and this without in the process running any danger of dropping into line with them, as has occurred so far in dealing with them. For authentic National-Socialists conversion is a one-way street, our way only. Let there be absolutely no misunderstanding about this iron rule!

What has to be put to skinheads and very firmly indeed impressed upon them is that they have been infected by the malignant media with a thoroughly false view of National-Socialism as present in the Germany of Adolf Hitler. Pioneered by frontline ex-servicemen, used to strict discipline amid the dangers of fighting the foe, theirs was no uprising of some slovenly and raucous rabble, but a tightly disciplined revolt against Democracy by those who had become political soldiers as a sequel to being military ones, exchanging one uniform for another.

Democracy is disorder. It is not to be fought and remedied by more disorder, indulgence in which makes the participants part of the processes of Democracy, not part of its cure. That is the first part of the lesson that skinheads have to learn, if they are to be of any use at all to us. The second part is that real National-Socialism is in conflict with all the manifestations of disorder characterizing Democracy, its aim being a new and much greater orderliness through a revolutionary transformation of state and society.

National-Socialism’s pursuit of good order—for which another name is harmony—pertains to every aspect of life, including all the arts and leisure activities in the culture of the Folk. In this it is totalitarian, recognizing and responding to the totality of life in all its interactions. Responding to the harmonious workings of nature in the pattern of good order of the universe, National-Socialism seeks a reflective harmony in all the affairs of man. It seeks this good order in, for example, a just and efficient social and economic structure, and sees it in good music which by definition is harmonious.

In contrast to and in conflict with this good music of National-Socialism is the discordant din which skinheads delight in. Such cacophony, in its range of revolting forms from plain “pop” by way of “rock” to even more excruciating emissions of noise, is the authentic death sound of Democracy. It is accordingly an evil which National-Socialism has to wage war on, along with all the other evils of the death system.

MIND-DRUGGING BY "MUSIC"

There is a rhythm natural to Aryan men and women indicated by their breathing rate and heart beat. Where the beat of "music" is speeded up much above the normal pulse rate per minute, tension is built up in the emotional system of the person participating to the deleterious point of what amounts to a hypnotic seizure of the mind. In this condition the critical faculties are overcome and suspended by the convulsions of the senses, reason collapses, and in this "hypnoid" state there is a greatly increased suggestibility. The implantation of ideas by way not merely of words sung (or shouted or screeched) but indirectly by behaviour and display is greatly facilitated.

This is a state of "possession" examined by the renowned psychologist, Dr. William Sargant, in his book, *The Mind Possessed* (Heinemann, London, 1973). It is a condition of induced mental dependency highly advantageous to the sinister promoters of this type of "music", psycho-narcotic in nature, being at one and the same time highly profitable to their pockets and powerfully effective for their political programme. They achieve the desired state of "possession" in the multitudes of young people addicted to this aural drug by means of the overpowering effect of continual, primitive, repetition of sound, including the hammer blows of a frantic rate of drumbeat, against a background of disorientation caused by rapidly flashing lights.

This amounts to a mugging of the mind. The purpose of the muggers is to break down barriers in the brain, and brainwash away distinctions of race and sex in the youth to whom the future belongs, thus capturing that future. The high personification of this processing to unisexual multiracialism by music and movement is the futuristic freak, Michael Jackson, who has amassed \$350 million for his services in blurring in his own frame distinctions between Black and White and male and female. In this hideous creature we see the shape of things to come in the high days of perfected Democracy.

Frank admissions of the brainwashing in view have come from such as "rock" star Frank Zappah in the U.S.A., saying "The loud sounds and the bright lights of today are tremendous indoctrination tools"; and Paul Cantor, another noise-maker in the same land, saying "The new rock music is intended to ... prepare young people for revolution": meaning the revolutionary advance of multiracialism, Democracy's zenith. Skinheads, while they may radiate and ingest a somewhat different message from that conveyed by the above two minstrels of degeneration, nevertheless practise the same back-to-the-jungle method of mind-bending by primitive "music" plus primitive physical contortion as is used by the likes of Zappah and Cantor, and those who stand behind them, to promote their revolution of multiracialism. Whatever the difference of content, the mode of conveyance is virtually the same, the damage to per-

sonality just as bad, so that the skinheads, while fondly seeing themselves as rebels, are to be seen on this assessment as relatives of all the rest of the jungle "music" tribe.

National-Socialism, skinheads need to learn, is not signified by the silly superficiality of adorning one's clothing with iron crosses and other unearned war decorations, or by tattooing swastikas on one's anatomy, or shouting "Sieg Heil!" at short intervals. It is not asserted by beating up some Negro or Pakistani who happens to come along and does so only because renegades of our own race have let him come into the country and stay there. It is not expressed by bellowing beer-swilling ditties to the accompaniment of the "music" discussed above and its associated gyrations which come straight from the jungle, and are appropriate to a celebrating assembly of Central African cannibals jubiling around the cooking pot.

There must be no attempt whatsoever, while they remain in their unregenerate condition, to recruit them indiscriminately and in bulk, or to allow them to participate in or even hang around any National-Socialist activity so that they appear to be connected with us. Instead, they must always and only be dealt with on the outside and at a distance, and only individually adopted where over a sufficient, testing period there are solid grounds for deeming such individuals really suitable.

Right from the first moment of any such dealings with any of them it must be made abundantly clear to them that there is no such thing as a National-Socialist skinhead, only those who cease to be skinheads in the process of becoming genuine National-Socialists. They must understand that we make the demands and lay down the conditions, and that provisional acceptance by us means wholehearted acceptance by them of the values, principles, standards and discipline of real National-Socialism—and which involves the permanent abandonment of their jungle music. If they can bring themselves genuinely and permanently to accept this upliftment, fine, and a welcome to them. If not, then an instantaneous goodbye to them, and no further wastage of time and effort on them.

TIME-WASTERS, LOUTS AND BOOZERS

The process of scrupulous elimination of all undesirables, which is essential for the selection of the right people for the Vanguard, must encompass all those who, whatever their overshadowed merits, are pre-eminently incorrigible time-wasters, addicted to unproductive talk, talk, talk, as an escape from getting down to solid, useful work. Our time is too precious to waste with any of these garrulous loafers who are much more of a hindrance than a help.

In contrast to the usual political party or other political organization which strives to attract and take in virtually anyone who says "yes" to the policy

and dips in his pocket for some small subscription, the Vanguard has to vet people exhaustively and stringently, passing by whatever number of inadequate persons in the search for the few good ones who each on his or her own surpass a multitude of the lesser ones in his or her capacity to advance the cause. We have to look for the people of superior calibre who, contrary to the what-can-I-get mentality of Democracy are motivated by what-can-I-give to a cause which fires them. Such people are repelled by low standards and attracted by high ones. They are people readily responsive to the concepts of honour, duty, service. Thus, in scanning for selection—and by our invitation only—we have to assess a person's motivations carefully. At the same time we have to assure ourselves of a person's stability, for we cannot afford to expend time and trouble on a recruit whose past record indicates that he or she lacks constancy, and is prone to changing enthusiasms. Time and care on vetting in the first place will be amply repaid in saving us from the consequences of slipshod recruiting.

Reflective of poor standards is the practice which, sadly, has emerged in some National-Socialist quarters of indulging in vulgarity of expression in unison with the parlance of Democracy's debased television as the tone-setter. The four-letter words for excrement and copulation are frequently employed as though crudity in respect of bodily functions, intrinsically private and intimate, denotes some fashionable robustness. With Democracy sexual activity is obtrusively debauched to the level of an omnipresent pursuit of sensual pleasure devoid of higher purpose, whereas for National-Socialism it is inseparable from the higher purpose of furtherance of the race.

We now come to the variety of repulsive louts who, influenced by the malignant media's ceaseless depiction of National-Socialism as some supreme, demoniacal repository of violence, viciousness and vileness, are attracted to add their disgusting appearance and behaviour to some trumpery show of a connection with it as a way to shock society'slingering decency under the impact of burgeoning Democracy. Theselouts areno more than simply antisocial, and would be no less so under National-Socialism, except that National-Socialism would, by the very nature of its educational and youth measures within its general framework and atmosphere, almost certainly prevent the emergence of such excrement, and most certainly and immediately cauterize it, if it did nevertheless appear.

This dross ranges from football hooligans, dripping their beer down their sweat shirts and bellowing their drivel, as they stick their paws out in what is supposed to be some imitation of the Hitler salute, to the nightmarish apparitions known as "punks", resplendent in their multicoloured, Mohican hair-styles, and with rings in their ears if not in their noses; in short savages straight from the jungle. For the Vanguard it is a necessary task of pest control to protect our cause from contaminating connection with these synthetic savages, and this by constant denunciation, and by booting away any of them inflicting

their presence in our proximity.

Among other desecrators of our cause are the cemetery decorators who sally forth in the dead of night to daub swastikas, very often the wrong way round, as well as idiotic and illiterate slogans on Jewish gravestones, as though some heroic achievement exists in attacking the stones of the dead instead of the bodies and beliefs of our enemies among the living. These ghouls of the graveyard deserve and should receive our punishment, whatever else. This is not to overlook the fact that there is much evidence of Jews themselves daubing anti-Jewish signs and slogans both to discredit National-Socialism and to stimulate Jewish solidarity and emigration to Israel.

Next, the Vanguard has to take a very firm stand against politics by way of booze, and strictly exclude the boozers, as an indispensable manifestation of its seriousness of intention and its fitness to succeed as the instrument for victory. For far too long pubs have been the home away from home for nationalists and National-Socialists without any careful limitation on the usage of the premises and the consumption of their beverages. The result has been that down with the drink has gone the interests of the cause, another round and yet another proving irresistible. The bar has remained the only goal of the evening with reminiscences, fantasies and other idle gossip stealing away the time, purpose and energy from useful activity, while the publican pockets the money for all this wastage, instead of it going to the cause. National-Socialism's elite does not stand in need of inspiration from a bottle, and must make any use of pubs a matter of strict and constant control to avoid the abuse here described.

The disgraceful yearly display of drunken brawling at the Diksmuide folk festival in Belgium by beer can braves from Britain must be put a stop to—with a Vanguard contingent acting as gendarmerie, if necessary.

Keen caution is required regarding recruiting anyone who has been convicted and imprisoned not for a purely political offence, but for an ordinary criminal one. Such conviction may show the person to have qualities of enterprise and daring in defiance of the conventions of contemporary society, along with various talents which could be useful to us, and this may well appeal to us, being ourselves in conflict with Democracy's contemporary society, and not bound by its morality where this is at variance with the vital interests of race and nation. However, we have always to keep right in front of us the fact that the person did what he did purely for personal gain and not for the benefit of a cause. Though this does not mean that any proper extenuating factors are not to be taken into account, or that the person cannot change to the extent henceforth of serving a cause above self, it does mean that at least a very large question mark, if not a cancelation mark, has to be put against that person, requiring us to conduct a very careful appraisal and sharp testing of that person before any provisional acceptance.

QUEERS AND SATANISTS

With the advance of Democracy has dawned the day of the queers, who in true Democratic fashion of deceit try to pass themselves off as "gay", and as good as normal at that. In a society denoted as permissive of sundry depravity, and tolerant of about every ism except National-Socialism, the queers are hard at work proselytizing and propagandizing, extending their influence through their infiltration of positions of power in an insidious take-over from within.

National-Socialism, the upholder of the natural order, committed to the preservation of the race by its procreation, cannot accommodate those who pursue an unnatural order suicidal for the race. Thus it is for the Vanguard to take up and lead the fight against this cancerous abomination, evincing its determination to do so by always naming these perverts as the queers they are, thus opposing their important bid to facilitate acceptance by way of favourable nomenclature; and by ensuring that our door is always firmly shut to them.

We come finally in this survey of undesirables to those persons who delight in dabbling in the outer and most bizarre reaches of the occult which they designate as "Satanism"; and who, in the course of this, seek to add spice to their concoction by bringing in the name, the leader and the symbol of National-Socialism, wrongly purporting a connection with their weirdness, and thus causing a contamination with it. Here we need to go no further than to quote as follows a speech of Adolf Hitler at Nuremberg on 6 September 1938 to put on record our rejection of these people.

We will not allow mystically-minded occult folk with a passion for exploring the secrets of the world beyond to steal into our movement. Such folk are not National Socialists, but something else—in any case something which has nothing to do with us.

Part III of THE WAY AHEAD will be published in the next issue [of *Gothic Ripples*], and will be devoted to the Vanguard view on the two great issues of Religion and Race forming the foundation for the right ideology, as one of the three vital requirements for victory, along with selection of the right people. [Just as soon as that issue of *Gothic Ripples* becomes available it will be published in *Liberty Bell*.]

Part I of THE WAY AHEAD was published in *Liberty Bell* for October 1994. The present Part II is reprinted with permission from *Gothic Ripples* (No. 28/29 - January 1995), an occasional report by Colin Jordan, Thorgarth, Greenhow Hill, Harrogate, HG3 5JQ, England. Subscription (4 issues) Europe, by air, £4.00; elsewhere, surface mail, £4.50, by air, £6.50.

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Dear Mr. Dietz:

I noticed the comment of Dr. Charles Weber in the April issue concerning my brief piece (*LB* 1/95) about Charles Murray's *Bell Curve* and the criticism of Murray in an issue of *USA Today*.

Weber takes me mildly to task for addressing the subject of Murray's book without having read it. He is right, of course, that I could have responded more effectively to *USA* columnist Barbara Reynolds if I had done the homework. At the time I had not yet purchased the book, but had only gleaned some of its contents from sympathetic reviews and a (biased yet revealing) mainstream television interview.

The thrust of my own comment, in any case, was surely not Murray, but Reynolds, and what she represents. Her editorial, as I see it, expresses the characteristic inability of blacks, whatever their level of sophistication, to see a situation from any point of view but their own, and their tendency, likewise, to reject out of hand any opinion that does not flatter them. (I do not claim that such a tendency is peculiar to blacks, by any means, but only that it is, on average, noticeably stronger in them.) This limitation, I believe, lies deep in the black nature, and contributes, as much as does anything else, to the problem that arises when the two races are brought into collision with one another. I am likewise convinced, by way of both literature and common sense, that the roughly 15-point IQ gap long cited in racialist literature is only the beginning of the story.

My own motive in using Murray as a point of departure is not to review the case (I am only now beginning to delve into it) that he himself has made, but merely to use the *Bell Curve* "issue" as one more instance of the absurdity now prevalent in the American mainstream. In tossing out commentary of this kind I seek to chip away, a little at a time, at the resistance of our own people to the truth that is (whether or not men like Murray write their books) already in front of them. I want to shake white readers loose from the docile and self-apologetic frame of mind within which they presently operate. I make this effort in the hope that one day this hard accretion of self-defeat will shatter and our people will have the nerve to admit the obvious.

Murray's material, once it becomes an "in" topic, will be debated at length by those with the state-approved credentials. This much is good, as far as it goes, and the opening of this forum is something we should welcome. But what our folk need, beyond this intellectual tit-for-tat, is the self-reliance to trust their own perceptions of the truth even when these perceptions are out of fashion. Without this basic independence of thought they will gain little from the exchange generated by the IQ "controversy" as

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it becomes the plaything of theoreticians in the ivory towers.

Weber also suggests that I would show more nerve if I went by my name instead of using the "Prof" label. This, too, is a point worth acknowledgement. I will acknowledge it here for the first and last time. A number of us who write for maverick publications like this one do use various zips and name-handles instead of actual signatures. There are various reasons for this practice. In some cases, these reasons involve ourselves, in some cases, others close to us, as well. Maybe we want to protect our families. Maybe we want to protect our jobs, which enable us, in some cases, to plant messages within the mainstream, and without which we would be worth little to ourselves and to those on the front lines. If it makes Weber feel any better, I speak my mind at times on race and related issues in fairly conspicuous fashion. I am no stranger, by this time, to the ADL databanks, and to prying reporters who want to make noise about my affiliations with certain controversial persons within the movement. But this, I think, is beside the point, or at least it ought to be. The racist who uses a handle, or who guests on a network television program wearing dark glasses, does not owe the rest of us any explanation. We would all do well to dislodge our own cinders before criticizing each other.

Dr. Weber says that he liked Revilo P. Oliver's willingness to take his stand without use of a pen name. I admired Oliver, as well, for this reason and for some others besides. But I do not understand why Professor Oliver must now be the standard, either moral or literary, against which all other material in *Liberty Bell* is measured. I am, in fact, a little annoyed of late by the backhanded compliments (saying, in effect, that so-and-so tries hard, but alas, is no Professor Oliver) dished out to the talented and generous contributors who continue each month to make this publication possible. I am not too happy, either, with certain types within the movement, generally older and with positions long ago secured, who make a practice of assessing from a distance the moral substance of those who may operate elsewhere within less obliging circumstances.

Over the years I have seen far too much space in racist magazines devoted to the jibes of readers (often, it is clear, cantankerous or petty jealous types, though I do not put Dr. Weber in that category) who wish to target other writers by way of insult or innuendo. The nature of this forum is the editor's prerogative. But for my part, I have no wish to excite or in any way contribute to a pissing contest. For this reason, anyone who wants the last word on a subject of this kind with me is welcome to it. For my part, I will continue to send off commentary, from time to time, for as long as the reader and the editor seem to want it. In the meantime, it is my hope that those of us with kindred ideas can begin to see our shared cause as the end that is truly worth our efforts.

The Prof

America's SS: *THE SILVER SHIRTS*

by
A.V. Schaerffenberg

In his prophetic novel, *1984*, George Orwell envisioned the kind of society America is rapidly becoming. A motto of that "future" time was, "Who controls the present, controls the past, who controls the past, controls the future." Part of that mind-control *was* assisted by the Memory Hole. It was an incinerator into which were thrown any pieces of information about the past which were considered damaging to the Big Brother System. To demonstrate how close the Jew-controlled Establishment in our country resembles that of 1984, we present the story of William Dudley Pelley.

Although the leader of a mass-movement that commanded headlines throughout the decade of the 1930s, his name is totally unknown today, except to a handful of researchers. Outside of infrequent, fleeting references to him in a few histories of the Depression Era, there are no books about his dramatic life; not even any newspaper or magazine articles. His photograph cannot be found outside the pages of *The New Order*, nor any photographs of his tens of thousands of followers, even though both his image and theirs dominated newsreels and publications of the time. His speeches are unobtainable even though they were heard by millions, sometimes over nation-wide radio broadcasts. He attracted the friendship of legendary heroes like Charles Lindbergh and the hatred of legendary scoundrels like Franklin Roosevelt. Sinclair Lewis wrote a full-length novel, *It can't*



happen Here, based on his life. Along with the works of Theodore Dreiser, H.L. Mencken, F. Scott Fitzgerald and other luminaries of the 1920s, his books entered college curricula in the forefront of modern American literature. Yet, no college course in Great Books today features any of his titles. He was one of the most important creators of the silent film, the author of such classic screen plays as *The Hunchback of Notre Dame*. Despite the man's undeniable impact on his times, his name has been thoroughly expunged from contemporary history, his books (worse than banned or burned) unpublished, his political achievements consigned to oblivion.

In trying to research the material for this article, after months of investigation, I learned that his only biography was written eighteen years ago, an obscure university thesis by a hostile postgraduate student. Some scattered fragments of additional data came from xeroxes of Pelley's own moldering publications, via dusty library archives. Everything about him has been tossed into a genuine Memory Hole, no less thorough in its destruction but far more real than Orwell's model. The Jewish Big Brother biography was written eighteen years ago, an obscure university thesis by a hostile postgraduate student. Some scattered fragments of additional data came from xeroxes of Pelley's own moldering publications, via dusty library archives. Everything about him has been tossed into a genuine Memory Hole, no less thorough in its destruction but far more real than Orwell's model. The Jewish Big Brother who blots out all information about William Dudley Pelley is the same controller of the past who makes sure there are plenty of school books and pseudo-documentaries for television and the movies extolling the "greatness" of Martin Luther King, Jr. or Malcolm X. What could Pelley have done that so struck to the heart of the Kosher System, that ignited such a complete effort to erase all knowledge of his existence from American consciousness?

Horror in Russia

William Dudley Pelley was born in Lynn, Massachusetts, on March 12th, 1890, into abject poverty. All he could remember of his childhood was that he was "perpetually hungry and shabbily dressed". Unlike apologists for negro ineptitude, adversity did not deter young William from making something of his life. For him, destitution was not an excuse for laziness and failure, but a catalyst for betterment. Still

in his early teens, he found lowly employment at a tissue factory, where he labored long, tedious hours for very little money. But he saved his pennies and educated himself by reading at every opportunity. Reading was his only passion and escape from the drudgery and material impoverishment of his adolescence. He especially loved the classic American authors Poe, Emerson, O'Henry, etc.—and dreamed of being a writer. By his 18th year, he was better educated than most college graduates and began to realize his dream, when he was hired as a junior reporter for Springfield's *Homestead* newspaper. Although his income was hardly better than his wages at the tissue factory, he married in 1911 and was blessed with a baby girl the following year. She died around her third birthday, however. Despite his "frightful sorrow", or because of it, he worked harder at his craft than ever, his reputation as a reporter of extraordinary descriptive powers grew and, for the first time in his life, he was financially comfortable. In the following years, his feature articles in such nationally-known magazines as *Red Book*, *Colliers* and *The Saturday Evening Post* were admired by millions of readers.

By the end of the First World War, Pelley's prestige was such that his publisher commissioned him as a foreign correspondent on assignment in Eastern Europe. With a generous expense account and the diplomatic rank of "consular courier" conferred upon him by the United States government, he shipped out for Russia in early 1918. To him, his assignment was a fun adventure, a well-paid lark and a chance to vacation overseas. It turned out to be something far more. Until his fateful voyage, Pelley was a happy-go-lucky, up-and-coming author, with no real convictions of his own. As he remembered years later, the experience transformed him "from a nondescript writer to a grim crusader."

For two years, he covered 8,000 miles by train and on horse-back through Siberia, into the Ukraine, across the Steppes of Central Russia, into the Far East and through Asia to Japan. Through all these extensive Travels, he was a personal witness to [the communist revolution. He saw peasant women crucified to barn doors and a schoolroom in which the teacher and all the students had been bludgeoned to death, their brains splattered against the blackboard. There were whole villages depopulated by murder, with corpses swinging from every lamppost and choking the nearby streams. These victims were rarely military personnel, nor politically involved in any way. They were common people, mostly farmers

and factory workers. Such horrific sights, encountered wherever the Reds passed, almost unhinged his mind. But they were so commonplace, he gradually grew enured to the sea of blood through which he traveled daily. He learned first-hand that communism was not an ideology, it was simply the organization of the worst criminal elements led by Jews to destroy Gentile society. This was no speculation. Virtually all the commissars he knew (some of whom he interviewed) were Jewish, while the majority of their activists were common murderers and perverts "liberated" from prison. They were motivated by hatred, power and revenge, nothing else. All their slogans about "Equality" and "Peace" were transparent ruses to dupe thoughtless liberals among the Russian people, their victims. Drunk with success, the Jews boasted openly of their plans for world conquest by fomenting the same kind of divisiveness in other Gentile countries. They told Pelley that Russia was just a stepping stone, a base for international subversion. Even their phony "communism" was utterly dispensable, just like their own followers, who they never hesitated to massacre on the slightest whim. Their long-range goal was a one-world government, in which the Gentiles became willing slaves, fuelling an international economy with their genius and labor, while the Jewish people dominated all important positions of power. "After Russia," one greasy commissar smirked at Pelley, "then Europe and later, America!"

"Hooray for Hollywood!"

Before his political awakening overseas, he knew nothing about the Jews, never heard them discussed at home while growing up and, at most, thought of them only as members of a non-Christian religion. Returning to the United States a changed and shaken man, Pelley made his report to Representative Louis F. McFadden of Pennsylvania in 1920. The politician was so alarmed at what he heard, he personally read aloud the *Protocols of the Learned Elders of Zion* on the floor of Congress, officially introducing this vitally important document into the *Congressional Record*. (The Protocols represent an agenda for bringing Jewish leaders into positions of political and economic dominance over Gentile society. Predictably condemned as fraudulent by hysterical Jews, the *Protocols* were verified as recently as 1984, when Lincoln and Bladgett's popular book about the Grail legend, *Holy Blood-Holy Grail*, established their historical roots.) Soon after, Pelley was introduced to a

Justice Department official and Robert Sharpe, chief of State Department intelligence. They told him his experiences were entirely borne out by their abundant files on Jewish agitation in Russia and the United States. That these government men were so outspoken is a revealing indication of how much political power the Jews have accumulated in the last 75 years; it is today completely unthinkable that any American politician would even hint at criticizing the Jewish menace.

There seemed to be nothing that could halt "the historical inevitability" of the kosher one-world promised by Karl Marx. Pelley went back to his home in Vermont and tried to forget the "bath of horror" he knew was slowly enveloping civilization. He felt restless and frustrated and became unlivable, so much so, he and his wife divorced. These were the Roaring Twenties, when Americans were caught up in the hedonism of postwar prosperity. People lived for pleasure and let serious problems take care of themselves. Pelley too, was not immune from the spirit of his times. Trying to escape from his own conscience, he fled to Hollywood, California, where his reputation as an author preceded him, and he was hired as a screen writer at M.G.M. and Universal Studios. He worked furiously, turning out scripts for the leading motion pictures of the day. He even scripted a film version of his own short story, *The Shock*, which was an instant hit. His work was of such high calibre, he soon became one of the most respected and highest paid writers in Hollywood. In the words of his biographer, his esteemed screen plays for the leading actor of the silent screen "helped to establish Lon Chaney's reputation and forged a friendship between the two men. In addition to Chaney, he claimed 'constant entree' into the homes of Theda Bara, Chester Conklin and other famous actors, producers and directors."

Busy as he was with living it up in Hollywood high society, Pelley found time to write novels which catapulted his name into the highest levels of contemporary American fiction. Both *The Greater Glory* (extolling the simple values of life in a small New England town) and *The Fog* (a love story) were bestsellers and critically acclaimed. He was favorably compared to F. Scott Fitzgerald and regarded as at least the equal to Sinclair Lewis. But money and acclaim did not bring him inner peace. Ironically, he originally fled the realities of the East Coast for the fantasy mills of Hollywood, only to find himself in the midst of a largely

Jewish movie industry that was perverting the art of film into kosher propaganda which “benumbed, anesthetized and generally bilked” audiences. “While Gentiles concentrated on creativity,” he said, “furriers from Second Avenue and pants-pressers from Milwaukee began to open studios to photograph canned dramas.” He felt inwardly ashamed to have had anything to do with the Hollywood illusion, as he saw the Jewish shadow fall across his own country, just as it had in Russia.

At the height of his career success and his emotional turmoil, on May 29th, 1928, he was suddenly and unexpectedly confronted by a deeply moving personal experience. He wrote about it in *My Seven Minutes in Eternity*, which sold 90,000 copies. Before 1930 he received more than 20,000 letters from his readers. Despite the pamphlet’s phenomenal success, the author revealed few details concerning his experience beyond his insistence that synchronous events are personally significant “coincidences” are occurrences in everyone’s life that connect us to some Divine Plan. Never before a religious man, Pelley was no St. Paul suuck off his horse by God’s holy lightning. Whatever happened to him, it appears to have been not unlike the vision a young Hitler had of his life when, as a 15 year-old student in Linz, Austria, something in a performance of Wagner’s music showed him a glimpse of his future mission. Such personally significant happenings are not at all that rare, but usually occur to revolutionary personalitie of a high order. In any case, Pelley saw that he was wasting his time in “the necromancy of making movies” that were becoming more anti-Gentile, and determined to devote the rest of his life doing meaningfull work, whatever that turned out to be. He was ready for greatness, he felt, but lacked any sense of direction.

Most of all, he wanted to do something worthwhile for his Aryan race and Western culture. He was not unaware of the National Socialist Revolution going on in Germany, but he thought it could not possibly triumph over the enormous power of Jewry. He remembered how the slimy commissar in Russia had prophesized that Europe was to be the next victim. He studied *Mein Kampf* and wondered if the principles so clearly laid out therein could be applied in the United States. It seemed too good to be true. Next year, the sham prosperity of the 1920s collapsed wit the Great Depression. The United States went bankrupt and its people knew real fear for the first time . As millions of bitterly disil-

lusioned Americans allowed themselves to be suckered in by a burgeoning communist movement and the transparent lies of Franklin Roosevelt, Pelley was horrified to recognize the same pattern of mass-upheaval he witnessed in Russia being replayed in his own country.

The Birth of the *Silver Legion*

When, however, Adolf Hitler was elected to power on January 30th, 1933, Pelley was thunderstruck. The impossible had happened. At least somewhere in the world, a Gentile people had pulled themselves together in the cause of their racial existence. The omnipotent Jews were defeated after all. If White men could save their people in Germany, the same could be accomplished here. The very next day, Pelley founded the *Silver Legion*, regarded by most historians as the first genuine National Socialist-style organization in the United States. True, the roots of the *American-German Bund* went back ten years earlier. But it was essentially a fraternal group with no political goals save, much later, preserving peace between America and the Third Reich. The *Silver Legion* began as something altogether different. From its inception, its thrust was the attainment of political power, to someday become the U.S. government and establish a folkish state based on the fundamentals of *Mein Kampf*. More important even than these obvious political and philosophical goals, a new spirit, the dynamic will of the White Race would be summoned to inspire Americans as never before.

From the outset, however, Pelley was faced with a serious dilemma: While he wanted to clearly identify his organization as National Socialist, he was anxious to make it appear as American as possible. Although he loved the Swastika symbol and understood its pan-Aryan significance, he knew too that it was now the official emblem of a foreign power. He did not wish to create the impression that he was the agent of another country. Instead of the old Hooked Cross, he chose the letter “L” as the symbol of his new organization. It was simple to reproduce under a variety of circumstances and stood for Love of the Aryan Race, Loyalty to the American Republic, Liberation from Jewry and, of course, the *Silver Legion* itself. He personally designed its flag, a square, white standard emblazoned with a capital L in scarlet. For the next nine years, it was to be seen by millions of Americans, carried into vicious street battles and hoisted over every state in the Union.

But in the beginning, beyond creating its first symbol, Pelley really

did not know where or how to start. At last, he fell back on his writing skills and published a tabloid newspaper, *Liberation*, at his own expense. It created a sensation, becoming virtually an overnight success by attracting not only numerous financial supporters, but expressive writers like himself and first a dozen or so, then hundreds and very shortly thousands of unemployed men anxious to sell the publication from street corners. In Jewized cities like New York or Washington, D.C., these early activists were attacked by kosher mobs, so the same enemy that made Hitler's Stormtroops necessary were likewise responsible for the *Silver Shirts* coming into being. Pelley's choice of the name was an obvious reference to the German S.S., but their presence at newspaper sales and public speeches was no less vital. In so short a space of time, the *Silver Shirts* became the *Silver Legion*. The vast majority of Legionaries were by no means armchair revolutionaries, but tough street fighters from factories, offices and high school and college campuses. Many were also ex-servicemen, betrayed veterans of the phony "War to End all Wars". They saw through the Jewish nature of the Depression and regarded F.D.R. as the most Jewized president ever inflicted on the country. Most of all, they wanted to sweep aside the liberal-capitalist-democratic scam and build in its place a free republic of happy citizens deeply conscious of their racial heritage. To achieve that goal, they strove to build a real political movement aimed seriously at putting their leaders in office through legal, constitutional means.

Their uniforms consisted of a cap identical to those worn by Hitler's Stormtroopers, blue corduroy trousers, leggings, tie and silver shirt with a red "L" over the heart. To offset their European appearance, the *Silver Shirts* never failed to fly the Stars and Stripes side by side with the Legion flag, and their official anthem was a pro-Aryan text set to the famous Civil War march, the *Battle Hymn of the Republic*. "Silver symbolizes the purity of our Fight", Pelley announced, "and the purity of our Race!" Thus began what he referred to as "the Great Maratbon", conjuring images of Thermopylae—"the ultimate contest for existence between Aryan mankind and Jewry."

By the end of 1930, the Legion's growth was nothing less than extraordinary. Units were springing up all across the country, as Pelley found that he spoke as eloquently as he could write. By 1936, he was a nationally-known public figure, who had already addressed hundreds of

thousands of farmers, students, housewives and most usually, unemployed people all across the country. As he described once in *Liberation*, "Men in the little towns are suddenly galvanized by the piercing tocsinis of the *Silver Bugles* (the name of a *Silver Legion* drum and bugle corps). They crain their necks up from ledgers and lathes. Rippling nags go past foggy windows where they've viewed the world with increasing sullenness during this highly successful Jewish Depression. They deploy upon the sidewalks and behold the finest specimens of American manhood doing something to relieve mass resentment. They want to play their parts." Like the growing Legion of his followers, being a National Socialist activist, he felt "part of the very essence and fibre of my country's current history." His message was the simple truth: "Capitalist democracy has failed, but out of its putrid remains is struggling to be born its monstrous offspring, communism. The Russian people failed to crush that monster in its womb and suffered terribly. I know, I saw it happen. The same is happening here. It is not a struggle for capitalism or communism, but between White Civilization and Jewry."

Silver Shirts on the March!

Pelley's organization of the *Silver Legion* was unique. Although there were permanent barracks for *Silver Shirt* training and local units flourished in most states and in every region of the United States, there was no central headquarters building. Instead, the Chief, as he was popularly known to his followers, ran the Legion from his Ford touring car. He never stayed any place more than a few weeks, at most, but was constantly on the move, traveling from one headquarters to another, staging outdoor rallies and mass meetings along the way. Actually, he went through several cars per year, because he was driving an astounding 20,000 miles annually. Wherever he happened to be visiting at the time was the national headquarters from which he made all his phone calls to other headquarters. This extremely mobile leadership tied the various units very closely together and gave Pelley a tremendous understanding of Americans at all levels, in all parts of the country, while making him a personally known statesman to millions of people.

His plan for achieving power was open and direct: First, he would acquaint his fellow citizens with the *Silver Legion* program. Then he would enter the next presidential race in one state only for the experience he and his activists needed to understand practical politics. With

that real-life training, he would make a serious bid for the 1940 national election. Accordingly, his support was so widespread in Washington State that his name was placed on the presidential ballot, thanks to the hard, door-to-door campaign work of the Silver Shirts, who collected thousands of signatures on their circulating petitions. (Here, my research draws a blank, as I was unable to locate any sources describing the voter response he won. I conclude it must have been significant, for reasons which will soon be made clear.)

F.D.R.'s reinstatement as president brought closer the "conflict between the Light and Dark forces on earth"—a prophesy of the coming war against the Third Reich made by Pelley in his first national radio speech. His election bid increased *Silver Legion* membership three-fold and won some important figures, including George van Horn Moseley, a retired general in the U.S. Army, Congressional Representative Jacob Thorkelsen, Charles A. Lindbergh, Jr., and Walt Disney. All of them attended his public rallies and some shared the podium with the Chief. He was confident that, with this kind of high-level support and the obvious acceptance of millions of average Americans, the *Silver Legion* had a great destiny before it. As his biographer wrote, "Pelley looked forward to a World Axis, centered in an Aryanized Washington and made secure at either end in Berlin and Tokyo. As long as China tottered on the verge of becoming Stalin's satellite, the Japanese armies in Manchuria defended civilization against the insidious serpent of communism." Having lived in Japan for some time, Pelley came to deeply respect the Japanese as the bulwark in the Far East against the Soviet Union. He was therefore appalled at Roosevelt's attempts at goading Japan into a catastrophic war that would leave the door wide open to Communist expansion into Asia. The Chief proved all too prophetic here too, as the crippled American veterans of Korea and Viet Nam can attest.

As the 1940 presidential election approached, the *Silver Shirts*, now 100,000 strong (House Committee on Un-American Activities, Special Committee, 1939), were being taken very seriously by F.D.R., who recognized Pelley as a deadly serious contender; the Chief might not actually get into the White House, but he could control enough votes to swing the election away from the democrats. Roosevelt's popularity already waning, he could not risk his reelection and ordered the F.B.I. to "investigate" Pelley. Attorney General Frank Murphy balked at the ob-

vious political persecution and made excuses to the President, telling him it would be a mistake to make "martyrs out of the *Silver Shirts*". Martyrs, schmartyrs—democratic incumbency was at stake, so he ordered what Pelley referred to as his "Gentile satraps" to make life miserable for the *Silver Shirts*. Their North Carolina unit (the legion's largest headquarters and the closest thing they had to a national office) was raided by federal marshalls, its properties, including printing presses, confiscated, its residents arrested and jailed on a variety of contrived charges, all of which were dismissed but only after long months of financially draining court proceedings. Even so, none of the confiscated materials, as well as the legally owned building itself, were returned to the impoverished *Silver Shirts*; they were told by the smiling judge that they had the right to sue the government for damages.

Hard on the heels of the North Carolina raid, Congressman Dickstein (New York) called for a national ban on public display of the *Silver Shirt* uniform. The Chief was quick to respond: "Any kike who thinks he can tell me what kind of shirt I can wear, or that I can't wear a scarlet L on it, will get a punch in his nose that he'll remember until he lands in Abraham's bosom!" As even his unsympathetic biographer admits, "Pelley had grounds to believe that he was being harassed."

The harassment accelerated and he was charged with tax evasion. Although he beat that politically motivated charge, the great expense and time needed to defend himself from impending imprisonment sabotaged his 1940 campaign. By that time (November), U.S. involvement in the widening conflict against National Socialist Germany seemed virtually inevitable. Accordingly, Pelley changed the direction of the Legion from running for elective office to opposing Roosevelt and his Jewish warmongers. The *Silver Shirts* joined up with the *American-German Bund*, the *Ku Klux Klan* and numerous other patriotic organizations, large and small, united in mobilizing mass-opposition for peace. Here too, the Chief proved his power to win over millions, as national polls taken only a week before Pearl Harbor showed that more than three quarters of the Americans people were against war with the Axis unless the United States was physically attacked. How Roosevelt engineered that prerequisite, well-documented by some of the books offered for sale by *The New Order*, is too complex for retelling here. After America finally entered the war, Pelley was heartbroken at what he saw

as his country's slide into the abyss. His life's work of the past nine years, all the wonderful success of the *Silver Shirt* organization and its enthusiastic grass-root support, seemed in vain. He dissolved the Legion, even its newspaper; what else could he do?

He had remarried in 1935, but spent little time with his new wife, by whom he had a daughter. Close to despair, Pelley joined them in the small town of Noblesville, Indiana, where he wanted to forget the world he had tried to save. His years of self-sacrifice seemed "a thankless job, striving to bring a vision to humankind, as humankind is constituted." But his wife, Helen, and some of his closest comrades urged him to continue, not to give up, in spite of the worst that had happened. Somewhat encouraged, he wanted personal assurance from the new Attorney General Biddle that he would be allowed to publish his views so long as he not undermine the war effort. Biddle gave him his word of honor that Pelley could publish without fear of restraint. Even though the country was at war, the right to free expression was constitutionally guaranteed.

A pro-Hitler Roll Call in Wartime America

In the midst of wartime hysteria sweeping the nation, he launched a new magazine, *Roll Call*. It was uncompromisingly National Socialist, its famous editor and *Silver Shirt* writers unapologetic. They documented the prewar oil embargo Roosevelt imposed on the Japanese, forcing them to witness the strangulation of their economy or risk a war to free themselves from U.S. domination. F.D.R. wanted war to save his own faltering "New Deal" economy by the kind of mass-production only wartime industry could provide. The Reds wanted war to save the moribund Soviet slave-empire from Hitler's armies. The Jews wanted war to preserve the capitalist/communist shell game they imposed so successfully on Gentile peoples throughout the world. Worst of all, in prosecuting war on the National Socialist Forces of Light, duped Americans were making it possible for the same forces of internal decay that rotted German society before Hitler cleaned them up to take root in our own economy.

Pelley sent pre-publication review copies to the Attorney General's office for government approval. Biddle could afford to appear magnanimous, confident as he was that the last of the *Silver Legion* would be

hoisted on its own petard by the war-hysteria of "patriotic" Americans. But he was flabbergasted to learn that *Roll Call* was incredibly successful! Far from the popular hostility he counted on to overwhelm Pelley, the feisty little publication was turning up everywhere. And people were openly agreeing with its notorious editor. Most serious of all, "many copies were found among U.S. servicemen in all theaters of the war," according to Pelley's biographer. Into March, 1942, print runs first doubled, then quadrupled. In the space of no more than five weeks, *Roll Call* grew at a phenomenal rate. Obviously, not everyone was taken in by the propaganda-factories of Hollywood, obsessed as its kosher movie-makers were with "Houses of Rothschild and Roosevelt in shorts, Confessions of Nazi Spies and Stalin in pajamas, dramas of thugs shooting up Gentile civilization, mobs storming sundry Bastilles and New Dealers breaking sod for billion-dollar privies," as Pelley wrote then. "We have gone to war because the selfish Jewish policy foisted on our country has pushed the United States back to the verge of bankruptcy.

Then, in late winter, he was urgently contacted by a U.S. naval officer who had been stationed at Pearl Harbor the previous December 7th. The man said that F.D.R. had lied to the American people about the attack, telling them that "although damage has been severe, our Pacific Fleet is still in tact." The officer said he personally witnessed the devastation, which was far worse than the President allowed. In fact, all the U.S. capital ships were either sunk or badly damaged, except for five unescorted (and, therefore, nonoperational) aircraft carriers and their obsolete planes. Pelley rushed into print with the news: "Japanese bombers made Pearl Harbor look like an abandoned W.P.A. project in Keokuk!" The special edition that hit the streets was a bombshell, and eaten up by a public starved for the truth, which had been the war's earliest casualty. But when the Attorney General showed the usual advance copy to F.D.R., the President exploded like the battleship *Arizona* and demanded Pelley's arrest on April 4th. The charge: high treason!

Forced to break his word of honor to Pelley, Biddle ordered a grand jury to indict the Chief on twelve felony counts of the Sedition Act. During the course of his trial, the intensely politically-motivated prosecutor, Oscar Ewing, a cigar-smoking "big wheel" in the Democrat Party, emphatically denied that the U.S. Pacific Fleet had been all that

badly damaged at Pearl Harbor, and subpoenaed Secretary of the Navy, Knox, to assure the judge (and a vast, listening radio audience) that the situation was well under control, with no cause for alarm. As he spoke, American military forces were in headlong retreat from an unbroken series of defeats throughout the entire Pacific Theater. But when Pelley's defense attorney threatened to have the entire salvage crew from Pearl Harbor testify in court to support *Roll Call's* controversial report, the judge swiftly dropped the main part of the indictment.

Now he was accused of falsely portraying the U.S. economy as bankrupt, therefore undermining public confidence during wartime. Here too, the defense was well prepared and subpoenaed Marriner Eccles, Chairman of the Federal Reserve Bank, who would have had to testify under cross examination and oath that the American economy was indeed only saved at the last moment by the war-production sparked by the blood-bath at Pearl Harbor. But the judge crushed the subpoena.

Sentenced!

To their credit, both Congressman Thorkelson and Charles Lindbergh personally testified as character witnesses on Pelley's behalf, immeasurably brave actions when we consider that they did so in the midst of World War II, at a time when the United States was experiencing defeat from the Pacific to the Atlantic.

Despite their support and the failure of the leading indictment against him (to say nothing of a total lack of evidence regarding treasonable activity of any kind), Pelley was sentenced to 15 years confinement at a maximum security federal prison. The prosecution had been unable to produce a single piece of evidence to prove Pelley had committed any treasonable acts; all he had done was to criticize an unjust war and the evil President who schemed for it. Twenty five years later, thousands of Jewish communists and their brainless Gentile dupes burned U.S. flags in the streets and violently protested American involvement during the Viet Nam War; unlike Pelley, none of them pulled hard time. Penniless, he was unable to mount an appeal. Later, Lindbergh told a reporter for the *Chicago Tribune* that Pelley was no traitor, but a true patriot who was obviously being persecuted for saying publicly what a growing number of Americans were discussing privately. Pelley was to be made an example of for these people: Keep your

opinions to yourself, or look what will happen to you!

Stunned by the harshness of his sentence, he was a mute prisoner of the war he opposed. While the Western World outside his penitentiary bars committed suicide, he read voraciously and thought deeply. Although sad, something in him would not let him despair: "Some day, we Americans will see in true perspective what an alien horde of four million Jews did to us, and why we have been so stupid to suffer it." As the catastrophic decade of the '40s came to an end, Pelley's daughter and son-in-law, with the help of old comrades, were able to raise enough money for an appeal. It failed, but their loyalty was undiminished and they tried again. In 1952, with Americans dying needlessly in Asia, just as he predicted, Pelley was reluctantly paroled on the condition that he participate in no "political activities of any nature", a flagrantly unconstitutional requirement he was too broke to contest. Frail in health, his daughter and her husband nursed him back to health at the family home in Noblesville, Indiana.

Together, they founded a new publishing company, *Soulcraft Press*, which released his first book since the war: *Something Better*. In it, he singled out Roosevelt as the man most responsible for setting in motion the social upheaval Americans experienced in the Viet Nam era. "He was the forerunner of today's evolving chaos," which was nevertheless deemed necessary to create a National Socialist-style state in the future. But it was the creation of two new magazines dealing largely with mystical and metaphysical themes that got him back on his feet financially, so much so he was able to repay all those loyal followers who had contributed so generously to his appeal. As earlier in life, writing gave him a sense of purpose and fulfillment. And he recalled without regret that seminal experience that set him on his difficult dramatic path in 1928: it all seemed destined to happen and therefore part of some Higher Purpose he trusted instinctually, even though he could not understand it intellectually. In his last years, he was happy with the love of his daughter and old comrades, and content to know that, even though he failed, he had done the best he could on behalf of his race and nation. And his enemies—the enemies of his people—had honored him by long imprisonment. He also lived long enough to witness the rise of George Lincoln Rockwell's *American Nazi Party*, a phenomenon that offered him deep comfort: Someone was carrying on the fight he began thirty years before.

Death and Legacy

William Dudley Pelley died peacefully in his sleep on July 1, 1965, aged 75. While he was lying in state, someone burned a cross on the front lawn of the funeral parlor. It was never determined if the fiery cross had been set there by a friend or an enemy. His passing was observed (with malice, of course) in the national newsmedia, but immediately thereafter his name was allowed to lapse into obscurity.

In 1992, the little Indiana town of Nobelsville achieved brief national attention once more, when a neighborhood boy playing outside his home one midsummer evening was narrowly missed by a falling meteor that landed at his feet. "Not since the death of fascist leader, W.D. Pelley, seventeen years ago," the local newspaper reported, "has the rest of America taken notice of our community".

Pelley's life as a White Patriot was similarly meteoric. He was our country's first racial activist in the National Socialist style. He was the predecessor to Commander Rockwell and the White Power Movement in America today. He proved that our idea, if promoted with courage, intelligence and sincerity, has the power to win a huge following, as demonstrated by his 100,000 followers. His living martyrdom in the belly of the Jew beast won him a place of honor in the hearts of fellow fighters who come after him. He did not fail, as he thought, any more than a brave soldier who does his best when captured by the enemy fails.

Historical circumstances did not allow him to create the Aryan Washington he dreamt of. But in the far larger struggle for world-wide White Supremacy, he fought the good fight; his was but the opening battle in an ongoing war for the final triumph of Aryan humanity. The Chief and his *Silver Shirts* have gone before us. They inspire us to follow their lead. And our victorious banner someday unfurled over Planet Earth will belong as much to them as to us!

Sources:

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